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FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA. ENTRANCE TO THE STIKINE.

New Dominion Monthly.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

THE STIKINE

Ho! for Alaska, Fort Wrangell and the glaciers! the sources of the Stikine and the summit, whence the waters flow, on one side into the Arctic, on the other into the Pacific.

We left the pretty little city of Victoria, Vancouver Island, on the 15th of August, 1876, and as we rounded the entrance to the naval harbor of Esquimalt, got glimpses of the men-of-war and dockyard, and of sundry long poles sending their tapering points upwards—temporary flagstuffs—the next day to be covered with streamers and bunting in honor of the visit of the Governor-General of Canada, who was expected to arrive in H.M.S. "Amethyst." The good people of Victoria were all in commotion; arches across the bridges leading to the town—arches across the streets—Chinese lanterns and evergreens—strips of red, white, and blue—flags at every corner—flags on every house—bonfires on the hills—old carriages furbished up—fountains playing—dogs flying in terror—little boys drilling, and little girls in flocks warbling "God Save the Queen" to the sweetest of psalmody.

'Tisn't often great men visit this distant nook of Her Majesty's Dominions, a kind of "Ultima Thule" held for what it is to be in the future, not for its past history or its present importance.

When, in 1871, British Columbia merged her autonomy into the Confederation of Canada, then but lately

formed—in 1867—it was on certain stipulations, called a treaty, that a railway should be built, or commenced, across the continent, within a certain time, and carried to completion at an early day, thus connecting the eastern provinces of the Dominion with the west, and giving direct communication through British territory from ocean to ocean. At the time neither party knew much about the interior,—the undertaking was a bold and gigantic one for a young country. On one side wondrous good and magic wealth were expected to spring up at once, and eager hearts and ready hands were impatient to grasp the coming stores. On the other, as the ideal merged into the practical, difficulties were discovered and delays incurred which seemed indefinitely to postpone the event.

As with almost every great work in America, from the time of the Erie Canal down to the present day, party spirit stepped in, and political bitterness on both sides imputed each to the other every vice and fault the calendar could name—greed, extortion, Shylockism, grasping-meanness, on one side, against treachery, broken faith, dishonor, cheating, lying, on the other—an interesting episode in the family relations of one household.

Lord Dufferin's visit is expected to cure all this. Though in reality with very little power, because the doctrine of ministerial responsibility prevails

throughout British America, he is acknowledged to be a statesman of great breadth of mind and experience, whilst personally he possesses those genial qualities which always render their owner acceptable wherever he may be, flattering alike to the highest and the lowest; *mel in ore, verba lactis*, as the old monkish Latinists used to say, though the latter part of the well-known sentence can in no way be applied to him.

The impression among the inhabitants is, that his visit will do much good, assuage bad feeling, and tend, perhaps, to make both parties more reasonable. At any rate, all that a cordial reception can prove awaits him.

Notwithstanding the good feeling towards the United States, and the constant intercourse with San Francisco and the Sound, springing from close contiguity and commercial transactions, there is a tone of loyalty to the British Crown, and an attachment to the old country, the more striking from its conflict with the material interests of the colony; for, cut off by 3,000 miles of intervening continent, from business with the East, little doubt exists that an unrestricted market in San Francisco for the coal, fish and lumber of British Columbia, would conduce greatly to the prosperity of the latter.

Well, away we rolled, straight up the straits, the snow-capped mountains of the Olympian range on one side, and the green-wooded shores of Vancouver Island on the other; rocky islands, and pretty little bays and coves, gleaming here and there in silver and purple, as the light and shade in endless variety fell upon them, not unlike the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, or—if one could dot a ruined temple here and there, and a little lateen-sailed caique, with its high prow and stern, stealing along under the cliffs—the still more classic shores

“Where burning Sappho loved and sung.”

About eighty or ninety miles from

Victoria on our left, sheltered by Gabriola Island, lies Nanaimo, the second town of Vancouver Island, and claiming that it will soon be the first. In the very centre of the rich coal deposits, directly upon the sea, accessible at all seasons, with a safe and capacious harbor, it may yet aspire to be the Newcastle, or Hull, or Sunderland of the Pacific. For a town, its situation is good, capable of easy drainage, and with commanding views in almost every direction. The enterprising Vancouver Company, which first started the mining for coal in that vicinity, obtained by grant from the Crown, or by purchase or in some way, the entire fee of the present town site, and with much taste has laid it out in blocks and squares and parks, to accommodate a population exceeding in numbers all that the whole Island can now command. If the Company has the courage to adhere to its plan, it will be more than compensated in the increased value of the lots, as well as in the increased business that will result from it.

There are two other companies also in the immediate neighborhood in direct contact with the same port—Dunsmuir, Dizgle & Company at Departure Bay, and the Harewood Company, owned and managed by Mr. Bulkley. The latter has introduced a novelty in transportation in this country, an aerial tramway worked by a small stationary engine of twenty horse power, the descending full buckets along the line also helping to carry up the empty ones, thus keeping up a perpetual current. In this way eighty or one hundred tons are daily transported from the mine three or four miles off and dumped into the ships on the wharf, or into coal bins or warehouses prepared for its reception.

The foreign business has nearly doubled in the last year. At the pit's mouth the coal is valued at \$5.50 per ton, and at this rate the export, as shown by the Custom House returns,



THE GRAND GLACIER.

went up from 59,355½ tons (\$322,304) in the year from July 1st, 1874, to June 30, 1875, to 101,907½ tons (\$569,668) in the year from 1st July, 1875, to June 30th, 1876. The cost of transit to Victoria and the surrounding ports seems absurd, being over \$3 per ton, and with other charges brings the ordinary selling price in those places to between \$9 and \$10 the American ton. A large demand is created by the men-of-war in Esquimalt harbor as well as for local consumption, and it is surprising no sharp Yankee has taken hold of the matter and knocked the old slow coaches of the coal trade into the other world. Nothing on the Pacific can rival it in tardiness except the tortoise.

As we left Departure Bay after thirty-six hours of unnecessary delay arising from the bad stowage of the cargo, and the necessity of shifting it to get place for the coal, the day was well advanced, and the different travellers were becoming assorted, forming acquaintances and chatting groups, laughing, sketch-

ing and smoking. Chinamen and Chinoos, men with pigtailed and men without, officers of the American army going to Fort Wrangell and Sitka, miners for Cassiar, Hudson Bay Company men, traders, auctioneers, men of all kinds and countries, Jews and Gentiles, lawyers and doctors, shaven and shorn, hairy and unkempt, the wives of officers stationed at Sitka, young married people with their infants. The steamer was the "California," rather an old boat, with her boilers entirely worn out, though otherwise strong. She was shamefully overloaded—not even standing room for the passengers, the poop deck itself piled up with tons of hay, five and six feet above the deck railing, so that no lady could get a seat without most inconvenient climbing, altogether endangering the ship and rendering the passage uncomfortable. As there was not a stitch of canvas to the masts or yards, should an accident have happened to the old boiler the ship must have drifted helplessly ashore,

or whithersoever the current might take her. An insurance company would clearly be justified in refusing payment for losses incurred under such circumstances. The captain, a kind, careful officer, expressed strongly his own feelings at being so situated, but stated his inability to prevent it. The other officers were selfish and inconsiderate, taking the best seats around the captain at the table where there was a little light, and leaving the passengers to fumble and grope in the dark at the other end as best they could, dependent upon the attention of the servants, without the presence of a single officer distributed along the length of the table to see that they did their duty. The mate stated, when spoken to on the subject, that "it was the custom of this ship," and on another occasion when, requested to do something for the convenience of the ladies, "that it was not the custom of this ship." Such conduct on board American passenger sea-going steamers is most unusual. In the interest of the travelling public it should be strongly denounced; concealment of the truth and eternal flattery would ruin the marine of any nation in the world.

Some sixty miles from Nanaimo, still on our left, we passed another mining company's wharves and establishments lately started, known as the Baynes Sound Company, and a little further on a place called Comox, alleged to be a part of the best farming district on Vancouver. On our right lay the large island of Taxhada, rich in iron and other mineral ores, with great facilities for shipment, but at present unproductive, the proprietors having no capital.

Up to this time we had been passing through the Straits of Georgia, which may be regarded as a continuation of the Straits of Fuca, separating Vancouver from the mainland. From above the forty-ninth parallel, some fifty miles from Victoria, the waters are entirely British. Below we passed San Juan, and the islands lying between the Haro

and Rosario Straits, both small, narrow channels, but in a minimum degree deserving the name of straits, when viewed by the sea of waters which come into them on both sides from the Straits of Fuca and Georgia.

On the right, a little above the forty-ninth parallel, the Fraser river pours into the sea, coloring the dark green for miles around with the mud and *débris* brought from its far-off sources in the Rocky Mountains. Thence upwards, on the mainland, the whole coast is bold, rocky and desolate, abounding in deep inlets running forty, fifty and sixty miles into the country, piercing the Cascade range of mountains with abrupt precipices of great height, called variously Burrard, Howe, Jervis and Bute Inlets. Of these the first alone is at present of any commercial value. Its large lumber mills give employment to many persons, and its capacious harbor is filled with numerous square-rigged vessels. Indeed it may be said to furnish the main staple of manufactured export from the country.

We now approach the Seymour narrows, where some two years since the United States frigate "Saranac" was lost. The importance of the situation as connected with the future Canadian Pacific Railway, as well as the interest resulting from that circumstance, warrant somewhat more than passing attention. Late explorations have shewn that the land lying between these narrows and the mainland to the east is composed of several islands with deep and narrow channels dividing them. The Seymour narrows, between the largest of these islands, called Valdes Island and Vancouver, is the main ship channel. It is above 858 yards wide—not quite half a mile—with a ledge of rock near the centre, a little to the left, covered with from fifteen to eighteen feet of water at low tide, varying with the neap or flood. Through these narrows the tide flows at the rate of from four to eight knots an hour.

It was on this ledge the "Saranac" struck, the water all around being exceedingly deep. Though swung across and fastened by a warp to the shore, in a short time she went down stern first, masts and spars all standing, disappearing entirely from sight in the race below, sixty fathoms deep. Nothing floated away—not rent by hurricane or storm, not torn by shot or shell; like the "Captain" in the Bay of Biscay, she lies complete in all her panoply of war, with all her buried treasures, save that unlike the "Captain," though she had run her race, she belonged to the past instead of the present age of warfare, and unlike her in that she carried not down with her living hopes and hearts; no cry of despair, no after mourning for those who are never to return.

Bute Inlet, which lies immediately opposite, has for some time been considered as the most salient point for the termination of the Canadian Pacific Railway on the mainland. Most of the surveys carried on by the Canadian Government during the last five years seem to converge in that direction. Difficulties of the gravest character lie in every direction, and are only comparatively less in this. As a terminus it would simply be useless unless connected by ferry, railroad bridge or otherwise with the main or a branch line on Vancouver leading to Esquimalt or Barclay Sound.

During the same day we passed Alert Bay and Fort Rupert, two old Hudson Bay stations; nothing striking in either, great sameness in the scenery, broken, irregular hills of no great height, covered apparently with stunted firs (distance would forbid any accurate observation as to size),—not a sign of civilization or a pretty beach or cove from Seymour Narrows to Bella Bella, two hundred miles! The latter is a dirty little Indian fishing village with a small house for the resident Hudson Bay official. We put in there to leave coal for one of the Dominion Government

steamers, and left it with the earnest hope that the next time she might have to carry her own coal there for herself.

The true name of the place is McLaughlin's Bay or Campbell's Island; the real Bella Bella, as so called by the Indians, being a small cluster of rocks off Denny Island, formerly occupied by them in their wars with the Hydahs, but now deserted on removal of the tribe to McLaughlin's Bay. The place at present is only worth naming as being in the immediate vicinity of the Dean Canal (so called), and facing its outlet into Fitzhugh Sound. This canal has been much examined of late, as affording to the Canadian Pacific Railway the shortest direct communication across the continent with the ocean with the view of making it the Pacific Ocean terminus.

The observations, therefore, of the pilot who has been on the coast for twenty years, are not without weight. He says:—"The entrance to Fitzhugh Sound leading to Dean Canal is dangerous except in fine weather, owing to the groups of rocks scattered in every direction at its entrance, and even in fine weather is only good for steamers. The entrance to Seaforth Channel is not practicable for sailing vessels owing to the contraction and turn in the channel, and is equally objectionable to steamers. The only available entrance is the one first named between Egg Island and Cape Calvert on Calvert Island, about nine and a half miles across, and is objectionable for the reasons before given."

The term "canal" here is simply used to express a natural inlet or arm of the sea. For purposes of trade the impression left on the minds of those who have seen the place is that for an ocean terminus the benefit during the next century would be mythical, unless the construction of the road worked a revolution in the laws of nature as well as of trade.

Our next stoppage was at Wood-

cock's Landing, the northern entrance to the Skena River, Port Essington being at the southern entrance. The two hundred miles from Bella Bella to this place was through magnificent scenery—if mountain, rock and water alone can constitute magnificence. The channels were narrow, with many islands, the mountains on each side towering to a great height, varying from two thousand to four thousand feet, in some instances with sides almost perpendicular. Had the day been fine, so that the setting sun could have tipped the mountain tops with light, the scene would have been one of surpassing grandeur; even with the drifting clouds and wild mists which gathered above it will not easily be forgotten.

At Woodcock's Landing, Col. Lane, formerly a Confederate officer, has within the last year established a manufactory for preserving salmon, halibut and venison, and anticipates a thriving trade. It is to be hoped success will attend him, for his energy deserves it.

Within the next seventy miles, more out in the open sea, we passed Metlacallah, an Indian mission station, under the Revd. Mr. Duncan, who is solving the problem of civilizing and Christianizing the Indian natives. Whether he will succeed in bringing about a permanent change passing beyond the generation which he influences, the future alone can determine.

Further on, on the very confines of British Columbia, the old Hudson Bay Fort Simpson, with its white church and houses, distinctly loomed up in the distance. In a short time Alaska hove in sight, and after a further run of one hundred and thirty miles, through a succession of islands and channels not unlike those we had already seen, we arrived at Fort Wrangell at noon on Monday the 21st, making the total distance from Victoria about 800 miles.

Fort Wrangell is simply a military station, governed by military law; no civil organization whatever, save such

as may pertain to the customs. A company of the 21st U. S. infantry, under Capt. Jocelyn, is at present stationed here; a military exile, a cluster of irregular Indian huts, with three or four traders' shanties. It commands the entrance to the Stikine river, which runs through British territory up to the Cassiar mines, the navigation of which, with that of the Ukon and the Porcupine, where they pass through American territory, was conceded by the American Government in exchange for the navigation of the St. Lawrence, (where it passes through Canadian territory) at the time of the renowned Alabama Treaty.

For one thing the American Government deserves great credit—its determination to put down the sale of liquor to the Indians. To accomplish this, their own people have to endure a deprivation of the luxuries, and an infringement of the habits to which they have been accustomed. No liquor is allowed to be imported into the territory, and the officers of the garrison cannot command a glass of sherry for their own mess; a special permit must be obtained from the General commanding in Oregon, even for the doctor to have port for his patients.

The Indians of the district, apart from sobriety, do not appear to improve. They look as dirty and indolent as ever they were. The population of the place is fluctuating, dependent entirely upon the migration in spring and autumn of the miners to and from Cassiar.

There are some old Indian monuments, curious from their age and antiquity, standing on the shore, beside the graves of supposed chiefs, and in front of the tents of their supposed descendants; nothing is known by whom, how, or when placed there. The carving is in wood, representing men and animals, the former in posture and shape like those on old Egyptian monuments, heavy and square, the latter,

bears, beavers, frogs, birds, and in two instances crocodiles. How the latter in this climate could have been known to the Indians is not explained, save that in answer to a question on that point, one of the Indians said, "they understood such animals once lived here." Whether intended or not, the figures are decidedly saurian in aspect, and are entirely too large to be intended for beavers or other animals known here in modern ages, being fully twelve or fifteen feet in length, with the long tail, long jaws, and fore arm of the crocodile clearly defined. They are all decaying rapidly, and will ere long fall and crumble to pieces. The canoes of these Indians are large, broad, deep and long. Two we measured, one thirty-five feet in length, six feet in breadth, and four in depth; another, the "Kooley Kiatan" (the Racer) belonging to the Chief of the Stikine tribe, upwards of fifty feet in length, and of similar proportions. Some logs of fine pine timber were also lying on the beach, four and five feet in diameter, straight and long like the well-known Douglas pine, without knot or branch—cut, it was said, in the immediate vicinity of the Fort.

After two days' delay at Wrangell, owing to the rise and fall of the tide, and the want of conveniences for the landing and transhipment of cargo, on Wednesday, the 23rd, we started up the Stikine in the stern-wheel paddle steamer "Beaver," having taken one week instead of the usual period of four days for the first stage of our trip from Victoria to Wrangell. The broad entrance and extensive discoloration of the water, spreading over an area of several miles, induced the idea that we were about to enter a great and mighty river. In a short time it narrowed to a tortuous, shallow stream of little depth, spreading over sandy flats in some places, running with great force in others, twisting and turning in and among mountains, so that at no time

could a mile ahead be seen. Yet the body of water that came down was immense, and before we arrived at Glenora we learnt to our cost that however humble it looked it was indeed a mighty torrent if not a mighty river.

About seven miles from the mouth, on the right, a little stream runs into the river from a hill in the vicinity. The stone bed of this stream is filled with garnets, well-cut rhomboids in shape, varying in size from a pin's head to a small egg. No commercial value is attached to the discovery. The scenery for the first thirty miles, or to the conventional but yet undetermined boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia, though bold, is utterly uninviting for useful purposes, and until the mountain ranges are passed the weather is generally wet and misty from constant rain. Seward must have intended his purchase as a Siberian exile for discomfited States' Rights Democrats after the close of the war.

At dusk we "hitched," in the language of the country, to a tree at Bucks, about thirty-two miles from the mouth of the river, just below the first grand glacier looming up on the opposite side, and at daylight next morning commenced its examination from the deck of the steamer. Parallel to the river, the glacier is about three miles in front, with a wall varying apparently from three to five hundred feet in height, the first part being where the flow appears to have been continuing—the latter where portions have been abruptly broken off. Between this ice wall and the river, along the whole front there is a moraine of gravel and boulders, rising in height one or two hundred feet, then sloping down towards the glacier, leaving a ravine between the two. Between the moraine and the river is a belt of land half a mile in depth, and on the bank of the river are seen embedded large boulders three and four tons in size, which have been borne there by

the glacier from within; because on the opposite side of the river the bank is simply of sand, without rocks or stones of any kind. The intervening belt between the moraine and the river is covered with a growth of cottonwood and firs rising to eighty or ninety feet in height. Back of the ice wall the glacier seems to spread out like a lake, sloping gently upwards, surrounded by great mountains, with its frozen river flowing in on a steep, distinct slope from between two on the right; the frozen current then turns and flows down to the river at an acute angle from its entrance. At the same time that an overflow or escape is manifest at the other end from the less elevation and increased slope, the front of the abrupt part of the wall is broken with deep crevasses, showing the clear ice in the fissures. Making allowance for distance, and judging from the height of the surrounding mountains, the lake surface seemingly would embrace an area of many miles.

Whence the supply comes nobody knows,—it is said to extend back a frozen sea or lake and river for seventy-five or eighty miles; but there is no reliable authority for this statement. It has never, as certainly known, been examined or explored. Rumor says that some five or six Russian officers, who at different times made the attempt, perished or were lost in the crevasses; at any rate they never returned.

Observations on the California glaciers show that the ordinary rate of glacier progress is an inch in every twenty-four hours—about ten or eleven yards in the year. Taking the depth and height of the moraine with that of the ice-wall and the belt of intervening formation between the moraine and the river, those who understand the subject would probably be able to tell how long since the glacier emptied itself into the river; for, judging from the mountains on the opposite side, the river still adheres to the course in

which it has always flowed, while the glacier must have been receding as it bore down its deposits and emptied them in front of its own pathway. The Scotch engineer of the steamer stated that he had once cut his way 150 feet up the front wall, when he came upon a large boulder of many tons weight embedded in the ice, into the bowl formed by which, the melted ice was pouring and roaring way down below like a cataract. He thought it prudent to return, as in addition the crevasses were deep, seemingly almost bottomless, the ice in some places treacherous, and he was himself beyond the reach of human aid.

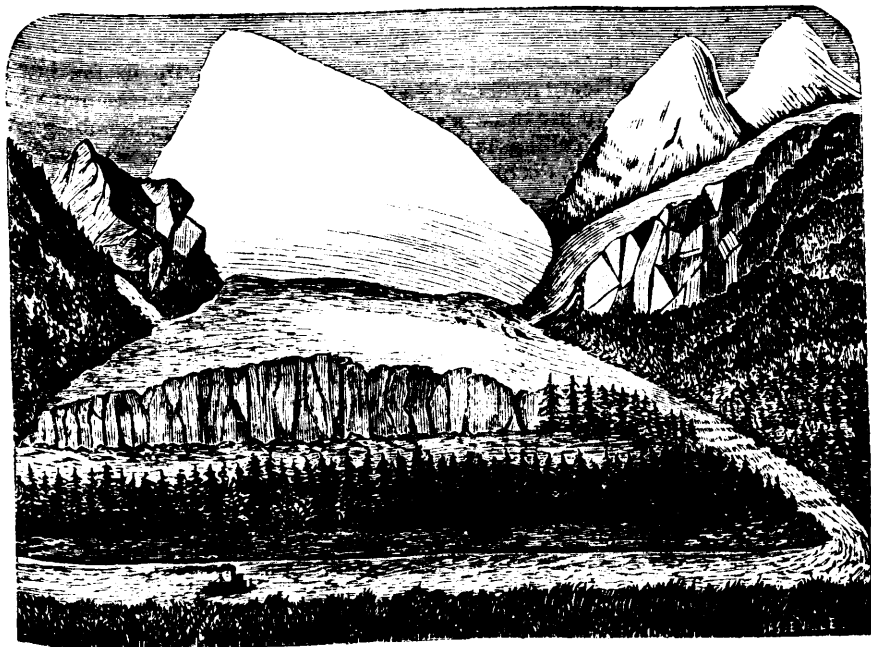
After leaving the glacier, the interval between the base of the mountains and the river, on the right ascending side, increases; but the mountains on the left or glacier side increase in height. Huge titanic rocks, bare and rugged, 5,000 feet in height, without one blade of vegetation or stunted growth of any kind; with sides almost perpendicular—as if scraped—so that an inch of soil could find no resting place anywhere; patches of snow lying in the fissures, in some instances the tops entirely covered, and sugar-loaf peaks of great height, sharp and lance-like, rising here and there, towering over all—Alpine in character—losing themselves in the clouds. Judging from the masses of snow on the summits, and the numerous smaller glaciers seen above as we ascend the river far into the interior, the interval mountain ranges are higher than the first coast ranges, and apparently distinct.

Here and there we would come on little spots with the vegetation rank and green from the constant moisture, the windings of the river in and out among the Cottonwood on the few intervals—very pretty—the scene itself enlivened by the appearance now and then of our rival little steamer the “Gertrude,” both on the same errand and both struggling against the same rushing waters.

After passing numerous glaciers of various sizes, creaming as it were over the summits and down the sides, and in and among the gorges of the mountains, we now come to the second very large one, about seventy-four miles from the mouth of the river. The moraine in this instance forms a complete em-

almost in line, and the surface approaching the moraine, and the moraine itself dirty and discolored from the rubbish and *débris* brought down in its course. Hence its name, the Dirt Glacier.

As already mentioned, there are many other glaciers on the mountain



THE DIRT GLACIER.

bankment in front of the glacier, with an outlet at one side, so that if the ice were made water it would be a perfect lake, with a fall on the right running down to the river;—a lake between two mountains of great depth, for its sloping surface was several hundred feet above the trees on the shore, which we could see to be eighty or ninety feet in height, the front fully a mile across between the two mountains, the outlet having the appearance of a rapid suddenly congealed with all its ripples and waves. Far back on the gradually ascending surface of the glacier, huge boulders were seen from the distance seemingly

sides along the river, (but none other with the abrupt perpendicular walls and lake-like formation described), the curving congealed flow unmistakably proving their character. At first the impression would be that it was simply snow, but this impression is at once destroyed by a moment's further examination and reflection. The outward curvature at the centre, as of all thick liquids slowly flowing down, the blue gleam on the fissures, the *débris* and boulders poised on the slopes, and the dirty contrast of the surface with the bright pure white snow on the surrounding mountains, remove all doubt.

Whence they come so high up, above those lofty mountains, nobody knows,—the country has never been explored; but there must be some great domain of glaciers, some frozen sea beyond, from which they are constantly oozing out.

The country would be well worth the investigation of some able geologist or scientific tourist. No one of our party had ever seen a glacier before, or understood the subject, either theoretically or practically. We could learn nothing. The river had only been in use three or four years, and those whose callings take them upon it are men of labor, not of science or knowledge. Learned men may smile at these inefficient efforts at description, but if the painter of the "Heart of the Andes" were here, he would find the family group had crossed the equator, and settled in numbers along this Polar Zone.

"Hitched up" to-night (the 24th) in the Big Canon, in an amphitheatre of hills surrounding us on every side, so high that at noonday in this solitude the sun would not be seen, the space through which our river was flowing not being over one hundred yards in width. Take it so far, the scenery has been most wild and weird. It is not beautiful, for there is no repose. All nature is in convulsions, as if the interior forces of the earth in its first formation had left this portion on account of its dense structure of volcanic rock to revel in the greater freedom of equatorial regions, and after the crust had then so formed as to curb their expansive powers had returned here and tried to break through, boiling and tossing and seething in impotent struggles, until their failing efforts left the land a sea of barren rocks and mountains filled with snow and glaciers and turbid torrents, fit for no human being but the tourist, or the hunter after gold, or the fugitive from justice.

25th and 26th.—During the last forty-eight hours we have made the

magnificent distance of nineteen miles! —and for two-thirds of the time with all the aid of steam and warps we have not been able to hold our own. The river has asserted its power, mocked all our efforts, and as of yore given old Ocean's reply to Canute's, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." After thirty-six hours of labor we have given to this place the name of "Hard Scratch Rapids." Yesterday morning, after leaving our amphitheatre in the hills, we got glimpses of the smoke and saw our little rival the "Gertrude" dodging in and out of the different windings of the river until about noon, when we overtook her quietly "hitched up" at this now well-known place. With feelings of regretful sympathy, we proudly steamed on, but in vain—we never seemed to leave her. We puffed and blew and swerved and steamed, but hour after hour passed, and still there she was quietly tied to her tree, and we not a yard further. At last by desperate effort we got one-third our length beyond, and in despair tied to our tree too; but the strain was too great, the waters ran like a sluice, our tree gave way, and down we came upon fair little "Gertrude," squeezing her most cruelly into the bank. Here was a jam! Our guards got under her's; there was no moving one way or the other, up or down; the current pressed us in—neither party could move. We were in a "helpless fix."

The ludicrous though annoying position was nearly being darkened by a serious mishap. Five Indians were sent in a canoe to carry a warp to the other side of the river. They returned bringing back the end to our boat. As they neared and threw the line on board, the current swept the canoe under the guard. In a moment drawn under the stern wheel, then in motion to aid the boat in resisting the force of the stream, it was smashed to pieces. The hands of three of the Indians were seen clinging to the guard, their bodies not

visible. With great difficulty, by the personal strength of Mr. Sipsitt, the purser, they were pulled in, but the other two were swept away. In a few seconds their heads were seen like two black specks down the current, two hundred yards off. Not a boat or canoe could be sent after them. As usual, in launching one, it slipped from its fastenings and went off as fast as the Indians themselves. The whole affair was so instantaneous that no one thought of throwing over a life-preserver, though dozens were lying about. It seemed a mere question of time when the specks would disappear. Suddenly, as if caught in an eddy, they were whirled towards the shore. On striking ground one of the Indians bounded like a deer to the land; the other swept on, apparently done up, but was thrown on a bar farther down, completely exhausted. Singular to say, neither of them could swim. With wonderful presence of mind—which Indians never lose—as one subsequently explained, they knew there was no use in struggling, and therefore simply paddled like dogs to keep themselves up, trusting that some eddy would swing them in.

The relief at their safety was beyond expression, and vented itself in a subscription, which they received with the most stoical indifference, and forthwith went on with their ordinary work as if nothing had happened, more unconcerned than those who had been the spectators.

Towards night the "Gertrude," by extraordinary exertions and some crushing of timbers, was forced out backwards from the jam and dropped to the other side of the river. At this spot, not fifty yards across, next morning she unloaded her freight on the gravel bank, and thus lightened passed round the head of it, re-loaded on the other side, and about 4 p.m. got off. We also unloaded part of our freight, but alas! are still helplessly here.

"Eheu! fugaces, Postume! Postume! Iabuntur horæ."

Sunday, 27th, 10 a.m.—Service for our little party, six in number—Church of England—twenty-five minutes, serious and sensible. Boats, officers, passengers and crew engaged all day in unavailing efforts to cross. Warp broke; at last unloaded all freight on gravel bank; another attempt to ascend to-morrow morning. Had we followed the "Gertrude's" example sooner we would have been equally successful. Fortunately we have passed the line of the rainy region, and so far during our three days' detention have had fine weather. The real difficulty arises from the narrowness of the channel at this bend of the river, and the swirl of the water upon a long boat grounding either stem or stern. The force of the current may be judged from the fact that our height here by barometrical observation is 640 feet above the level of the sea, distant (in a direct line seventy-five miles) by the course of the river 118 miles, a fall of five feet five inches per mile. From this to Glenora, twenty miles, the difference in elevation is 200 feet, or a fall of ten feet per mile. Total distance from the sea to Glenora, 138 miles. Total elevation 840 feet; average of fall six feet one inch per mile. This is said to be the sharpest river ascent on the Pacific coast for this distance, and in a narrow, winding river fed by rains, lakes, mountain torrents and glaciers, with a velocity increasing with the ascent, gives a current like a young Niagara. At this moment the roar through the steamer's wheel, though stationary, is steady and incessant, an untiring waterfall.

Monday, 28th, 11 am.—Succeeded in getting over at last; commenced reloading on the other side of the gravel bank, the freight having been portaged across; weather changed, cold, raw wind with driving, drizzling rain and sleet from the mountains; blowing a gale, but fortunately up river; barometer low. Reloaded half our freight and started at 1 p.m., going up the Grand Rapids about

two miles from Hard Scratch, current running fifteen miles an hour. Bell tolling every minute to stop boat that she might recover floatable power; (because pushing against such a current she drives under), then forced ahead, then stopt to be allowed to float up, the warp holding her in position, then driven ahead, warp toughened, all hands working at the capstan by reliefs to aid the steam power, which was sufficient to resist the current but not to advance the boat. Beaten out, hitched up on the northern bend of the rapid, no further to-night—total distance today, three miles. The Grand Rapids are above 500 yards from point to point, sweeping in a curve round a gravelly island made in the centre of the river by the division of the current, with mountainous land on both sides, trending backwards on the right north-eastern side, leaving a low bank and interval at that end. The night is pitchy dark, the wind blowing a hurricane—nothing could well be more appalling than to stand out on the guards and listen to the roar of the waters and the howling of the wind. In the midst of these rapids, a false step overboard this night and Dante's inscription, "All hope abandon ye who enter here," is before you.

Tuesday, 29th, 11 a.m.—Another break down, warp snapt. The truth is, boat has not power to stem the current; wind blowing fresh has swung her round and we are heading down stream fas-

tened to a bank. This is mismanagement.

Wednesday, 30th.—Reached Glenora; pitched tents and commenced camping 3 p.m., pack horses not having arrived. Glenora is practically the head of steam navigation, if navigation it can be called. Goods for Dease Lake and its tributaries, Cassiar and the mining camps along the Stikine, are landed here, thence carried by pack horses or canoes to Telegraph Creek, sixteen or eighteen miles further up, thence by pack horses to the various points of distribution, principally to the head of the lake.

Glenora is simply a point *en route*. There are three or four stores, a Custom House officer and a constable. Labor is performed almost entirely by Indians, who get three dollars per day or seventy-five dollars per month. The value of the supplies landed at this place during the short working season from June to October inclusive, is variously estimated, taking the invoice prices at Victoria, not the selling prices in the district, at \$300,000 or \$350,000, and the customs duties to the Dominion Government from the importations for this district at about \$35,000 or \$40,000 per annum. The latter sums include duties on importations direct from the States as well as through Victoria. Except on the days of the arrival and departure of the steamers, Glenora might safely be deemed the home of Rip Van Winkle.

JOHN HAMILTON GRAY.

(To be continued.)



HOW X., Y. AND Z. SPEND A HOLIDAY.

"Ah," said X. who is a naturalist, "I think we might find a more level place to sit on than this."

"I shall stay where I am," I say, smilingly.

X. rises, Z. follows him; on some grassy bank I see them seat themselves; the botany box of specimens and a Gray's botany between them.

And where am I?

Two trees, whose giant trunks stretch into the rapids, form shady and cosy seats. True, not very level, but I have the happy capability of being easily made comfortable, and I am not disposed to give up my seat. The olive-colored waters of the Ottawa race past, and I see the flowers, the twigs, the sticks I placidly lay upon the current become for once possessed of power and character. The smallest twig bears itself with importance, and disappears into the torrent with *éclat*. There is a great rock over which the waters are pouring, and between the hollows of the tree trunk are tiny bays, in which green frogs and innumerable polywogs, carry on their existence. The voice of X. reaches me.

"The action of the ice."

Ice, alas! the poor old trees are scraped and scooped out into grotesque shapes, from its winter grindings, and along the shore the large boulders give evidence of the mighty ice power which alters the character of the river sides every year.

Are we in Paradise?

Nay! we simply try an experiment; we are tired of city life, we regard long journeys with distaste, and we experiment at St. Ann's. The Hotel Clarendon is our centre, and the radius is as large as we choose to make it.

Our first morning's walk leads us into

the bush, within a mile of our hotel. X. saunters about with hammer to the boulders, Z. sits with a handful of botanic specimens, and I, regarding botany and geology from the lofty heights of ignorance, decline to meddle with either pursuit. The turf is soft, the trees give shade, and I lie down at ease. First, I watch the shadows flicker from the leaves, or, farther on, my eyes rest upon the waters rolling with the golden sparkle of the "rivers of Paradise." The white sailed boats drift lightly onward; all is gold, all blue, all dancing, sparkling glory.

There is a sudden howl or scream, and a puffing. The air is blackened with smoke, and the steamer "Manitoba," passes by. I am disturbed from my reverie. I close my eyes, and very soon fall into a doze. When it is time to go on, and I get up, I find that X. thinks that about one hundred varieties of wild flowers may be found in that bush alone, and seeing that he is bent on finding the said one hundred, and that lunch is to be ready at twelve, I begin to join in the hunt. At the sight of a ridge shadowed by large trees, my ardor abates, and I lie down and enjoy the sunshine, the breeze, the beautiful view; and thus the morning passes until even X. suggests that it is time for lunch.

After lunch, heavy clouds spread across the sky. No more sun gleams on the water. The waves roll past heavily with a sudden roar that makes one shiver; a wind arises, and the rain patters down. St. Ann's wears a stern, forbidding aspect. Under such stormy auspices, how hard it is to believe the sun will shine again.

A shout—time to go. I must leave my perch upon the tree trunk, we have

two or three other islands to explore, and so I say good-bye to the green frogs basking half in the water and half out.

land, and then watch the landing of a load of shingles. There are children helping or hindering; three small boys, with bare feet and legs, and hats that



THE FASHIONS AT ST. ANNE'S.

We clamber up on to the Grand Trunk Railway, and thence enjoy a most comprehensive view of the Ottawa and its islands, with their beautifully wooded shores. We descend the bank, and we are on an island again. I fondly imagine a morning of repose—a succession of glades, where the episodes of yesterday morning may be repeated. The first opening into the wood reveals many new plants to X's scientific eye, and when these are gathered, the further pursuit of science requires that Gray's botany shall furnish the names. A quiet, retired spot is found by the river side. I sit down and watch the green frogs, whose name is legion, but am quickly diverted from this purpose, in order to protect myself from the mosquitoes. "I am being eaten," I groan, presently. Smack! bang! More than one has found its death at the hands of X.; Z. alone is unmoved. X. and I, for once one in sympathy of taste, prefer to retire to some spot where mosquitoes are not.

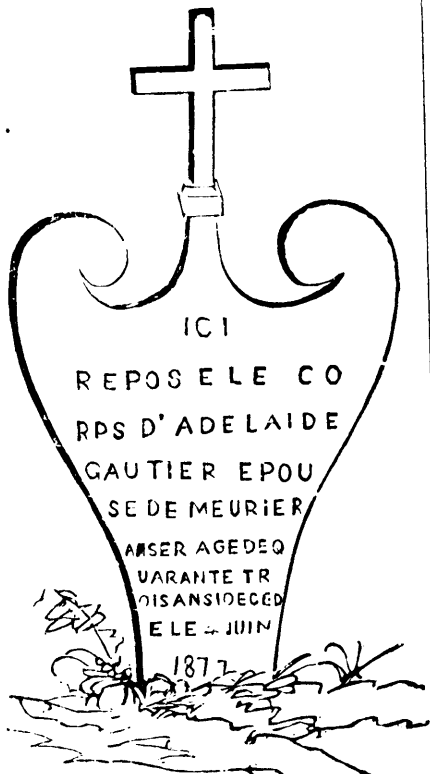
So the morning passes, in one sense with monotony, since every spot we choose, we have to leave on account of the obnoxious insects. We reach a cottage at length, and sitting under some trees near by, enjoy the sight of the ferry boat lazily drawing near to

rise to a high peak in the crown, which I made an attempt to sketch.

Later in the day we saw these boys clustered round one wretched bull frog, which they were tormenting. Now, they soon tire of being useful, perhaps because their efforts are not appreciated; and they fall to skipping stones on the water. An unwonted fling causes the smallest boy to sit down suddenly. He rises dripping, smiles, and throws another stone. As skipping stones is an amusement I much enjoy, I join in the game, until the sun is too hot on my back, and I am obliged to retreat to a shady place. X. borrows a cup from the cottage, and we are all glad to drink, though we find the river water unpleasantly warm. The owner of the cup watches us with keen interest; she is rather afraid we shall steal it. Her inference is natural, since we are undoubtedly an odd-looking party—X., with his immense box for botanic specimens, and his hammer for geological pursuits, and we in our large shade hats and short walking dresses. We passed the day in roaming about the island, and at length climbed up the railway embankment, and sat down to look at the view. Now, between us and St. Ann's lies the railway bridge over the

Ottawa, which we needs must cross before arriving at the other side of the river. To Z. and me this bridge is a blot upon the landscape; to X. the effort of crossing is a mere circumstance. We set out; Z. leads, then comes X., I follow, proudly brandishing the hammer. "A beautiful view," says X., who has an eye for the beautiful, even though we are fifty feet above the river, and there is no railing to rest the hand upon. Z. assents, but an awful thought seizes my brain, and takes abode there. Supposing a train should pass! I feel sure I should fall into the river. I am about to observe to my friends that I am very giddy, when Z. suddenly stops and vows she is too giddy to move another step. X. calmly bids me take the obnoxious botany box, and assists Z. to recover herself. We then proceed, and Z. is taken over safely. But

when once fairly past that danger, to my horror I see a train approach. We climb down a hollow in the side of the bridge, and it passes. I am in a state of terror, which makes me horribly giddy, but X. calmly looks to see if the bridge will shake or bend under the weight. I am then provoked to exclaim at the time of horror I have passed, and therein find that X. and I are, as usual, at the antipodes. He regrets I have so little presence of mind, and intimates that he should not like to be with me in any time of danger. as I should most surely lose my head. Nor can he see that I deserve any credit for repressing my feelings and carrying the botany box, when I already felt quite giddy. Thus the most heroic acts appear, looked at from the eye of prejudice. We exhausted this subject sitting on the bridge, the either side; meanwhile Z. looked down upon the graveyard, and being *the* artist of our small company, sketched the tombstone here given.



THE TOMBSTONE.

The next day is devoted to exploring the beauties of Vaudreuil. X. tells us that the train will start at 8.40 a.m. We make a great effort, and rise in time for early breakfast, and we arrive at the station in time. We are in time, but the train is not; there are three trains shunting up and down, and ours, which is the fourth, must wait until the game is over—first the ballast train and then the luggage. Some poor, thirsty cattle poke their noses out in vain entreaty for water. We heard the men say that no one gave them water before they were put on board. They are so closely packed that their horns injure one another; and some are lying down in the last stage of exhaustion. Our train arrives in due time, and we start for Vaudreuil. We have to pay for our journey in the train, for the station-master at St. Ann's says that he has no tickets.

There is a slight discussion when we arrive at Vaudreuil as to whether we

shall turn to the right or the left, as I have always an inclination to follow the right, and my companions are biased only by the scenery. It was very hot, and no wind (except a fitful breath now and then) appeared to be stirring; it grew hotter and hotter, until at length I fell asleep from sheer inability to do anything else. There are many pretty little islands at Vaudreuil, and the river spreads itself out in a lazy manner; there is no impetuous life in the bearing of the waters. They appear to be careless as to what is happening—to be content to pass on without saying much to the world. A shallow brook has often to me been full of musical voices, of which this dead, calm water is devoid. Presently I become conscious of voices; I am awakening again to the heat and the spiders. Z. yawns. "Hungry?" says X. I stir; I, too, am hungry. We move slowly back towards the hotel. Dinner over, the old subject of discussion comes up, left or right? X. chooses neither, and we walk on the railroad towards—a bridge. Ile Perrot lies on the other side. I have a conviction that it is in the mind of X. to cross that bridge. I feel that the chance of plants on the other side will carry Z. over safely, but I know that *nothing* will induce me to set a foot upon it. A council of war is held standing on the bridge pier; councils of war never fight, and accordingly the bridge is not crossed. Round the root of an old white elm, one of a row, surrounding the old Seigniory house of which three chimnies alone remain standing to mark the site, a halt is called; the history of the day recorded on the banks of the Ottawa, close to the old deserted mill. These things being ended, we return at the peril of our lives along the Grand Trunk Railway. Z. shows great agility in escaping from a runaway car, and the time of waiting at the station is agreeably enlivened by the charges and counter-charges of the officials, concerning the

folly of running into the station at thirty miles an hour. A drizzling rain set in, so that we found a return to our hotel at St. Ann's advisable, and a chair in the gallery preferable to wandering an hour longer in the bush.

The next day X. and Z. are eager to take their book and botanize in the bush again. I resolve to keenly observe their actions, and try and discover wherein lies the intense delight manifested by both at the sight of some insignificant plant.

"A new thorn," says Z. X. cuts off a piece all covered with prickles; then a hazel-nut is discovered, and half a dozen other plants. "Let us sit down," says X, "and find out what these plants are." We sit down; I apparently doze. I see an absorbing hunt for the name of one plant; I see X. and Z. smell of it, taste it, turn it over; read descriptions that are not a bit like it, to my ignorant thinking, and finally adopt the nearest one as the name. I find that this goes on for half an hour, and then we rise to go on, and I have failed to discover wherein lies *the* interest of the pursuit. I feel a little bit wicked, and volunteer to show X. and Z. a spot where some days before we had found varieties of cherry trees which X. and Z. have determined on naming. Not having the vaguest notion as to the right direction, I lead round and round the bush, at last arriving at a fence.

"I thought you would like to see a fence," I observe to my enraged companions, whereupon I become the recipient of several very complimentary remarks.

"Come on," I say, "I will take you a bee line to it." I rashly plunge into the bush and make straight in the opposite direction. X. follows next, gloomily silent. Z. is hidden in the bush, but possesses a voice which carries well. We hear it now; first sarcastic, then vituperative. But I smile blissfully, the only check to my enjoyment being a sudden precipitance of

movement which cast me on my face amongst the bushes.

When we come to an open space, we rest. When we start again, X. declares his intention of leading, and Z. shows joy at the idea. So our order is X. Y. Z. until scientific research again takes X. from the path, and I take the lead again.

In time we come to a most charming place to lie down; the bushes near ripple with sound; the cows move softly about on the grass, and the blossoms of the lime tree fill the air with sweet perfume. X. becomes poetic; he begins to quote, and as the burden of his refrain is like this,

Spreads the something, something, something;
Springs the something, something, something, etc.

(which he tells us is an extract from Hiawatha) it may be imagined that we listen with keen interest, and at last show our appreciation by a laugh of derision.

The next day we go to Rigaud. It is a beautiful morning, the sun shines warmly upon us, and we board the "Prince of Wales" with feelings of elation. X. finds us seats, and we prepare for enjoyment. For a few moments I remain doubtful, and then only too decided upon one point, and that is that the wind has quite an icy chill in its breath, and that it penetrates the few wraps we have brought, and brings us to the verge of shivering. Z. sets her teeth and smiles. I watch a blue tinge cover her cheeks and nose. I look at X.; beyond a slight redness I discover nothing of his feelings.

"It is very cold," I say, at last.

"Oh, no!" he replies, "not cold, only a little fresh. It will do you good."

Z. does not feel cold, of course, but imagines it would be healthy exercise to walk up and down the deck. A little accession of blueness to the nose is the immediate result. I find a place behind a post and peep round, with one eye open at a time as the wind will allow, and have a dim notion that the

scenery is pretty, but I devoutly hope the boat can do ten miles an hour. At this juncture X. approaches, and bids us follow him to the stern of the vessel, and there, ah, happiness! we find the sun warmer, the wind only balmy, and every thing pleasant.

We approach Oka; under the white elms, which shadow the Seminary, stand the black-robed priests, evidently keenly interested in the approach of the "Prince of Wales." Up in the village the Indians have grouped themselves, their scarlet jackets flashing in the sun. On the pier some of them stand and smile, something profoundly lazy in their aspect, and well suited to the wild beauty of the country round.

And so in time we cross to Como, and on again to Hudson, and thence to Pointe aux Anglais, and in my mind is ever increasing wonder at the vast size of the river, at the rapid flowing current, which suggests the enormous size of the reservoirs whence it comes, and at the large portion of country which is still uncultivated, and at the few uses to which such an immense body of water appears to be put.

Rigaud! We land, we pass a wooden house, and look around in hopes of seeing some vehicle which will carry us on to the field of stones, which our scientist determines to see. A man comes up, and is rapidly interviewed by X. He points to a vehicle; it is his; he will take us to within half a mile of the famous spot. We are delighted to hear it.

"This a buckboard," says Z., as she mounts, "I have often wished to ride in a buckboard."

"I have heard that it has no springs," I suggest, feebly, taking my seat.

X. sits in front with Monsieur. He rapidly engages him in conversation. M. is intelligent, he can tell what trees grow, and something of the history of the place. X. and M. fraternize to such an extent that Z. and I are left to our own devices.

"This is charming," I begin, but a groan from Z, followed by a spasmodic action on my own part, as I clutch at the hand rail, prevents further conversation at present.

The experience of riding in a buckboard is a "speciality" unique. It is like nothing else in creation, especially when taken at a rapid pace over a stony road. If unwary enough to lean back, be prepared for instant punishment. A leather strap takes the small of your back, and an iron your shoulders. A sudden jolt, if made while you are conversing, is likely to bring your tongue sandwich fashion between your teeth; a sudden jerk forward may cause you to embrace your friends in front with unexpected promptness. And yet we enjoyed it all excessively, and were charmed with the beauty of the neighborhood. Le Rivière Graisse flowed quietly past the drooping willows on its banks, and the women in large hats, or men and boys, drifted, or lazily oared their way down to the Ottawa.

Z. saw many new plants, as we went, and perhaps nothing gave me more pleasure than the sight of the old willows drooping over the water. They reminded me of many summer days in the old country, of many childish games and happy hours.

X. goes into the chief shop of the village to buy us some biscuits. He is detained there some time. The shop is full of people, all of whom are smoking, as indeed is he who serves.

At last we are driven up to the College, and the path is pointed out to us. As we have to return to the "Prince of Wales" at two o'clock, our time is limited, and we entreat of X., the geologist, to hurry on and make his observations, while *we* take our time and see what we can. We stroll slowly up the mountain. In the distance we hear voices calling in the wood; the cows are placidly feeding. Z. and I stroll on, up and up. Giants might have been at

play, hurling rocks at one another, from the appearance of the wood. Here is poised an enormous boulder, there another, and yet another. At their base grows the delicate oak leaf fern, and under the shadows flourished the lady fern, and the birch leaf.

We are at the foot of a cliff, up which is a staircase of rough stone. A paper nailed to a tree gives in full, "Une Prière à notre mère de Lourdes," and on the summit of the cliff is a rough platform, on which stands a plaster image, cast by no artist, a figure in which one fails to find majesty or beauty, and which is a poor climax to the rugged beauty of the cliff. Again we hear voices calling, "Avance-donc, marche donc," and round the cliff wind the berry gatherers. First a man, who carries a rough wooden bucket, and then a woman in a hat of extraordinary pretensions. Little barefooted boys and girls follow, each carrying a small dish. Last of all a lovely girl, with bare feet and large sun bonnet; she turns to watch us ascend. "Marche donc, Emmie," cries an impertinent voice, and she too winds round the cliff. Meantime a woman, a man, and child, well dressed, pass us; they are on a pilgrimage. They climb the rocky path painfully, and once on the top, kneel to the shrine, and repeat a prayer. We see their lips move, but their eyes carefully observe our movements. Their task done, they descend again, and are lost from our sight in the wood. Meantime we look about us. Z. feels ~~she~~ she has had enough climbing, but I am determined at all costs to get to the top. I ascend ridge after ridge of rock, but only see more ridges before me, so that I content myself for once with failure; console myself with blueberries, which plentifully bestrew the rocks, and in time return to Z., who is botanizing. We think we should return to the college, and in a leisurely way stroll down. We met X. rushing frantically up in search of us. He expected to find us

where he left us, positively having so little knowledge of womankind as to suppose they would be so near to the "Tree of Knowledge" without plucking of its fruit. Alas for the vanity of our delusions, we speedily find that we have not seen the "field of stones" at all. We are immensely disgusted, especially as time presses; but X. most kindly offers to take me there, if I do not object to haste. Z. cannot come, not being strong enough to hurry up hill. We rapidly walk up, climb a fence, walk over a stony, shady pathway through the wood, and at length arrive at the "field of stones." There lie acres of boulders, brown and grey, and moss grown. But for this, one might imagine that the tide was out, and one might expect the gradual roll of ocean waves, lap, lapping over the rocks, and washing right to the foot of the cliff where stands "La Mère des Lourdes."

X. has walked all over these stones, and tried them with his hammer, some he has found to be "gneiss" and some to be "quartzite." He compares the "field of stones" with the present Chesil Beach at Portland, England, and he points out to me, the same formation in the woods around, over which, as far as there is earth, herbage has grown.

We run down the wood again, and soon reach Z., whose only comfort lies in the fact that the view from the cliff was certainly prettier than that from the stony field, and we find M. waiting for us with his buckboard.

The drive back is very pleasant. M. is as loquacious as ever, and X. gathers much useful information from him. We pass a stonecutter's workshop, and observe several tombstones of one pattern lying outside the house, evidently ready for use, should there be an unthought demand. On each is inscribed

"Ici repose le corps de—"

Death has not yet chosen what the names shall be. Far up in the fields M. shows us the water-mark of last

winter, and he tell us that the road lay three feet deep under water, and that he had to carry the mails by boat. Arrived at his house by the water, we have to wait there for ten minutes before the boat comes in. Z. and Y. are very sleepy; X. is just as fresh as ever. The voyage back to St. Anne's is charming, and we spend an hour and a half in the bush before we go back to the hotel for dinner.

Alas! that we should come to a last day; yet such is the case, and we freely express our regret. We spend a delightful morning in the bush, and when afternoon comes X. volunteers to row us on the river. Z. is very pleased; she is a nautical character and has done a great deal of boating. I am not very much charmed at the prospect, since my only experience of boating is limited, and I remember only much jerking from side to side, and much personal weariness. We enter a boat. Z. sits in the stern, I sit on the next bench, and X. takes the oars. We glide on imperceptibly; the oars silently dip into the water, and long, steady sweeps bring us fast up the river. It is an experience,—I could wish that X. would row us forever. We row up the small rivers beside the islands, and past the rafts which rest there after their long drifting down the current. The well-wooded islands suggest repose and delicious shade; and I am emboldened by the stillness of the water to try my hand at rowing. That X. and Z. as usual looked upon my success with the eye of prejudice is not surprising, so I gave up my oar and subsided again into private life.

The rest of our visit may be told in a few words; it may be pictured in delightful camping in the bush; in hunts for geological specimens, in which I condescend to assist, and in charming strolls to see the sun set—in which walks Z., and I make X., who is weather-wise, declare what will be the weather to-morrow. The last hour come, we

packed up our things and bade farewell to St. Anne's.

APPENDIX A, BY X.

If any reader thinks the part played by X. in the above described excursion either too prominent or too retiring, let him bear in mind the following facts. On him devolved the duty of leading the party, and of determining places for camping when the rest needed repose. Y. would never cease to grumble if a stump or stone were not convenient to lean against while composing the above effusion. X. therefore thinks the whole literary credit, if such there be, should be ascribed to him, as by choosing a stumpless resting place Y's muse was invariably disinspired. Moreover, Z. being of a sleepy disposition, especially in the afternoon, could not rest without taking advantage of the occasion to take a short journey into the land of Nod, from which she sometimes forgot to return until the whistle of some passing train or steamer recalled her with the impression of demons or Indians yelling in her ear. "*De gustibus non disputandum,*" and X. philosophically did his best to suit the stump-seeker and the sleep-seeker, and he is able conscientiously to say that his efforts were not unsuccessful. Stumps and some shady slopes abounded, and the triangle returned home browner and better for the tanning they received from the sun of St. Anne's.

APPENDIX B, BY Z.

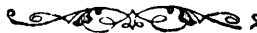
So far as choosing good camping places goes, X. did his duty fairly. It is true, also, that his judgment in regard to the weather could be relied on, but when we came to a fence it was quite another thing. It is not too much to say that he took a fiendish delight in selecting the highest, wickedest looking places, and when Z. was hanging between life and death on a spiked rail he sneered at her "clumsiness" and invited Y. to join in a contemptuous laugh.

Excepting the readiness to join with X. in derision of Z. when agility was demanded, Y. was charming throughout, easily satisfied when not hungry, or otherwise uncomfortable, and grumbling in a pleasing undertone when anything went wrong.

APPENDIX C, BY Y.

I have insisted upon my right to describe the last line of the triangle, and do this sitting on the *last* stump the journey affords. Looking back upon the conduct of X. and Z., I cannot see how either of them can feel any irritation at the very exact idea I have given the reader of their characters. I have, however, a vague notion that I have mortally offended both, and even now they sit with their backs to me, and I hear my name now and again, and I notice a little exasperation in the tones.

FESTINALENTE.



ANGLO-ISRAEL.

The fate of the lost tribes of Israel has long afforded a theme for the speculations of theologians, antiquarians and travellers, not to speak of many who claim none of these titles. Some profess to have discovered them in China, some in Bombay, some in Burmah, some in Affghanistan, and some among the red men of America. But every one, learned and unlearned, received these revelations with obstinate unbelief or cynical indifference. The existence and whereabouts of the Lost Tribes still remained a mystery, like the Holy Grail, which so sorely puzzled and tried the knights of King Arthur's Round Table. They could not have disappeared from the earth, or patriarchs and prophets had spoken idle words, themselves deceived or deceiving others. So, who and where are the descendants of lost Israel? The secret is revealed at last; they are the Anglo-Saxon race, the people of England.

We are aware that most persons will be inclined to hear this announcement with derision and incredulity, if nothing else. The bluff Englishman an Israelite! John Bull a "Hebrew Jew!" Why, the ethnic and physical variances in the two races would render such a notion absurdly improbable, if not absolutely impossible. But more of that, bye and bye. In the meantime we have to state that the affinity of the Anglo-Saxon and the Israelitish people is not merely the dream of heated zeal or the maunderings of folly and ignorance. The hypothesis—and it is not pretended to be anything more—is sustained by a large number of men of learning, knowledge and character, who have given much study and reflection to the question, and who have openly, by speech and with pen, proclaimed their faith in

it. We append the names of a portion of those who have spoken and written in support of the doctrine that the English nation represents the Lost Tribes of Israel:—The Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem; Professor C. P. Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland; Professor Carter, of Cheltenham College; Revd. R. Polehale, vicar of Avenbury; Revd. A. C. Glover, M.D.; Revd. I. G. Tipper, St. Bartholomew's; Revd. I. G. Hatch, rector of Stanbridge; Dr. Holt Yates, M.D.; Revd. Jacob Tomlin, B.A.; Dr. William Carpenter; Revd. H. Newton. B.A.; Colonel Gawler keeper of the Crown Jewels; St. John V. Day, F.R.S.; Revd. I. H. Titcomb, canon of Winchester; Revd. Alex. Mackay, L.L.D., with many besides. The works published on the subject by these gentlemen and others are numerous; and societies have been formed, one notably in Glasgow, Scotland, to elucidate the Anglo-Israel theory. In June, 1872, a conference "for considering the Israelitish origin of the English people," was held at Mildmay Park, at which several hundred clergymen, and men of high social and literary station, attended, the Bishop of Jerusalem filling the chair. Papers were read strongly advocating the identity of the two races, as proved by prophecy and history. The result of their deliberations may be embodied in the words of the Right Rev. Chairman: "That a solid ground for the Anglo-Saxon Israelitish hypothesis existed in the fact that nowhere else had the lost tribes been found, and fulfilling the required conditions of Scripture." The historical facts, though curious, are rather meagre; but a hope may be entertained that this want may yet be partly supplied by new discoveries from Nineveh and Babylon, as the

ruins of these cities are more extensively explored and the cruciform writing better understood. It is known that in the reign of Rehoboam, son and successor of Solomon, ten of the twelve tribes which constituted the Hebrew monarchy rebelled against the house of David, and established a separate state under the name of the Kingdom of Israel. This separation is generally overlooked in considering the subsequent history of the Jewish people; but it is highly important in its bearing on the question of their future destiny, while it is indispensable in the solution of the Anglo-Israel problem. In the year 625 before the Christian era, the Kingdom of Israel was conquered and its people carried into captivity by the Assyrians. We are told that they were settled in Central Asia, near the river Araxes, now part of the recent Russian conquests. About 137 years afterwards the King of Babylon bore away captive the people of Judah, then consisting of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. These, having been seventy years in exile, returned to Judea, in which they remained until the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. But Israel, or the Ten Tribes, did not return, or perhaps only an inconsiderable portion of them. Josephus, writing after the final dispersion of the Jews, observes: "The Ten Tribes are beyond the Euphrates until now, and are an immense multitude, and not to be estimated by numbers."

From this period, history, sacred or profane, bears no trace of them, of their religion or language, of their pride of race with the privileges attached to it, and which were so highly prized by them and their brethren of the chosen people. The writers of the Anglo-Israel school account for this phenomenon in various ways, none of which, humanly speaking, are satisfactory or carry conviction along with them. There is one explanation which we might offer, but we doubt if they would accept it. They satisfy themselves by

appealing to the prophecies; but reasoners in that field are apt to forget the figurative character of Eastern speech, and they fall into the error of taking signs and symbols for facts, and facts for signs and symbols. Even the mighty mind of Newton got bewildered in the mazes of prophetic interpretation. The historical facts serving to connect the Anglo-Saxons with the Ten Tribes amount only to this, that the Teutonic people known as the Saxons are said to have dwelt in the neighborhood of the Araxes at the time the Israelites were there. The authority for this assumption is our learned Anglo-Saxon historian, Sharon Turner, and ancient authors quoted by him. To enable the reader to form a notion of the value of his testimony, we shall use the historian's own language. The Saxons, he states, "were a German or Teutonic—that is a Gothic or Scythian—tribe, and of the various Scythian nations which have been recorded the Sakai or Sacae, are the people from whom the descent of the Saxons may be inferred with the least violations of probability. They defeated Cyrus and reached to Capadoces on the Euxine. That some of these people were really called Sakasuni is obvious from Pliny, for he says that the Sakai who settled in Armenia were called Saccasuni. It is also important to remark that Ptolemy mentions a Scythian people sprung from the Sakai of the name of Saxones." Sharon Turner is not claimed as a believer in the Anglo-Israel creed. It is asserted that the Sakai or Saxones accompanied the vast column of Scythian or Gothic nations which, in the early Christian centuries, poured into Europe; but we learn nothing with certainty of them until they are found seated on the sea coast of Germany from the Baltic to the Rhine. Their history from that period is pretty well known, the chief incidents in their career being the invasion of England in the fifth century, and the contest of

the continental Saxons with Charlemagne, in the eighth, when, after thirty years of massacre and bloodshed, he succeeded in subduing them and converting them to Christianity. It must be confessed that the evidence resting on history leaves the Anglo-Israel case somewhat weak as regards continuity and identity; but it is the same with the early annals of almost every European nation. The Greeks and Romans were astonishingly ignorant of the people dwelling beyond their own limits, and whom they designated by the common name of Barbarians. Plutarch, speaking of the Cimbri and Teutones who invaded Italy about one hundred years before Christ, paints their country after this fashion: "They inhabit a country so dark and woody that the sun is seldom seen, by reason of the high and spreading trees which reach inwards as far as the Hereynian forests." After relating that this land of huge trees is "at the extremity of the earth near the Northern Sea," he adds that "their day and night are of such a length that they serve to divide the year into two equal parts, which gave occasion to the fiction of Homer concerning the infernal regions." When we reflect that Plutarch wrote about the time of Trajan, when Germany had frequently been invaded by Roman armies, that the kindred of the Cimbri had for ages been in possession of Gaul and of a part of Italy, the terms in which he speaks of what are now among the finest countries of Europe are passing strange. His acquaintance with the science of climatology was certainly not extensive. The Greek and Roman conception of the regions beyond the Euphrates were no less vague and incorrect, as many works which have come down to us afford abundant proof. This explains to a great extent our want of knowledge of these portions of the world in the classic days. It is beyond a doubt also, that North Eastern Asia has undergone vast physical changes

since the period that the Israelites were dwellers near the Araxes, adding to the difficulties of establishing the localities of places and peoples. We ascertain from authentic sources that the earlier Tartar and Arab invaders of India had to contend against natural impediments in the route from the Oxus to the Hindoo Kosh infinitely more formidable than now exist: and as late as the fifteenth century a river flowed from Lake Aral to the ocean, through a district which was styled the Garden of Asia. The river has disappeared, and the land which it fertilized and beautified is now a sandy desert or an impenetrable jungle.

But if the historical evidence adduced or adduceable in the Anglo-Israelite controversy is not very decisive, it is not so with the Scriptural testimony, and it is upon this that its supporters mainly depend. It is to be found in every book of the Bible, from Genesis to the last of the prophets, in rich abundance. Keeping in view the distinction between the Kingdom of Judah and that of Israel, we find the destiny of each marked out in language that cannot be mistaken, even amid the profusion of Eastern metaphor, and with an accordance which does not vary, whoever the speaker may be. Whether the utterer be patriarch or prophet, priest, poet or king, the tale is ever the same. Of the race of Judah or the present Jews, we need only mention here that the work assigned to them, after a long exile, is to rebuild Jerusalem and the Temple, and to re-establish the Mosaic Law in Palestine, when finally the Messiah shall be revealed to them. On the other hand, the predictions relating to the Ten Tribes foretold that they should be lost among the heathen nations, become heathen themselves, wander to "the north" and "the west," grow into a multitudinous and mighty people, inhabiting the islands of the sea, "the isles afar off," and spreading widely over the earth, having in the

meantime returned to the worship of Jehovah. It is not necessary that we should repeat the numberless texts in which the destruction of the ancient Hebrew kingdoms is foretold, nor show how these prophecies were fulfilled. The texts are scattered over every book of the Old Testament, and their fulfilment is matter of history. One or two will suffice as an example: "And the Lord shall scatter them among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other—and thou shalt serve other gods which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone." "Thou shalt become an astonishment among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee."

The restoration is promised in many texts, which are to this effect. "Thus saith Jehovah, Behold I will bring again the captivity of Jacob's tents, and have mercy on his dwelling-place, and out of them shall proceed thanksgiving." "I shall multiply them, and they shall not be few; you shall be my people and I will be your God." "Behold I will bring them from the North Country and gather them from the coasts of the earth." The texts from which it is contended that the Ten Tribes cannot be a continental, but must be an insular, nation are, among others: "Let Israel give glory to God and declare His praise in the islands." "The Isles shall wait for his law, the Isles and the inhabitants thereof." "Declare it in the Isles afar off and say, He that scattered Israel will gather and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock."

We have already alluded to the difference between the Saxon physical type and the Jewish type, that is, the difference in facial and personal appearance, as we now see them, and as they have been for ages. But this exception is sufficiently answered by the alterations which time, climate, occupation, food and modes of life have produced in many nationalities. The ancestors of the present Hungarians, when they ap-

peared in Europe, in the tenth century, were regarded with horror as monstrous specimens of the human species; they are now reckoned among the handsomest of the western races. It is so, too, with the Turks who, like them, are of Tartar origin. Many nations have gone through a similar transformation, more or less, so that objection counts for little. It is also objected that the Teutonic dialect spoken by the Saxons bears no affinity to the Hebrew tongue, the first being of Aryan derivation, the second Semitic, between which there are wide and fundamental distinctions in grammatical construction and otherwise. But the Jews changed their language from Hebrew to Chaldaic during their residence of only seventy years in Babylon, and never afterwards resumed it as the popular language of the race. It is true that the Hebrew and Chaldaic are both Semitic dialects, and the change might therefore be more easy and natural than if they had adopted an Aryan language; but only, we think, in degree. The Normans, in less than a century and a half, forgot their Gothic speech, and knew only that into which the modern speech of France has developed, though the one was Teutonic and the other derived principally from Celtic and Latin, all three indeed springing from an Aryan source, but having little connection in other respects. This point might excuse further discussion, but we must not plunge into the details of the Anglo-Israel contestation. And, by the way, we may state that the hypothesis has been attached by several writers and speakers, especially by Professor Rawlinson, of Oxford, and the British Association.

But we have exceeded the limits to which we intended to restrict our remarks. Some of those who have taken part in this question have shown more zeal than wisdom in their treatment of it. No myth or tradition, come from what quarter it may, is too wild for

them to welcome with the respect only due to established facts of history ; and consequently they have sometimes imparted an air of ridicule to the subject, which injures it even in abler hands. There are various instances of this kind to which we might refer, were it not that to do so would carry us too far. But the question ought not to be viewed in such a light. As we have stated, writers and thinkers have embarked in it, to whom we, at all events, owe a respectful consideration of what they have to say in the matter. The Greek of old exclaimed "strike, but hear me;" we would urge in behalf of these supporters of the Anglo-Israel hypothesis, hear before you strike them. Is this too great a boon to be granted to men of their intelligence and culture? From one point of view their logical position is strong, and to some minds

will seem impregnable. In common with all Christians, they affirm their belief in the Scriptural prophecies concerning Israel, and they conclude that the incidents and conditions which must accompany the complete fulfilment of these prophecies are to be found in the English people, and in them alone of all peoples, past or present, ancient or modern. In conclusion, we may remark that the disquisition is one which offers a wide scope for scholarly study and inquiry ; and even if those engaged in it should fail in the primary object at which they aim, their exertions will not be in vain. Like the husbandman in the fable, they may not discover the treasure for which they have been seeking, yet a golden harvest in other shapes must result from their labors.

M. M.



NANCY CARTER'S THEFT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY E. H. N.

CHAPTER VI.

Alice had noticed a timidly eager and anxious expression on her friend's countenance through the afternoon, but it was not until they were left alone together for the night that Marion unburdened her heart.

"Oh Alice," she said, soon after they were by themselves, "I have wanted to see you so much and for so long."

Alice pressed her hand warmly, and she went on.

"Do you know I am afraid my dear father and mother do not know that I am about to leave them, that my time here is very short; and oh, they will not allow me to speak of the possibility of death coming to me!"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Alice, with unfeigned surprise. "And have you no one to speak to you of the great hereafter?"

"No one," she said, sadly. "My dear mother is a good Christian and loves the Bible. She has taught me to read and love it too; but she never likes to speak of the things that belong to the world to come. The mention of such things affects her to tears, and it troubles me to see her weep."

"Dear Marion," said Alice, "I grieve to hear this. How sad to feel the world slipping from beneath our feet, and to have no friend to speak to, no one to help us on through the last days of pilgrimage! But, my dear, perhaps this is permitted that your heart may the more be lifted up to our blessed Saviour Jesus, who has taken the sting from death, and brought life and immortality to light through His gospel.' Your communion with Him may be the sweeter for this great trial."

"I trust so, dear Alice. I am very happy in His redeeming love, and He has revealed Himself to me during the last few weeks as such an all sufficient Saviour, that I am continually feasting as in His presence. But I have longed to have some one to express my new-found happiness to."

"Have you given up all hope of recovery?" Alice asked. "Do you not sometimes think perhaps you may get well and be a comfort to your parents? Have you no wish to recover?"

"Dear Alice, six weeks ago I could hardly bear to think of death, and of the loneliness of father and mother at the loss of me, their eldest daughter, and I had hoped to have been so useful to my little brother and sister. But the Lord's teaching has been so gentle, so just what I needed, that now I would not choose if I might. And, dear friend, I have no hope of ever being any better, though I do not think Doctor Blake has told my parents I am in danger. My heart has been so full, and it so good that you can understand it all."

The girls talked a long time, Marion insisting upon hearing from Alice all about Harry, and giving her warmest sympathy to her friend.

Marion was cheered by Alice's coming so much that both Mr. and Mrs. Gray pronounced her better the next morning, and even Alice herself thought she looked far less ill than on the preceding day. The visit was indeed a great blessing to the sick girl, and she stood firmer in the faith for the many texts of Scripture which Alice was able to repeat to her, and felt herself more surely grounded on the Eternal Rock.

That day was a very happy one for

Mr. and Mrs. Gray. They felt much more hopeful about their daughter, little guessing that her feet were already dipped in the brim of that Jordan which was to bear her from their mortal sight forever. Their kind hearts were busy, too, with thoughts of assistance for their young friend.

An old gentleman, a rich, childless widower, who was an uncle of Mrs. Gray, was spending a few weeks with them. It was their wish to interest him in Alice's story; for he knew something of law, and might possibly give her some valuable information and hints how to proceed in case of Harry being sentenced to State Prison. Alice had a sort of half-formed plan which she had confided to the Grays, of petitioning for her lover's release if he should be convicted; but as yet she had neither knowledge nor means to carry out such a purpose.

Mrs. Gray's uncle could assist them, and they laid the whole matter before him, with Alice's consent. When she met him an hour afterwards, he kindly launched into the subject. Mr. Bennett was an abrupt man—in general, a man of few words, well chosen and to the point. He began thus:

"My dear, Mrs. Gray has told me your sad story. I know a good deal about the laws of York State, as I've lived in it more than forty years. Your young man's chance is small, and in my poor opinion he is pretty sure to be sent to States Prison for a term of years. Cheer up, don't get pale and frightened; I thought by your looks you could face the thing right through, and pick the good points out of a bad case."

"I will try; indeed I will, sir," Alice replied in a trembling voice. "But you make it seem so very near and certain."

"Well, well, perhaps I may be mistaken, but to me it appears not only certain, but near. I like your plan of a petition and will draw one up for you and get some influential names from about Albany where I live; besides

which, I shall be glad to help you with my purse."

Alice drew back a little when he spoke of pecuniary aid, and said quietly,

"You know, sir, I am earning, and I hope my wages will be sufficient; but I cannot thank you enough for your kind interest in my sorrow."

"No thanks, my dear; but you are mistaken, I think, about the money," said the little round-headed, practical man, taking out his wallet. "A girl's earnings for a few months will scarcely be as much as you will require. Don't hesitate, my dear," he continued, "take it for his sake that you are trying to assist if not for your own," saying which he took several gold pieces from the wallet he held in his hand and gave them to Alice.

Alice was embarrassed when she saw the amount, but the old man put her at ease by saying,

"My money is of my own earning and saving. I am old and a childless widower."

Alice expressed her gratitude as well as she was able, and was turning to leave the room when Mr. Bennett stopped her, saying in his peculiar off-hand way,

"How about the poor girl Marion? Dying, isn't she?"

"I fear so, indeed," replied Alice, "though no one seems to know it."

"Anything laid up, do you know; anything for eternity?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered quickly, while a flush of joy spread over her handsome face. "Oh, yes! her treasure is in heaven; she feels that she is accepted in the Beloved!"

"Good news, good news!" said Mr. Bennett, quite moved. "I've stood by many deathbeds, and I know people must have something to cling to when the end comes, or there can be no true peace."

Alice did not speak, and the old man mused for a few moments. He then broke the silence by saying:

"It was a deathbed scene that first made me see the necessity of becoming a Christian—I'll tell you about it, my dear. A friend of mine was dying, and I went to see him. We had often talked together of death and the world to come, and, I am sorry to say, had both sheltered ourselves in the thought that we were no worse than others, and all would be well at last, never thinking of the necessity of repentance and a saving faith in Christ. Well, as I said, I went to see my friend Conrad, and asked him how he felt about death. I shall never forget how his hollow eyes glared at me as he answered my question.

"I feel, Bennett," he said, "that I need something more than what we have always thought would answer at a time like this; and oh, I know I have not got it! I don't know where to look for what I want, and there's no time if I did."

"I assure you, my dear Miss Barford, those were the most awful words I had ever heard. I was a young man then, and had seen few such sights. I could not say a word to comfort him, poor Conrad! so I seized my hat and ran for a horse which I mounted and rode as fast as I could a distance of three miles in search of some one who could talk of God's mercy in Christ to my poor, distressed friend. I found a minister, I don't know what denomination he belonged to, but I think he was a sort of travelling Methodist—not that it matters, though—and I brought him as quickly as possible.

"Conrad was still moaning when we went in, and no one had spoken any words to cheer him in the valley that he was going through. The minister was quick to see, and got at once to know the true state of the dying man's feelings and fears. I can not describe the scene, my dear, but I shall never forget it. Christ bearing his sins, the sins of the whole world, was held up before him so clearly that

even his glazing eye could seem to see, and his soul grasp the hope set before him. He died praising God for redemption. It was the horror that Conrad went through that made me feel I must have something to cling to, and turned me to Christianity."

Mr. Bennett wiped the moisture from his eyes which had gathered at the remembrance of a scene which had taken place more than half a lifetime before, quietly told Alice to be all she could to her dying friend, and walked away, not giving her any opportunity to continue the conversation if she had chosen to have done it.

Marion drooped towards evening, and seemed more restless. Still Mrs. Gray did not feel alarmed, but administered the remedies as usual. Again Alice spoke of the necessity of being prepared for a change for the worse, but Mrs. Gray did not appear to comprehend. She only replied that sick people were always subject to sudden changes in symptoms, and thought Marion would be better in the morning.

But Marion did not see the morning. About midnight there was a cry through the house that Marion was worse, was sinking fast—was dying! Her parents were completely overwhelmed; they had not power to control themselves. The poor mother was almost wild with grief, and reproached herself bitterly for not having listened to her daughter's solemn words; while the father, though outwardly calmer, was inwardly denouncing the physician for not giving them warning, and bemoaning his own stupidity in not having seen that his darling was so near her end. But all their grief availed not now. Though professing Christians, they had to learn from others that their precious child had departed in the sure hope of a blessed immortality; that no lingering fear mingled with her bright expectations of a glorious resurrection.

CHAPTER VII.

When Augustus Carter reached his miserable home, which he did some-time in the course of the evening after Harry Clifford had been arrested, he was, contrary to his usual custom, quite sober and very talkative.

"So, Nanny," he began, "there's been a great time among the folks down in the village. Did you hear?"

"No, I've heard nothing," she answered quickly; but her heart beat faster, for she thought in a moment of the parcel she had replaced, and felt almost sure that the news must have some reference to it. She was glad that Augustus was sober, for she felt irritable, and in no mood to bear with such abuse as he usually heaped upon her when intoxicated. Her heart was not at ease about what she had done, though she would not entertain the thought for an instant of giving up what she had hidden away; no, come what might, suffer who would, the money was hers! She would never give it up. She had not made up her mind what she should tell Augustus—certainly not the truth, but give it up, she never would.

"Well," continued Carter, "there's been a robbery. Everybody was full of it when we came in from the woods this afternoon, and I went with Parkins up the street to hear about it."

"Who has been robbed?" said Nancy, sharply. "And how do you suppose I was to hear anything, if the whole town was robbed?"

Carter was meek and quiet when sober, and did not altogether like the metallic ring in his wife's voice. He thought it betokened a storm of reproach, and made haste to answer her first question, but took no notice of the latter. "Why it was a stranger that was stopping a day over at the tavern, up street. He had a packet with money in it, and he swears that it was taken from his pocket while he was sitting

talking to some one in the bar-room. There has been a young man arrested for the robbery, quite a stranger in the place, too, they say. Part of the money and some papers were found on him, but what he has done with the rest he refuses to tell. They said he talked religious, and declared he never had the money; that he only picked up what was in his pocket very early this morning in the street. Nobody believed him though, and he is gone to jail. Every body says it will be a States' prison job for him."

Nancy Carter did not answer. Indeed she could not. This was more than all her shrewdness had anticipated; and so soon, so very soon it had come about! If Carter had seen her face he would not have wondered that she did not speak. It was deathly pale, while an expression of real agony passed over it.

"Why don't you speak, Nancy," he said, after a moment's pause. "Strange affair it is. Don't you think so? Right in our quiet old town too."

Mrs. Carter gave a gasp or two, and recovered her self-control before Carter noticed her countenance.

"Strange, yes, very strange," she replied in a low voice, very unlike the tones in which she had last spoken.

Augustus was glad the ring was gone from her voice, but he was a slow man, and did not connect the story he had told with the change. He only said when she turned around:

"Why Nancy, how pale you've grown! Arn't you well?"

"Not quite," she answered. "You know, Augustus, I've been working very hard lately, and am not as strong as I used to be."

"So you have, Nancy," he said kindly; "I wish I was better help to you than I am."

Nancy seized the favorable moment of her husband's softened mood, and going up to him, put her arm around his neck and whispered, too low for the children to hear,

"O, Augustus, if it was not for the dreadful drink!"

Carter half started from her embrace, for she had never spoken so to him before; so kindly, yet so appealingly, and for a moment he seemed to feel his degradation, and wished to get away from her. Nancy did not release her hold, and in a moment Carter answered her.

"Nancy," he said, "you'd pity me if you knew how hard I sometimes try to stop, and I am sure I could if it wasn't for Johnson. I can't explain how it is, nor can I understand it myself, the power he has over me. Why, Nancy, if he hadn't been sick when we came in from the woods this afternoon, I should never have come home sober; I would not have come till morning, and then, drunk."

"O, Augustus," sobbed his wife, "was it not much better to do as you did? Oh, think of me and the poor children."

"Better! yes, a great deal better. But when I am with Johnson, you've no idea what he is to me,—I can't control myself. I drink; he seems to make me. I wish sometimes I might never see him again. Oh, I wish we were back in the place where I was brought up, at the foot of the White Mountains—if we could only get back, Nancy."

Mrs. Carter's heart gave a great bound; she quite forgot, for the time, the young man suffering for her crime, and was lost in the thought of a sober, respected husband, happy children, and a comfortable home. She knew if they were away where Carter would not be tempted to drink, his carpenter's trade would support the family, while with her needle she could supply many little luxuries.

It was a bright picture that rose up before the mind of the poor tried woman, and she thought of the money hidden away in her trunk, as the means of realizing her hopes. Her mental

struggle was over for this time, and with a conscience a little more benumbed than it was last night, she turned to her work with a brisk step and brighter face. All next day Carter was at home, helping, as much as he could, and full of talk of his old home and the White Mountains, and in Nancy's ears there was a sound of singing birds and humming bees, and pleasant rippling water, as she thought of all the sweets of happy country life, of themselves independent and respected once more.

But when evening came Johnson sauntered in; said he had been out looking at some of the near traps, and would like Carter to go out and help him secure some of the game. Augustus Carter forgot his good resolutions in a moment, and in spite of poor Nancy's warning and beseeching looks, rose at once and accompanied him. Poor Nancy, her cup of sorrow was very full when he staggered home the next morning, after a long night's carousal at Johnson's tavern, where his voice had been loudest in the drunken mirth, and his jest the coarsest of all the frequenters of the miserable groggery. But still she clung to the hope that a removal would make things better with him, and took pains in the course of a few days to learn the particulars of the Harry Clifford affair, when to her great joy, she learned that Watson had been unable to identify his lost bills, and could give no clue to any of the notes, save one, a twenty dollar bill on the —New York Bank. On her return home she looked out this from her parcel, and at once destroyed it. By degrees she used a little of the money, changing one small note after another, at different stores where she was little known; and by this means procured necessaries, and articles of clothing for their intended journey, while Carter wasted the weeks, all unmindful of his wretched wife and children.

(To be continued.)

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION.

In one of the very able papers furnished by Lever, under the name of Cornelius O'Dowd, to *Blackwood's Magazine*, the remark is made, "that the Italian Government, with reference to the Popedom, is like a man married to a woman with a most insupportably hysterical temperament, who makes her vapours and her nerves do duty for arguments, and is so perversely unreasonable that it is impossible to deal with her. Her cries, however, are heard over the whole neighborhood, and the world is convinced she is most cruelly treated." Nothing could possibly better describe the state into which that respected old lady worked herself on the 12th of last March. No one, of course, looks for much measure of toleration or wisdom from the lips that proclaimed the Syllabus and thundered forth the Encyclical; but this last allocution is worse than any utterance he had yet delivered himself of. We wonder whether, in the solitude of the vast halls of the Vatican, which he is pleased to proclaim his prison, Pius IX. ever hears resounding through the vista of years the ominous words chanted to him at his coronation, while an officer thrice displayed before his eyes on the end of a wand a piece of smoking flax rapidly consuming: "*Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi.*" Those were glorious days when full of high hopes and good intentions, backed by great popularity and universal esteem, Giovanni Maria Mastai Feretti ascended the papal throne as Pius IX., and heard pronounced the proud words: "*Accipe tiaram tribus coronis ornata, et scias to esse patrem principum et regum, rectorem orbis, terra vicarium Salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi, cui est honor et gloria in secula seculorum.*"

We all know what became of those

glorious promises and joyous predictions. It was not long before the most popular of pontiffs became the most hated of popes; when not content with the tyranny, misery, ignorance and depravity at home, he raised an impious hand against all advancement, progress and civilization abroad. The old woman of Italy has often had bad attacks of the vapors, and they found vent in various mutterings and cursings, allocutions, encyclicals and bulls. In fact his time has ever been taken up fully between revilings and benedictions, establishing new dogmas and anathematizing political opponents, declaring fresh saints and proclaiming fresh batches of the unhappy. Never has so aggravating a pontiff sat on the throne of St. Peter, as those who lose sight of the great improbability there is of St. Peter's ever having been in Rome, and the certainty that he never occupied, desired or looked forward to a throne, are pleased to call it. In nothing was this more strongly exemplified than in his conduct towards England. In April, 1850, Pius IX., upheld by French bayonets, entered Rome after a forced flight and exile of nearly two years. His very first act was to issue his bull establishing a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England. Setting aside for a moment the utter uselessness of the move, can anything for an instant excuse its gross impropriety? We doubt whether since the days of Boniface VIII., history tells of so uncalled for and extreme an insult being offered to any independent sovereign. Of course popes, we all know, are not guided by any of the rules which regulate the conduct of other monarchs. In their holy capacity they are above all restraint, and it is useless to expect at

their hands any of the courtesy or honesty which custom had imposed upon their neighbors. The act of the pope in dividing off England, in the face of British statutes, and Protestant rights and prejudices, was an act of intentional aggression, and richly deserved to have been replied to by the cannon's mouth. Many were in favor of doing so, and had there been greater determination at the helm of state at the time, it is not unlikely that two frigates might have found their way to Civita Vecchia. It is true that France had just then assumed its new *role* of protector of the papacy. The President, who was no doubt at that time preparing for the *coup d'etat*, was anxious to rally round his standard the Ultramontanes and the priests, and under the circumstances perhaps he would have been disposed to court a war. Still it is not improbable, on the other hand, that he could scarcely deem himself firm enough in the saddle to venture on so extreme a measure; at all events the English ministry thought it better to swallow the insult, and simply pass the Ecclesiastical Tithes Bill, which ever since has been a mere dead letter. It is difficult to decide exactly what was the object of that bull unless it was to provoke a war.

The last emanation would seem to have very much the same pious end in view. It is an appeal to the powers of Europe to replace him on his throne, and an earnest recommendation to all those who heard him to agitate and conspire for that purpose. "In this state of things, we consider nothing more opportune, and we desire nothing so ardently, than to see these same pastors, who have given us so many evidences of their union in defence of the rights of the church, and of their goodwill towards this Apostolic See, exhort the faithful confided to them to make use of all the means which the laws of their country place within their reach, to act with promptness with those

who govern, to induce these latter to consider more attentively the painful situation forced upon the Head of the Church, and take effective measures towards dissipating the obstacles that stand in the way of his absolute independence." So that there should be no mistake as to the meaning of these words, they are explained in another passage. "Never, most assuredly never, can the Roman Pontiff ever be fully master of his freedom and of his power so long as he remains subject to the rulers of his Capital. There is no other destiny possible for him in Rome but that of a sovereign or a prisoner." In other words, the object of the allocution is to induce the Roman Catholics, urged by their priesthood, to bring so much pressure to bear on all the governments as to induce them to combine against Italy, and force Victor Emmanuel to replace the Pope in possession of Rome and the States of the Church.

This is the third appeal of the same kind from Pius IX., with this difference, that while the others were to the powers of Europe, this is to the people—the difference is somewhat worthy of note. Though the Syllabus so glibly condemns modern progress and liberalism, his holiness it seems is not above calling upon the masses when it suits his purpose to force the hands of their rulers. Never did greater despot draw breath than Pius IX. as he now stands after over a quarter of a century's moulding at the hands of the Jesuits. His rule was the most absolute conceivable; Lord Palmerston called it "the worst government of Europe." No degrading vice could be mentioned that was not in it—tyranny, oppression, malversation and espionage; corruption was the rule of every department, and every effort imaginable was used to keep the people under his sway in a condition of hopeless and degrading ignorance. The vote on the plebiscite showed the feeling of his subjects; of 167,548 voters only 1,507, not one in a hundred,

voted against union with the Kingdom of Italy. If the desires of the people, properly expressed, are to guide the conduct of their rulers, and by his allocation the Pope seems to think so, there are the desires of the Italians to be consulted also; and if they are, as they undoubtedly are almost to a man, opposed to the continuation of papal misrule, then neither the faithful of other nations nor those who govern them have a right to impose upon them a ruler they reject.

That the Pope should in his rage turn himself towards deeds of blood is but natural and not to be wondered at; the Church that preached the Crusades, founded the Inquisition, returned thanks for the St. Bartholomew, applauded the Dragonnades, cannot be supposed to be either tender-hearted or merciful, and priests have ever been all the more eager in stimulating warfare that their dress always carries them out of the line of fire. But at the same time the question comes to be whether the old madman of the Vatican should be permitted to plunge the world in fearful religious contest, and renew in Europe the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. One would have supposed that even he would have been quieted by the result of the struggle between France and Prussia. There is no doubt now that that disastrous struggle, more disastrous to the Pope than to any one else, was brought about by the Empress at the suggestion of the Ultramontanes who surrounded her. The experiment of leaving His Holiness to rule his own people had been tried. On the 12th Dec. 1866, in compliance with the stipulations of the convention between France and Italy of 15th Sept. 1864, the French troops were withdrawn. Pius IX. had had due notice and two years to prepare himself for the event. What was the result? In less than ten months the French had to come tearing back. Garibaldi, the much-excommunicated hero and patriot, was within twenty

miles of Rome. Then came the farce of the Œcumenical Council—that celebrated council in which those who were called upon to consult were not allowed to speak against the proposition—that celebrated unanimous council in which less than one half of those summoned recorded their approval. Even one quarter of those actually convinced signified more or less directly their disapproval. Having satisfied his vanity, and carried his point in spite of the energetic protests of all European governments, Pius IX. began to feel the responsibility of the step he had taken. Nearly one half of the dissenting prelates were Germans, and Bismarck was known to be exceedingly wrathful at the result of the council. It therefore was only natural to suppose that Prussia would before long support Italy in demanding the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome. The wise course of 1850 had so effectually roused public feeling in England that everyone knew that no ministry could hope to stand an hour that ventured to interfere to help the Pope. In fact the waves were closing in about the papal throne. The cup of the old man of the mountain of Europe was full, and about to overflow. A thousand years of ceaseless trouble and bloodshed, cruelty inconceivable, ignorance the most gross and superstition the most degrading, endless wars, cruel massacres, cold-blooded murders, never-resting persecutions and insatiable greed and avarice, had at last tired Europe of the Pope's unhallowed rule. The Italian nation, kept down by the incubus of the papacy, split up and sub-divided into impotent little states, divided from each other by ceaseless petty rivalries, and kept apart by innumerable little quarrellings and bickerings carefully fomented and kept alive by the intrigues of the Vatican, had at last begun to give signs of reviving. The energies and abilities of Cavour, the valor and blood of Garibaldi, had not

been expended in vain. The Italians, roused by the recollections of former glories, and urged by the feeling of patriotism, had resolved once more to be a united and powerful nation. It was well known that Bismarck favored the intention, and that negotiations were pending between the Italian and Prussian cabinets. Pius IX. and his advisers well knew the result sure to follow the withdrawal of the foreign forces, and resolved to take the bull by the horns and make France declare war to Prussia, believing the former to be the better prepared of the two.

There was no plausible reason for France declaring war; the quarrel was completely of her seeking. From the moment that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen refused the proffered crown of Spain, the only excuse Napoleon could claim no longer subsisted, and a further demand for guarantees was not only uncalled for and unrequired, but exceedingly insolent and overbearing. The consequence was the Franco-Prussian war, the complete subjection and humiliation of the aggressor, the ruin and devastation of France, the overthrow of Napoleon and the fall of the Pope. On the 18th of July, the decree of Infallibility was declared, on the 19th, the French declaration of war was delivered at Berlin; on the 21st of August the French troops evacuated Rome, leaving some ammunition and cannon to the Pope. By that time Saarbrück had been taken and retaken, Forbach, Lichtenburg, and Nancy were in the hands of the Prussians, MacMahon had been defeated at Woerth, and accompanied by the Emperor, was in full retreat from Chalons. Bazaine, after being beaten three times in four days, at Courcelles, Vionville and Gravelotte, had found shelter behind the walls of Metz. Alsace and Lorraine were under the control of Prussian generals. On the 8th of September, Victor Emmanuel sent a most conciliatory letter to the Pope, offering him

the sovereignty of the Eternal city and the retention of his income. The battle of Sedan had then been fought, the Emperor had surrendered with his army, the French Republic had been proclaimed, and the German army was advancing upon Paris. On the 20th of September, in spite of a solemn protest by Antonelli, the Italian troops entered Rome, the Pope having refused Victor Emmanuel's offer. The French were then in truth completely beaten. Paris was besieged and evidently doomed, and Jules Favre was ineffectually trying to obtain what he considered fair terms of peace. On the 9th of October a royal decree issued, and in conformity with the almost universal wish of the inhabitants, as expressed by the result of the plebiscite, Rome and its provinces were incorporated within the Kingdom of Italy. Strasburg had then fallen, and Metz was on the eve of surrendering. Paris was closely invested and suffering from want of food. The remainder of the story is familiar to everyone. Prussia marched from victory to victory, the French, completely disorganized and demoralized, going far at last towards jeopardizing even their reputation for courage. At length, even the rage of the Commune was subdued, and again the Prussians as conquerors entered Paris. Such was the end of the boastful cry of the French army, "a Berlin;" it carried them as far as Saarbrück. The war resulted in the overthrow of the Napoleon dynasty, the death of the emperor in exile, the nomination of the king of Prussia as Emperor of Germany, the reuniting and strengthening of that powerful people, the deposition of the Pope, and in the final unification of Italy, now become one of the important powers of Europe. In the whole list of these results can one be pointed out which is not as bitter as gall and distasteful as wormwood to his Holiness. And yet who precipitated the event; who, urging Eugénie against

the inclinations of her husband and his better judgment, made her so eager for this conflict that after it had been decided upon, she should in joy and exultation exclaim, "This is my war?" It was the doing of Pius IX., working on a weak and foolish woman through the means of her Ultramontane confessor and priestly surroundings. Pius IX. proclaimed the Franco-Prussian war by the mouth of Eugénie—it was his war not hers. And in reviewing it one cannot but be lost in admiration at the wonderful foresight instilled into him by his newly proclaimed gift of infallibility. The first use he seems to have made of his new and incomprehensible power was to put an end to his own misrule by setting in motion a complication of events which resulted in his being driven off a throne he was never qualified to occupy. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" The vanity of the present old man, joined to the restless scheming of Father Beckx and his mischief-breeding associates, was the spark applied to the flax, and now in smoke before the eyes of the present man has vanished for ever the temporal power of the Pope. It is a sovereignty which ended as it deserved. The history of its establishment is the darkest known to the world; from the day when Boniface VIII. lowered and disgraced himself by his fulsome adulation to Phocas the murderer, which resulted in his being recognized as Œcumenical bishop, to the present, the history of the popes is one of constant, never-varying, uninterrupted scheming, dishonesty, aggression, cruelty, vice and wickedness, until it completed itself in the roar of laughter with which the whole civilized world hailed the dogma of infallibility on the 18th

July, 1870, and the shout of joy with which the Roman people welcomed Victor Emmanuel's troops two months and two days after.

And now again, before the soil has had time fairly to assimilate to itself the ghastly harvest which the strong mowers of 1870-71 strewed over it with so unsparing a hand, the chief mover of the mischief seeks once more to stir up trouble again in the pitiful hope that something may perhaps result from a general scrimmage which might be turned to his advantage. Feeling that the advancement of education can no longer be controlled, and that with the increase of knowledge the domain of superstition must recede, the church finds itself driven to desperate means; not so much, as heretofore, for self-aggrandizement as for self-preservation. That such must be the case is very evident from Pio Nono's last allocution. Considering the age in which it was published and the circumstances which have given rise to it, a more ill-tempered and unseemly charge has rarely issued from any one placed in a high and responsible position. It is evident that Antonelli no longer holds the helm, and it is equally clear that whoever has succeeded him is but indifferently qualified for the duty he is called upon to discharge. This allocution is a violent denunciation of the Italian Government for robbing the Holy See of its estates, seizing the property of the religious houses, shutting up the monasteries, and treating the clergy as ordinary citizens; the latter most likely is the sorest spot. His infallible holiness is indignant at the introduction of the clerical abuses bill. Never has the church been so ill-used as by attempting to prevent its ministers from preaching treason.

THE GIRLS' VOYAGE.

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

(Continued.)

MARION'S STORY.

HONG KONG, }
Oct. 28th, 1870. }

Since the "Great Republic" carried away to American shores Amy's Singapore letter, with its addition of a postscript from my humble pen, two Chinese cities have been visited by your friends. We have been to Shanghai and Amoy, and as the train of circumstances which led to the trip may be considered somewhat remarkable, not to say romantic, I must open this month's history with a short preface.

While I was in California four of my friends at Mr. Clinton's school had a ferrotype group of themselves taken to send me. One of them was Jennie Greenough, who, as you will remember, has a married sister living in Shanghai; and when on the "Suwanee" I was showing my album to Captain Fay and came to that ferrotype, I mentioned that fact as I told him who the girls were, asking if he had ever met Mrs. Ingraham. He said he knew her very well, and should see her in September, as business would then call him to Shanghai, and he knew she would be pleased to hear that a friend and schoolmate of her sister's was in Hong Kong. Several weeks passed, and I had almost forgotten that there was such a lady as Mrs. Ingraham when a letter came from her, inviting me in most affectionate terms to visit her with my cousins; "for to welcome one of Jennie's friends to my foreign home," she wrote, "would be only less gratifying to me than to see the dear little sister herself."

What could anyone do under such circumstances but start directly for Shanghai, as we did in the steamer "Aphrodite?" Arthur left the "Lyra" to Mr. Duncan's faithful care for a fortnight, and went on the northward journey with his girls.

Our fellow-passengers were three in number—one solitary lady, who kept herself shut up, and two sociable gentlemen, one of whom, Captain Nichols, was a Hong Kong acquaintance. Our commander was Captain Croby, and he would satisfy your ideal of a bluff, good-natured sailor, though you say Arthur does not, and I am sure Captain Fay is no nearer the mark. He used to pound on our stateroom door in the morning and in vociferous tones summon us to breakfast, "Come out this minute, girls! Now, don't be lazy," he would shout; then to whomsoever happened to be in the saloon, "I believe they are both in a bad humor this morning; a fit of the sulks, or something;" which assertion never failed to bring us out with smiles that contradicted him.

The weather was clear and cool, and after dark it was hardly comfortable to be on deck, except while taking brisk walks in the starlight. Captain Croby's large room in the forward part of the vessel was the popular resort, and we spent evening after evening there, singing and conversing. On a Saturday evening the captain produced the wines in honor of the sailors' sentiments, considered appropriate to that time, "Sweethearts and Wives." He proposed that every one should tell a love story; "not a second-hand one," he stipulated, "but

a little bit of personal experience. I'll start first, and when I 'heaveto,' Nichols must have his sails set ready to follow. I daresay he won't be at any loss, and if he is I can tell you some famous stories about him, for I used to know him on Cape Cod, when we were both young chaps." He then gave a laughable account of his own doings, closing with a story of a fair lady passenger, and five years of waiting before she became his wife. The threat had so good an effect on Captain Nichols that he portrayed some interesting experiences. Of course the young ladies had nothing to say on such a subject, but they listened and applauded, or made adverse criticisms. When Arthur's turn came he told a story of true love of a most romantic nature, which, at its climax, brought all on their feet from sofas and easy chairs, and finding by the *dénouement* that "all was right," they surrounded him with shouts of congratulation on the hopes set before him. A beautiful face was exhibited in the back cover of his watch which excited general admiration, and the captain giving him a resounding slap on the shoulder declared that there wasn't a better story than that in the whole range of fiction. As Mr. Hamilton was unable to tell such a tale he declined to enter the lists.

The next evening we were assembled as usual in the same place, but the captain did not favor us with his company, being engaged in navigating the steamer up the river, for we had entered the Yang-tse-kiang and anchored at ten o'clock to wait for daylight. In the morning the "Aphrodite" started again, but soon ran aground, and there we were, stuck fast in the mud, with the sweet prospect of remaining within twelve miles of Shanghai until the next morning. Our patience was not so tried, though, for after tiffin a steam-tug was discovered and Arthur, Amy and I took passage in her for the city. What became of the other passengers

I really did not enquire. They must have found some way of transportation, and I am glad it was not on that same steam-tug, for my spirits were like a glass of soda that bright October afternoon as we went up the Yang-tse-kiang, and I could not refrain from executing a kind of sailor's hornpipe on the little deck, knowing there were no eyes to observe me save those of my cousins, or perhaps of far-off Chinamen on the low, green banks.

On approaching the city the attention is first attracted by the "Concession," as the quarter allotted to foreign residents is called. A wide street, the "Bund," runs along the quay, and handsome houses surrounded by trees are built upon it. Public buildings and church spires appear among the dark, glossy foliage peculiar to the tropics, and give to the "Concession" the appearance of being the most important part of Shanghai, as it certainly is the cleanest. The Chinese city is a large one, not remarkable for anything, cleanliness included, after one has seen Canton, we were told, and we never went within its walls. Hearing Canton called "comparatively clean" rather quenched my ardor respecting the native cities of this empire. As we walked along the "Bund," enquiring the way to Mr. Ingraham's dwelling, we saw a public conveyance that took my fancy more than any coupé ever did. It was a wheelbarrow with a partition in the middle of it, making seats for two passengers, who are trundled over the smooth ground for the payment of a few cents, and seem to enjoy themselves. Presently one came along with a woman on one side of the partition and a pig on the other, balancing her. How I yearned for a ride! Not with a pig for balance, but if Amy only *would*—and of course, I knew she wouldn't, even if Arthur had not suggested that Mrs. Ingraham would think she had some strange American visitors if she

saw them advancing to her home in a wheelbarrow.

In the course of time we came to a large house situated in a courtyard, and some stranger told us it was the residence of Mr. Ingraham. A lovely lady greeted us as eagerly expected friends, and we had cause to be satisfied with our welcome. What a delightful evening that was! In a most homelike parlor, where a blazing coal fire gave us a curious sensation of having been suddenly transported to our New England home after our tropical wanderings, we made the acquaintance of several pleasant people who had been asked to meet us, and I enjoyed above all things talking to our hostess and her brothers about their absent sister, giving them little episodes of her school life; while they drank in every word, telling me it seemed almost to bring her near to them, seeing one who had been so associated with her during her growing-up days.

We devoted the next forenoon to Shanghai missions, and first drove out of town to visit a girls' boarding-school, an attractive house, where we were pleased with the airy dormitories and sunny school-rooms, the contented faces of the pupils, and the kind ones of their teachers; and after a tour of inspection and a rest upon an upper balcony to see through climbing vines a view of green rice fields, and a level, dusty highway, they took us into a neat little chapel, and there the assembled girls sang some Sunday-school hymns before we went away. One of the missionary ladies came for us a day or two after to call on two families of Christian Chinese. They were humble people; yet from their manners we thought they had studied the Apostle Paul's directions for the truest kind of courtesy, and that they considered cleanliness to be next to godliness. However poverty may appear in a heathen home, you are sure to see the altar decorated with gilt and gaudy paper flowers, and the

household deities standing there to be worshipped, but in these dwellings such things did not appear. The head of one family is a very intelligent young man who is studying for the ministry, and I wish you could have seen how glad he looked when he spoke of his future work among his countrymen. If the emperor had offered him some important office it would have seemed insignificant to him, according to what he said to us, compared with the high honor of being "put in trust with the Gospel." As we shook hands with him before leaving the house we told him that we would pray that he might be faithful, and his work blessed.

It would be difficult to believe that there are anywhere more uninteresting drives than those around Shanghai. The country is a dead level, the roads are generally shadeless, and the sun-scorched fields on each side are decorated with large mounds, the graves of deceased Mongolians.

Yet on a cool autumn afternoon, to drive toward the setting sun in a high buggy with the top thrown back, drawn by two steeds that seem to tread on air, is not at all disagreeable, particularly with an entertaining companion. This was Amy's experience, while Arthur and I were part of a cheerful company in a beach wagon, and enjoyed ourselves extremely. To return after dark and scramble to get ready for an eight o'clock dinner, at which there are half a dozen guests, and perhaps a whole dozen courses, is the next thing after our drives; and these long dinners are not tiresome if one has even a moderately interesting person for an escort to the table, and neighbor during the next two hours, but it sometimes happens otherwise in my case. There are varieties in the human species, my friend, and I have sat through dinners beside such dismal specimens of mankind that I could have eaten dry crackers and smoked herrings under the shadow of a tombstone with better

appetite and spirits than were mine on those occasions.

The greatest event of our short visit in Shanghai was an excursion up the river to see an ancient pagoda. We went in two "house-boats" that have little cabins like yachts, into which five people could squeeze in case of rain coming on; but as the afternoon was perfect, we occupied the few square feet of deck room in the bows. Amy and Mrs. Ingraham were the only ladies on the leading boat, and I with one other lady composed the feminine portion of the company on the other, and all our companions were of the kind that know how to be entertaining; there was not one of them of the character I have alluded to above. (And I did not refer to any people in Shanghai more than in other places when I made such a disparaging comment on partners at the dinner-table.) After an hour's sail our boats suddenly turned into a little creek, and we landed to walk through the cotton fields to the tall pagoda standing between us and the sunset, and throwing the shadow of its seven stories across our path. A massive structure it is, and bears the marks of age, yet it seems quite likely to stand erect through many more autumnal typhoons. I hope this aged monument of heathenism will be furnished with new flights of stairs for the benefit of curious travellers who shall come after us, that no civilized necks may be sacrificed.

As for Chinamen, I think they are wary enough to keep out of it. After a toilsome climb our party came out upon a narrow platform that surrounds the seventh story, and the three voyagers from the "Lyra," with eyes that were used to the oppressive mountain walls of Hong Kong, drew freer breath as we looked far, far away over that level land; and Amy said she realized there for the first time the *vastness* of China. Dimly blue on the horizon appeared three mountains of nearly the same size,

and beside these distant promontories there was nothing in any quarter to break the monotony of that wide plain. Our descent was difficult and dangerous, and I wanted to turn myself around and go down backward, as one does on a ladder; but the others went down face foremost, so I didn't choose to adopt crab fashions. There is a Buddhist temple near the pagoda, and we wandered into it. Three great idols stand therein, and many more of a smaller size, I suppose, there must be; but I noticed only those three forms, which looked gigantic in the dusk. This excursion of ours claimed to be a picnic, and the picnic part of it consisted in our having supper as we floated down to Shanghai, our boats fastened together for convenience in passing the refreshments, and borne along by the current. It was lovely in that soft evening light to glide down the river, feasting on sandwiches, with ice-cream and white grapes! There were servants to wait on us, and the refinements of life to the extent of delicate china, damask napkins, silver spoons, and glass finger bowls, had been provided. Alas for this degraded taste of mine which makes me most thoroughly enjoy picnics where you take pies and doughnuts with your fingers from a newspaper in your lap! But I do affirm that too much gentility has at times affected my appetite more than grief or care ever did, though you wouldn't have thought it on this evening could you have seen me dispatch ice-cream. Happily none of us eat enough to prevent a vocal concert after supper, and we sang until the reflection of the city lights in the water eclipsed that of the stars. This was our last evening with the delightful Shanghai friends. On the following morning we parted regretfully from them as the "Aphrodite" started for Amoy. This passage was quite unlike our former one. No social hilarity could prevail, for there was an extremely aristocratic party on board, who created

an atmosphere of their own, and it was a very frigid one, causing our jovial Captain Croby to assume the character of a sedate, dignified commander, which was a lamentable change in our estimation. Captain Nichols was again one of our fellow passengers, and he also was much subdued; yet when the "high caste" people all happened to be below, and our party, with two agreeable missionaries from Siam, had temporary possession of the deck, his spirits were in a measure revived. There was an interesting little girl belonging to the awe-inspiring party who had not enough exclusiveness in her own possession to hinder her from making my acquaintance before we were fairly out of the yellow river, "Yang-tse-kiang," and she stayed with us a great deal of the time before and after stopping at Amoy. I always find real pleasure in the companionship of a child so intelligent and ladylike as this little May, and she would read poetry to me with wonderful expression, or sit quietly beside me while I taught her some fancy knitting-work.

Amy and I had an inferior state-room on this downward passage, and its upper berth was so near a wooden beam that I used to give my head a violent knock against it whenever I sat up, for I never could remember it was there until a collision had taken place, and sometimes I thought there must have been dents made on my skull.

Two days of vicissitudes and then Amoy! "Not a nice place to look at, but far worse to smell," some one in Shanghai said of it in my hearing, and I agreed with the first part of his remark before we left the steamer; of the truth in the other clause we had yet to judge. A Chinese city at the foot of a range of barren hills was on one side of the harbor, and on the other a little island where foreign residents live, and to that place we went late in the afternoon to take tea at a missionary home.

Our path from the boat-landing gave

us wild views of sea and rocks; green vines and grass and flower-gardens around the scattered houses there were indeed, but the general aspect of the place was sterile, lonely, and great boulders of most curious shapes seemed to me as we passed them in the twilight like enchanted monsters, petrified dragons and griffins, set there to guard this weird island. My unearthly fancies were quite dispelled as we crossed the threshold of a pleasant house, and were led into brightly lighted rooms with words of hearty welcome. It was like turning from some German hobgoblin tale to a familiar picture of New England life, for these dear people had preserved the flavor of their own and our native land, and it was not only the old-fashioned pumpkin pie they gave us for supper that made us conscious of it. We spent a charming evening, and when, after prayer and singing, we rose to take leave, some of the missionaries volunteered to show us the city of Amoy the next morning; or rather, the wonderful rocks upon the hills behind it, for the city itself, they assured us, was "nothing at all after Canton, and only remarkable for dirt." We returned to the steamer in a funny little sampan—an open one, with a cane seat in the middle just large enough for three people, and the boatman, standing behind us, used his single oar with such vigor that we sped over the dark waves and reached the "Aphrodite" almost too quickly.

Our experience of Amoy's uncleanness began with the sedan chairs hired for our tour among the hills. If I did any justice to them by a description I might find some improper words in this part of my letter when I came to read it over, therefore I refrain; but there were tatters, also cobwebs, and one could not help thinking that smallpox might be lurking in the grimy folds of the curtains. The streets, of course, were very narrow and crooked, and I believe I could have counted from

twenty to thirty different odors, each worse than the last, as we were borne around sharp corners, up straggling lanes where black pigs and yellow children appeared quite as blissful as if they had had pure oxygen to breathe. The people of Amoy do a great deal of cooking out in the streets, frying in rancid oil many of their delicacies, and the foreign barbarian who is unable to appreciate these savory dishes goes on his way with elevated nose and face of extreme disgust. It made me laugh to see the expressions of our little company, at least of those whose noses were not protected by handkerchiefs. I would not cover mine, for I was no less determined to see all there was to see than to smell all there was to smell, and Arthur said I sniffed the breezes as if they came from a garden of jessamines!

Out at last upon the hills we came in the glare of noonday, and left our chairs to climb among the rocks that seem to have been tossed about there during a warfare of giants. One boulder of eighty tons weight is so nicely balanced upon a rocky ledge that they say a strong wind can make it rock, and under one end of it is a little cottage that would be crushed like an eggshell if it ever happened to tip over too far in that direction. We ran down a steep path to see who lived there, and found a family who gazed at us with astonishment. The old grandmother was spokeswoman, and in answer to an enquiry in Chinese if she were not afraid to live so near the rock said, "No indeed, it was good luck, good Fung Shuey." Now, "Fung Shuey" is neither beast, man, nor spirit, but an influence, if I understand what one of the gentlemen told me; the good influence comes from the south, the bad from the north; therefore any high object, whether rock, hill, or pagoda, that interposes between a dwelling and the north, has a beneficent effect on those who live in it, and

this is why the old woman takes comfort in her balancing rock.

Some of the younger people gathered about us with observant eyes, and the grandame's fancy was gratified by the Hamburg edging on my cambric dress, which she fingered curiously, and, then taking a general survey of us, she exclaimed, "They are all *beautiful!*" That we might not feel too much flattered, but learn what estimate to place upon Chinese compliments, one of the ladies told us that a member of the mission had been followed by the remark, "How beautiful she is—just like the goddess of Mercy!" which sounds well unless you remember that great ears, and a face painted with scarlet and gilt are always the distinguishing attractions of that honored lady.

There were temples perched upon the rocks, and some natural ones were formed by the rocks themselves, their great granite walls leaning toward one another, making cool, shadowy retreats, where, after the stony pathway, we rested our feet upon a soft green turf and our eyes from the surrounding glare. In such a place I felt the deep, sweet meaning of these words applied to our Saviour, "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." That land was indeed a "weary" one, you would have thought, looking over the arid hills with their masses of stone to the wretched city, where thousands of precious souls are as sheep having no Shepherd, and I asked one of the Christian workers at my side, who had left a pleasant American home to seek those souls for her Master's sake, if the shadow in which we were resting reminded her of that verse in Isaiah.

"Often," she replied, leaning her head restfully upon the solid granite behind us; "and His shadow has been as real and comforting to me in the dusty lanes of yonder city where I have been seeking to do His will as this great shadow is to us now, as we sit here upon the moss with ferns springing

up around us. There are 'sermons in stones,' surely, and these always preach to me when I come out here. When we stand on this wide platform of rock," she added with a smile, as we left our resting-place and walked out upon it, "is it not appropriate to sing 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!' and many precious thoughts come as doves to the windows. 'The foundation of God standeth sure,' and 'Who is a rock save our God?' Come now and peep into that cave just before us," said she, taking my hand. I stooped to look in, and there was barely light enough to see a frightful idol standing as the presiding deity, over whom spiders had irreverently spun their webs. "It looks ancient enough to have been standing there for generations, Miss Leigh," I said, and she replied,

"Let me quote another Bible verse for a motto upon this cave and its grim inhabitant: 'And the idols shall He utterly abolish, and they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord and for the glory of His majesty, when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth.' This old idol seems to me to foreshadow the fulfilment of that prophecy."

We all entered a temple then where there was a row of small images on each side of the room, and one large one above a central altar. I sat down on a praying-stool that was before the principal idol, and taking a survey of them all, and also of an elderly priest who was in charge, my astonishment gave vent to itself in words. "Is it possible," said I to one of the missionaries, "that this sensible-looking old man actually worships these painted wooden things, and believes they are gods?" "I will ask him," was the reply; and after a short conversation in Chinese, the gentleman turned to me. "This is what he tells me: 'Oh, they may be gods and they may not be. Who can tell?"

But the priests must live—the people must have *something* to worship; and after all, I suppose it amounts to about the same thing as you Christians worshipping your God.'"

At that I turned around on my praying-stool, and with head bent upon my hands I scrutinized the tiled floor and meditated. "Does it indeed amount to the same thing?" I asked myself. "Perhaps so, if we are only Christians in name, and perform the act of worship with a heart far from God; but if the Father has reconciled us to Himself through the death of His Son, and raised us up to a new life in Jesus, how immeasurable the distance between us and these benighted souls, and thanks be to Him forever for His undeserved mercy! As for them, as Faith says, we must do all we can to help them find our light, and leave them in God's hands."

The old priest begged us not to leave the hills before we had seen the "Tiger's Mouth," a cave which bears a resemblance to the open jaws of that animal. We could have a fine outlook upon the country from this cave, he said, and so we did, if any view of such a dreary country could be called fine, and then we descended the rocky slopes to take our sedan chairs again, and once more encountered the offences of Amoy. This time my handkerchief did me good service, for I no longer had any heart to enjoy the novelty and variety of the odors.

We crossed the harbor and dined with one of the mission families in a pretty little cottage built near the seaward point of the island, where the cooling breeze and the murmur of the waves coming in through open doors and windows made me so drowsy after our morning's pilgrimage that I should have preferred a long siesta to my dinner.

Our steamer sailed for Hong Kong that afternoon, and the two following days of the voyage passed as the others had in the pleasant company of little

May, and the young lady from Siam with her venerable father. It was late in the night when we entered the Ly-moon Pass, and all the harbor seemed asleep, but the piercing whistle of the "Aphrodite" announced her arrival, and boats came slowly up to take the passengers ashore. We went in a sampan to the "Lyra," whose gangway and cabin were illuminated, and her

officers ready with their glad welcomes for us.

This fortnight has been one of rare experiences, which will long be kept among our treasures of memory, and as we like to have all our good things in common with you, dear friend, I hope as I close my letter that it may help you to share both the pleasure and the profit with us.

(To be continued.)



Young Folks.

OUR STEPMOTHER.

BY HILIER LORETTA.

It was a bright afternoon early in the autumn of 1863; Mary Lee and I had been playing by the river, sailing miniature boats laden with sand and grass, and becoming tired of our pastime we sat down upon the bank to talk.

"So it is really true that your father is going to be married?" said Mary, renewing a subject which she seemed to have chosen on purpose to annoy me.

"It is not true at all," I replied with some asperity, "and whoever says so is just telling a story to make mischief."

My companion looked incredulous, and after a moment added, "Mother and Aunt Susan believe it."

"I don't care who believes it," I said; "I suppose Grandmamma would be the first to know, and I am quite sure she would tell me."

"What will you bet?" said Mary, with a look of mischief in her eyes.

I was not accustomed to betting, for although the habit prevailed to a great extent among my companions, I had been taught to consider it both improper and unladylike; however, the occasion seemed to justify it, and without hesitating I answered, "I will bet that string of blue beads that I shewed you yesterday; it is nearly a yard long and makes a beautiful necklace."

Mary jumped up, and clapping her hands said, "Just the very thing I want, and I will bet my silver brooch that Aunt Susan gave me on my birth-

day. There! you see I am pretty certain, or I wouldn't risk that."

I turned away angrily and walked home. "Mary is very rude, and very ill-natured," I said to myself, "and I shall take her silver brooch just to punish her, though of course I don't want it for myself."

When I reached home I found grandmamma sitting in her own room, before the bureau, every drawer of which was open, and the contents strewn upon the table and chairs.

"What are you doing, grandma?" I enquired.

"Tidying up a little."

"Tidying up!" I repeated after her, "Why it's only a week since we had the house-cleaning done."

"Yes, but you see Ethel, these are all my things, and I am packing them away, for perhaps the bureau may be wanted."

"Why, grandmamma," I said, "what do you mean? Is anybody coming?"

"I am going away on a visit, Ethel," said my grandmother, evading my question, "and when I come back I think I shall sleep upstairs."

I was quite puzzled, for grandmamma rarely left the house, and had never changed her room since I could remember. I stood leaning upon the bureau, fiddling with a package of letters for a few minutes. Then I said, "Grandmamma, did you always sleep in this room when mamma was alive?"

"I never staid here when your

mother was living," she replied. "I only came to take care of you and Harry."

Then I summoned up my courage to ask the question that had been troubling me, "Do you think papa will ever marry again?"

My grandmother raised her soft grey eyes to mine, as if trying to read my thoughts. "You must ask your papa that question, my dear," she said, "but I think it would be the very best thing he could do; I am getting too old to look after his house, or to be responsible for a girl of your age."

"Oh, grandmamma!" I said, interrupting her by throwing myself upon her neck, "you will never be too old, and you must not go away; I will do everything you want, even when I am a woman, if you will only stay."

Grandmamma drew me upon her lap, for I was sobbing violently. "My darling, I am coming back for a little while," she said, "and you will often come to see me at the cottage. Why, Ethel! you must not cry this way." But grandmamma's own voice had a choking sound in it, for I had been in her charge since I was two years old, and naughty, self-willed girl, though I was, I think she loved me better than any one else in the world, except, perhaps, papa, who was her only child.

So without being told, I understood that Mary Lee was right,—that papa was going to be married. I was very unhappy all that evening, and I think papa noticed it, for when tea was over he and grandmamma spoke together for a few minutes, and then he called me to him, and taking me on his knee, said,

"Ethel, I have a secret to tell you; I meant to have told you some days ago, my love, but I have been so busy that I have scarcely had time to come home." He paused, and I hid my face upon his shoulder, while he continued;

"You do not remember Miss Ray-

mond, but she was very kind to you when you were a little child, and I am sure she loves you still. She is going to be my wife, Ethel, and you must call her mother, for she will be a good mother to you; I am sure she will try to make you happy, and she is very dear to me."

I did not speak.

"Not jealous! are you, darling?" said my father, lifting up my tearful face.

"No, papa, I am not jealous, only perhaps I won't like her; grandmamma says she is good and pretty, but I don't always think people nice because other people say so, and I don't want anybody to make me happy but you and grandmamma. It is so pleasant here, and it will never be as nice again, for she will always want to talk to you in the evenings, and I shan't even have grandmamma."

"You will have us all, Ethel," said my father, smiling. "Grandmamma will often come to stay with us, and your mamma will want your company all day when I am at the office. It would be dreadfully lonely for her if you were not here, and as for me, why, Ethel, you cannot be so silly as to think that I will love you less because I have found some one else to love. Come you must not look so serious, you will always be your father's darling, if you are good," he added, by way of caution, and kissing me once more, he set me down.

Dear, kind papa! he was very patient with me, but I was a spoiled child, and very exacting. Besides, I had a vague idea that stepmothers were a class of women in whom the motherly instinct was altogether wanting, who were only actuated by selfish motives, and a desire to tyrannize over their step-children. I remembered how, when I was a very little child, and would not obey my nurse, she used to say, "Never mind! some day you will have a stepmother, and she will teach you to obey," and although grandmamma had tried to

remove the impression from my mind, she had never succeeded. I went to bed that night determined with all my little might to oppose my father's marriage, and cherishing my foolish prejudice until it gained strength. I awoke in the morning feeling decidedly antagonistic to Miss Raymond. It was a long time since I had been at school, and my father was thinking about getting a governess for me, but in the meantime I had too much leisure, as grandmamma often had cause to remark. After breakfast I sat at the dining-room window, playing idly with the climbing roses that sought to enter, wantonly destroying their beautiful buds, and scattering their delicate petals to the wind; then suddenly I caught sight of a figure upon the road. It was Mary Lee, who, finding herself too early for school, was sitting upon a fallen log reading over her lessons. I ran upstairs, and a moment after I stood behind Mary, and without speaking dropped my blue beads into her lap.

"O, Ethel!" she exclaimed, jumping up. "I don't want them, indeed I don't. I never"—then catching sight of my face, she said in an altered tone, "Take them back, dear." She had never called me dear, before, and I was a little softened towards her, but I pulled my dress out of her hand, and turning my face away ran home as fast as I could.

It was Friday, and my brother Harry was coming home to stay with us till Monday morning, for his school was only two miles off. I lingered near the gate anxious to be the first to communicate the news to him, but I found that he had already been at papa's office and had learned it all.

"It is too bad! upon my word," was his first comment. "I don't see what business papa has to think of marrying at his age,—you and I are so nearly grown up; why, I am going into his office in about three years, and you will be old enough then to keep house if

grandmamma wants to go away. Lily Martyn is only fourteen, and her father says she is a beautiful housekeeper."

"She is coming home the end of September," I said, following my own thoughts.

"Yes, I know; I am to be here to meet her. Papa is going to write to the Doctor and ask him to let me come home for a week. I don't care though; I'd rather stay at school. 'Mrs. Lennox,' I suppose we shall call her."

"Papasays I am to call her 'mother,'" I replied with a sigh, for gentle as my father was I never thought of disobeying him.

"Well, you may of course, for you are a girl," said Harry; "but I shan't. She isn't old enough to be my mother, and if she were as old as Methuselah I shouldn't do it."

I was almost afraid to hear Harry express himself in that way, yet I thought it was nice to be so independent. Grandmamma called us just then, and in the evening Harry went out to play with some boys. The next day he invited friends to the house, and on Sunday papa was at home all day, so we had but few opportunities for further discussing the subject which was uppermost in our minds.

On Monday papa left home, for he was to be married on Wednesday. It was a very busy week for grandmamma, and a great many people came to work and to put the house in order; but I did not take much interest in what was going on, though I kept close beside grandmamma, anticipating her wants, and trying to be very kind to her. Now that she was going away, I began to realize how very good she had always been to me, and to wish that she would take me to live with her in her own little cottage.

"I know I shall not be happy here when she comes," I said. "It will all be so different."

"Yes, it will be very different," said my grandmother thoughtfully; "but I

think, Ethel, if you are not happy the fault will be your own. I have known Lilian Raymond since she was a little girl, and have always thought her very amiable; I am sure that no unprejudiced person could help liking her. If you are a good girl and try to do your duty by your stepmother, I think your home will be happier than it has ever been; but you must remember that she is not the only person who has a duty to perform; you are quite as responsible in your own way."

I did not quite understand my grandmother's words, much less did I realize their importance; but I was awed by the solemnity of her manner and I said no more.

A week from the following Thursday, Harry came home, and the same evening my father arrived with his bride. Grandmamma had promised to remain for a few days, and everything was in order; the house had never looked so nice since I could remember, and we children had on our best clothes. A stranger might have envied the lady who was coming as mistress to such a beautiful place, but alas! how deceitful are appearances. Harry and I had quite made up our minds to dislike our stepmother, although she had never done us any harm, and was even anxious to shew us kindness. As she stood before us in her beautiful travelling dress, looking so sweet and graceful, we only recognized her as an intruder.

"These are your children, Lilian," said my father, as he drew us forward. "I suppose you would not have known them, they have grown so tall. Harry, Ethel, kiss your mother."

We did not kiss her, but submitted to be kissed. "Ethel has not changed so much," said my stepmother, regarding me closely; "you used to be fond of me once, Ethel, and I hope you will be again." Already she was feeling chilled by our reception, and more sympathetic natures than ours would have noticed the pained expression

that came over her face; but when grandmamma spoke cheerily to her, and said how glad she was to have her for a daughter, she smiled again. Harry and I said that papa and grandmamma were very foolish to make such a fuss about her, and that no doubt she thought herself quite fortunate in getting such a nice house, and such lots of money as papa would be sure to give her. But day by day, as she went about her home duties, our stepmother gained the affection of every servant in the house by her kind and gentle manner; even my nurse, who still lived with us, said, that as papa would marry again, it was a good thing that he had chosen such a nice wife,—that she was as like my mother as if she had been her own sister. This was a great compliment, for Betsey had never before been known to compare any one to my mother. At the end of a week grandmamma left us. I cried as if my heart would break, and when the carriage rolled off I hid myself in the shrubbery, saying in my foolish little heart that there was no one in the house any longer to care what became of me; but when hour after hour passed by, and no one came to look for me, a feeling of disappointment crept over me, for I had really expected that my absence would create some alarm. Soon it began to grow dark, and then I wished that I had not remained out so long; still, to return unsought to a home where I felt I was not wanted, where I had not even been missed, was very humiliating. Harry had gone in the carriage with grandmamma, or he would have come to look for me; Harry liked to have me with him, though I sometimes thought it was only for the sake of teasing me. Presently the carriage came back with papa in it, and I knew it must be after five o'clock; indeed, I could have fancied it much later, but I thought I would wait to see if papa missed me. Then I remembered grandmamma's words, and how papa had said that he would not

love me less because he had found some one else to love ; if he had spoken sincerely I was sure he would ask where I was, and come at once to look for me. Like many foolish people, older than myself, I wanted to force others to recognize my importance. I was, however, disappointed again, for it was quite half an hour before papa enquired for me. I heard him say : " She must not be allowed to stay out so late ; you will have to speak to her about it, Lilian ;" and my stepmother answered, " I am so sorry for her, Edward, she will miss her grandmother so much, and she will not make friends with me. I suppose I ought not to expect her to do so just yet, but I am disappointed."

Papa came on alone to look for me, and catching sight of my dress, called me to him. " Ethel," he said, " you must not stay out this way, child ; you will take cold." Then, looking very serious, he added, " Grandmamma was very sorry to leave you to-day, but she thinks, as I do, that our little girl is getting quite spoiled. We must turn over a new leaf and see what can be done. I have engaged a lady to come and teach you for three hours every morning ; you will have to study a little in the evenings, and your mamma says that she will give you a music lesson every afternoon ; so you will be kept quite busy in future. Idleness is not good for any of us, and you are nearly twelve years old,—you will soon be a woman, and a very ignorant woman too, if we allow you to waste your time as you have been doing."

I did not like these new arrangements very much, especially as I thought they were instigated by my stepmother. However, my teacher, Miss Young, entered upon her duties in the following week, and I was beginning to take an interest in my studies when they were suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted. My long rambles by the river, and through the damp garden

walks, in those chilly October evenings, had begun to affect my health, although I was not even aware of it myself. One evening I went to bed complaining of a headache, and the next morning awoke in a burning fever. I remember the doctor coming to see me, and saying he thought I had typhoid symptoms, and then papa, and my stepmother, and Betsey came and looked at me, and very soon I fell asleep, and had horrible dreams. After that, day and night were alike to me for nearly a fortnight, and though I sometimes talked coherently, I was quite unconscious of what I said or did, until one morning I awoke feeling so tired that I could not even turn my head upon my pillow ; but as my eyes wandered to the window I discovered that I was in my step-mother's room, the room downstairs that used to be grandmamma's, and I heard Harry say, " Oh, mother, she knows me. I am sure she does, for she looked straight at me." Then some one raised me gently and held a glass of something cool and refreshing to my lips, and though she did not speak, and I could not see her face, I knew that the hand was my stepmother's, and I lay still for a long time, with my eyes closed, and Harry's words ringing in my ears. I was too weak even to think much, but I remembered that Harry had said he would not call her mother, and I wondered what had made him change his mind.

A few days after this I was carried from my bed to the sofa, and as my stepmother gently arranged my pillows, she whispered, " Ethel, darling, would you like papa to come and sit beside you ?" and I answered " Yes, but you can stay too, if you like."

It was not a very gracious acknowledgment of all her tender devotion to me, but my step-mother seemed grateful, even for this slight mark of approbation, for she stooped down to kiss me before she went to papa.

Very soon I was pronounced con-

valescent, and papā carried me downstairs to the breakfast-room. I remember how strange everything seemed. I could have fancied I had been away for a year, instead of a month, and I was almost afraid of myself as I caught sight of my face in the mirror on the mantel-piece. I had become very pale and thin, and my hair being cut short gave me such a strange expression; but as I was not feeling ill, it was very pleasant to lie still in that beautiful room, looking through the half-open door into the conservatory, from which a delicious fragrance of roses and geraniums came to greet me. I thought that after all life was very sweet, and I had more to be thankful for than most people. Harry had just come home for the Christmas holidays, and he brought me in my lunch upon a little tray, and sat beside me while I took it. Harry was a kind-hearted boy, and although he often teased me, I am sure he was very fond of me.

"I am going to take you out for a drive, Ethel," he said, "the very first day you are able to go. Papa has bought such a beautiful pony-carriage, and Mayflower goes like the wind. I never have to touch her. I have taken mother out twice, and she has promised to go with me this evening. I'll drive round the house, so that you can see us."

"Do you think she is really ill?" I enquired, pondering over an expression which had dropped from my grandmother's lips."

"Who ill?"

"Grand-mamma said it was bad for her to sit up so much." I said, still avoiding the name.

"Oh, mother. I don't think there is much the matter with her now, though she was quite ill for a few days. It does her good taking her out for drives. Oh, Ethel, you don't know how nice she is. I am sorry I said all I did about her. She was so kind to you when you were ill, only you didn't

know it, for you were so often out of your mind,—and she really does care for you, Ethel; she cried more about you than anybody in the house except me, and of course I am your own brother. I think she likes me too. I couldn't help making friends with her, and she didn't ask me to call her mother, but I thought she would like it, and she acts just like a mother. She doesn't look down upon us a bit, but only thinks what is good for us, and asks our opinion—I mean mine, for you don't know her as I do."

I was very weak, and as the memory of the past rose up before me, I began to cry, partly because I was sorry for my own conduct, and partly because I did not exactly know how to meet my stepmother without the apology which my conscience suggested, and which my foolish pride rejected.

Harry was frightened at my agitation, for he knew that it was bad for me, and feared that he would be blamed for making me cry, but while he was trying adroitly to change the subject, my step-mother entered the room, and sitting down beside me took my hand in hers. "Would you like to go upstairs, dear," she said, "or shall I darken the room, and let you sleep here?" I did not answer, but continued to cry weakly. "Poor child!" she said, "you have exerted yourself too much; you must not talk any more now. There, lean on me" and as she placed her right arm under me I felt for her left hand, and raising it to my lips kissed it fervently. "You are so kind, mother," I said, and in that moment the barrier which had separated us vanished. I lay for some minutes with her hand in mine, looking at her wedding-ring, which was still so new and bright, and wondering how I could ever have felt angry at seeing her wear it.

A week after this I was able to go for a drive with Harry, and soon my recovery was quite complete, although

I did not resume my lessons for some time.

One evening, as we sat by the drawing-room fire, waiting for papa to come home, my mother said, "This reminds me of the night that I came here; do you remember, Ethel? It was raining, and you had a fire in this room, and grand-mamma was waiting tea for us."

"Yes, I remember," I said; "we did not want you here, but now I am glad you came,"

"Oh, Ethel! how unjust you were, my child," she said, coming closer to me, and putting her arm round me. "While you were steeling your heart against me I was longing for the time when I could call you mine. When your papa asked me to be his wife I accepted him because I loved him, and knew that he was a good man, but I also loved you children, and the thought of being a mother to you was for a time the brightest prospect in my life.

"I had once a little sister, Ethel, but she died before she was your age, and sometimes when grieving for her I have thought perhaps God is sending me Ethel in Maude's place. You are not unlike her in appearance, and I cherished the thought that you might resemble her in disposition. My life was a very lonely one, particularly after Maude's death, and I rejoiced in the thought that my husband's children were to share my home; indeed he had nothing to offer me that I could appreciate as much. I assure you, dear

Ethel, it is a foolish and unjust opinion, almost a superstition, which makes people believe that step-children are intruders. It is natural to love those who are dependent upon us, the very feeling of responsibility endears them to us, and I am sure that many women love their step-children as dearly as they could love their own. The fault is much oftener with the young people, for a want of confidence and sympathy will in time repel the most loving disposition. It is hard work striving against prejudice, and no one can long continue to do it. If we want to be happy we must believe in the goodness of others without waiting to experience it."

"You believed in my goodness long ago," I said "and you have not experienced it yet." There was a choking sensation in my throat which prevented me from saying more, but inwardly I resolved that I would try to make amends for my past conduct.

It is nearly ten years since that evening, and our two little girls have just been mourning over the discovery that I am only "half their sister." "I am sure you are better than any real sister in the world," Maude says. "And mamma thinks so too," adds little Elsie, "and Harry is just as kind as any real brother;" and mamma coming in says, "My children are all alike to me, and if Maude and Elsie grow up to be as great a comfort as Harry and Ethel have been, I shall think myself the happiest mother in all the world."



HOW MABEL LEARNED TO BE BRAVE.

It was six o'clock in the evening. A little girl of ten years had wandered away from her home, down through the lane, away across the fields to the side of the pretty little brook that ran through her father's broad acres. She had followed the brook, gathering water lilies and wild flowers, forgetful of everything save the beautiful flowers that filled her thoughts, and hands and apron too. She had wandered along through the meadow into the shady green woods, following the curves and windings until she stood in a little valley with a narrow strip of wild meadow bordering the river banks, which was succeeded on either side by high wooded hills.

It was a lovely Canadian summer evening in the first week of June. Field and meadow, river-bank and hill-side were clothed in their most perfect green, and the meadow and river side were bespangled with bright, beautiful flowers and ferns. The clear, shining water rippled along over the pebbly bed of the river. Fish of many kinds, trout, chub, and goldfish swam joyously along, untempted by the angler's bait, and birds and wild fowl breathed freely in this fairy sequestered nook. The river flowed towards the west, revealing to an observer in the little valley a full view of the western sky and the sinking sun. The trees, the grass were wet, for the rain had been falling at intervals all day, but the little one was so intent upon her work that she did not heed her wet feet and damp skirts. All day long sunshine had succeeded shower, and shower had succeeded sunshine in the peculiarly deceptive but passionately fitful outbursts that need no description in Canada. And now the air was heavy with un-

discharged electricity. There had been no evening rainbow to delight the traveller with the hope of fair weather; wildly the wind rushed in among the trees, and shook them like so many blades of grass. While away to the north, dark, heavy clouds rose one above another, piled in inextricable confusion, each one darker and blacker than the preceding one. Everything seemed to say, "a storm is at hand." Everyone seemed to feel the awe and dread hanging over them, which the elements in a wild, tumultuous war inspire in every breast. Every creature prepared for the coming storm—everything sought shelter; the fish sank to the deepest part of the brook; the birds nestled upon the lowest branches—the cattle ran bellowing to the barnyards; men and boys thought it time to quit and go home in haste, and travellers hurried to the nearest stopping place. Every living creature, save the little girl gathering pretty flowers in the wild meadow, was impressed by the prophetic omen that never fail, and hastily sought refuge. But she alone held on her way, unconscious of impending danger. Perhaps the golden streaks of the setting sun glinting over the wild grass, and showing her the brightest flowers, inspired her with a sense of security, for even amidst all their forebodings of wrath, the sinking sun, which all day long had persistently showed itself at every opportunity, now asserted its own glory even while fading out of sight, and dared to bid defiance to the spirit of darkness and the distant mutterings of wrath, by throwing its glorious light over the fast receding world. Its lower disk had already reached the horizon, and as if it had summed up all its

powers for one grand final triumph ere it sank from view and left the black, thundering clouds in undisturbed possession of the summer night, it lit up the whole heavens to the west with the brightness of a golden flame, itself a ball of fire, tinging the edge of the dark heavy clouds until they seemed like dark amber thrown out in bold relief by the surrounding blackness; while away to the south and east, where the sky was yet a pure deep blue, and the strange fantastic clouds were foamy white, the glory of the setting sun had reached them too, and warmed them by its brightness. And overhead the dark and the fair seemed to meet and contend for the mastery. Along the earth the rain drops glistened like diamonds of many shapes; and the sunshine glimmered through the leaves, making queer looking pictures upon the green grass.

A thoughtful woman sat sewing upon a child's garment in a tasteful, home-like room. She was so busily intent upon her work that she had not noticed the coming storm; but at last she raised her head and looked out through the window facing northward.

"Oh, what a glorious sunset!" she exclaimed; "but there is going to be a storm very soon—a great storm too. Where is Mabel? Strange she should not be by my side, she is such a frightened little creature."

"Mabel, Mabel, where are you?" cried the mother, rising and going into the hall to the front door, and calling her child again. But there was no answer. Back she went, through the sitting-room again, to the back part of the house. Again she repeated the cry,—

"Mabel, Mabel, my child, where are you?" Still no answer at all, save the tick of the old house clock on the mantelpiece, and the rumbling of distant thunder, and the wind among the branches.

She stood a moment on the door-

step; the sun had almost gone from view, the glory was fading fast, and the darkness seemed to grow more black and terrible, as it angrily chased the setting sun, in its gold and amber setting, into the western sky.

Now thoroughly alarmed, the mother recollected that her little daughter had asked her an hour ago if she might go and gather some flowers to put on the table for her papa. "You know he likes them so much," she pleaded. The required permission had been given, and Mabel had not been missed by the busy mother until danger seemed to threaten her darling. Her first thoughts were now to find the child. She fancied she saw her cowering behind some forest tree, or upturned root, trembling with very dread. Hastily catching an old shawl that hung by the kitchen door, for already the rain began to fall in large drops, she ran out of the house, and followed the course the little girl had taken, for she knew well where to find the child; she knew where the little one loved to spend so many pleasant hours.

With quickening steps she hastened on, almost running in her anxiety, often calling the child by name, wondering much that she did not meet her, or see her coming. Could anything have happened to her? The mother's blood ran chill to the heart, and her limbs almost refused to bear her on, as the thought that some wild animal had perhaps borne her darling away, and was perhaps even now feasting upon her dainty, delicate limbs. She almost fainted in horror at the bare thought; but she screamed instead, and seemed to run a race with the wind, going at twenty miles an hour, so rapidly did love and terror force her onward. With a wild cry to heaven to protect her child and guide her safely homeward, the mother reached a curve in the bed of the brook, and then she saw Mabel running wildly towards her, her hat blown back, and hanging by the rib-

bons round her neck ; her long hair now streaming behind, now tossed about her face by the wind, tears in her eyes, and frightened cries upon her lips ; but the flowers were still tightly grasped in her hands, and closely tied up in her apron. As soon as she saw her mother, with a cry of delight she increased her speed, and had soon thrown herself into her loving mother's arms, those arms that she felt would protect her from every kind of harm.

The storm had burst right over the little valley by a fearful peal of thunder, followed by long, deafening, repeated rolls, that seemed as if they were spending the fury of an age of harbored wrath ; and while these deafening rolls were at their loudest, vivid links of fire had danced before the child's eyes, and repeated themselves again and again, until she screamed in agony of fear, and fled from the frightful tempest, but fled only to meet fresh terror at every step she took. And now, to add to the dismay of the child, but, the magnificence of the scene, and the safety of every living thing, the rain began to fall in torrents, until it seemed that rivers ran along the earth. Quickly wrapping the drenched child in the shawl, she, heedless of herself, attempted to carry her in her arms, but made slow progress in the darkness and pouring rain ; for the torrent of rain had increased the darkness caused by the black clouds and gathering shades of evening, relieved only by the brilliant flashes of lightning that continually danced around mother and child. The thunder bolts continued, but had lost half their terror for Mabel, for her face was hid in her mother's breast. She did not know that the storm was raging with increasing fury, the elements were wilder in their play at war, the clouds blacker, and the rain heavier. The little girl grew calmer, breathed freer, and ceased trembling.

They had not gone far when the

mother saw her husband almost by her side. She had not seen him coming through the gloom. He took Mabel from her arms, gave her another shawl, and they went homeward much more rapidly than before. In ten minutes they were safe at home, and in ten minutes more their wet clothes were changed for dry comfortable ones.

For nearly an hour the storm raged. The thunder rolled peal after peal, and the lightning flashed. There were forks, and chains, and balls of living fire that danced and capered in the falling rain. Not far from the house a tree was struck by a ball of fire, blazed up for a little while, and then was put out by the rain, which still came down in torrents.

At length exhausted nature sought repose, and peace and quietness fell upon the little valley, the farm and the hillsides. Gradually the darkness cleared away, the rain came lighter, then ceased altogether. The black clouds were almost scattered or gone, and a clear patch of blue sky appeared in the northern sky again. The wind had worn itself out, and did not stir a leaf. But everything was green and wet, wet, and looked, oh, so green and beautiful. It was the hour of twilight. Again the earth was shrouded in darkness, but so differently. It was only for a little while though, for the clouds dispersed, and the pale clear moon spread a silvery softness over everything, and all was peace and beauty where but an hour before had been nothing but a concentrated tempest of wrath.

That night when Mabel's bed hour came, she whispered to her mother that she did not want to go, because she was afraid.

"Afraid, my dear, you need not fear anything ; you are just as safe and well protected in your own little room as here with papa and I."

"Yes, but, mamma, I am afraid to stay alone after that dreadful thunder and lightning. Oh, it was so dread-

ful!" and she cowered down and hid her face in her mother's lap.

Mabel's mother was grieved to see her child so timid and nervous. She knew it was her little daughter's weakness, and was anxious to strengthen her mind against it, lest it should become an intolerable burden to her when she was grown to womanhood.

"Well, my dear, I shall go up with you to-night; but rise and look out of the window, and see what a lovely calm there is after the storm that frightened my little girl so much."

Mabel went to the window and looked out.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "I never thought it would be so nice again!" Her father and mother laughed heartily at the quaint, but childlike idea. After all, it is not only children who think it will never be fair again when storms of distress and affliction are bearing them down.

"Now, Mabel, come and kiss papa good night, and we shall go." She turned to her father, and after the good night kiss he laid his hand on her head and said, "My little girl must remember that God is as near in the storm as in the sunshine, and loves her just as well."

When Mabel was undressed, her prayers said, and safely tucked in bed, her mother sat down beside her, and read the account of Peter walking upon the sea of Galilee. Though Mabel had often heard it read, or read it herself, before, she seemed to realize for the first time that Peter, a man, actually walked upon the top of the water, and did not sink until he grew afraid.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "I could not have done that; I am sure I should have been too much afraid!"

"Yes, I am sure you would," answered her mother; "but, remember who it was gave Peter leave to do this wonderful deed. It was something really above man's power to do. He

could not have taken one step if he had been at all afraid; but he was not, he trusted God perfectly, and felt safe and happy. Then when he thought about himself, and the danger he was in, he got afraid, and began to sink. Does my little girl not think she can see any resemblance between herself and Peter?"

"Why, mamma, I did not walk upon the sea. There was no water near me, only the little brook and the rain that fell. I don't think we were at all alike," said Mabel, in astonishment.

"I think you were a good deal alike. Did you not feel perfectly safe and happy when you thought only of the flowers, and the kind God who made them? And did you not begin to be afraid when you thought about yourself, and your danger, and forgot to ask God to take care of you,—wasn't that like Peter? Now what did Peter do when he began to sink?"

"He cried out—'Lord, save me, I perish.'" replied Mabel.

"What did you do first—what did you think of?"

"I thought I should lose my flowers, and then I was afraid the lightning would kill me, and I ran to find you as fast as I could."

"Did you think I could keep you from harm, my child? It is true I ran to find you, and met you, and brought you home, but here you are still afraid when all danger is past; while Peter had no fear when he looked to God again. What lesson does this teach?"

Mabel was silent for awhile—she was thinking. Presently she said:

"Mamma, do you mean that I should have asked God to take care of me and help me not to be afraid in the storm?"

"That is just what I do mean, my darling. I am glad you see my purpose so quickly. You know, Mabel, as papa told you, you are just as safe and as near to God in the greatest storm as at any other time. And you can at any moment pray in your heart, even with-

out speaking, to God to preserve you, and keep you from being the slave of foolish fears. I should be sorry to see you grow up a weak, timid woman, making yourself, and those around you, miserable by giving way to such timidity. You may learn to be brave and courageous, if you only try to conquer this weakness, my dear. You cannot do it in your own strength, and I, much as I love you, cannot help you any. But you told me just a little while ago who could and will help you if you only ask Him."

"Mamma," replied the little girl, "I will ask Him to-night, and every

day, and you shall see if I cannot become a brave girl. I am ashamed to be such a coward if it means that I do not trust God enough."

About two weeks afterwards there came a test to the earnestness of Mabel's resolution. When the loud thunder and vivid lightning began to fill her heart with fear, she went resolutely to her own little room, and earnestly prayed to God for help, and when the storm was over, and she came down stairs, the little quiet, though resolute pale face told plainer than words that the first victory had been gained.

CLEMENT.

A CHILD'S GOOD WORK.

By M.

Leonard, or as he was usually called, Lennie Grey, was a thorough country boy, and was for the first time in his life paying a visit to some city cousins. How happy he was! How delighted with all he saw! How thankful to the kind cousins who dragged their weary limbs around in the vain endeavor to show Lennie all there was to be seen!

He never knew they were tired—how could he? He was not told by them, and his own sturdy limbs, strengthened by the fresh country air, could easily have borne more than they had already performed.

Tea was over and the weary boys hoped to pass a quiet evening; but restless Lennie begged hard for "just a short walk," that he might see the "shops when lighted."

"All right," exclaimed Jack, the eldest of the cousins! "but, mother, I think Ned and Hugh have had enough walking for to-day."

"Yes I think so," replied the mother.

"And so do we," added the sleepy pair! So Jack and Lennie started off alone—Lennie very much surprised at the ease with which "town boys" were tired, or, as he termed it, "knocked up."

"How weak Ned and Hugh must be;" he thought sorrowfully, and expressed himself somewhat after the manner of his thoughts; but Jack laughed good-naturedly, saying, "The boys are not weak, Lennie; they are tough, hearty fellows enough, only not accustomed to quite so much exercise as you take. Then again, remember that the excitement of seeing so much that is new to you prevents your feeling tired now; but wait a few days, old chap, till the novelty wears off, and then see if you will walk as much as you have done to-day."

Lennie said nothing. Perhaps his cousin was right—he ought to know, for was he not "nearly sixteen, and going

to leave school next term ;" but some- way Lennie could not make up his mind to quite believe. He had grown up with the idea that all living in towns must be sickly and delicate; here was a case in point, and it was only Jack's brotherly love which made him think his brothers strong and healthy; so with a heart full of kind thoughts for those whom he could not help looking upon as "frail, delicate things" he resolved to obtain permission from home to invite them to return with him.

Ere his head touched the pillow the following was penned to his mother, causing her no little uneasiness about her nephews:

DEAR MOTHER,—I got here all right this morning, and have had a glorious day, seeing no end of fine sights; but Hugh and Ned are quite weak and can't walk a bit. May I bring them home to make them strong?

Your loving son

LEONARD.

"Poor boys!" sighed the farmer's wife on reading her son's letter, and immediately hurried off a most pressing invitation to the cousins. Little did either they or their mother know why the invitation had been so pressing; still it was accepted, and next day when Lennie Grey took the "homeward bound" train Ned and Hugh Williams accompanied him.

"Mother, keep them till they're strong and able to walk like boys," said Lennie, so soon as he found himself alone with Mrs. Grey.

"Keep them, Lennie dear, I certainly will, as long as they like to stay; but, my son, I see very little lack of strength in either of my nephews."

"Why, mother, they get tired so quick!"

"Oh, I see!" answered Mrs. Grey, smiling; and indeed she did fully understand *now* why her son had written that note which had kept her awake a greater part of the night. She knew so well his fixed idea that town life must mean lack of physical strength;

she knew also how excitable he was, and how much fatigue he could endure when laboring under that excitement. But, like a wise mother, she said nothing, well knowing that Lennie would soon find out his own mistake.

Nor was she far wrong, for Lennie found that though his cousins were not quite as well "up" in country matters as he was, did not know *where* to look for this certain thing, or *how* to do that, still their endurance was but little less than his—their "pluck," as they called it, sometimes greater than his own. He almost sorrowed over this till wise Ned, who by the way had just performed a most daring, nay, fool-hardy feat, said,

"I did not know there was so much danger. Town boys are lost out here."

The visit, however, passed off as nearly all such visits do, ending at the moment with promises of eternal friendship, these promises to be forgotten for years—sometimes to be renewed in after times, sometimes not—but sure to return tenderly to the memory when the curly-headed boys who played together are fathers or even grandfathers.

So was it with Lennie Grey. For years after that visit (paid and returned) the cousins never met. Their paths in life were entirely different, but the old thoughts, the old feelings remained with each, and when all were well on in years and children of their own clustered round them, bright summer never returned without bringing to each a memory of the town and country visit. To Lennie especially did these thoughts return, and still more so when he found that one of his own dear ones was frail e'en amid the strengthening country air. Full well did he remember his almost scornful feelings with regard to his cousins during that first visit to town; how he thought they "might have done more" had they been "country" boys, and knowing now, in his riper years, that he had expected far too much from them. But things were different now:

his elder sons were strong, hearty lads; only Hugh, his youngest, was frail and weak, and the father's heart grew sad each time he looked upon his pale-faced boy.

"Let us try change of air for him," suggested the mother; so trunks were packed, tickets bought, and Mr. and Mrs. Grey soon on their way to the seaside.

Poor little Hugh, very little real benefit did he receive from his sea-side trip; for his was a sickness which could only lead to the flowery plains beyond the Jordan. But he was made happier by the change, and thought and talked of it many a day after his return home; dwelling with such evident pleasure upon the companions he had met there that one day his mother asked, "Would you like me, dear, to invite anyone to stay with you?"

"No, thank you, mother, I could not go about now to show them anything, and they might be lonesome."

Mrs. Grey sighed—too well she knew the truth of her boy's words, for it took but little exertion now to render him completely prostrate. "Then, darling, is there anything at all that I can do to pass the time more pleasantly for you?" was her answer, and how surprised she was at the excited tones in which Hugh cried:

"Oh, mamma, will you do just what I ask you to? Do say yes,—it will make me so happy."

"Yes, dear, I will do just what you ask, if it is at all possible."

"Possible! Oh yes, it is quite easy. I just want papa to go to town and bring out some poor little boy who has never seen the country, and let him stay here a week; and oh, mamma, if he is sick it will be all the better—I mean better for him you know, because he will be so glad to have come, just as I was to go to the seaside."

"I will try, Hugh," said mamma, softly, while tears stole down her cheeks, for she felt that her boy would

not be left with her long enough to ask many more favors.

"How shall I manage, Leonard?" she asked her husband, and at his suggestion a letter was written to his own cousin Hugh, who was likewise his son's godfather.

"It is an odd idea of our boy's, Mary, and reminds me of how I felt on my first visit to the city. Ah, what pity I felt for those poor town boys, as I called them, and how I associated everything of misery and thralldom with them—happiness and freedom with myself and the country!"

"But that is not Hugh's feeling; with him it is the desire to give change to those who may be as frail as himself. Ah, Leonard, you never quite knew, because you were with us so little, the comfort Hugh derived from his trip last year, and the dear boy longs for others to feel as he did."

"Dear little Hugh," murmured the father, hoarsely, "the child I am so soon to lose."

"Nay, Leonard, not *lose* but *save*."

"Ah, Mary, your faith was ever brighter than mine."

One short week and Hugh's wish was realized. Mr. Hugh Williams (Uncle Hugh as he was always called) wrote to say that there was no difficulty in finding proper objects for his cousin's kind and considerate enterprise, but would he accommodate a mother with her child, or an elder brother or sister?

"What shall I say, Hugh?" asked Mr. Grey.

"Say yes, papa, and ask Uncle Hugh to send a baby if he can."

"All right, my son." And so it came about that ere the June roses were quite in bloom, a poor delicate little babe and its weary mother were Leonard Grey's guests. Happy, thankful guests they were, without doubt, and benefited greatly by their holiday; and not only they, but Hugh as well, though differently.

"Oh, mother, was it not good to see

the color coming into that poor woman's face, and baby's too? Do ask more, mother." The tones were so wistful that it would have taken a harder-hearted woman than Mrs. Grey to refuse, so Uncle Hugh was kept busy finding proper objects for reception at Mr. Grey's.

"Time and tide wait for no man," is an old saying, and true as old. Summer waxed and waned, and our little Hugh waned with it; so that ere the November frosts had browned the leaves and bared the trees, he lay at rest. *Lost* as it is called, *saved* as Christians know. Nor was his work allowed to fall through; it had given him pleasure, nay, comfort to the very last, to see others benefit by the fresh country air, which was not health-giving to him; and only a few days before his death he was gladdened by the promise that each summer the weak and ailing should be sought out and brought to Riverside.

"Give them the old barn, father!" suggested one of the elder lads, and Hugh's look of delight at the proposal, induced the father to say "Yes."

Such was the beginning of what in after years became a blessing to many a poor woman, and the saving of many a young life. Hugh Grey had only started the idea which afterwards it became the pleasure of his father to perfect. The "old barn" was divided in

such a manner as to make comfortable sleeping apartments for quite a number. An old disused wash-house was easily converted into a cook-room; food, fuel, and clean straw for beds, could be had even without asking. What wonder, then, that Hugh's "one visitor" per week soon increased to ten, and the ten to twenty—all the barn could hold. Nor did the work stop there—other farmers became aware of what Mr. Grey was doing, and by degrees joined in; there were but few, still they helped many, all of whom will some day "call them blessed."

And now why do I tell you of Hugh Grey's work? It is that some of my readers may do likewise. Food and fuel are both plentiful in the country; but little shelter is needed during summer months, indeed, the less the better during fine weather and daytime. Have you not, therefore, well-to-do farmers, a corner somewhere or other, where you could stow away a few pale-faced city children during the hot summer weather? They will not incommode you, but will rather be useful—the elders by doing many a "turn of work" in garden or kitchen; the younger by their keen enjoyment of their surroundings, and all by the improvement in their health and spirits, which improvement you, under God, have helped to bring about.



PUZZLES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

CHARADE—Peacock.

DIAMOND:—

H
T I P
R A M A L
T A M A R A C
H I M A L A Y A S
P A R A D E D
L A Y E R
C A D
S

A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

We will publish an honor list of all who send correct answers to the following puzzle:

The island in the Pacific ocean, east of Australia, of a church, which is a river in Texas, decided to have a picnic at an island in the Pacific ocean east of Australia.

They started about eight o'clock, from an island in the Pacific ocean east of Australia, and arrived at the place they had selected about ten o'clock.

When they arrived there, a river in Virginia, a river in Massachusetts, a river in Siberia, two capes in Virginia, and an archipelago in the Pacific ocean on the equator, went to an island in the Pacific ocean south-east of Asia, to hunt for animals.

They found an island in the Penobscot bay, south of Maine, an island in Boston harbor, a bay on the north-eastern coast of Newfoundland, and a lake in British America, from which they took the skins to take home.

A river in Siberia, a cape on the south-eastern coast of Maine, an island east of the Philippine islands, and a cape on the coast of Massachusetts, went to an island in the Atlantic Ocean, south of Rhode Island, to gather flowers.

On the way back, they saw a river in Idaho which frightened them very much, and they ran the rest of the way.

They came back very much disappointed because they could only find a river in Mississippi.

When they came back, they found

that the party that had been out hunting had just arrived, and they had planned to go fishing, but the bell rang to call them to dinner, so they had to wait.

They sat down to dinner, and I think had quite a variety; they had a bay on the coast of Long Island, nice and hot; a river in the northern part of Maine, a river in New York; and for some fish, a mountain in Pennsylvania, a river in Vermont, and a cape in Massachusetts.

They could only get a State in Europe for poultry, because it was scarce. For dessert they had a river in Africa, an island in Long Island Sound, and enjoyed them very much.

After dinner, the party that had been out hunting, and the party that had been out to gather flowers, decided to go fishing.

A river in Virginia, a cape in New Jersey, a river in British America, an archipelago west of the Papua islands, a lake in Maine, and a lake in Florida, wanted to go with them, so they let them.

They took a boat and sailed on a river in Indian Territory; a river in Virginia, and a river in Massachusetts, rowed a little while, and then the others rowed.

After they had been out a little while, a cape on the coast of Maine said that she could see something black in the water; they laughed at her at first, but she was quite anxious, so a river in Siberia looked, and he said he could see a river in Labrador; but he went under water, and they did not see him again.

They sailed in another direction, and pretty soon an archipelago in the Pacific ocean, on the equator, looked up and saw a lake in Maine. He called the attention of the others to look at it, but just as they saw it, it flew away.

A cape on the coast of New Jersey felt a little faint, so they put a city in Prussia on her, and she felt better. On their way back they saw a river in

Utah, but he ran away very soon, and they returned very much pleased.

They packed up their things and started on the journey home, and reached it about half-past five.

They talked about it a great while afterward, and thought they should not have such a nice time again for some time.—*N. E. Journal of Education.*

CHARADE.

My first may be water, but sometimes 'tis wood.

In either 'tis ancient, in both it is good.

In pleasure or sorrow my next may be heard,

When weeping or laughter the spirit has stirred;

It is little enough; yea, sometimes I'm sure,

Ten times worse than nothing to rich or to poor.

My last is a source of great profit to some,

Who yet in a perilous pathway must roam;

Must breast the rough billows, must stem the dark tide,

O'er surf and through breakers must fearlessly ride.

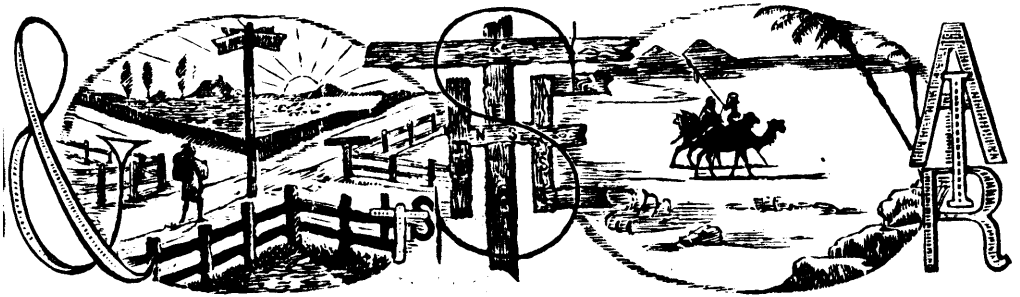
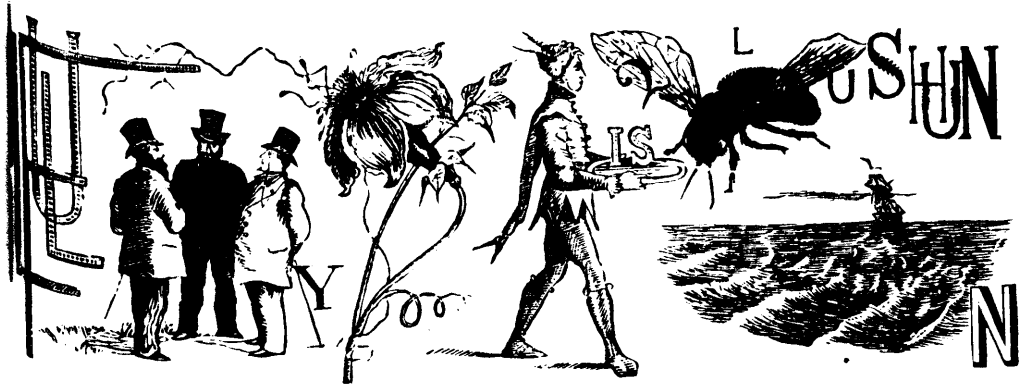
My whole, when the war-trump is sounding so dread,

When armies are gathering, and banners are spread.

Is sure to be found where the field is hard fought,

Where deeds of great valor and glory are wrought.

REBUS.



A quotation am I. To find me who'll try?



The Home.

AN AFTERNOON.

BY MARY WHITTAKER.

"Betty! Betty! hurry," cried Mrs. P., diving into the kitchen. "A quarter past twelve, Mr. Plodwell is coming up the back lane, and the horn not yet blown for dinner."

A figure answering to Betty emerged from a cloud of steaming soap-suds, dried her hands hurriedly, made a charge on a huge cooking-stove, and drew forth a pan of fragrant biscuits. They were not done to turn, so she turned and replaced them.

"Oh, dear, my poor head! There, I have put the pepper and salt in the pudding sauce, an' came near puttin' the sugar an' spice into the gravy. Now, I must make fresh sauce, but I musn't mix things so again. I will string it all together in my head and get it by heart. Let me see—sugar an' spice in the sauce—pepper and salt in the gravy—drawn butter for the peas—baste the cabbage, an' drain the leg o' mutton through the cullender.

"Oh, there's Billy an' Jack in the yard, with their teams. Maybe Jack'll think it's my fault the dinner's late. Well, it's washing' day, an' I'm not supposed to cook the dinner on washin' days. Dear me, what stomachs those men have. Well I'm glad Dame Fortune didn't make me a man, if they have no higher pursuits than their stomachs. But I must quit soliloquizing, and put on a clean collar and apron. I see Jack looking over his shoulder toward the kitchen window—wonder if he seen me in this style!"

Mr. Plodwell sauntered homeward

along his muddy back lane smiling soliloquilly as his eye wandered over his broad acres,—waving in the sunlight with an emerald sheen—verdant with the recent refreshing showers. So lost was he in a pleasurable reverie that he scarcely avoided the mud-puddles—unpleasant relics of yesterday's showers—pleasurable, for to Mr. Plodwell's calculating imagination, the prospective plentiful harvest was the acme of human felicity.

Meanwhile, Mrs. P. laid the cloth in a crease, clattered down the plates, knives and forks, table-mats, and napkins, etc., etc., then stepped back to take a mental inventory. The table-cloth is a little awry—can't be helped—too late now. Billy and Jack are washing at the pump, and Mr. P.—"Oh, there's the baby waking up!" She snatched him up from his cradle, smoothed down his clothes, and her own ruffled countenance, and went out and stood in the porch to meet her lord with a smiling face, her cheeks glowing like a pair of ripe astrachans.

Mr. Plodwell smiled absently, and chucked the baby under the chin as he passed in. But Mrs. P.'s smiles quickly vanished as she saw her husband wiping his coarse boots on a basket of flowers that formed the centre-piece of a pretty rug, on which she had spent all her spare moments for the past three weeks.

"Oh, Mr. P.! you have torn my beautiful rug."

"Well, what is the thing there for?"

and Mr. Plodwell sat down to his dinner with as much complacency as though he had made the most satisfactory apology.

"Your dinner is late, Nellie."

"Not very; Miss Pedagogue has not come yet. Here she comes. Here is your place waiting for you, Miss Pedagogue."

"Shall I help you to some mutton? Ah, your mutton is underdone, Nellie. Perhaps you would prefer a slice of this cold ham, Miss Pedagogue? Ho, Betty! you have neglected to put the castor-stand on the table." Betty shrugged her shoulders. "Wonder if Jack'll be so censurable."

"How is Prince working? Did he cut up any to-day, Jack?"

"He goes like a lamb. I tired him down pretty well in the morning, and he seems to think it don't pay; so he goes right straight along, and don't give no more trouble."

"Would you favor me with a spoon-full of peas, Miss Pedagogue?"

"Your peas would have liked a little more of the fire, Nellie!"

"Mine's done splendid," said Jack, coming boldly to the rescue.

"How are you getting on with that field, Billy?"

"Oh, splendid! Me'n Jack'll be able to finish it to-day; it turns up as beautiful as an onion-bed."

"I knew it would; that field ought to average twenty bushels to the acre. Hot biscuits again for dinner!"

"You say *again*, Mr. Plodwell, as though it were an every-day occurrence. It is Monday, and Chickie was so cross on Saturday. Babies are always cross on Saturdays."

"How does that come, eh?"

"I don't know how, but it is certainly so; is it not, Miss Pedagogue?"

"A spinster is hardly a qualified judge in such a matter," Miss Pedagogue answered, demurely.

"But you can't help seeing, or rather hearing," Nellie persisted.

"Well, on reflection, I should say, babies are always cross on Saturdays, especially if it is a *boy* baby."

"Ahem! Please to pass the butter, Nellie. Your butter has a strange flavor; what is the matter with it?"

This was the last feather that broke the camel's back. Nellie laid down her knife and fork quietly. The baby made an imaginary movement in the cradle, and she rose, and took him up, and sat bending over him in her low nursing-chair.

"How is your school progressing, Miss Pedagogue?"

"Very well, Mr. Plodwell; the pupils are all returning. The people seem to have got through with their spring work."

"There should be a law to compel people to send their children to school during the school sessions, instead of only one-third of the time as it is now."

"You are a votary of education, Mr. Plodwell?"

"Education is a very good thing, and I think, when the expense of it is laid upon the community, and people don't avail themselves of it, there should be a law compelling them to do so. When there is a falling off in the school attendance, there is a corresponding deficit in the government equivalent; then the rate-payers have to make up the deficiency in taxes."

"But don't you think such a measure would be arbitrary, Mr. Plodwell? The poor, and middle class of farmers, are obliged to keep their children at home during the busy seasons."

"No more arbitrary than the law is, as it stands, in regard to the whole educational department. Now, when I was a boy my father had to pay honestly for whatever education I received, and now I have to help educate every blockhead who has sufficient intellect to enable him to climb a toad-stool. It is one of the most preposterous measures that ever a government inflicted on an unoffending people."

"Allow me to differ with you, Mr. Plodwell. Now, I think that free education is the greatest boon that a government could confer on an intellectual nation, and it is a compliment to their intelligence as well as to their generosity."

"I confess I fail to appreciate a compliment when I have to pay so dearly for it. I have an impression that had they put old Ryerson and a few more of them into a balloon, and hoisted them some twenty-five years ago, it would have saved some millions to the pockets of all thrifty Canadians."

"Pardon me, Mr. Plodwell, but I have a presentiment that when Doctor Ryerson is dead the rising generation will erect a monument to his memory, around which future generations will gather and cry out, 'Great was Ryerson of the Canadians!'"

There was a mischievous twinkle in Miss Pedagogue's eyes. She looked at her watch, glided out, and ran away to her school.

Mr. Plodwell dropped into his easy chair, and was soon deep in his favorite political paper.

"There's a thistle in my finger, Nellie," he said after a short space; "I wish you would come and take it out. What? Tears! What is the matter with you?"

"How could you have mortified me so, and before Miss Pedagogue too!"

"Why, what now! What blunder have I been making?"

"An intentional blunder."

"I plead ignorance. But what is it? Do tell me."

"Why, you found fault with the dinner being late, with the biscuits, with the butter, with—with everything?"

"Well, I didn't say much about it, and it didn't make much difference; they could all see for themselves. If the dinner was late it was the tell-tale clock's fault. Come, dry those foolish tears."

"You threw the whole blame upon

me, when you knew it was all your own fault."

"My fault! how can you make that appear?"

"Why, in the first place, if we had a washing-machine, Betty could have the washing finished up in time to help me get the dinner."

"And doesn't she help you? Didn't she to-day?"

"Only a little to finish it up at the last. It is almost impossible for her to help me on washing-days. I did up the chamber-work, skimmed and strained the milk, washed up the dairy things and did the kitchen work. Then I was hindered an hour or more with the baby, and the dinner was late."

"Well, well, I don't want to hear about it. I'm well aware of your merits as a housekeeper. You shall have a washing-machine, so let us drop the matter."

"There's no use in dropping it now, to resume it at some other time. I am determined to have a full explanation, and then have done with it."

Mr. Plodwell leaned back in his chair with an air of resigned martyrdom.

"In the first place we want a brick oven, so that the whole week's baking can be done in one day. Then I don't see how we can get along without a summer kitchen; that underground kitchen is so warm, I don't see how that poor girl stands it, and with her red hair too. It makes me gasp to look at her sometimes—washing and ironing beside that red hot stove. Then it is impossible to make good butter without a dry and well-ventilated dairy. Here it is almost July, and you have turnips and all sorts of vegetables in the cellar along with the milk. Of course there's a sort of partition between them, but it doesn't keep out the foul air."

"Hold now! That is about as much as any man could bear at once. Let's begin to figure up.—Item, washing machine, root house, dairy, summer

kitchen—"spends about a minute figuring. "It will cost about three hundred and fifty dollars at the least calculation—can't be done."

"And why, pray? Now I don't pretend to know all about your affairs, but I am sure you have more ready money than that."

"Can you keep a secret, Nellie?"

"It will depend on whether it be worth keeping."

"I will trust you. There's Mr. Dottle's farm is almost sunk with mortgages, and I know it will be up for sale soon. I know he will sell it to save foreclosure, and I want to be prepared to make a bid for it. It is so nice and handy here, too, I am determined to have it if there is any chance."

"And what does that mean—more hired men and hard work; more hot days and sleepless nights. It makes my eyes ache to look over what land we have now. I have often thought, Tom, how I should like a dear little farm on an—"

"On the top of a mountain, eh? where you could have a good view of the sun rising—you get these silly notions out of books, Nellie. Well, well, there's no use talking to a woman; she can't understand common sense," and Mr. Plodwell took up his hat and walked out.

The peony hues had died out of Nellie's cheeks; the flush and excitement of hurrying up the dinner and trying to meet her husband with a smiling countenance had all faded away; she drooped over the head of the cradle—her face laid on her hands—like a broken flower that lay neglected and fading in the sun. Soon the tears came, flowing over her hands freely and unheeded.

"How foolish it is of me!" she said at length; "nobody cares; I may as well harden my heart and dull my sensibilities—turn myself into a mere working automaton; my husband will love me just as much—more. It's a

pity some men couldn't have King Midas' touch, so that they could turn every thing into gold, wives, children, and all."

The clock struck two; Nellie started to her feet. "Oh, dear, dear! here I've been wasting all this precious time, and the baby sleeping so nicely too." She gathered up the dinner dishes and carried them down to the kitchen, where Betty was taking the clothes from the boiler, looking like a doubtful sort of mermaid diving about in a sea of foamy spray.

"It's most unconscionable hot here. Can you tell me what's ventilation?"

"I don't know," Nellie answered, abstractedly. She was thinking as she washed up the dishes—in a weary, absent way—about the time when she was wont to have "a good cry" about some imaginary grievance, how he would pillow her head on his bosom, and never leave her until the last foolish little sigh had been soothed away.

"But now, the same process that is turning other things into gold, seems to be turning his heart to stone—and I was just going to tell him I would so like to have a dear little farm on an island, out in the lake somewhere, just small enough to be managed without so many workmen. Oh! wouldn't it be delightfully rom—but I must not harbor such silly fancies, they always make me feel so disappointed. Oh, how I used in my girl-days to conjure up such a bright ideal of happiness—a life on a farm with Tom! But there's no use in thinking about it—What was it you asked me just now, Betty?"

"I wanted to know isn't there such a thing as ventilation. I was readin' something about it in the paper the other day, and I thought p'raps we could do it ourselves with Jack's help. Jack has a good deal of 'genuity of his own, and he would do anything to please you, ma'am. You're smiling now, but I'm sure he would do as much to please you, in a way, as he would

for me. The hayin' and harvest is comin' on now, and I suppose we'll have ten or a dozen o' men to cook for. My, they'll find us briled up down here some day, if they don't do—"

"Well, well, we shall think about it. But have you all the windows and doors open?"

"Yes, but what's the use? Sure that orchard there keeps every single breeze of fresh air to itself."

"I will help you now to finish up the washing, and when Chickie wakes up we will bring him down, and go out and sit in the orchard, and have a nice cool rest until it is time to get the tea."

"Have you bid good-bye to your wits, or don't you see all this bread here, to be baked, besides the pies and cakes for tea; and if that don't keep us both busy till tea-time, then I'm no prophét. And there's Mr. Chickie cryin' now."

"Oh!" Nellie moaned aloud.

CHAPTER II.

Billy and Jack had gone out after tea, and Betty was busy in the kitchen, skipping about, hurrying up things, so as to have time for a nice chat with Jack in the evening. Miss Pedagogue had gone out for a walk, and Nellie—completely tired out—had lain herself down on the lounge with a magazine. Mr. Plodwell sat in his easy chair nervously turning over the leaves of the weekly *Globe*.

"You didn't take the thistle out of my finger, that I asked you at noon, Nellie."

Nellie laid down her book wearily, and went over and took a seat beside him.

"You're going too deep. Oh! There! It's out now. Thanks. You look tired, Nellie; wouldn't you like to sit in this easy chair?"

"Thanks, but I wouldn't deprive you

of it for the —" Nellie hesitated as she noticed the expression of his countenance.

"Don't you think it would support both of us at once?" Nellie's eyes grew round with surprise. It was so long since—but before she had time to remark a pair of strong arms drew her down and a broad bosom formed, oh, such a comfortable resting-place! Nellie closed her eyes to keep back the tears.

"What do you suppose I have been thinking about this afternoon, Nellie?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, absently.

"I've been making calculations." Nellie thought that was nothing unusual, but she made no answer.

"I have decided to let Mr. Dolittle's farm slide." Nellie roused herself a little at this.

"And may I ask you what has brought you to this conclusion?"

"I came to it in the funniest way. If you can have patience I will tell the whole story in regular story style. When I went out after dinner to-day I felt uneasy, or nervous, or miserable, or something, so I pitched into the work with all my might. After a while I felt pretty tired, and I threw myself down under a tree. I lay for some time watching the great heaps of white clouds, rolling and tumbling, and floating overhead. At last I fell into a sort of dreamy mood. I thought of one time when Dick and I were little fellows. Father and mother went away to visit for a couple of days, and left us to keep house. They took Annie with them, and we were to be alone all night.

"The first day, Dick said it seemed awful long. We went to the barn and did up our chores early in the afternoon, and got our supper over before dark,—the very worst thing we could have done. It was in the winter, when the evenings were at the very longest.

"We built up a good fire in the din-

ing-room, and before it was fairly dark we lit the lamp and sat down to our books. But somehow we couldn't settle ourselves to our tasks; the house was so awful still. At length we shoved away our books and drew our chairs up to the fire. The two old cats lay on the hearth-rug, purring and blinking their eyes, by way of passing time; and Beppo lay in his corner gazing into the fire dreamily, not even wagging his tail to break the monotony.

"Dick began to yawn, and you know yawning's catching. It seems to me as I think of it now, that looking at the clock must be catching too. There were apples in the cellar, but going down there to get them was the drawback. I believe, of the two, Dick was the more miserable. I was always a quiet little fellow, but Dick was as full of fun and mischief as he could hold."

"Let's play something, Tommy," he said.

"What can we play?" said I, "when there's only us two!"

"We can play hide and seek."

"Oh, I don't care about playing hide-and-seek when there's nobody here; the corners and everywhere's so dark."

"Dick shrugged his shoulders: this was too blunt for his nerves. He stuck his hands into his pockets and took two or three turns up and down the floor, came back, poked the fire, put his hands in his pockets again, and stood on the hearthrug looking into the fire with an air of deep reflection."

"I have it, Tommy!" he said at length, turning round suddenly. "I tell you what we will do; we'll bring out all mother's caps and gowns, and dress the chairs up for girls, and play blind-man's buff; then the one that ain't blinded can slip about among the chairs."

"How can you?" I said. "You can't make the caps stick on the chairs."

"We can get the pokers and brooms,

and there are those crutches of Tom Jones' in the closet."

"I agreed, and we soon had a goodly array of blind-man's buffers."

"You put the thing on first," I said.

"No, you put it on first, and when you have caught me I'll put it on."

"There was a twinkle of mischief in Dick's eyes as he tied the bandage on mine, but that was nothing new for Dick. He asked me how many horses were in my grandfather's stable—three turns and away. I glided around gingerly at first, among the dressed-up girls. After a while I warmed up with the subject; there was a stir over by the fire-place—I pounced on it, and found it was old Beppo, wagging his tail. I heard a bounce in the opposite corner—made a charge and caught the cat in my arms; she had been improving her opportunity with the cream-jug. I began to get excited; I was determined Dick shouldn't baffle me, as he had a way of doing."

"The dog and cats couldn't think what was up, and began running hither and thither, like bewitched things. I pursued the chase vigorously; now down on my hands and knees under the table, now springing over a chair, knocking my head against the clock-case, or stumbling over a footstool, sending the army of dressed-up girls sprawling in all directions. I tell you mother's caps came to grief. At length I got out of all patience, and tore the bandage from my eyes, to behold the mischievous Dick, peeping out from mother's bedroom, ready to split with laughter!"

"Well, I've been playing that game over again ever since—well, nearly ever since we were married."

Nellie started; it struck her that perhaps in some unaccountable way she had been acting Dick's part.

"Oh, don't be alarmed, it's nothing very terrible. I've been trying blindly to catch happiness, or pleasure, or enjoyment, or some undefinable thing

composed of all three, pursuing it with a vengeance, rushing on, grasping after every phantom that sounded in the least like my ideal, while all the while it lies snug in the Montreal Bank, ready to split its sides laughing at me."

"Happiness! In the bank!"

"Yes, or what will procure it: humanly speaking.

"I said I was making calculations; well, it would take about five thousand dollars to buy Mr. Dolittle's farm, and those things you were speaking about this morning will cost—how much did we say?"

"I don't remember."

"Three hundred and fifty dollars, I think it was; that from five thousand see what a large remainder. What shall we do with it?"

"I can't think."

"Well, in the first place, I shall build a comfortable cottage for the men, and keep a foreman who will be willing to board them. Next, I will trade off our old-fashioned, cumbrous buggy and set up a pony-carriage; then you shall have a girl to help take care of the baby,—I saw you last night trying to run the sewing-machine with one foot, and rock the cradle with the other. Is there anything else?"

Nellie was silent.

"Wouldn't you like to have a summer-house in the garden?"

"Of all things, if it would not be imposing on good-nature."

"Not at all. Can't you think of anything else?"

"Nothing more. Oh, you dear, dear fellow!"

"Well I can. We shall have a trip to Niagara in the holidays, so that we can take Miss Pedagogue with us. We can take a week between haying and harvest."

Nellie clapped her hands, and was about to jump up and dance, but she checked herself.

"And what shall I do in return for all this?"

"Give me back your heart."

"That I cannot do, for I have never withdrawn it. But I had begun to fear you had bartered it away for dollars, and—oh, forgive me, dear Tom, I shall never say anything so cruel again."

"Never mind, I deserved it. But there is one thing I had forgotten to mention. There is Edmond Erudite—I used to feel a grudge toward that boy when I used to meet him with his pale face bending under his load of books. I blush to think of it now. But it used to strike me that I was helping to educate that boy, and not even thanks for my pains. Then I used to think how foolish it was of his mother setting him up for a student. If she would put him to learn some useful trade. How was she going to get him through college? It never occurred to me that I might send him. That is the conclusion I have come to now."

"Oh, this is the best of all. Just think what comfort it will bring to Eddie's mother, and a life-long happiness to himself! I was over there the other day, and she told me she had set her heart on making a minister of Eddie. But she said she hadn't the least idea where the means would come from to fit him for it. She said she trusted entirely in God to provide; and she seemed to have faith that it would come. Who would have thought that you would have been the instrument! Oh! isn't it——"

"Yes, of course it is. There now, don't get enthusiastic. I just thought as I was coming home that evening across our pasture-field, what a terrible thing it would be if the poor little fellow should be disappointed, he seemed so determined to do some good in the world. And I thought, as I looked at all those cattle and horses of ours, how easily we could spare enough of them to pay his expenses; but it never occurred to me that it would be really so."

"But after all this, would it be too

much if I were to ask another favor?"

"No, not at all. I may have overlooked many a thing."

"Betty and Jack will be getting married in the fall. She is a good creature, and you know she has lived with us ever since we were married; and——"

"And you would like to settle a dowry on her, is that it, eh?"

"I would like to give her a com-

fortable little setting-out; she deserves it. How much more pleasant it is, dear Tom, to do good in one's lifetime than to wait till death, and then leave large bequests to charitable institutions! Oh, there's Chickie waking up!"

"By the by, we had almost forgotten Chickie. Well, we must not neglect his interests."

MY LADY HELP, AND WHAT SHE TAUGHT ME.

BY MRS. WARREN, AUTHOR OF "HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON £200 A YEAR," ETC.

(From the Ladies' Treasury.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

The unsatisfactory state of things continued for the month these two inefficient girls remained. Mr. Newton tried to make himself happy under the general discomfort, and did his utmost to cheer his wife, for, say what one will, an uncomfortable home is the uncheeriest place on earth, and there can be no comfort where neglect and incompetency reign.

The story of the dismissal of the damsels, together with that of the preceding maidens, soon spread over the village, and at once gave the house a bad name for often changing servants. When one hears this stated against a mistress, one would think that she found her supremest happiness in a change of domestics. Yet there are many ladies who will join in the chorus by saying, "Yes, I have heard that Mrs—— is very particular."

After a long search and much patience the places were filled, and to Mrs. Newton's satisfaction. At the end of the month the notice to leave came from the servants.

"If you please, ma'am, we wish to leave; we like you and Mr. Newton very much, but the place is so dull. We've always lived where

there are trains and omnibuses. It is so quiet here, we can't stand it."

Mrs. Newton stared with astonishment. She said but little in reply, and that was to induce them to stay. She offered them higher wages, but it was of no use. "They could get as good wages any day, if not higher, in a place that was not so dead-alive."

It was sorry news for Mr. Newton, who with Tibby had again returned to respectable ways; but he only asked the question, "What is to be done?" After a silence of some time, he suddenly asked, "Don't you think, wifey, you might take some lessons in cookery during the next month, and while these girls remain?"

Mrs. Newton looked dismayed. After a while she said, "I might, but have scarcely courage to do so. Probably I shall be shown up in the papers as the lady who at the School of Cookery spoiled in one day eighty eggs and a sweet-bread worth ten shillings!"

"That was not the lady's fault, but of those who attempted to teach. Just try what you can do. Anything to be independent of these servants."

"I don't quite see how by taking lessons in cookery we are to render ourselves independent of servants. I don't know how to do many

household needs. I can't scour, or wash, or scrub."

"Nor is a knowledge of this sort of thing needful. We can get a girl as charwoman for this work until we are again suited."

"You know we can't get a charwoman except occasionally, and charwomen are not satisfactory. I think, Herbert, we shall have to get a lady-help."

Mr. Newton started from his chair as if he had been electrified, left the room and found his consolation in a cigar. This time, though startled, the proposition did not seem quite such an enormity as when his wife first mentioned it. And then he asked himself, "Why not?"

Mrs. Newton pondered over the matter, and took advice thereon from an old and valued friend, who recommended her to advertise for a useful young lady, who would assist the lady in the housework and management of her house.

This was done, and a salary of twenty pounds a year offered, with laundry expenses.

"I shall do this without Herbert's knowledge, for he is just silly on this point."

"As a rule," said her friend, "I object to wives doing anything without their husbands' knowledge, but in this instance I think you would be justified in managing the matter without Mr. Newton's consent. Only, I would caution you to make an agreement with the young lady, if you are fortunate enough to find one suited to her position—for they are not plentiful, mind you—stipulate that her position, as strictly defined, must be kept. It would not be pleasant of an evening for you and your husband to be often intruded upon even by your dearest friend or relative; in fact, if this were the case, the latter, however dearly loved, would soon become hateful. You and your new acquaintance need be none the less friends, companions if you will, during the day; but let the evening be sacred to non-intrusion. It is better for both parties.

"Another thing, my dear: please remember that a lady-help is not a maid-of-all-work; she is a lady, we will presume, by education and by Christian teaching; we won't talk of women who call themselves ladies, but who are rude, overbearing, and unthinking. She may be born in the purple, or in any degree beneath it; but with that you have very little to do. If she be efficient and gentle-mannered, you will find she will be as desirous of keeping her position in the

kitchen as you will be to have her there, and will be far too proud to sit in sufferance in your drawing-room. I grant that a lowly-bred girl who takes the tone of her manners from upper servants will stand upon her rights, be obtrusive and intolerable, and will demand that she shall have her place with you at all times."

"Of course she must sit at meals with us, and then Herbert will be waiting upon her; what is to be done then?"

"She will most likely desire to do this, but if she is worth anything she will quietly settle this matter by simply not permitting service from your husband."

"But, surely," said Mrs. Newton, "after cooking a dinner she is scarcely in fit condition, in dress and appearance, to sit down to the dinner-table with us."

"That is a great mistake of yours. A slovenly, disorderly, untaught, unmethodical girl would not be fit companionship for anything but her pots and pans; but one who has by her education been taught to find a place in her brain for a multitude of facts, to arrange them in order and keep all her faculties for ready use, will not be dirty or unrepresentable in any work she may undertake. I know a case in point of a small, delicate-looking young lady, who will dress, punctually, two dinners to perfection. That is, one dinner shall consist of soup, fish, meats, entrées, vegetables, and sweets; and the other a plain dinner—both ready at the same time; and will, as the clock strikes the dinner hour, seat herself at the dinner-table without any indication, excepting the bloom on her cheek, that she has been otherwise than engaged in pleasant idleness. I know this to be a fact; not only will she dress the dinner, but prepare the vegetables and other matters also. Believe me, this is true."

"My dear lady, where on earth is this paragon to be found?"

"Oh, you know her quite well, but have never suspected that the well-dressed dinners you have so often praised have been begun and finished by her little hands." The old lady's eyes sparkled with intense amusement at Mrs. Newton's bewilderment.

"Do you mean to say that your delicate-looking niece performs all these wonders? Why, I thought you had a treasure of a cook in Mary, and have so envied you that woman."

"I shall say nothing further but that you are deceived in Mary's accomplishments. She never cooked anything beyond the most trifling

matter, generally ill rather than well done, simply because she has no genius, no liking for cookery, and sees no necessity for fixed principles; all her rules consist in 'the rule of thumb.' However, Mary is just the young woman you must have under your lady-help, who has no business to clean pots and pans; but she should know how to do these things in order that she may instruct those who are ignorant of such matters. Neither has she any business to clean steps, nor carry coals, nor light fires; but yet must have this knowledge at her fingers' ends, just as much as she will have the notes of music if she plays. To clean knives and blacklead grates, may be done by any one if 'how to do it is known,' for often a mistress left servantless has to do these things. To clean men's boots is another matter quite distinct from cleaning those of ladies; men's boots require vigorous brushing by arms and hands used to scrubbing and cleaning.

"If you can manage to get an adopted daughter of the house who really understands domestic duties, you will do ten times better than with two ill-bred servants who know that, for a month at least, they must, if honest, be clothed, fed, and paid, no matter how flagrantly the work be neglected. As to the manner of performing the work they are hired for, there is no appeal to any judge. Servants persist in declaring they have done the appointed work, no matter how unsatisfactorily it is done.

"I am quite sure, if you are not in too great a hurry, you will get a very useful companion, for so many girls find themselves totally unable to obtain certificates for teaching that they are turning their attention to the useful instead of the weak elaborations of flimsy acquirements; and society, both in the higher and lower class, will be improved by it."

"I do not see that," said Mrs. Newton.

"The higher class, not the highest, will have a better groundwork for education, because those girls who have passed their examinations are better fitted to teach; while those who are unsuccessful will be able to turn their attention to domestic employment, and thus emancipate themselves from the tax of incompetent elder servants, and be enabled to teach the younger ones. It is in this way that I see there will be a re-generation of servants, the race being nearly extinct because the mistresses are ignorant as themselves. Manufacturing towns, it is true, absorb in fac-

tory work all the young girls. But the daughters of a home remain, and with them the power, if they so will it, to become useful, sensible, well-informed wives, and, therefore, must necessarily set a good example to whatever undisciplined human material may fall into their hands. Depend upon it, my dear, that the lady-help system will flourish and develop into something far more satisfactory than is anticipated. The more it is scorned, ridiculed, and down-trodden, the stronger the plan will spread."

"You give me hope and nerve, dear friend. I wish Herbert could hear your arguments."

"Oh, nonsense! Mr. Newton, when he sees the working of your new move, will be quite contented. In seeking your lady-help don't take a fantastical, over-dressed lady, with 'holey' gloves, lustreless boots, and with a general air of untidiness, nor one who prates about her family or ancestors. She means by this to extort extra consideration, and will keep you in a nervous tremor, fearing you may fall short of what she considers your duty to her high mightiness. Sensible people who come of good blood keep it to themselves, and take heart from the old rhyme—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

A gentlewoman, young or old, will be known by her general deportment, her habits, and manner of speech. Say to her, without reservation and as gently as possible, what are the arrangements you wish carried out by her, and also what will be your desires in reference to herself; keep back nothing on either point, or you will find it difficult to broach the subject when she is under your roof. I have found it an excellent plan with regard to servants, after I have received a satisfactory character of one, to write to her and recapitulate the terms, and for what description of work she is engaged, and state what day and about what hour she is expected; and, if she is satisfied, she is directed to write her reply on a part of the letter underneath my signature."

Mrs. Newton, with many thanks, took leave; if wiser than when she came, she still felt doubtful as to the result, and not quite happy in knowing that her husband was not agreeable to the scheme. "But," she asked herself, "what is to be done otherwise?" and in answer to this question an advertisement was inserted in the *Times*.

CHAPTER III.

In due time about a hundred letters were delivered at the address to which applicants were requested "to apply by letter only." Mrs. Newton took them with dismay, for how was she to choose from such a multitude? Some of the letters were ill-spelt and slovenly written; these were at once put away. Others entered into a long story about their reverses and consequent poverty, and were willing to do anything not menial. Others, again, were anxious to do everything, but insisted upon being treated as ladies, and could not associate with servants. One very young girl said she could come for a very low salary, but she was not clever at housework, but was willing to be taught. The letter was written in a weak and trembling hand, with ink pale as discolored water; it breathed loudly of incompetence and a wailing, dismal nature. For the writer there was nothing but pity, though Mrs. Newton longed to write to her, "Rouse yourself, and don't wail."

Seven letters were put on one side to be again referred to. Though the best among the lot, the writers did not seem quite acceptable. Nearly all had been taught with a view to teaching, and some had served in shops. Before Mrs. Newton had arrived at any decision another bundle of letters came. The first opened contained few words besides the address:—

"MADAM,—I shall be pleased if you will kindly appoint an interview. My father, now dead, was a chemist. I am very domesticated, have been well-trained in cookery and household duties, and shall be glad to fill your situation.

"Yours, obediently,

"ANNA SEVERN."

"Yes, this will do," said Mrs. Newton, and forthwith a letter was despatched, summoning Miss Severn for the day following. When the lady appeared she was dressed in plain mourning. There was a little nervous agitation at first on both sides, which, however, soon wore off. Mrs. Newton asked, "Do you quite understand the duties which the situation involves?"

"Yes; it is nothing more nor less than a trusted worker—servant perhaps; one who helps the mistress in the management of the house, and in the work of it. Your advertisement stated that a girl would be kept in addition to a lady's service."

"Yes, that is exactly what I want. But may I ask if you expect a private sitting-room?"

"Certainly not. All I hope for is a bedroom to myself, where I can sit of an evening; though I should not care for that if the girl under me is respectable and teachable."

"But, Miss Severn, you would expect to take your meals with myself and husband?"

"With yourself, if you desire it; but husband and wife should be alone, if not at meals, certainly in the evening. But, as I said before, if my associate is a good girl, I should feel a pleasure in treating her as my equal, and in teaching her all the good I know. The question of meals I will leave to you."

"You do not object to wait upon us at dinner?" asked Mrs. Newton.

"If I am at the same table there is no more waiting or service rendered than a dutiful daughter would proffer; but if you prefer the ordinary waiting in the room, I have no objection. Of course, then my meals would be taken in the kitchen."

"I will not deny, Miss Severn, that I am puzzled in this matter, because my husband objects to the assistance of a lady-help: he thinks it an anomalous position, and decidedly refuses to be waited upon in any way by one. I do not like to ask of you the service of a servant, for a lady-help is nothing more, only she has in her turn a servant under her."

"This is the case from the highest to the lowest, at least so I have been taught; and I have yet to learn that there is any degradation in doing one's duty, which may not, however, always jump with our inclinations. I have been a governess for a short time, and I should much prefer being a mistress in my kitchen to filling such a situation again. It is not only that spoilt or unruly children—encouraged to be so often by their parents—have to be brought into order, which is painful and nerve-trying work, but one's position is a blank, and the servants of such a household are hard to bear with. They look upon one as very much beneath themselves, and treat one with scarcely concealed contempt. A governess's life is a sad one."

"Yes, that is too true; but I fear you would find the situation of a lady-help not better," replied Mrs. Newton.

"If you will try me I will endeavor to fill the position satisfactorily, and pride shall not interfere. If Mr. Newton objects to a lady-help, there is no necessity for his knowing that

I am otherwise than a servant. If I have a preference about the matter, it is that he shall not know that I am otherwise than a servant; he will not know it from me. You will call me Anna. The girl may call me the same. Are you suited with one? If not, I know of a lively active, teachable girl, who has been accustomed to call me 'Miss Anna.'"

"My present girl, whom I have had for a fortnight, seems tolerably good; she is fifteen. I am not capable of teaching her; you might, perhaps; but she shall call you Miss Anna all the same. There is one question I scarcely like to ask; it is about references," and Mrs. Newton blushed like a peony.

Miss Severn put into Mrs. Newton's hand a card, who started when she saw the name, and asked, "Are you any relation of his?"

"He is my uncle, and I would refer you to him. He is my father's own brother, but from illness and sad trouble, with the details of which I need not trouble you, we, his nieces, are anxious to maintain ourselves in respectability."

Mrs. Newton looked grave and sad. Here was the name of a man who, for his scientific knowledge, men were delighted to honor, who was held in high esteem by his sovereign, who had comparative wealth showered upon him, yet here was a niece of his asking service at her hands! Could it be possible? In a few moments she said, "Miss Severn, I shall feel most uncomfortable to see you filling a servant's place. This thing cannot be."

"Please don't say this, madam. If you will say 'Come,' I would sooner be with you than fill any other position. Please say the word, dear madam," and she took Mrs. Newton's hand, and with soft, gentle pressure, said, "I will be with you on Monday or earlier, shall I?"

"I can scarcely say 'Yes,' and am very unwilling to say 'No;,' but will think it well over."

"I have nothing to think about, so will come early;" and, with mutual pressure of the hands, they parted.

Mrs. Newton in the evening sat thinking for some time, and was so absorbed that her husband noticed her abstraction.

"What is the matter, wify?"

"Nothing, Herbert."

"Yes, that is always what a woman's abstraction ends in—nothing! I wish you would think of extricating ourselves from this servant difficulty, though we are not alone. There's half-a-

dozen houses that I know of just in the same mess."

Still there was no reply, and Mr. Newton soon became buried in his paper.

The next day Mrs. Newton called on the wife of the celebrated professor, to enquire respecting the antecedents of Miss Severn, and was very satisfactorily answered. This was matter for rejoicing, for Mrs. Newton was, the night previously, dubious as to whether she had not been imposed upon, and was willing to start rightly, if the result should not be so successful as she yet hoped for.

The next thing was to see that Miss Severn's bedroom was made as comfortable as if it were intended for an honored guest. Everything was arranged with the greatest care. There were pretty but no very costly articles, but there was everything needful, and to spare. A comfortable easy-chair and footstool were among the furnishings, and a down quilt was on the bed. A fire was laid in the grate. "Yes," said Mrs. Newton, softly, "it shall be as if she were my daughter."

Ellen, the under-help, was cautioned to be respectful and tidy, and to clean up as well as she knew how, for a friend of Mrs. Newton's, whom she was to call Miss Anna, was coming to help her to manage the house, and would teach her many thing if she wished to learn.

The very great inspection which Mrs. Newton made among the kitchen articles inspired Ellen with some dread. "What's missus up to now?" she mentally enquired. "If I'm to have a stuck-up, ignorant critter over me I shan't stop, that's flat." Luckily these sentiments were inaudible.

CHAPTER IV.

Monday morning arrived, and with it, in due time, Miss Severn. Ellen stared with astonishment as she was herself greeted in words she had hitherto only heard addressed from one lady to another. Mrs. Newton met Miss Severn with all cordiality, kissed her, and after a little while seated her at the luncheon-table, where she acted exactly as if she were a daughter, and no stranger. "It is like being at home," she said. Afterwards Ellen cleared the luncheon things away in a heedless fashion, while Miss Severn went to her room.

In the course of half an hour, Miss Severn, having on a cotton skirt fastened at the side by

way of wrapper, and over that a loose cotton jacket, well and prettily made, went into the kitchen to examine its contents. Ellen was still more bewildered, and asked her, "Are you going to cook the dinner?"

"Yes, and will show you how, if you are a good girl and very clean; because, you know, cookery requires the greatest cleanliness, and however great a desire you may have to become a cook, unless you are yourself clean, as well as your pots and pans, everything in cookery will be spoiled."

"Well, I'm sure, you look more fit to play the planner than to cook."

"Now, Ellen, I hope we shall be very good friends. You, no doubt, can teach me some things, and I will in return teach you what you don't know; only there are two things necessary for our friendship—you must be clean and orderly, that is, you must make no litters, but put everything in its place; and I know you will try to obey me."

"Yes, that I will, if you'll be good to me, and not call me names, Miss Anna."

Mrs. Newton here made her appearance, and said, "I think, my dear Miss Anna, that you will not want my assistance this afternoon, unless I can wash up the glasses;" and with that she took up rather a greasy pan, and proceeded to pour hot water into it. Miss Severn, with the quickness of thought, said, "Pray don't mind; Ellen or I will do this. You look tired, do lie down for an hour."

Mrs. Newton took it as a hint that she was not wanted, but this was really not the case. Miss Severn found that she would have to say before Ellen that glasses should not be washed in hot water, but in cold, and in a clean pan or tub; besides, there were no clean cloths to wipe them on.

"Suppose, Ellen, you get a tub of cold water, put into it a tablespoonful or two of soda, put the cloths in, stir them round with this stick, and let them stay a little while."

"That's a queer way of washing cloths. I always have very hot water, and I can't get them clean with that; I'm sure cold water won't do."

"We'll see about it presently, and if my plan answers, I'll tell you why it does so. I shall never tell you to do anything out of the way without giving you a reason for it."

"Now that's good of you, Miss Anna, for I lived last where there was a real fessed cook,

and when I used to ask her a question about what she was doing, she'd flick a cloth at my head." Ellen chuckled over her recollections.

"Mrs. Newton tells me there is no dinner to be cooked to-day, only a steak and some potato chips for Mr. Newton's tea at seven o'clock."

"I know there's a steak, but about the potato chips, I am sure there's none in the house. There's potatoes, but no chips. How about the cloths, Miss Anna?"

"I should think a little of the dirt was out; take this iron spoon, and well beat them in the soda and water."

"What a joke, to wash cloths with a spoon!"

"Don't you see, Ellen, that I make the spoon do the work, and do not injure my hands with the soda?—a short, thick stick would be better."

"Well, the dirt do come out, surely."

"Now, take a pan of warm water and some soap, twist the cloths each around the spoon, and put them in the hot water; throw away the dirty water now; soap and wash the cloths, rubbing them one against the other, and not against your hands; now see how quickly the dirt comes out; they will not need to be boiled. Wash them in another hot water with soap, and rinse them in cold water. Wring them dry, and put them on the horse before the fire."

"And what's the reason, Miss Anna?"

"You have heard of dyers, of course. Now, dyers always put their articles to be dyed into hot dye stuffs, to set the colors; and if you put dirty clothes into hot water, the dirt is dyed into them, and it is difficult to make them white afterwards. These cloths are not white, though they once were; we must see, after a while, if we cannot whiten them."

Ellen stood with her mouth open, listening. All her utterance was, "I never!"

"It will soon be tea-time, Ellen, and I am going to have it with you. Clear all dirty things into the scullery — no dirty plates or dishes should be brought here. This is our parlor, you know. We must have a clean hearth, a clean floor, and a clean table-cloth. We can't this afternoon have a clean floor, but you can sweep it. There's the broom, which should never be turned down on the sweeping part, but be turned handle downwards. Don't sweep the centre of the floor first, but commence in the corners, and sweep to the centre, or into the fireplace. You will save yourself so much work by this plan. Remember never to sweep into a corner; it is so much trouble to get the dirt out again."

Miss Severn took a cup of tea to Mrs. Newton while the sweeping was going on, and then told her that if she would leave the downstairs work entirely to her, she and the girl would get on very well, and that Ellen should be sent up with the tea for Mr. Newton, and thus she need not make her appearance at all; but advised that Mr. Newton should be told that assistance had been procured. By the time that Miss Severn came downstairs, the tea things were set, the kettle was boiling, and the hearth looked bright and clean, but poor Ellen was scarcely presentable. She was, however, soon persuaded that no tea could be had till face, hands, and apron were scrupulously clean.

After tea Miss Severn proposed that the glasses, cups, saucers, and all the used crockery should be washed and put in their places, work which Ellen thought was of only five minutes. From a paper parcel Miss Severn took a rather small brush bound with iron where usually there is string and glue; also she took a cloth which appeared to have once done duty as an apron; it was hemmed, but had no strings to it.

"What in the world is that for, Miss Anna?"

"I often find, Ellen, when I go to help a friend who is without servants, that these things are generally not to be found until the mistress gets them. The brush is for washing tea-things and plates, because I don't like to make my hands greasy and wet more than I can help; and the cloth is a plan of my own for polishing the glasses. It is soft and free from fluff, you see. It was never at any time an apron, but bought for the express purpose of polishing glasses. The usual glass cloths, unless they are made of fine linen, are very fluffy.

"Now, my bright girl, put that large old tray here, and these two pans upon it, one filled with cold water and the other with boiling water; put a little soda into the boiling water. Collect into a basin all the slops in the cups, and water out of the glasses, and put the pieces into one plate. If there is nothing worth saving, and there are no chickens, put it among the ashes—not cinders, mind—and throw away the slops. Now for the glasses; here are four. Wash them with your hand in cold water, in a *small basin*,

or tub only large enough to hold one glass is the best, but that is not here. As each glass is washed, turn it on an old tray or clean cloth to drain for an instant, then wipe on the coarse glass cloth, and afterward polish with this cloth made of printed calico. Now take the milk and cream jugs, wash them well, clean them inside and out with the brush, put them into the cold water for a minute while you are washing the saucers, then drain the jugs on a tray or cloth. After a time these will need no wiping, and are better without. Now for the saucers. Put them all into the hot water, take each up singly with the finger and thumb, wash them with the brush, and put them into the cold water; drain them also. And now for the tea-cups. Wash the handles well, so that no dirty places appear where the handles are set on; rinse them also. And now for your greasy plates. Be sure to clean them well, and rinse, so that no dirt sticks to them. If there are any dishes, you must have more clean hot and cold water. With plenty of water, and a knowledge of how to do it, washing glass and china is quite a pleasant work."

"It's the dirty saucers that I don't like to clean, Miss Anna."

"Don't let you and I say 'We don't like;' because if a thing is to be done, it is better to be done at once, and without asking ourselves, do we like it? I'll show you how to clean saucers. No matter how dirty they may be, if they are filled with cold water, and a little soda is put into them, and the water made to boil, they will soon be clean from the boiling water only. Is there an old birch broom in the house? If so, bring it to me."

The birch broom was brought, the handle taken out, and the thin and worn end of the broom tied up tightly, only about two inches of the thick end left untied; then Ellen was shown how to scrub the bottom and sides of a saucer without much soiling of hands, or scraping with her nails.

"Now, Ellen, I saw these brooms used in France, and once I took the trouble to bring some to England, but I am grieved to say that the servants lighted fires with them."

(To be continued.)

SUMMER WORK FOR HOUSE-KEEPERS.

CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Within a few years canned fruits have, in a great measure, superseded preserves. They are cheaper, more wholesome, and far less difficult to prepare. Attention to a few general rules will insure success to every housekeeper who sensibly prefers to put up her own season's supply of these to purchasing those for double the cost, which are not nearly so good.

First, examine cans and elastics narrowly before you begin operations. See that the screw is in order, the can without crack or nick, the elastic firm and closely fitting.

Secondly, have the fruit boiling hot when sealed. Have upon the range or stove a pan in which each empty can is set to be filled after it is rolled in hot water. Lay elastic and top close to your hand, fill the can to overflowing, remembering that the fruit will shrink as it cools, and that a vacuum invites the air to enter; clap on the top without the loss of a second, screw as tightly as you can, and as the contents and the can cool, screw again and again to fit the contraction of metal and glass.

Thirdly, if you use glass cans (and they are cheapest in the end, for you can use them year after year, getting new elastics when you need them) keep them in a cool, dark place, and dry as well as cool. The light will cause them to ferment, and also change the color.

CANNED BERRIES.—Heat slowly to boiling, in a large kettle. When they begin to boil, add sugar in the proportion of one tablespoonful to each quart of fruit. Before doing this, however, if there is much juice in the kettle, dip out the surplus with a dipper or cup. It will only increase the number of cans to be filled, without real advantage to you. Leave the berries almost dry before putting in the sugar. This will make syrup enough. Boil all together fifteen minutes, and can.

Huckleberries, grapes, blackberries, currants, raspberries, cherries, and strawberries put up in

this way are very good eaten as you would preserves, and make pies which are scarcely inferior to those filled with fresh fruit.

CANNED PEACHES.—Pare, cut in half and stone, taking care not to break the fruit; drop each piece in cold water so soon as it is pared. The large, white freestone peaches are nicest for this purpose. Firmness of texture is a desideratum. The fruit should be ripe, but not soft. Allow a heaping tablespoonful of sugar to each quart of fruit, scattering it between the layers. Fill your kettle and heat slowly to a boil. Boil three minutes, just to assure yourself that every piece of fruit is heated through. Can and seal. It is safe to put a cupful of water in the bottom of the kettle before packing it with fruit, lest the lower layer should burn.

CANNED PEARS.—For the finer varieties, such as the Bartlett and Seckel, prepare a syrup, allowing a pint of pure water and a quarter of a pound of sugar to a quart of fruit. While this is heating, peel the pears, dropping each, as it is pared, into a pan of clear water, lest the color should change by exposure to the air. When the syrup has come to a fast boil, put in the pears carefully, not to bruise them, and boil until they look clear, and can be easily pierced by a fork. Have the cans ready, rolled in hot water, pack with the pears and fill to overflowing with the scalding syrup, which must be kept on the fire all the while, and seal.

The tougher and more common pears must be boiled in water until tender; thrown while warm into the hot syrup, then allowed to boil ten minutes before they are canned.

Apples may be treated in either of the above ways, as their texture may seem to demand.

CANNED PLUMS.—Prick with a needle to prevent bursting; prepare a syrup, allowing a gill of pure water and a quarter of a pound of sugar to every three quarts of fruit. When the

sugar is dissolved and the water blood-warm, put in the plums. Heat slowly to a boil. Let them boil five minutes—not fast or they will break badly; fill up the jars with plums, pour in the scalding syrup until it runs down the sides, and seal.

Greengages are very fine put up in this way; also damsons for pies.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes to loosen the skins. Remove these; drain off all the juice that will come away without pressing hard; put them into a kettle and heat slowly to a boil. Your tomatoes will look much nicer if you remove all the hard parts before putting them on the fire, and rub the pulp soft with your hands. Boil ten minutes, dip out the surplus liquid, pour the tomatoes, boiling hot, into the cans, and seal. Keep in a cool, dark place.

CANNED TOMATOES AND CORN.—Boil the corn on the cob, when it is in nice order for roasting, twenty minutes over a good fire, and cut off while hot. Have your tomatoes skinned and rubbed to a smooth pulp. Put in two measures of them for every one of the cut corn; salt as for the table, stirring it well in, and bring to a hard boil. Then, can quickly, and as soon as they are cold set away in a cool, dark place.

PRESERVED GREEN CORN.—Boil on the cob until the milk ceases to flow when the grain is pricked. Cut off the corn and pack in stone jars in the following order:—A layer of salt at the bottom, half an inch deep. Then one of corn two inches in depth, another half-inch of salt, and so on until the jar is nearly filled. Let the topmost layer of salt be double the depth of the others, and pour over all melted—not hot—lard. Press upon this, when nearly hard, thick white paper, cut to fit the mouth of the jar. Keep in a cool place. Soak over night before using it.

Green corn is difficult to can, but *I know* it will keep well if put up in this way; and, strange to tell, be so fresh after the night's soaking as to require salt when you boil it for the table. Should the top layer be musty, dig lower still, and you will probably be rewarded for the search.

PICKLES.

Use none but the best cider vinegar; especially avoid the sharp, colorless liquid sold under that name. It is weak, sulphuric acid, warranted

to riddle the coat of any stomach, even that of an ostrich, if that bird were so bereft of the instinct of self-preservation as to make a lunch of bright-green cucumber-pickle seven times a week.

If you boil pickles in bell-metal, do not let them stand in it one moment when it is off the fire; and see for yourself that it is perfectly clean and newly scoured before the vinegar is put in.

Keep pickles in glass or hard stoneware; look them over every month; remove the soft ones, and if there are several of these, drain off and scald the vinegar, adding a cup of sugar for each gallon, and pour hot over the pickles. If they are keeping well, throw in a liberal handful of sugar for every gallon, and tie them up again. This tends to preserve them, and mellows the sharpness of the vinegar. This does not apply to *sweet* pickle.

Pickle, well made, is better when a year old than at the end of six months. I have eaten walnut pickle ten years old that was very fine.

Keep your pickles well covered with vinegar. If you use ground spices, tie them up in thin muslin bags.

CUCUMBER OR GHERKIN PICKLE.—Choose small cucumbers, or gherkins, for this purpose. They are more tender, and look better on the table. Reject all over a finger in length, and every one that is mis-shapen or specked, however slightly. Pack in a stone jar or wooden bucket, in layers, strewing salt thickly between these. Cover the top layer out of sight with salt, and pour on cold water enough to cover all. Lay a small plate or round board upon them, with a clean stone to keep it down. You may leave them in the brine for a week or a month, stirring up from the bottom every other day. If the longer time, be sure your salt and water is strong enough to bear up an egg. If you raise your own cucumbers, pick them every day, and drop in the pickle. When you are ready to put them up, throw away the brine, with any cucumbers that may have softened under the process, and lay the rest in cold fresh water for twenty-four hours. Change the water then for fresh, and leave it for another day. Have a kettle ready, lined with green vine-leaves, and lay the pickles evenly within it, scattering powdered alum over the layers. A bit of alum as large as a pigeon egg will be enough for a two-gallon kettleful. Fill with cold water, cover with vine-leaves, three deep; put a close

lid or inverted pan over all, and steam over a slow fire five or six hours, not allowing the water to boil. When the pickles are a fine green, remove the leaves and throw the cucumbers into very cold water. Let them stand in it while you prepare the vinegar. To one gallon allow a cup of sugar, three dozen whole black peppers, the same of cloves, half as much allspice, one dozen blades of mace. Boil five minutes; put the cucumbers into a stone jar, and pour the vinegar over them scalding hot. Cover closely. Two days afterward scald the vinegar again and return to the pickles. Repeat this process three times more, at intervals of two, four, and six days. Cover with a stoneware or wooden top; tie stout cloth over this, and keep in a cool, dry place. They will be ready for eating in two months. Examine every few weeks.

PICKLED CABBAGE (Yellow).—2 gallons of vinegar; and 1 pint white mustard-seed, 4 oz. ginger, 3 oz. pepper-corns, 1 oz. allspice, 2 oz. cloves, 1 oz. mace, 1 oz. nutmeg, 2 oz. turmeric, all pounded fine; 1 large handful of garlic, chopped, 1 handful scraped horseradish, 4 lbs. sugar, 2 oz. celery seed, 3 lemons, sliced thin. Mix all and set in the sun for three days.

To prepare the cabbage, cut in quarters—leaving off the outer and green leaves—and put in a kettle of boiling brine. Cook three minutes. Take out, drain, and cover thickly with salt. Spread out in the sun to dry; then shake off the salt, and cover with cold vinegar in which has been steeped enough turmeric to color it well. Leave it in this two weeks, to draw out the salt and to plump the cabbage. They are then ready to pack down in the seasoned vinegar. Do not use under six weeks or two months.

PICKLED CABBAGE (Purple).—Quarter the cabbage. Lay in a wooden tray, sprinkle thickly with salt, and set in the cellar until next day. Drain off the brine, wipe dry, lay in the sun two hours, and cover with cold vinegar for twelve hours. Prepare the pickle by seasoning enough vinegar to cover the cabbage with equal quantities of mace, cloves, whole white peppers; a cup of sugar to every gallon of vinegar, and a teaspoonful of celery seed for every pint. Pack the cabbage in a stone jar; boil the vinegar and spices five minutes and pour on hot. Cover and set away in a cool, dry place.

This will be ripe in six weeks.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Peel the onions, which should be fine white ones—not too large. Let them stand in strong brine for four days, changing it twice. Heat more brine to a boil, throw in the onions, and boil three minutes. Throw them at once into cold water, and leave them there four hours. Pack in jars, interspersing with whole mace, white pepper-corns, and cloves. Fill up with scalding vinegar, in which you have put a cupful of sugar for every gallon. Cork while hot.

They will be ready for use in a month, but will be better at the end of three months.

GREEN BEANS AND RADISH PODS.—Take young French or “string” beans or radish pods just before they change color; green and pickle as you do cucumbers and gherkins.

PICKLED BUTTERNUTS AND WALNUTS.—Gather them when soft enough to be pierced by a pin. Lay them in strong brine five days, changing this twice in the meantime. Drain, and wipe them with a coarse cloth; pierce each by running a large needle through it, and lay in cold water for six hours.

To each gallon of vinegar allow a cup of sugar, three dozen each of whole cloves and black pepper-corns, half as much allspice, and a dozen blades of mace. Boil five minutes; pack the nuts in small jars and pour over them scalding hot. Repeat this twice within a week; tie up and set away.

They will be good to eat in a month—and very good too.

PICKLED CAULIFLOWER.—Pick the whitest and closest bunches. Cut into small sprays or clusters. Plunge into a kettle of scalding brine and boil three minutes. Take them out, lay upon a sieve or a cloth, sprinkle thickly with salt, and, when dry, brush this off. Cover with cold vinegar for two days, setting the jar in the sun. Then pack carefully in glass or stoneware jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar seasoned thus:

To one gallon allow a cup of white sugar, a dozen blades of mace, a tablespoonful of celery-seed, two dozen white pepper-corns and some bits of red pepper pods, a tablespoonful of coriander-seed, and the same of whole mustard. Boil five minutes. Repeat the scalding once a week for three weeks; tie up and set away. Keep the cauliflowers under the vinegar by putting a small plate on top.

SLICED CUCUMBER PICKLE (Very nice).—2 dozen large cucumbers, sliced, and boiled in

vinegar enough to cover them, one hour. Set aside in the hot vinegar.

To each gallon of cold vinegar allow—1 lb. sugar, 1 tablespoonful of cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful of ginger, 1 tablespoonful of black pepper, 1 tablespoonful of celery-seed, 1 teaspoonful of mace, 1 teaspoonful of allspice, 1 teaspoonful of cloves, 1 tablespoonful turmeric, 1 tablespoonful horseradish, scraped, 1 tablespoonful garlic, sliced, ½ teaspoonful Cayenne pepper.

Put in the cucumbers and stew two hours.

The pickle will be ready for use as soon as it is cold.

GREEN TOMATO SOY.—2 gallons tomatoes, green, and sliced with peeling, 12 good-sized onions, also sliced, 2 quarts vinegar, 1 quart sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls salt, 2 tablespoonfuls ground mustard, 2 tablespoonfuls black pepper, ground, 1 tablespoonful allspice, 1 tablespoonful cloves.

Mix all together and stew until tender, stirring often lest they should scorch. Put up in small glass jars.

This is a most useful and pleasant sauce for almost every kind of meat and fish.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLE (*Very good*).—7 lbs. ripe tomatoes, peeled and sliced, 3½ lbs. sugar, 1 oz. cinnamon and mace mixed, 1 oz. cloves, 1 quart vinegar.

Mix all together and stew an hour.

RIPE TOMATO PICKLE.—2 gallons tomatoes, peeled, but not sliced, 1 pint vinegar, 2 lbs. sugar, mace, nutmeg, and cinnamon to taste.

Put all on together, heat slowly to a boil, and simmer one hour. Put up in glass jars.

SWEET PICKLE.—PLUMS, PEARS, PEACHES, OR OTHER FRUITS.—7 lbs. fruit, pared, 4 lbs. white sugar, 1 pint strong vinegar; mace, cinnamon, and cloves.

Pare peaches and pears; prick plums and damsons, tomatoes, "globes" or husk-tomatoes (otherwise known as ground-plums), put into the kettle with alternate layers of sugar. Heat slowly to a boil; add the vinegar and spice; boil five minutes; take out the fruit with a perforated skimmer and spread upon dishes to cool. Boil the syrup thick; pack the fruit in glass jars, and pour the syrup on boiling hot.

Examine every few days for the first month, and should it show signs of fermenting set the

jars (uncovered) in a kettle of water, and heat until the contents are scalding.

Husk-tomatoes—a fruit which looks like a hybrid between the tomato and plum—are particularly nice put up in this way.

PICKLED PEACHES.—10 lbs. fruit, pared; 4½ lbs. sugar, 1 quart vinegar, mace, cinnamon, and cloves to taste.

Lay the peaches in the sugar for an hour; drain off every drop of syrup, and put over the fire with about a cup of water. Boil until the scum ceases to rise. Skim; put in the fruit and boil five minutes. Take out the peaches with a perforated skimmer, and spread upon dishes to cool. Add the vinegar and spices to the syrup. Boil fifteen minutes longer, and pour over the fruit in glass jars.

PICKLED PEACHES (*unpeeled*).—Rub the fur off with a coarse cloth, and prick each peach with a fork. Heat in *just* enough water to cover them until they almost boil; take them out and add to the water sugar in the following proportions:—For every 7 lbs. of fruit 3 lbs. of sugar. Boil fifteen minutes; skim and add—3 pints of vinegar, 1 tablespoonful (each) of allspice, mace, and cinnamon; 1 teaspoonful celery-seed, 1 teaspoonful cloves.

Put the spices in thin muslin bags. Boil all together ten minutes, then put in the fruit, and boil until they can be pierced with a straw. Take out the fruit with a skimmer, and spread upon dishes to cool. Boil the syrup until thick, pack the peaches in glass jars, and pour this over them scalding hot.

You may pickle pears in the same way without peeling.

PICKLED CHERRIES.—Morella, or large red tart cherries, as fresh as you can get them. To every quart allow a large cup of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, with a dozen whole cloves and half a dozen blades of mace.

Put the vinegar and sugar on to heat with the spices. Boil five minutes; turn out into a covered stoneware vessel, cover, and let it get perfectly cold. Strain out the spices, fill small jars three-quarters of the way to the top with fruit, and pour the cold vinegar over them. Cork or cover tightly. Leave the stems on the cherries.—From "*Common Sense in the Household*."

Literary Notices.

THE WONDERS OF PRAYER. By Henry T. Williams. (New York.)

This is a remarkable record of well authenticated answers to prayer—the record being intended as a help to Christians in doubt, fear or trouble. Many look upon prayer rather as a spiritual exercise than as a means of obtaining blessings for themselves, and others are satisfied with praying for spiritual good without an idea that it is also right to pray for temporal advantages or relief. The experience of many Christians has, however, abundantly proved that God loves to reward the faith of His children, and the incidents in this book will refresh the faith of many a doubting one. Every incident has been carefully investigated, and all are believed by the editor to be perfectly authentic, many being vouched for by well-known clergymen, and editors of religious journals. We will copy a few anecdotes taken almost at random from the mass:—

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION FROM BRAIN DIFFICULTIES.

“A few weeks ago, a man who had once been a member of my church, but had fallen from his steadfastness through strong drink, fell from a ladder, striking his head on the corner of a stone, which made a dent in the skull of over two and one-half inches in length, and three-fourths of an inch in width, and half an inch in depth. This happened on Friday afternoon. At our prayer-meeting, in the evening, most earnest prayers were offered in his behalf; the brethren prayed that God would restore him his senses and spare him a few days, that he might repent of his backsliding and be saved.

“The surgeons raised the skull, and his senses were restored; his mind seemed clear. This continued over a week, when it was evident that there was still some pressure on the brain. The surgeons removed the skull, and found three pieces driven down into the brain. They expressed, from the first, no hope of his recovery, but wondered much at the

clearness of his mind, which continued for over two weeks. We believed that it was in answer to the prayers of the Church that he might have time and opportunity to repent and prepare to meet God, which we trust he did.”

CAST OUT INTO THE STREET, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

A piteous wail was heard on the street one day, and a poor Scotchman crossed over to see the trouble. A widow and three children sat on their few articles of household furniture. Put in the street, when they could no longer find five dollars for the rent of the kennel in which, for six months, they had not lived, but existed. He had just received five dollars for a piece of work, and was hurrying home with it to his sick wife, crippled mother and two children. He thought of the piece of meat—a long untasted luxury—he meant to buy; of the tea his mother so much craved, and hesitated. Could he give these up? But the streaming eyes of the children, and the mute despair on the face of the mother, took down the scale. He ran several blocks and found an empty basement; hired it for four dollars; enlisted the sympathy and help of a colored boy to carry the furniture; put up the stove, bought a bundle of wood, pail of coal, and some provisions with the other dollar; held a little prayer-meeting on the spot, and left with the benedictions of the distressed ones filling his ears. The recital of his adventure obliterated for the time all sense of their own desires, and they thanked God together that their loss had been the widow's gain. The next morning, while taking their frugal meal, a tea dealer, for whom this man had frequently put up shelves, came to say he was short-handed, and if the Scotchman was not very busy, he would give him a regular position in his establishment, at a better salary than he could hope to earn. Meanwhile, hearing his wife was sick, he had brought her a couple pounds prime tea, and it occurred to him that venison steaks were a little out of the ordinary run of meat, and, as he had a quantity at home, he brought a couple. Thus the Lord answered the prayer of the poor and repaid the generous giver who sacrificed his money for the Lord.

A SERVANT'S PRAYER FOR A GOOD HOME.

“I was brought up religiously as a servant in a family in Connecticut, and from twelve years of age until twenty-three, knew no other home. The old couple died, and I lived with their

children, but they were so different that I became very unhappy and hardly knew what to do or which way to turn. I had no relatives, and knew nothing of any world save the little one in which I had all my life moved, and I was terribly afraid to try any other. I could only offer my constant prayer for help, and it was answered so much beyond my highest hope, and so kind were God's dealings with me that I was taken, almost without an effort of my own, into a warm loving heart, and such a happy home, and all so easily and smoothly that to me it seems like a miracle; and never can I forget while I live, nor cease to believe that truly "He is the hearer and answerer of prayer."

A FAMILY PRAY FOR A GOOD SERVANT.

"About three years since my family comfort was very much disturbed by failure to obtain a good housemaid. And, having been accustomed to wait upon God for right direction in my *temporal* as well as spiritual affairs, in simple faith I asked Him to direct me on reaching New York City to where I would find a girl of good character that would appreciate a Christian home. My steps were led to a boarding-house on Greenwich street, and on enquiring for a German or Swede girl I was told they had a nice Swede just landed. I talked to her through an interpreter and was satisfied from what she said, as well as from her countenance, that she was the one I was searching for. She came to my home and proved, in two years' service, almost faultless. In conversation one day, a short time after she came to our home, she said she had had several places offered her that morning before I came, but she did not like them: but as soon as she saw me, felt that she could go with me—she was a Christian, member of the Lutheran Church, and wanted a Christian home. Her desire was granted and my prayer was answered."

SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION.

Dr. Newman Hall, minister of Surrey Chapel, London, gives the following instances of answers to prayer from his own experience:

"The writer's brother, when superintendent of a Sunday school, felt a strong impulse, one Saturday evening, to call on a member of his Bible-class, whom he had never visited before, and to enquire if he was in any need. He found him very ill. Though the mother and sister seemed in comfortable circumstances, he felt constrained to enquire if he could aid them in any way. They burst into tears, and said that the young man had been asking for food which they had no power to supply, and that, on Monday, some of their goods were to be taken in default of the payment of rates. When he knocked at the door they were on their knees in prayer for help to be sent them. By the aid of a few friends, the difficulty was at once met—but the timely succor was felt to be the divine response to prayer.

"With that brother, the writer was once climbing the Cima di Jazzi, one of the moun-

tains in the chain of Monte Rosa. When nearly at the top, they entered a dense fog. Presently, the guides faced right about, and grounded their axes on the frozen snow-slope. The brother—seeing the slope still beyond, and not knowing it was merely the cornice, overhanging a precipice of several thousand feet—rushed onward. The writer will never forget their cry of agonized warning. His brother stood a moment on the very summit, and then, the snow yielding, began to fall through. One of the guides, at great risk, rushed after him and seized him by the coat. This tore away, leaving only three inches of cloth, by which he was dragged back. It seemed impossible to be nearer death, and yet escape. On his return home, an invalid member of his congregation told him that she had been much in prayer for his safety, and mentioned a special time when she particularly was earnest, as if imploring deliverance from some great peril. *The times corresponded.* Was not that prayer instrumental in preserving that life?"

THE WIDOW IN WANT.

A home missionary in Brooklyn, who has an enviable reputation for his entire consecration to the work of helping the poor, one day, when engaged in his benevolent works, entered a restaurant kept by a Christian friend, a man of like spirit with himself, who, in the course of conversation, related to him the following circumstances, illustrative of the power of prayer.

He had, on a certain day, cleared a large sum, part of which consisted of *Mexican dollars*. Returning home in high spirits, he felt as if he could go to sleep sweetly on this silver pillow. But a thought suddenly intruded, which gave a new turn to his feelings. It related to a poor woman in his neighborhood, the widow of a very dear friend of his, whom he knew to be in want. "Shall I take all this money to myself?" thought he. "Does not the Providence who gave it to me say, *No! Give some of it to the widow of your friend.*"

With this impression he retired, as was his habit, quite early, but he could not sleep. The thought of the needy widow haunted him. "I will go to-morrow," said he to himself, "and see what I can do for her." But this good intention proved no opiate to his disturbed mind. "Possibly she or I may not live to see to-morrow." Something seemed to say *go now*. He tossed from side to side, but could not sleep. *Go now* kept ringing in his ear. So at length the restless man had to dress himself and go.

At this late hour, not far from eleven, he sallied forth to find the widow. Seeing a dim light in the upper story where she resided, and following its lead, he crept softly along on the stairway, until he reached the room, from which a loud sound issued. The door was slightly ajar; through which he could hear the voice of prayer, scarcely audible, but deeply earnest. He dared hardly stir, lest he should disturb the praying widow. But he came on an errand, and he must accomplish it. But how? Recollecting at the moment, that he had in his pocket

a few of the *Mexican dollars*, he gently pushed at the door, and it opened just wide enough for his purpose. So taking each piece of money between his fingers, he rolled it in along the carpet, and withdrew as noiselessly as he had ascended. Returning to his home, he fell asleep and slept soundly, as well he might, after this act.

The widow at length arose from her knees, and was struck on seeing the shining money lying about her floor. Where had these pieces of silver come from? Here was a mystery she could not solve. But she knew it was from the Lord, and that he had answered her prayer. So with tears of gratitude, she gave thanks to Him, "whose is the silver and the gold."

Shortly after this event, she attended prayer-meeting, where she felt constrained to make known this wonderful interposition in answer to prayer. The Christians present were as much astonished as herself. The silence which ensued was broken by a brother of that church, who rose and said, "What this good woman has told you, is strictly true. These dollars came from the Lord. They came in answer to her prayer." He then detailed the circumstances before related. "God deputed me to carry this money, and provisionally I am here to-night to testify to the fact that God hears and answers prayer."

It seems, from a subsequent statement, that this widow owed a certain sum that she was obliged to pay immediately, and having nothing in hand, she was pleading that night that her Heavenly Father would send her the needed amount.

SAMUEL HICK'S PRAYER FOR RAIN.

Samuel Hick was one of the men of "*mighty faith*" in the Lord, and was a preacher among the Methodists of England. He was of great eminence for his happy spirit, remarkable trust, powerful and practical preaching, and unbounded liberality. Among the many incidents connected with his life of faith, we quote a few to illustrate with what simplicity he expected always an answer to his prayer, and was not satisfied until he got it:

In the course of a summer of excessive drought a few years back, the grain suffered greatly, and many of the cattle, especially in Lincolnshire, died. Samuel Hick was much affected. He visited Knaresborough, at which place he preached on the Lord's day.

Remaining in the town and neighborhood over the Sabbath, he appeared extremely restless in the house in which he resided, during the whole of Monday. He spoke but little—was full of thought, now praying, now walking about the room, next sitting in a crouching posture—then suddenly starting up and going to the door, turning his eyes toward heaven, as if looking for some celestial phenomenon, when he would return again, groan in spirit, and resume his seat. The family, being impressed with his movements, asked him whether there was anything the matter with him or whether he expected any person, as the occasion of his going to the door so frequently.

"Bless you, bairns," was his reply, "do you not recollect that I was praying for rain last night in the pulpit, and what will the infidel at Knaresborough think if it do not come; if my Lord should fail me, and not stand by me. But it must have time; it cannot be here yet; it has to come from the sea. Neither can it be seen at first. The prophet only saw a bit of cloud like a man's hand. By and by it spread along the sky. I am looking for an answer to my prayer, but it must have time.

He continued in the same unsettled state, occasionally going out, and looking with intensity on the pure azure over his head; for a *more unclouded sky was rarely ever seen*. Contrary to all external signs of rain, and contrary to the expectations of all, except himself, the sky became overcast toward evening, and the clouds dropped the fullness of a shower upon the earth. His very soul seemed to drink in the falling drops. The family grouped around him, like children around their father, while he gave out his favorite hymn "*I'll praise my Maker while I've breath*," and after singing it with a countenance all a-glow, through the sunshine of heaven upon his soul, he knelt down and prayed. All were overpowered; it was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

His biographer says of him: "Samuel had no weather-glass upon which to look except the Bible, in which he was taught to believe, and expect *that* for which he prayed; nothing on which he could depend but God, and *his faith* was set in God for *rain*."

TAVERN KEEPER OVERCOME.

Rev. Charles G. Finney relates, in his "Spirit of Prayer," of an acquaintance of his whose faith and importunity in prayer and the answer were very remarkable:

"In a town in the northern part of the State of New York, where there was a revival, there was a certain individual, who was a most violent and outrageous opposer. He kept a tavern, and used to delight in swearing at a desperate rate, whenever there were Christians within hearing, on purpose to hurt their feelings. He was so bad, that one man said he believed he should have to sell his place or give it away, and move out of town, for he could not live near a man that swore so.

"This good man of faith and prayer that I have spoken of was passing through the town and heard the case, and was very much grieved and distressed for the individual. He took him on his praying list. The case weighed on his mind when he was asleep and when he was awake. He kept thinking about him, and praying for him, for days; and the first we knew of it, this ungodly man came into a meeting, and got up and confessed his sins, and poured out his soul. His bar-room immediately became the place where they held prayer-meetings."

THE HUSHED TEMPEST.

The following circumstance is communicated to *The Christian* by a minister of the editor's

acquaintance, as a memorial of God's care for the poor and needy who trust in him :

It was about the year 1853, and near the middle of a Canadian winter, we had a succession of snowfalls, followed by high winds and severe cold. I was getting ready to haul my winter's stock of wood, for which I had to go two miles over a road running north and south, entirely unprotected from the keen cold west winds that prevail the most of the time in that part of Canada during the winter months.

The procuring of my winter's supply of wood was no small task for me, for I had very little to do with, and was unable to endure much fatigue, or bear the severe cold. I had, however, succeeded in securing the services of an excellent hand to chop and help me load, and had also engaged a horse of one neighbour, and a horse and sled of another, and was ready on Monday morning to commence my job. Monday morning the roads were fair, the day promised well, and my man was off at daybreak to the woods to have a load ready for me. There had been quite a fall of snow during the night; not enough to do any harm if it only lay still, but should the wind rise, as it had after every snow-fall before, it would make it dreadful for me. Soon as possible I harnessed my team, and started. I had not gone a quarter of a mile before it became painfully evident that a repetition of our previous "blows" was impending. The sky was dark and stormy, the wind rose rapidly, and in every direction clouds of the newly fallen snow were beginning to ride on the "wings of the wind," pouring over the fences, and filling the road full! My heart sank within me. What could I do? At this rate by next morning the roads would be impassable, and it was so cold! Besides, if I failed to go on now, it would be very difficult to get my borrowed team together again, and impossible to get my man again; and we could as well live without bread as without wood in a Canadian winter.

Every moment the wind increased. In deep distress, I looked upon the threatening elements, exclaiming over and over, "What shall I do?" I felt then that there was but one thing that I could do, and that was just what poor sinking Peter did; and with feelings I imagine something like his, I looked up to God, and cried out, "O my God, this is more than I am able to bear. Lord, help me! The elements are subject to Thee; Thou holdest the winds in Thy fist. If Thou wilt speak the word, there will be a great calm. Oh, for Jesus' sake, and for the sake of my little helpless family, let this snow lie still and give me an opportunity of accomplishing this necessary labor comfortably!" I do not think it was above fifteen minutes after I began to call upon the Lord before there was a visible change. The wind began to subside, the sky grew calm, and in less than half an hour all was still, and a more pleasant time for wood-hauling than I had that day, I never saw nor desire to see. Many others beside me enjoyed the benefit of that "sudden change" of weather, but to them it was only a "nice spell of weather,"

a "lucky thing;" while to me it was full of sweet and encouraging tokens of the "loving-kindness of the Lord." And now, after so many years, I feel impelled to give this imperfect narrative, to encourage others in the day of trouble to call upon the Lord; and also, as a tribute of gratitude to Him who has "never said to the house of Jacob, Seek ye my face in vain."

CHILD PRESERVED FROM WOLVES.

A little girl only nine years old, named Sutherland, living at Platteville, Col., was recently saved from death by ferocious forest wolves as follows: The child went with her father on a cold afternoon to the woods to find the cattle, and was told to follow the calves home, while the father continued his search for the cows. She did so, but the calves misled her, and very soon she became conscious that she was lost. Night came on, and with it the cold of November and the dreaded wolves. With a strange calmness she continued on her uncertain way. The next day, Sunday, at 10 A. M., she reached, in her wanderings, the house of John Beebe, near a place called Evans, having travelled constantly eighteen hours, and a distance of not less than twenty-five miles. *All night the wolves growled around her, but harmed her not*; neither was she in the least frightened by them. All know that in ordinary cases fierce packs of blood-thirsty wolves would devour a man, and even a horse. But this little one was invincible in her trusting, simple faith. The narrative states: "She said that the wolves kept close to her heels and snapped at her feet; but her mother told her that if she was good the Lord would *always* take care of her; so she asked the Lord to take care of her, and she knew the wolves would not hurt her, *because God wouldn't let them!*" The child was hunted for by a great number of people, and being found was restored shortly to her parents in perfect health and soundness.

ASKING HELP IN STUDY.

"A little boy was at school, he was diligent, and determined to succeed, but found that parsing was rather hard.

"One day he went to his mamma for a little help in analyzing some sentences. She told him the proper manner of doing it, and he followed her directions; but he was much troubled that he could not understand the whys and wherefores himself.

"His mamma told him it was rather hard for him then, but that after he had studied a little longer, it would be quite easy.

"Johnnie went into another room to study alone, but after a little came back, his face perfectly radiant with joy. He said: 'Oh mamma, I want to begin again. I asked Jesus to help me, and now I think I just see how it is. He always helps us when we ask him;' and with unspeakable delight he with his mamma went over his lesson again."

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a sequel to "Helen's Babies," and contains an account of Mrs. Burton's attempt at managing Toddie and Budge. Readers of "Helen's Babies" will remember that Mrs. Burton was formerly a Miss Mayton, who had herself been very well brought up. This lady, confident in her powers of training other people's children, rashly undertakes the charge of the restless boys for a few days, but is signally routed in every conflict. The moral of the book so far as the training of children is concerned is not, in our view, a particularly good one, but the volume is amusing enough, and may be trusted to carry its own antidote along with it. Mr. Habberton takes pains to explain in the preface that the five volumes which he has published since "Helen's Babies" became an established success, were, with the exception of this one, all either partially or wholly written before that story had gained more than ordinary attention. He also assures the public that neither "Helen's Babies" nor "Other People's Children" is a recital of his own personal experience.

THE SHOTTED SOLDIER.

"Your papa is going to come for you as he returns from the city," said Mr. Burton. "I think he wants to tell you some things before you go home. You little boys don't know yet how to act in a house where there are sick mammas and little babies!"

"Oh, yes, we do!" said Budge. "All we've got to do is to sit still, and look at 'em with all our mights!"

"Only dzust dzump up ev'ry two or free minutes to kiss 'em," suggested Toddie.

"Yes," said Budge, "and to pat their cheeks."

"An' to put nice things to eat in their mouths, like papa an' mamma does to us when we're sick," added Budge.

"An' make music for 'em," said Toddie.

"An' give 'em pennies," said Budge.

"An' shake their savin's banks for 'em to make the pennies rattle, like Budge did for me once when I was too sick to rattle my own bank," said Toddie, bestowing a frantic hug upon his brother.

"An' put the room to rights for 'em," said Budge.

"An' bring 'em in nice mud pies all ready baked, like I did once for Budge, to play wif on the bed when he was sick," said Toddie.

"An' dance for 'em," suggested Budge. "That's the way I used to do for Baby Phillie, an' it always made him so happy."

"An' put up pictures on the wall for 'em," said Toddie. "We's got whole newspapers full that we's cutted out up in your garret, and there's a whole bottle of mucilage——"

"My war-file of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated News!*" exclaimed Mr. Burton. "How did they find that? Oh, this cross of love!"

"Whole bottle of mucilage in papa's room to stick 'em on wif," continued Toddie, "an' mamma's room is nice pink, like the leaves of my scrap-book that pictures look so pretty on."

"And these are the child-ideas of being good and useful!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, as the boys forgot everything else in the discovery of their uncle's razor-strop with an extension arrangement at the end.

"Yes," sighed Mr. Burton, "and they're not much nearer the proper thing, in spite of their good intentions, than the plans of grown people for the management of children, the reformation of the world, and a great many other things."

"Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, in injured tones.

"No personal allusion, my dear," said Mr. Burton, quickly. "I'd no thought of anything of the kind. Both adults and children mean well enough; the difference is, that the former wonder why their ideas are not appreciated, while with the children the energies of parents and teachers are devoted to treating imperfect ideas as great sins. How many children could do the kindnesses which Budge and Toddie have devised in the tenderness of their dear little hearts, and not be scolded and whipped for their pains? What hosts of children I know who have had all the good blood and kind heart and honest head scolded and beaten out of them, and only the baser qualities of their natures allowed to grow, and these only because in youth many of them are dormant and don't make trouble!"

"Why, Harry! What a preacher you are—what a *terrible* preacher!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton.

"Where does the terror come in?" asked Mr. Burton, with signs of that indignation which every man with an idea in advance of his generation must frequently experience.

"Why, to imply that there's so much injustice being done to children," said the lady.

"Of course the saying of it is worse than the fact of its existence," remarked Mr. Burton, with a curl of lip.

"Please don't speak in that cruel way," said Mrs. Burton. "It isn't anything of the sort—excepting for a moment or two."

Mr. Burton apologized and restored confidence without saying a word, and then the couple turned instinctively to look at the first causes of their conversation, but the boys were gone.

"The tocsin of their souls, the dinner-bell—breakfast-bell, I mean—has probably sounded," said Mr. Burton, "and I'm as hungry as a bear myself. Let's descend, and see what they've succeeded in doing within five brief minutes."

The Burtons found the dining-room, but not the boys, and the chambermaid was sent in search of them. The meal was slowly consumed, but the boys did not appear.

"You'd better have the cook prepare something additional," suggested Mr. Burton, as he arose and started for his train. "The appetite of the small boy is a principal that accumulates frightful usury in a very small while after maturity."

Mrs. Burton acted upon her husband's suggestion, and busied herself about household affairs for an hour or more, until, learning that the boys had not yet arrived, she strolled out in some apprehension to search for them.

Supposing that they might have been overpowered by their impatience so far as to have gone home at once, she visited the residence of her sister-in-law, and enquired of the faithful Mike.

"Dhivil a bit have they been here," replied Michael. "Ain't we eye-sore for the soight of 'em all the while? They're nowhere about here, rest ye aisy."

"I'm afraid they may be lost!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton.

Mike burst into a prolonged horse-laugh, and then, recovering himself by sundry contortions and swallowings he replied:

"Beggins yer pardon, ma'am, but I couldn't help it—as the Blessed Virgin is smoilin' in heaven I cudden't—but thim byes can niver be lost. Lost, is it? Cud ye lose a ghost or a bird? They'll foind their way anywhere they've been once, an' if they haven't been there before, they'll belave they have, an' foind their way out all right. Save ye'er boddher till dinner-toime, an', mark me wurruds, ye'll foind yev no nade av it. Lost!"

And Mike burst into another laugh that he hurried into the stable to hide, while Mrs. Burton returned to her own home with a mind almost quiet.

The morning ended in lunch-time, however, and no small boys appeared at the table. Mrs. Burton's fears came back with increased strength, and she hurried off again to Mike, and implored him to go in search of the children.

The sight of an ugly-looking tramp or two by the way suggested the mystery of Charley Ross to Mrs. Burton, and brought some miserable tears to her eyes. Even the doubting Mike, when he learned that the children had eaten nothing that day, grew visibly alarmed, and mounted one of his master's horses in hot haste.

"Where are you going first, Mike?" asked Mrs. Burton.

"Dhivil a bit do I know," exclaimed Mike; "but I'm goin' to foind 'em, an' may the blessed saints go wid me!"

Away galloped Mike, and Mrs. Burton, fearing lest the alarm might reach the boy's mother, hurried home, started the cook upon one road, the chambermaid on another, and herself took a

third, while Mike sought the candy-store, the school-house, sundry bridges over brooks, and various other places that boys delight in.

Mrs. Burton's own course was along a road leading up a rugged, heavily-wooded hill called by courtesy a mountain, but she paused so many times to call, to listen, to step considerably out of her way to see if dimly descried figures were not those of her nephews, and to discover that what seemed in the forest to be boyish figures were only stumps of bushes, that she spent at least two hours upon the road, which doubled so many times upon itself. Suddenly she saw, on the rugged road beyond her, a familiar figure dragging a large green bough.

"Budge!" she screamed, and ran toward him. The little figure turned its head, and Mrs. Burton was shocked to see a very haggard face, whose whiteness intensified the staring eyes, pink, distended nostrils, and thin, drawn lips of her nephew. And upon the bough, holding to one of the upper sprigs tightly with one hand, while with the other he clutched something green and crumpled, lay Toddie, dust-incrusted from head to foot.

"Oh, what has happened!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton.

Toddie raised his head and exclaimed:

"I'zhe a shotted soldier bein' tookted to where the shooters can't catch me, like sometimes they used to be in the war."

As for Budge, he dropped in the road and cried.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Mrs. Burton, kneeling beside Toddie and taking him in her arms, and Toddie replied:

"Ow!"

"Budge, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Burton, replacing Toddie and hurrying to his brother, "what has happened? Do tell me!"

Budge opened his eyes and mouth very reluctantly and replied in a very thin voice:

"Wait till I get alive again, an' I'll tell you. I haven't got many words inside of me now—they're all dropped out, I'se so tired, an' oh—"

Budge closed his eyes again. Mrs. Burton picked him up tenderly, sat upon a large stone, rocked back and forth with him, kissed him repeatedly, and cried over him, while Toddie turned over on his stomach, surveyed the scene with apparent satisfaction and remarked:

"Say, Aunt Alish, its djolly to be a shotted soldier."

Budge slowly recovered, put his arms around his aunt very tightly, and finally said:

"Oh, Aunt Alice, 'twas awful!"

"Tell me all about it, dear," said Mrs. Burton, "when you feel well enough. Where have you been all day? Aunty's heart has been almost broken about you."

"Why, you see," said Budge, "we wanted to do something nice for you, 'fore we went home to stay, 'cause you've been so nice to us. Why, when we talked about it we couldn't think of a single unpleasant thing you'd done to us, though I'm sure you *have* done some. Anyhow, we couldn't 'member any."

"'Cept sayin' 'Don't!' lotsh of timesh," marked Toddie.

"Well," said Budge, "Tod thought 'bout that, but we made up our minds perhaps we needed that said to us. An' we couldn't think of anything nicer than to get you some wild flowers, *ev'ry* body's got *tame* flowers, you know, so we thought wild ones would be nicer. An' we thought we could get 'em 'fore breakfas' if we'd hurry up: so off we came right up to the foot of the mountain, but there wasn't any—I guess they wasn't awake yet, or else they'd gone to sleep. Then we didn't know *what* to do."

"'Cept get you some bych (birch) bark," said Toddie.

"Yes," said Budge, "but birch bark is to eat an' not to look at, an' we wanted to give you somethin' you could see, an' remember us a few days by."

"An' all of a sudden *I* said 'fynes!' (ferns) said Toddie.

"Yes," said Budge, "Tod *said* it first, but I *thought* it the same second, an' there's sech *love-ly* ferns up in the rocks—don't you see?"

Mrs. Burton looked and shuddered; the cliff above her head was a hundred feet high, jagged all over its front, yet from each crevice exquisite ferns posed their graceful fronds before the cold gray of the rock.

"'Twasn't here," said Budge: "'twas away up around the corner where the rocks ain't so high, but they're harder to climb. We climbed up here first."

"Oh, you dreadful, darling children!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, giving Budge a squeeze of extra severity. "To think of two little children going up such a dreadful place! Why, it makes me dizzy to see your Uncle Harry do it."

"Ain't childrens when we climbs mountainsh," asserted Toddie. "We'z *mans* then."

"Well," continued Budge, "we got lots, and throwed each one away 'cause we kept seein' nicer ones higher up. Say, Aunt Alish, what's the reason things higher up always look extra nice?"

"I know," said Toddie.

"Why is it, then, Toddie?" asked Mrs. Burton.

"'Cauzh theyzh closer to hebben," said Toddie. "'G'won, Budgie—I likes to hear about it, too."

"Well," said Budge, "at last we got to a place where the rocks all stopped an' some more began, an' upon them was the loveliest ferns of all."

"An' I went up that mountain fyst *I* did," said Toddie.

"Yes, Tod *did*, the blessed little sassy rascal," said Budge, blowing a kiss to his brother. "I told him I didn't believe that any ferns was nicer than any others, but he said, 'Lord'll make some, so then for Aunt Alish.' And up he went, jus' like a spider."

"Went up *fyst*," said Toddie.

"Course you did," said Budge, "'cause I didn't go up at all. And Tod was pullin' at a big fern with his back to me, an' the first thing I

knew there he was in air layin' down sideways on nothin'. Then he hollered."

"'Cauzh I comed down bunk on whole lotsh of little wocks," explained Toddie. "But I didn't lose the fyne—here 'tish!" And Toddie held up a badly crushed and wilted ball of something that had once been a fern, seeing which Mrs. Burton sat Budge upon the stone, hurried to Toddie, thrust the bruised fern into her bosom, and kissed its captor soundly.

"Hold me some more," said Budge. "I don't feel very good yet."

"Then what did you do?" asked Mrs. Burton, resuming her positoin as nurse.

"Why, Tod went on hollerin', an' he couldn't walk, so I helped him down to the road, an' he couldn't walk yet—"

Mrs. Burton hastened again to Toddie and carefully examined his legs without finding any broken bones.

"The hurt is in the bottom part of my leg an' the top part of my foot," said Toddie, who had sprained his ankle.

"An' he just hollered 'mam-ma' an' 'pa-pa' so sad," continued Budge. "An 'twas awful. An' I looked up the road, an' there wasn't anybody, an' down the road, an' there wasn't any body, an' down the front of the mountain, an' there wasn't anybody, an' I didn't know what to do, 'cause it wouldn't do to go way off home to tell, when a poor little brother was feelin' so dreadful bad. Then I remembered how papa said he'd some time seen shot soldiers carried away when there wasn't any wagons. So I pulled at the limb of a tree to get the thing to drag him on."

"Why, Budge!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, "You don't mean to say you got that bough all alone by yourself, do you!"

"Well, no—I guess not," said Budge, hesitatingly. "I pulled at one after another, but not one of them would split, and then I thought of somethin', and kneeled right down by the tree an' told the Lord all about it, an' told Him I knew He didn't want poor little hurt Tod to lie there all day, an' wouldn't He *please* help me break a limb to draw him on. An' when I got up off my knees I was as strong as forty thousand horses. I don't think I needed the Lord to help me a bit then. An' I just gave one pull at the limb, and down it came kersplit, an' I put Tod on it, and dragged him. But I tell you it was hard!"

"'Twash fun, too," said Toddie, "'cept when it went where there was little rocks in the road, an' they came up an' hitted the hurt playshe."

"I dragged it in the soft parts of the road," said Budge, "whenever I could, but sometimes there wasn't any soft place all across the road. An' things jumped inside of me—that little heart-engine, you know—*awful*. I could only go about a dozen steps without stoppin' to rest, an' then Tod stopped cryin' an' said he was hungry, an' that reminded me that I was hungry, too."

"But we didn't lose the fyne," said Toddie. Mrs. Burton took the memento from her breast and kissed it.

"Why," said Budge, "you *do* like it awful, don't you? All right, then, Tod an' me don't care for brothers an' hurts then, do we, Tod?"

"No, indeedy," said Toddie. "Not when we can ride like shotted soldiers, an' get home to get breksup an' lunch togever."

"Neither of you shall have any more trouble about getting home," said Mrs. Burton. "Just sit here quietly while I go and send a carriage for you!"

"My!" said Budge. "That'll be lovely—won't it, Tod? Ain't you glad you got hurt? But say, Aunt Alice, haven't you got any crackers in your pockets?"

"Why, no—certainly not," exclaimed the lady, temporarily losing her tenderness.

"Oh," said Budge. "I thought you might have. Papa always does when he goes out to look for us when we stay away from home a good while."

Suddenly a horse's hoofs were heard on the road below.

"I shouldn't wonder if that was Mike," said Mrs. Burton. "He has been out on horseback looking for you!"

"I shouldn't wonder if 'twas papa," said Budge. "He's the funniest man for always comin' anywhere just when we need him most."

"An' wif crackers," remarked Toddie.

The clattering hoofs came nearer, though slower, and finally, true to the children's intuitions, around the bend of the road came Tom Lawrence on horseback, an old army haversack and canteen slung over his shoulder.

"Pa-pa!" shouted both boys; "hooray!"

Tom Lawrence waved his hat, and Toddie shrieked, "He's got the crackers—I see the bag!"

The father reined up suddenly and dismounted.

Budge rushed to his arms, and Toddie exclaimed:

"Papa, guesh it's a long time since you's seen a shotted soldier, ain't it?"

Then Toddie was placed in the saddle, and Budge behind him, and the precious haversack was opened and found to contain sandwiches, and both boys tried to drink out of the canteen and poured a great deal of water in their bosoms, and Tom led the horse carefully, and Mrs. Burton walked upon one side, with a hand under Toddie's lame leg to keep the bruised ankle from touching the saddle, and she did not swerve from the middle of the dusty road, even when carriages full of stylish acquaintances were met, and both little heroes, like men of larger growth, forgot at once that they had ever been heroic, and they prattled as inconsequently as any couple of silly children could have done, and the horse was led by a roundabout road so that no one might see the party and apprise Mrs. Lawrence that anything unusual had happened, and the boys were heavily bribed to tell their mother nothing until their father had first explained, and they were carried in, each in his father's arms to kiss their mamma, and when they undressed and went to bed, the sister-baby

was by special dispensation of the nurse allowed to lie between them for a few moments, and the evening ceremonies were prolonged indefinitely by the combined acts of boys and parent, and then Budge knelt and prayed:

"Dear Lord, we're awful glad to get back home again, 'cause nobody can be like papa and mamma to us, an' I'm so thankful I don't know what to do for bein' made so strong when I wanted to break that limb off of the tree, an' bless dear Aunt Alice for findin' us, and bless poor Mike *more*, 'cause he tried to find us an' was disappointed, an' make every little boy's papa just like ours, to come to 'em just when they need him, just like—You. Amen."

And Toddie shut his eyes in bed, and said: "Dec Lord, I went up the mountain fyst—don't forget *that*. Amen."

NICHOLAS MINTURN. By J. G. Holland. Scribner & Co: New York.

This is a novel in which the dark problem of pauperism, in large cities, and especially in New York, is intelligently discussed. The hero—a wealthy young man—is represented as experimenting in various ways for the good of the pauper population in general, and in particular for the good of those who tried to impose upon him by begging stories. The following extracts will give an idea of Dr. Holland's views on this important subject:—

"The Larkin Bureau" was in session again. It was the habit of this little group, consisting of the young people with whom our story has made the reader familiar, and others with whose personalities the story does not need to be burdened, to relate their experiences and to discuss "ways and means." Their interest in these meetings surpassed that with which they regarded any of the other of the social assemblages of the winter.

Already hints of some of the fresh experiences of Nicholas had been gathered by different members of the company, and all were desirous to hear the complete story from his own lips. They listened with the profoundest interest, and with much laughter, to the recital of the incidents connected with his encounter with, and capture of, the three rogues he had undertaken to reform. Quite unconsciously to himself, he revealed his own gifts and his own character in his narrative, as vividly as he did those of the rogues. Miss Larkin and Glezen exchanged significant glances, which meant: "He is even better and brighter than we thought him to be."

"Now, Mr. Minturn, what are you going to do with these men?" inquired Miss Larkin.

"That is the question you are to help me to answer," he replied.

"But you have your own idea?"

"Yes, I know what needs to be done. They must be kept busy, and kept interested and contented. They are, in some way, to be so helped back to their sense of manhood, and they are so to commit themselves to a new course of life that they will never fall again. How to effect these objects is the great question, and I really feel incompetent to answer it."

"The difficulty to be overcome in the attempt to reform a pauper of any sort, it seems to me," said Miss Larkin, "lies in the impossibility of placing him in dignified conditions. No matter what ambitions and resolutions you may be able to stir in a man whose conditions are mean and suggestive only of his animal wants, they fade out when he realizes the setting in which his life is placed. His wife and children are ragged, his tenement is filthy, his neighborhood is base, and everything around him is a draught upon his self-respect. How he is to get that which will keep him and his alive is the ever-present question. Every thought is concentrated upon his animal life. Every thought of his neighbor is engaged in the same way. In this respect they are all like babies. Everything that comes to their hands is carried at once to their mouths. They cannot see any significance in the Christianity which good people preach to them unless it will, in some way, feed them or give them money."

"Well, I have removed my men from their mean conditions," said Nicholas, "and I shall lend them books and pictures."

"I was not thinking so much about them, as about those who are in worse conditions," said Miss Larkin. "If we could only contrive, in some way, to dignify the facts of their every-day life and surroundings, to inspire ambitions and emulations among them, to enable them to see that even poverty has its poetical side, and that their pinched lives may be dignified by humble spiritualities, we could do much for them. Until we can accomplish this, every good thing which we do for them will be debased. We must make men and women of them before they will answer to motives addressed to men and women. There is no use in addressing our religion to an open mouth; we must have the open mind and heart."

"You have taken a very large contract, my good friends," says Glezen, who had never entered very heartily into their schemes. "Wise heads have been trying to solve this problem for a great many years, and they have never solved it."

"Well," said Nicholas, "perhaps the solution of the problem is to be revealed unto babies. I believe in Christian benevolence, of the right sort, but I suspect that the benevolence of propagandism is not exactly the thing for our pauper population. There is one field, it seems to me, which Christian benevolence has never properly occupied. It has fed the mouth and clothed the back, and thus nursed the very greed which it ought to have destroyed. When it has done this, it has undertaken to give to the pauperism it has helped to develop, the Christian religion. I don't believe it can be made to

grow on such a stock. I believe you might just as well preach religion to a stableful of ravenous horses. There is an intermediate ground that Christian benevolence generally has failed to occupy. There is, now and then, a missionary or a Christian preacher, who sees the right thing to be done; but most of them ignore the conditions of the life they attempt to benefit, and, after cramming and clothing the body, present their religion in the form of a sermon or a tract. I feel sure that if three-quarters of the money that has been expended on food and clothing, and Sunday-schools and preaching, had been devoted to the enterprise of placing the pauper population in better conditions,—to giving them better tenements, better furniture, instructions in the facts and possibilities of common life, entertaining books, suggestive pictures, and training in household arts,—the good results to religion itself would be ten-fold greater than they are."

"Where did you learn all this?" inquired Glezen, with genuine surprise.

"I never learned it; I see it," replied Nicholas. "I thank God that I never learned anything to cloud my instincts in this matter."

"Well, you seem to have succeeded very well with the three fellows whose salvation you have undertaken, so far. The end is not yet, even with them, but I'm inclined to think you can manage them."

"I am going to make them help me in some way," said Nicholas. "The reformed drunkard knows what motives to address to a man who is still a slave to his vice, and I don't see why a reformed pauper cannot be as useful to the class from which he has risen."

"We must all be careful about one thing," said Miss Larkin; "we must be careful not to forget that the poor who need aid are not all voluntary paupers, and we must not forget the little children."

This remark brought out Miss Coates, whose whole heart was with the children, and who believed that the way to cure pauperism was to stop raising paupers.

"Now you touch the vital point," she said. "I have not much faith in the reformation of the confirmed paupers, but I have great faith in the training up of a generation of children that will wipe out pauperism."

"Do you suppose you can counteract on Sunday a week's teaching in pauperism?" inquired Nicholas. "Do you suppose that children who live in a room little better than a sty, and who hear nothing talked of but food and the easiest way to get it, and who are instructed to manage for the reception of benefactions from their teachers, can be cured of pauperism in a Sunday-school? Their whole life is in pauper homes and pauper conditions."

"They can be taught honesty and truthfulness and moral obligation, at least," she responded.

"Under hopeless disadvantages, I fear," he said.

"Would you advise that we let them alone?" she enquired.

"No, but they ought to have something more done for them—something more and of a dif-

ferent kind. Your teaching will go to waste, otherwise. You will find that parental influence will quite overbalance yours."

"I am ready to learn," she said; "but until I do learn I shall work in the old way."

"Oh, tell us about Bob Spencer," said Miss Imansee, who was getting somewhat bored by the character of the discussion, in which she was incompetent to bear a part.

Miss Coates laughed. She had a good deal to tell beyond what she had reported on the night of her visit to the Spencer family. Even Glezen had heard nothing of her Sunday experiences, and when, in her own lively and graphic way, she related the incidents of her memorable encounter with one who was so very sure that he was a bad boy, his merriment was without bounds. He walked the room and clapped his hands, and roared with laughter.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Good! Now you touch what you call the vital point. These fellows all need flogging—every man and boy of them. I tell you that what we call the Christian amenities and forbearances are lost on this whole crew. They don't understand them, and they despise them. Bob Spencer is not a pauper exactly, but he is in danger of becoming one, by his associations; and I believe his soul is as good as saved. Didn't he fight?"

"How could he?"

"And has he been to your school again?"

"Regularly."

"How does he behave?"

"He not only behaves well himself, but he keeps the other boys in order, and I believe he would fight for me at the shortest notice against the greatest odds."

"Nowhere's a reformation worth having," said Glezen. "Don't leave chastisement out of your scheme, Nicholas. I tell you it's worth more than all your preaching and teaching. Knock the wickedness out of them, and drive the goodness in. Sentiment is lost in this business. Miss Coates has made my life brighter from this hour, and Bob Spencer has become very dear to my heart. I'll engage him for an office boy to-morrow."

"Oh, will you?" said Miss Coates with delight.

"Don't strike me!" said Glezen, dodging, as if he expected a blow. "I assure you I meant him no harm. I'll dress him in a blue roundabout with brass buttons, and lavish my wasting affections upon him."

The reader has already perceived that Glezen had a sharper bark than bite, and that while he assumed the attitude of an outside critic, he was quite ready to second, in any practical way that was possible to a man absorbed in his own affairs, the operations of the enthusiasts around him. His interest in his new clerk was genuine and his knowledge of men enabled him to manage him with prudent skill. He saw that Bob Spencer had been thoroughly shamed, and brought to a "realizing sense" of the fact that he was not a very bad boy after all. That he had been heartily flogged, and had responded kindly to the influence of the discipline, won his heart for the boy.

"You are very kind," said Miss Coates.

"Up to the measure of my interests, and the capacities of my office—that's all," said he. "You must see," he went on, "that I cannot do any more for you. I'm not the keeper of a museum for the storage of your trophies. You will be obliged to enlarge your acquaintance. I can take care of one or two of the first drops, but, when the shower comes, buckets will not do. You will be obliged to build a reservoir."

When the laugh that followed Glezen's words had subsided, Miss Larkin said:

"There is one subject I would like to hear discussed to-night. I need to be instructed upon it, for, as it stands now in my mind, it is a burden upon my judgment and my conscience."

"Broach it, by all means," said Glezen, promptly. "Knowledge is of no account in this company, so long as we have a man here who sees. Ladies, Mr. Minturn awaits the question."

"I'm very much in earnest, Mr. Glezen," said Miss Larkin, "so please don't make fun of me, or of anybody. You know that the times are very hard. The poor throughout the city are suffering, and we are all called upon to help them. Now, the question as to what we who have money can do for them, without injuring them, is a very important one. I have felt as if I could not spend a penny on myself—as if I ought to curtail my comforts, and drop all my luxuries. It somehow seems when I purchase anything for my own gratification as if I were taking the bread out of mouths that are starving. My life is really made quite unhappy by this thought."

"Put her out of her misery at once, Nicholas," said Glezen. "If you don't, I shall be obliged to do it myself."

"Perhaps we had better learn what the wisdom of the world says first," said Nicholas, with a laugh, "and, if that fails, we'll fall back on the unsophisticated instinct."

"Well," said Glezen, "I suppose I am a little heterodox on this matter. One fact, however, we may all regard as established, viz., that it is a curse to a poor man to give him what his labor can fairly earn. I know it is the custom of rich people, when hard times come down upon the community, to cut off their luxuries, and all unnecessary expenditures, not because they cannot afford them, but from fear of some disaster that may come to them. They give up their carriages, stop dining their friends, suppress their social assemblies, cease buying clothes, and by every action and all their policy do what they can to deprive those who have ministered to their artificial wants—to their extravagances, if you please—of employment. When they have done this, and brought about a state of starvation among those who have depended upon them, then they wonder whether they had better make paupers of them or set them to work."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"I see, and I thank you," said Miss Larkin.

"Don't thank me," said Glezen. "Spare my blushes. You embarrass me."

"Go on," said Miss Coates, who was getting new ideas, and arriving at the practical centre of the subject much quicker than she had expected to.

"Well, it seems to me," Glezen proceeded, "that if ever there is a time in a rich man's life when he should indulge in luxuries, or, perhaps, I should say, use his money in such a way as to give people work to do, it is in a time of depression like this. If he has building to do, let him build. Materials and labor are cheap, and he will never have so good a time again. He certainly will not if he waits until better times arrive. Instead of this, he shuts up his purse, curtails his expenses, and waits while people starve. The truth is, that half the evils which the poor are feeling now come from the rich man's short-sightedness and cowardliness. Every luxury that he indulges in gives work to somebody. Every enterprise that he engages in puts bread into hungry mouths. I should say that every rich man who cuts off his luxuries in a time like this, or fails to devise all possible schemes to keep the poor employed, and then sits down and doles out his money to keep them from starving, most lamentably fails of doing his duty. I'm not a rich man, but if any of my good friends have more money than they know what to do with, I advise them to spend it for something that will give work to idle hands,—to do this at once, and do it all the time. The work that produces a garment which you procure as a luxury, is to the person who makes it a necessity. The house which you build in a time of depression helps to bring the better time when you can get a good rent for it. The fact is that the good time we are all waiting for is locked up in the form of money in the coffers of those who refuse to use it to their own advantage, as well as to the advantage of those who are suffering for lack of labor."

"I'm sure I don't think you are very heterodox," said Miss Larkin. "I am sure you have common sense on your side, and I know that my way seems much clearer to me, and that I feel very much relieved."

"So say we all," said Nicholas.

A SCHEME PROPOSED.

When these questions were answered, and the brief discussions to which they gave rise had died away, Nicholas said:

"Gentlemen, the story of my work here is but the prelude to a proposition which I have to make. It should come through weightier words than mine,—from an older man and a man more widely known,—but if the proposition has any strength, it has it in itself and not in me. It is well, perhaps, that it will come to you without any great name and influence behind it, so that you may consider and handle it on its own merits.

"I have, during my few months of experience, become most discouragingly aware of the utter incompetency of the present modes of dealing with pauperism, and I have come to the profound, and what seems to me the irreversible,

conviction, that there need not be one hundred willing paupers, at any one time, in the city of New York."

"Oh!" "oh!" "oh!" came up in tones of incredulity from every part of the hall.

Nicholas felt the sting and it did him good. "If there had ever been in this city," he went on, "a single great organization, either of benevolence or police, which embraced every district of the city in its surveillance and its offices of administration, and that organization had fallen into a hundred pieces, which had been grasped at and appropriated by opposing sects and rival guilds and associations, we could come to but one conclusion, viz., that the great enterprise of helping the poor was in a state of organized disorganization. That, as I apprehend it, is precisely the condition of this great enterprise to-day. Our organization is disorganization. These warring parts, informed and moved by discordant aims, vitalized by differing and often jarring motives, seeking incongruous ends, ought to be the factors of a harmonious whole. What are you doing now, gentlemen, but padding around among palliations? What are many of you doing but nourishing—not designedly of course, and not directly, perhaps, but still nourishing, in spite of yourselves—the very vice whose consequences you are endeavoring to assuage? What are you doing but trying to build up separate interests in a cause which, in its very nature, has but one? How much of private, church and political interest stands organized, aggressive and self-defensive at the head of your great charities? And what have you done? The station-houses are thronged every night with disgusting tramps and paupers who haunt your kitchens for food, who hold out their hands to you in the street, who refuse work when it is offered to them, and who shame the sun-light with their filthy rags. Does your work grow less with all your expenditures? Is pauperism decreasing? Is it not coming in upon you and beating upon your sympathies and your efforts in constantly augmenting waves?"

Nicholas was entirely aware that he had assumed a tone and directness of address that were unbecoming to him, but he had been stirred to them by the sneers and the quiet, amused glances that he witnessed before him.

"I do not intend to make myself offensive to you," he said, "and I beg you to forgive such extravagance as may spring from my deep feeling on the subject."

"Will Mr. Minturn kindly give us his scheme?" said a bland-faced gentleman who rose in the audience.

"With pleasure," Nicholas responded. "I would like to see every charitable organization existing in this city, including my own enterprise, swept out of existence. I would like to see established in their place a single organization whose grand purpose it is to work a radical cure of pauperism. I would like to see the city government, which is directly responsible for more than half the pauperism we have, united in administration with the chosen representatives of the benevolence of the city, in the working out

of this grand cure. I would like to see the city divided into districts so small that one man can hold in each, not only a registry of every family living in it, but obtain and preserve a knowledge of each family's circumstances and character. I would have a labor-bureau in every district, in connection with this local superintendent's office. I would have the record of every man and woman even more complete than any that has ever been made by your mercantile agencies. I would have such vagrancy as we find illustrated by the tramps and dead-beats who swarm about the city a sufficient crime for condemnation to hard labor in prisons and factories built for that purpose. I would make beggary on the street a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment. I would have every helpless person understand where help in emergencies can always be had by a representation of facts, subject to immediate and competent examination. I would see the matter so arranged that a premium would be put upon the truth, and a ban upon falsehood. Temperance and intemperance should always be considerations in dealing with the poor. There is no limit to the benefits which such an organization as this would have the power to inaugurate and perpetuate, and, gentlemen, I verily believe that under its intelligent and faithful administration we could banish beggars from the streets, introduce a new era of prosperity and virtue among all the suffering poor, and save ourselves forever from the terrible pauperization that curses and almost kills the cities of the Old World."

It was a great scheme, or a great dream, and the audience listened to it in profound silence.

"Such, roughly sketched and with but few details, is the outline of a plan in which I have such perfect faith that I am willing to pledge for its support all the money that I feel at liberty to spare from my fortune. I believe in it so entirely, that I should be willing to give my life to it. No argument could heighten my conviction, no demonstration could make me surer of my conclusion."

A curious change had passed over the audience during the quick sketching of this grand scheme. The men who had come in, representing various organizations and enterprises, were at once united in a common front against a plan which would abolish their offices, level the eminences on which they stood, and not only subordinate but destroy their hold upon the public. There was perfect mutual understanding amongst them in a moment.

One after another rose, uttered his little compliment to Nicholas, expressed his conviction that the people were not ready for so sweeping a measure as this, admitted that the policy of cure had not yet received the attention which its importance demanded, and then each agreed with somebody else that this great army of laborers in the field of public beneficence, fighting their way toward one great end, under different generals, with different motives and watchwords, was a most inspiring sight. Sentiment and rhetoric were harnessed together to

draw the dead bull out of the arena, and flowers were tossed upon the carcass as it disappeared.

Nicholas was sick at heart. He had seen the old, shabby trick of attributing to the people the lack of readiness for a desirable reform by leaders whom such a reform would carry out of business too often to fail to gather its meaning. He had been complimented and tolerated; but the scheme from which he had hoped so much, and to which he was willing to sacrifice so much, had been carefully and politely pooh-poohed out of the realm of possibilities.

So far as he was concerned, the work of the evening was done; and he was about to say this to the audience before him, when an old gentleman in spectacles arose, and, in moving a vote of thanks to the young man to whom they were all so much indebted, begged the privilege of saying a word on behalf of his Master.

"I have deeply regretted," he said, "that in the whole course of the discussion I have heard no reference to the religious aspect of the matter before us. Christianity, as I apprehend it, is the only available cure for the evils which we are trying to mitigate, and so far as we may be able, to remove. There is a great harvest before us, and what we want is reapers. We want the truth preached to these benighted masses. We need to have the quickening motives of our holy religion implanted in these dead hearts and unworthy lives. When we accomplish this, we accomplish the only radical cure that seems to me to be possible."

Nicholas could not understand, with his view of the case, why these remarks should receive the secret approval and open applause with which they were favored, but he had no time to reply before a thin man with a thin voice rose to indorse the speech, in all its length and breadth,—a task to which a very small man was quite equal,—and to second the motion of thanks.

After the vote of thanks was rendered, Nicholas rose and said:

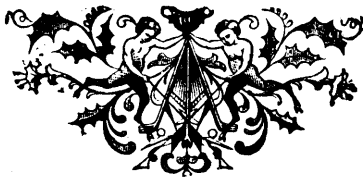
"Gentlemen, I accept your thanks for all that they mean, and more; and you will confer a still greater favor upon me if you will all go home and read the parable of the sower. I think that in it you will find that soil is quite as necessary as seed,—indeed that the seed is thrown away, where the fowls of the air pick it up, unless a soil is prepared in advance. I regard an able-bodied pauper as beyond the reach of Christian motives. You might as well preach to a dog as to a liar by profession, which is what every able-bodied pauper is. Christianity is for men and women, and not for those in whom the fact and sense of manhood and womanhood are lost. Don't comfort yourselves with the idea that you are doing what you can for the cure of pauperism by preaching to it. I have a friend who believes in external applications. I do not agree with him entirely, but if I am to choose between a sermon and a rawhide, I am inclined to think that the rawhide will produce the deeper and more salutary impression. I believe in Christianity, but before I undertake to plant it I would like something to plant it in. The sowers are too few and the seed is too precious

to be thrown away and lost among the thorns and stones."

Strangely enough, this pertinent speech, with its very patent truth, received quite as much applause as the speech that drew it forth. Nicholas did not smile. He was not even pleased. He saw that his audience was ready to be moved in any way except that in which he had tried to move them with regard to his scheme. That scheme was dropped by unanimous consent; and while many pressed around him after the break-

ing up of the meeting, and tried to assuage his sense of disappointment, he was sick at heart. After all had departed, he went out into the street, weary and despondent. Whither should he go for comfort?

Whither does any young man go, in like circumstances, when there waits for him the affectionate and sympathetic welcome of one who believes in him, trusts him wholly, and never doubts the wisdom of his schemes any more than she doubts her possession of his heart?



Chess.



(Conducted by J. G. ASCHER, Montreal.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S.—All your communications are received, with many thanks. You will recognise some of your contributions in the present number.

INQUIRER.—We are not aware of any French chess club in this city. The Montreal Chess Club is in Mansfield street (the Gymnasium).

ROOK.—Castling, in a problem, is hardly a fair device, because the power of castling is retained only under certain conditions, which conditions, as an accompaniment to a problem would, doubtless, be an *exposé* of the solution.

GAME 10.

Played at the meeting of the Canadian Chess Association, held in Montreal in 1875 :—

WHITE.

Von Bokum.

BLACK.

Jackson.

(Irregular Opening.)

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. P. to Q. 4. | 1. P. to K. B. 4. |
| 2. P. to K. 4. | 2. P. to K. 3. |
| 3. P. to K. 5. (a) | 3. P. to Q. 3. |
| 4. B. to Q. 3. | 4. Q. Kt. to B. 3. |
| 5. K. Kt. to B. 3. | 5. P. takes P. |
| 6. P. takes P. | 6. B. to Q. B. 4. |
| 7. P. to Q. B. 3. (b) | 7. K. Kt. to K. 2. |
| 8. Q. to K. 2. (c) | 8. K. Kt. to Kt. 3. |
| 9. Castles. | 9. Castles. |
| 10. B. to Q. Kt. 5. (d) | 10. B. to Q. 2. |
| 11. K. R. to Q. sq. | 11. Q. to K. sq. |
| 12. B. takes Kt. (dd) | 12. B takes B. |
| 13. K. Kt. to Q. 4. | 13. B. takes Kt. |
| 14. P. takes B. | 14. K. Kt. to R. 5. (e) |
| 15. P. to K. B. 3. | 15. Q. to K. Kt. 3. |
| 16. K. to B. sq. | 16. P. to B. 5 (f) |
| 17. Kt. to B. 3. | 17. R. to B. 4. |
| 18. R. to Q. 3. | 18. Q. R. to B. sq. |
| 19. P. to Q. R. 4. (g) | 19. R. to K. Kt. 4. |
| 20. P. to K. Kt. 3. | 20. P. takes P. |
| 21. B. takes R. | 21. B. takes B. P. (h) |
| 22. R. takes B. | 22. Kt. takes R. |
| 23. K. to K. Kt. 2. | 23. P. takes P. |
| 24. K. to R. sq. | 24. Q. takes B. |
| 25. Q. to K. Kt. 2. | 25. Q. to K. 6. |
| 26. R. to Q. sq. (i) | 26. K. to B. 4. |
| 27. Kt. to K. 2. | 27. R. to Kt. 4. |
| 28. Kt. to Kt. 3. | 28. Q. to B. 5. |
| 29. Q. to R. 3. | 29. R. takes Kt. |
| 30. Q. takes P. (ch) | 30. Q. to K. B. 2. (j) |
| 31. White resigns. | |

NOTES TO GAME 10.

(a) We should have preferred taking P., as P.

to K. 5 weakens White's centre in the good old fashioned style.

(b) We do not see the utility of this. Why not Q. B. to Q. 2, with the after-move of K. B. to Q. Kt. 5?

(c) We should have preferred Q. B. to K. Kt. 5.

(d) Why not Q. B. to K. 3? White's undeveloped Queens' side is now a marked feature of his game.

(dd) Playing his opponent's game.

(e) Black has now a fine attacking front.

(f) Wretched chess! It is a mystery how so astute a player as Mr. Jackson could have overlooked the move of B. to Q. Kt. 4th, which wins instanter.

(g) Alas, miserable White!—actually nothing to do—a silent, helpless spectator of his own "taking off!"

(h) The concluding moves of Black are in excellent style.

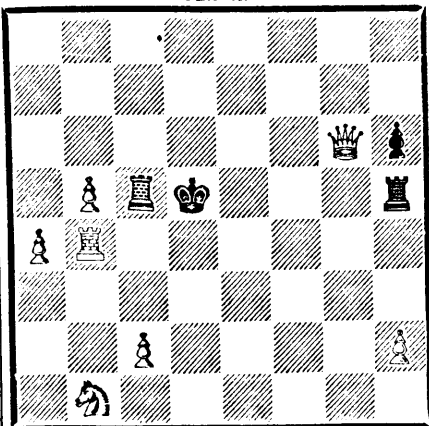
(i) R. to K. B. sq. seems better, though all is bad.

(j) White's play throughout was not up to the usual standard of this gentleman's skill. His development was bad; and afterwards, the magnificent onslaught of his opponent was indefensible.

PROBLEM No. 9.

By Mr. A. E. Studd (Exeter, Eng.).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME No. 11.

Our contributor Herr H. Myer gives the odds of K Kt.

KING'S B'S OPENING.

WHITE, <i>Herr Meyer.</i>	BLACK, <i>Mr. W.</i>
1. P. to K. 4.	P. to K. 4.
2. K. B. to B. 4.	P. to Q. B. 3.
3. P. to Q. 3.	P. to Q. 4.
4. K. P. takes P.	B. P. takes P.
5. K. B. to Kt. 3.	Q. Kt to B. 3.
6. Castles.	Q. B. to K. 3 (a)
7. P. to K. B. 4.	K. B. to B. 4. (ch.)
8. K. to his R. sq.	K. B. to Q. 3.
9. P. to K. B. 5.	Q. B. to Q. 2.
10. K. B. takes P.	K. Kt. to B. 3.
11. Q. B. to Kt. 5.	P. to K. R. 3.
12. B. to K. R. 4.	Q. to her Kt. 3.
13. Q. B. takes Kt.	Kt. P. takes B.
14. Q. to K. R. 5.	K. R. to his 2.
15. Kt. to Q. B. 3.	Castles.
16. Q. Kt. to K. 4.	K. B. to K. 2.
17. K. B. takes P.	Q. takes Kt. P.
18. P. to Q. B. 3.	K. R. to Kt. 2.
19. P. to K. Kt. 3.	Q. R. to R. sq. (b)
20. Q. R. to Kt. sq.	Q. to her B. 7.
21. K. B. to B. 4.	Q. B. to K. sq.
22. Q. to K. B. 3.	Q. Kt. to R. 4.
23. K. B. to K. 6. (ch.)	Q. B. to Q. 2.
24. Q. R. to Kt. 5.	P. to Q. Kt. 3.
25. Kt. to K. B. 2.	K. to Q. B. 2.
26. K. B. takes B.	K. takes K. B.
27. Q. R. takes Kt.	Kt. P. takes R.
28. Q. to Kt. 7. takes	K. to home.
29. Q. Kt. to K. 4.	Q. takes Q. P.
30. K. R. to B. 2.	K. R. to Kt. 5.
31. Q. to B. 8. (ch.)	Q. to home.
32. Q. to her B. 4.	P. to K. R. 4.
33. P. to K. R. 3.	K. R. to Kt. 2. (c)
34. K. R. to Q. 2.	Q. to R. sq.
35. K. to his R. 2.	P. to K. R. 5.
36. P. to K. Kt. 4.	Q. to Kt. sq.
37. Q. to K. 6. (d)	K. to his B. sq.
38. Kt. takes B. P!	P. to K. 5. <i>dis</i> (ch.)
39. K. to his R. sq.	K. B. to B. 4.
40. R. to Q. Kt. 2.	Q. to R. sq.
41. Kt. to Q. 7. (ch.)	K. R. takes Kt.
42. Q. takes K. R.	K. B. to Kt. 3. (e)
43. P. to K. B. 6.	P. to K. 6. <i>dis</i> (ch.)
44. R. to K. Kt. 2.	Q. to K. 5.
45. Q. to Kt. 7. (ch.) and wins.	

And White resigns.
NOTES TO GAME II.

(a) He wastes time, and deploys his Bishops but indifferently.

(b) To advance R. P; but he does not see time to do it effectively.

(c) Would better take Kt.

(d) A grasp his adversary does not shake off.

(e) If R. to R. 3, White's win seems more difficult.

GAME No. 12.

Skirmish Played at Montreal Chess Rooms, a few evenings ago, Mr. Ascher giving the odds of Queen's Knight to a well-known strong member of the club.

(Remove White's Queen's Knight.)

Philador's Defence.

WHITE, <i>Ascher.</i>	BLACK, <i>Mr. —</i>
1. P. to K. 4.	1. P. to K. 4.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3.	2. P. to Q. 3.
3. P. to Q. 4.	3. B. to Kt. 5. (a)
(a.) This player believes the great strength of one who receives odds lies in exchanging as quickly and often as possible.	
4. B. to B. 4.	4. B. takes Kt.
5. Q. takes B.	5. Q. to B. 3. (b)
(b.) More exchanges.	
6. Q. to Q. Kt. 3.	6. P. to Q. Kt. 3.
7. P. takes P.	7. P. takes P.
8. Castles.	8. B. to Q. 3.
9. P. to K. B. 4.	9. P. takes P.
10. B. to Q. 2.	10. Kt. to K. 2.
11. B. to B. 3.	11. Q. to Kt. 3.
12. P. to K. 5.	12. B. checks.
13. K. to R. sq.	13. B. to K. 6.
14. Q. B. to Kt. 4.	14. Kt. to B. 4. (c)
(c.) A splendid <i>coup</i> , threatening mate in two moves.	
15. R. to B. 3. (d)	
(d.) Ill-considered—in fact a bad move.	
15. Kt. to Kt. 6. ch. (e)	
(e.) Black fails to take advantage of White's last weak move; he should have played Kt. to R. 5.	
16. R. takes Kt.	16. P. takes R.
17. Q. takes B.	17. P. to B. B. 4.
18. B. to Kt. 5. ch	18. K. to K. 2. (f)
(f.) Why Black wishes thus needlessly to rush into danger by bringing out his King we fail to understand.	
19. B. takes P. ch (g)	
(g.) A sound sacrifice.	
19. P. takes B. (h)	
(h.) Now all is over.	
20. Q. takes P. ch	20. K. to Q. 4.
And White mates in a few moves.	

CHESS WAIFS.

The match between Zukertort and Blackburne has come to an inglorious end. Two games only were played. The first, won by Blackburne, was very mediocre; the second—a much better specimen of chess skill—was scored by Zukertort; then for some reason (we believe the non-placement of stakes by one or both) the

match was declared "off," occasioning much disappointment to the entire chess world.

Dr. Howe, the courteous President of the Montreal Chess Club, is away—immersed in the problem of Nature and her beauties.

Ten contestants have offered on this side, and fifteen on the other (England), to take part in the International Postal Tourney. The list of pairing-off will soon be published.

Mr. Gompert, from New York, lately visited Montreal, and played with some of our city-clubbists.

Herr Harrwitz, the celebrated Prussian player, is in London. He has abandoned the game professionally, and will not play during his visit, which is a source of sincere regret to all lovers of chess—he being one of the old masters whose name recalls the period of Morphy and that brilliant era of the game.

The Canadian Chess Association of Canada meet at Quebec on the 21st inst. The prospectus, delayed by causes beyond control of the Secretary of the Association (D. C. Mackedie, Esq., of Quebec), will be out in a few days. This gentleman asks us to apologize through this column for the delay of the prospectus' appearance, owing to family misfortune. The apathy manifested by the clubs throughout Canada in reference to the meeting is to be regretted. We, however, presume that when the actual gathering takes place, there will be a revival of the enthusiasm that usually marks these annual meetings. Montreal has subscribed forty dollars towards the \$100 Trophy Cup to be competed for on the occasion.

Mr. Geo. Linbeck is spoken of as the probable first holder of the silver "Challenge Cup" as the result of the tournament now just closing in the New York Chess Club.

Women's Rights are being practically maintained in the fact of the gentler sex coming to the front in the matter of chess in this age more than last. The Countess Volpini has been awarded a special prize for her set of problems in the recent tourney of the *Italian Chess Magazine*.

The following has been handed in to us for publication. We give it for what it is worth. It was taken from an English provincial journal, which copied the article from a continental newspaper :—

"*Another Chess Automaton.*—The Automaton Chess-player, Ajeeb, is attracting great attention in Berlin. It is a waxen figure, in the form of a Turk; sits cross-legged, with a Turkish 'tschibook' in the left, and plays with the right hand. When it is Ajeeb's turn to play, he seizes a piece, and makes the move as any living player would; and if the piece is captured, removes it from the board, and places it in the box. Three nods of the head signify *check*. The intelligence beaming from the eye gives it a life-like appearance. Who can explain this mystery? The figure is too small for a person to be encased in it, and, besides, during the progress of a game, the head is twisted off, and at the close the viscera are exhibited, which consist of only a mass of wheels. There are no wires visible to allow of explanation through the agency of electricity.

The Automaton averages six hours of play per day, a charge being made of five silver groschen for each game."

The following is the prospectus of Mr. Bird's new work, expected out soon :—

THE

CHESS OPENINGS

Critically and Practically Considered.

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H. E. BIRD,

Containing the most improved methods of attack and defence in the game of Chess to the present time, with several new and important variations suggested by practice during a quarter of a century with the finest players in Europe and America, and in three national Chess gatherings, at London Exhibition, 1851; Vienna Exhibition, 1873; and Philadelphia, on the celebration of America's Centennial, in 1876.

The Author also took part, in the great New York Clipper Tournament (21 entries), recently held in New York, at which he secured the first position and silver cup prize for most brilliant play.

Retail price one dollar.



SUNDAY AT HOME.

Mamma.—"NOW, JACK, THERE ARE TEN COMMANDMENTS YOU HAVE TO KEEP. IF YOU TOOK A THING THAT WASN'T YOURS, YOU'D BREAK A COMMANDMENT!"

Jack (remembering something about some little Niggers).—"AND THEN THERE'D BE NINE!"—*Punch.*