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HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

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THE PEDIGREE AND KINSHIP OF WORDS.

BY JOHN READE.

Words have their histories as well as men. Those of a great many are, in the early stages of their careers, involved in obscurity; but those of others, which can be traced with more or less certainty, are exceedingly interesting, and, in many cases, not a little curious.

In ascertaining their pedigree, also, we are frequently led to the discovery of very strange relationships. For instance, who would imagine, at first sight, that the venerable "bishop," the exceptionable "skeptical," and the useful "telescope" were all descended from the same Hellenic ancestor? Yet such is the incontrovertible fact. No word that we know of has undergone more changes in the course of its adoption by the various nations of Christendom than the "episkopos" of the New Testament. In Latin it became "episcopus," which was close enough to the original; but among the Neo-Latin languages we soon find it disguised almost beyond recognition. In Provençal it was corrupted into "evesque" or "vesque," which in modern French has been modified into "évêque." In Italian it is "vescovo;" in Spanish, "obispo;" in Portuguese, "bispo." In all the Teutonic and Norse languages, it took a form more or less resembling our own, which is a softening of the Anglo-Saxon, "biscop." Well, the root of all these forms is the Greek "skop" or "skop," signifying "to look at," "to give attention to," "to consider." With the addition of "epi," it means "to oversee," and the primary meaning of "bishop,"

therefore, is "one who oversees others." In such sense "episkopos" was used by the Greeks long before it became an ecclesiastical term, and, indeed, is so used in the Septuagint or Greek translation of the Old Testament.

"Skeptical"—without any prefix—indicates "one who gives himself up to examination or reflexion," and had, primarily, no odium attached to it—any more than "heretic" which literally means "one who chooses for himself."

"Telescope," the third member of this extensive family which we have selected for illustration, means "that by which we are enabled to see to a distance"—the prefix "tele" being exactly the same which is found in "telegraph." We might mention a personage who unites in himself the characteristics of these three kindred words, who is bishop and skeptical, and who claims to see farther than most of his contemporaries; but it is better not to be personal. If etymology may have a moral (and why should it not?) that of this instance is to make bishops humble, to remind skeptics of the respect they owe to their episcopai kindred, and to teach us all that, however far we may think we see, there is still an awful bounding line to our utmost earthly vision.

"Sycophant" and "phenomenon" are also relations, both being derived from a Greek verb, signifying "to shew." "Phenomenon" simply means "that which shews itself," "an appearance," by custom reserved for some "remarkable or unusual

appearance." "Sycophant" was originally applied to one who *shewed up* some person who had done wrong in the matter of—figs! To be more explicit, there was at one time a law at Athens against the exportation of figs, and the person who gave information to the government of any breach of the law was called a "sycophantes" or "fig-informer." By and by the word was applied to any informer, and especially to one who was more influenced by base personal motives than by regard for the public good. In the course of time "sycophant" came to mean "a mean flatterer of the rich or powerful"—which meaning it retains to the present day.

It is not easy to discern any family likeness between the words "cousin" and "sanguinary," yet they are both derived from the Latin "sanguis," which signifies "blood." "Cousin" is, in its full form "consanguineus," "of the same blood"—which gives us the word "consanguinity," equivalent to cousinhood.

There is not much resemblance between "megrims" and "cranium,"—"the skull;" yet "megrim" comes from the French "migraine," which again is a corruption of "hemicrania," the medical term for "a pain confined to one side of the head."

"Proxy" and "cure" are near akin, although the former seems to have sold its birthright. It is simply a contraction for "procuracy"—"the taking charge of anything for another."

"Squirrel" and "cynosure" are at least half cousins, but the former has evidently fallen into bad company. In Greek the two words are "skiouros" (shady tail) and *kynosoura* (dog's tail—the same constellation as *Ursa Minor*, which contains the pole-star.)

It is not so surprising that "biscuit" and "cook" should be related. The latter comes to us directly from the Latin; the former through the French, meaning "twice cooked or baked."

"Shilling" and "shield" are of the same stock. The *penning* (penny), introduced under the Saxon Heptarchy, was so called from its resemblance to a pan—a little pan. Four of these pennies made a shilling, so called from its likeness to a diminutive shield—just as the French "écu" and the Italian

"scudo" are derived from the Latin "scutum" (a shield), which gives us our "escutcheon." This latter word again has for cousin-german "squire"—which is a degenerate "scutifer" (écuyer) or "shield-bearer."

It seems ridiculous that two such words as "clown" and "culture" should have any connection; yet they are both the offspring of the Latin "colo" (participle, cultus) to cultivate. The "colonus" of the Romans was a "tiller of the ground," "a ploughman," "a rustic"—then by a natural transition, "one who had the manners of such a person"—"a clown."

But we might pursue this part of the subject *ad nauseam*, so numerous are the odd relationships, generally unrecognized, between words which are in constant use. It only requires a little attention to discover them; and the habit of never passing a word in reading without ascertaining, if possible, its history, kinship and real meaning, though at first, perhaps, rather irksome, will, after a brief experience, prove its own reward. Next in importance to the treasures of literature which an ancient or foreign language reveals to us, is the use which may be made of it in adding to our knowledge of our own rich mother-tongue.

A pretty large and constantly increasing class of words is that which is derived from the names of persons. We speak of a "philippic" with hardly a thought of the wily father of Alexander the Great, or of the great orator whose burning words resisted his encroachments. We use the word "cicerone" (borrowed from the Italian) for the garrulous guide who shews us the gathered wonders of a museum or gallery with little, if any, indignation for the insult thus offered to the memory of the greatest of Roman orators. Even children "tantalize" each other without the least reference to the sufferings of the hapless Tantalus. We read our "Punch" and our "Judy" without once thinking of Pontius Pilate or the traitor Judas, the chief characters in the old mystery of which the modern street drama is the relic. "Simony," let us hope, will soon disappear for ever, and with it the memory of the disreputable impostor, Simon. But

long live the brave little "Petrel," in spite of superstitious sailors, which reminds us of St. Peter's walking by faith over the troubled waters. It is a pity that the sincere repentance of Mary Magdalene should have given us such a contemptible word as "maudlin." At first it was used for penitential sorrow; then, as hypocrites learned to feign this sorrow, it gradually degenerated till now it has as bad a character as a word could have. The words "Brougham," "Macintosh," "Spencer," "D'Oyley," "Orrey," "Macadamize," and their terrible confrères, "Lynch" and "Burke," are so well known as to need no comment. "Dagverrotype" seems destined, by the force of photographic progress, to a brief career. For "Leggotype" we venture to prophesy a more enduring success. "Mesmerize" (from Mesmer) has stood its ground already for nearly a century. Galvani is immortalized in "Galvanism," and "Tontine," though not much in fashion now-a-days, still keeps in remembrance the name of Tonti and his system of annuities. We should be ungrateful to forget Mr. Thomas Blanket who did so much for humanity and who ought to be the patron saint of the North-West—if his existence be not doubtful, like those of some other saints in good repute. It has been said that the peculiar style of speech known as "gibberish" takes its origin from a distinguished Arab *savant* named Gebers, who was wont to use certain incantations in his search after the "Philosopher's stone." Such is the reward of learning and folly. One of the Hebrew prophets has bequeathed us a word which, even in the uttering of it, seems to present to our mind the whole sad tale of Israel's exile and the Holy City's desolation, "Jeremiad." To Greek and Latin mythology we are indebted for "hermeneutics" (from a Greek verb derived from Hermes, Mercury, the interpreter); and "mercurial," "jovial," "saturnine," "martial," are words expressive of temperament. Pluto and Neptune have been taken into the service of rival geologists, and give us the Plutonian (fire) and Neptunian (water) theories of the earth's development. But astronomy is the great depository of mythologic nomenclature.

Lemprière and Herschel might be studied together.

In our names of the week we have almost unchanged the leading deities of Saxon heathendom, and July and August remind us of the grand names of Julius and Augustus, while the first three months of the year preserve the names of Roman gods or goddesses. It would be impossible, however, to speak in a brief popular article of all the names which science, art, theology and the uses of the common speech have embalmed in words. Sapphic, Archilochian, Archimedean, Platonic, Epicurean, Arian, Orphic, Montanist, Jacobite, Wesleyan, Lutheran, Copernican, Volcano, Bacchalian, and many others occur to us as we write; but names of animals, plants, fossils, &c., such as *Sorex Cooperia* (cooper's shrew), *turdus Bonapartii* (Bonaparte's Sandpiper), &c., which, often very clumsily, celebrate the names of the discoverers, are large enough to form a class of themselves.

A good many English words are derived from the names of places. "Cordova in Spain; once famous for its manufacture of leather, has given us, through the French "cordonnier," the word "cordwainer"—"shoemaker." Calico came originally from Calicut or Calcutta. The "damson" plum, as well as the beautifully patterned "damask" and the sabre called "damascene" or "damaskin," can be traced without difficulty to old Damascus—the patriarch of cities. The little grapes which are so extensively used for puddings, having been first imported from Corinth, became known as "currants." Muslin was one of the staple manufactures of the Turkish town of Mosul. The canopy called "baldachin" was introduced into Italy from Bagdad, which in Italian is "baldacca." D'Ypres has produced "diaper;" Bayonne the "bayonet;" Pistoja, the "pistol;" Cambridge, "cambric;" Armenia, "ermine;" Gaza, "gauze;" Cyprus, copper (through the Greek); and the famous and mythical "Navis Argo" (though some say the Italian city of Ragusa) the poetical "argosy." The peach was originally the "Persicum malum" or Persian apple," which by the Italians was softened into "pesca," whence

the French "pêche" and the English "peach." The cherry came from Cerasus in Asia Minor. The "Jerusalem" artichoke, however, is a misnomer. It came first from Peru and was called by the Italians "girasole"—sun flower—from its appearance, which in England was corrupted into "Jerusalem." The old fashioned "cravat" is said to have been adopted by the French from the Croats or Cravates. That queer word "demijohn" is said to have been brought home by the Crusaders from "Damaghan," a city in Khorassan, Persia, famous for its glassware. The mention of the Crusaders reminds us of the word "saunter"—which is derived from "Sainte Terre"—Holy Land—and came to have its present lazy force after that pilgrimage had become the resort of every idle or disreputable adventurer. To "levant"—to make a trip eastward—has another meaning, and our word "roam" may be derived in the same manner from the custom of making pilgrimages to the Eternal City. Burgundy, Champagne, Madeira, Cape, Port (oportó), Sherry (xeres), Teneriffe, Marsala, &c., give their own history. Perhaps the most curious origin for a word of which we have any account is that of the universally acceptable "dollar" or "thaler." It had its beginning in the mines of the little German town of Joachinsthal, from the silver of which a large coin was made, called the "joachinsthaler." In the course of time the former portion of the name was dropped and "thaler" (dollar) soon came into general use.

In adopting foreign words the English people have in many cases succeeded in giving them a domestic look, though frequently at the cost of the sense. Familiar instances are "beaf-eater"—a yeoman of the royal guard—which is a corruption of "buffetier"—one of those who were stationed at the sideboard for the distribution of wine and viands; "marigold," which has nothing to do with Mary, but is simply "mere" or marsh gold; "liquorice," which has no connection with liquor, but is a corruption of a Greek word (glycorrhiza) signifying "sweet root;" "lifeguard," which is from the German "leib" or Swedish "lif," meaning "body"—being thus equivalent to body guard; "wiseacre,"

which is a mutilation of the German "Weissager"—a prophet or diviner, and several others. The phrase "sleep like a top" is a half-translation of the French "dormir comme une taupe"—to sleep like a mole. "Helter-skelter" is the Latin "hilariter, celeriter"—merrily and quickly. "Quandary" is the French "Qu'en dirai-je?"—"what shall I say about it?" Welsh *rabbit*, every one knows, is Welsh *rarebit*. Kickshaw is a modification of "Quelque chose"—something, anything. *Gooseberry* is *gorseberry* and *free-mason* is claimed to be simply *frère-maçon*—brother-mason. When Orangemen drink "bumpers" to each others' health, perhaps they do not always know that they are drinking "au bon père"—"to the good Father"—the Pope. The word "orange" (the fruit), which is derived from an Arab word, not unnaturally suggested to mediæval Latinists its connection with gold (Lat. *aurum*, Fr. *or*) and they accordingly Latinized it "aurantium"—by which name it is still known in the *Materia Medica*. We have "limner," and even the absurd verb to "limn," from "enlumineur" (illuminator.) "Hussy" has preserved little of the dignity of "housewife" either in name or meaning. "Captive" and "cattiff" are really the same word—the latter form being a comment on the effects of slavery on the character. Compare the French "chétif." In Italian "cattivo" is the usual word for "bad." "Zealous" and "jealous" are also modifications of the same original form. The "canon" of the church and the "canon" of war are both derived from the Greek word for "reed"—the former from its being used as a measuring rule, the latter from its shape, when hollowed. "Mystery" had once three meanings—a truth of Revelation, inexplicable by reason, a sort of sacred drama and a trade. In French this divergence of meaning has produced two forms, "mystère" and "mêtier." The Latin word "pecunia" (money) is derived from "pecus" (cattle), as at one time all property consisted in "stock." In like manner the English "cattle" and "chat-tel" are the same. "Gentle," "genteel" and "gentile" are all derived from the Latin "gens"—a family or race. "Gentle" means primarily, "of good birth," then

both it and the now almost obsolete "gentel" indicate the manners and appearance of one of good birth; while by "gentiles" we understand the nations or families of the earth.

Few people will be deterred from eating "vermicelli" from knowing that it means "little worms," which its appearance suggested to the ready-tongued Italians. If they are, they can take to macaroni, which may be traced to the Greek word for happy—being, according to Italian taste, a food fit, like ambrosia and nectar, for the happy immortals.

"Spinster" and "wife" still remind us that, in former times, ladies, whether married or unmarried, were expected not to be idle—the duty of the former being to "spin," of the latter to "weave." No word has been worse treated than "bel-dame," which evidently means "fair lady." By courtesy it came to be applied to aged ladies, and the consequence was that in the course of time it was used to denote a "hag" or a "witch." So much for politeness unfounded on sincerity or common sense.

We will conclude these wandering remarks by a few notices of proper names and the changes which some of them have undergone. The oldest form of surname known to British genealogy is that which ends in "Son." It has its equivalent in the Norman "Fitz," in the Celtic "O" and "Mac," in the Welsh "Ap," and the Frisian "Kin." Thus John's descendants are called Johnson, Jackson, Jones, Jenkins, Evans (Welsh), or Bevans, and, in Irish, MacShane. From Richard we obtain Richards, Richardson, Dickson or Dixon, Dickens and Dickenson; from David, Davidson, Davies, Daws and Dawson; from Walter, Watson, Watts and Watkins; from Roger, Rogers, Hodgson, Hodges, Hutchins, Hutchinson, the Irish MacRory and the Welsh, Ap Roger or Prodgors. Michael is the father of the Mixons and Oldmixons; William, of the Williamsons, Wilsons, Williamses, Wilkins, Wilkeses, FitzWilliams, MacWilliams and Ap Williams or Pullans. The families of Harris, Henry, Harrison, Herries, Hawes, Herrick, Hawkins and MacHenry can all be traced to some ancestral Harry. The Penrys, Perrys,

Barrys and Parrys are of the same origin. Powell is Ap Howell or Ap Powell (son of Paul); Pugh, son of Hugh; Prichard, son of Richard; Proderick, Broderick and Brodie, son of Roderick; and Price, Rees, Bryce and Breeze are all different forms of Ap-Rhys. Another mode still of expressing the patronymic is by *a*, perhaps from the Latin *a* or *ab*—"from," though as it is used among the humbler classes in certain districts of England, it seems rather to be a corruption of "of"—like *o'* in "Jack o' the Mill." Eminent instances of the former use are Thomas à Becket and John à Gaunt.

Sometimes we find a double patronymic, as "Fitz-Harris." Sometimes one form is changed into another, as Ethelwolf into Fitzurse. One of the slayers of Archbishop à Becket bore this latter name. Another form of it is the royal "Guelph"—which has supplied princes to almost every throne in Europe. In Scotland we find MacGregor and Gregory, Gilchrist and Christie or Christion, MacPherson and Clerk or Clarke.

In Scotland, Ireland and Wales cruel laws at one time compelled a change of name. It is well known that the name of "MacGregor" was once proscribed. More than one proud Welshman with interminable *ap's* was forced to be satisfied with the name of his property or residence; and a penal law of Elizabeth's time enacted that Irishmen dwelling within the English pale should adopt English surnames. Then it was that the O'Clearys became Clarks; the McGowans, Smiths or Smithsons; the McPhaudrigs, or MacFaddens, Pattersons; the MacIntyres, Carpenters; the O'Neils, Nelsons; the O'Brians, Bryans, Bryants or Bernes; the MacShemuses, Jamiesons, and some of the best old Irish names were transformed into those of English towns, of colors, trades, natural objects, in fact of anything which took the conqueror's fancy—greatly to the annoyance, no doubt, of subsequent Ulster Kings-at-Arms. The legends connected with the origin of some of the Scotch and Irish names are curious and interesting—but very often the same story is claimed by different families. Into these, however, we cannot at present enter. The greatest havoc has been made

among saints' names when adopted by families. Who recognizes in "Tolly," St. Oly or Olave, or St. Abbs the curt and meaningless "Tabb?" Yet, if we bear in mind the ordinary pronunciation of St. John and St. Leger (Singin and Sillinger) we shall have no great difficulty in arriving at the process of gradual mutation. In "Tobin" (the name of one of our most rising orators and statesmen) we have the relics of the good English martyr, St. Alban or Aubin, as it was once called. First it declined into Staubin, then Taubin, and Tobin followed in course. By a similar process St. Denis has become Sidney; St. Paul, Simple and Semple; St. Clare, Sinclair; and St. Pierre, Simper, Sampire and Yampert.

Philpotts (the name of the late Anglican bishop of Exeter) is an instance of how easily a name may become unrecognizable. It is the same as Philips, Philps, Phipps being the French "Philippot," like Jeannet, equivalent to our "Phil." It is very hard to dissociate it in one's mind from the immortal "Toby" even although it was made illustrious by two such men as John Philpott Curran and "Henry of Exeter." Lawson, Gibson and Samson are also but feeble representatives of Lawrence, Gilbert and Samuel, but there is nothing ridiculous about them. It is surprising how distinguished talent, virtue or high position will shed lustre on names which in themselves deserve but little respect. Bacon, Hogg, Crabbe, Savage, Fox, Pitt, Wolfe, Chaucer (hosler), Taylor, Dickens, Cruikshanks, Boileau (drinkwater), Cartier, Boccaccio (large mouth), Melancthon, (Schwartzerd, blackearth), Casanova, (new house), Cotton, Cuvier (washtub), Plato (broad-shouldered), Corneille (crow), Racine (root), Longfellow,

Schleiermacher (cloak-maker), Wren, Drake, Rossini (Red), Verdi (green), Cicero (pea), Punshon, Calvin (bald-pated), Fry, and innumerable other names in all the languages of civilization, ancient and modern, are surrounded with a halo of renown which makes us forget their original lowliness. Schiller (splendor, lustre), Lafontaine, Steele (bright and keen), Wordsworth, Demosthenes (strength of the people), Disraeli (the self-appointed panegyrist of the chosen people), Scott (the Scotchman *par éminence*), Livingstone (the type of vitality and firmness), are a few out of many instances in which the names are significant of something in the person's character, career or circumstances. Burns seems always to personify the burns and braes of "auld lang syne." Napoleon was in fact as in name a "lion of the forest," springing forth from the covert of his own magnificent schemes to astonish and terrify the world. Pope was long, and with many is still, the infallible authority on English versification. And Shakespeare ever brandishes his lance in proud defiance of all who dare enter the lists against him. But this is mere fancy. After all it is not the name which honors the man, but the man who does honor to the name. A man may call himself Plantagenet (which after all is a very humble name—broom) and still be a dolt or a knave; while another may by his character raise the lowliest name to be a "household word" for all that is good and great.

In concluding this article we may say that we have by no means exhausted our notes on "The Pedigree and Kinship of Words," and that if the reader is not already tired of the subject, we will be glad to return to it on some future occasion.

A MORNING IN THE LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY L. O. U.

It is not yet 6 o'clock, and the grey dawn of a dull November morning is still struggling with the darkness of night. The two wax tapers scarcely suffice to dispel the gloom which reigns in the somewhat spacious chamber whose occupant, but lately risen, is already seated at work at his desk. The surroundings are plain rather than luxurious; the piano, on which lies a violin, is evidently the most expensive article of furniture in the room, and wherever the eye turns it rests on disorder. Books, papers and manuscripts are strewn around in the greatest confusion. The student, in the midst of this chaos, is employed in reading from a bulky manuscript, to which he is evidently putting the finishing touches. He is attired in a sort of nondescript grey garment, a compromise between a dressing-gown and a surtout; his feet are carelessly thrust into a pair of felt slippers, and a handkerchief is loosely knotted about his throat. Small of stature but very muscular, his disproportionately large head seems more strikingly so from the wildness of coarse, bristly, iron-grey hair, which in its neglected state gives him an almost savage appearance. His smoothly shaven face, bronzed by much exposure to wind and sun, and a pair of small brown eyes are half concealed beneath the broad high forehead and bushy brows. His countenance is redeemed from positive ugliness only by the beautiful mouth, whose serene and lovely smile gives him an expression of goodness which even violent passion or gloomy temper cannot wholly efface. This man, now in about the fortieth year of his age, is Ludwig Von Beethoven. While the maestro is putting the finishing touches to one of his glorious creations, his servant, a good faithful soul, is busy in the ante-chamber stitching away with untiring zeal on a garment of the great composer's.

Presently Beethoven, after passing his hand two or three times across his forehead, calls out "Coffee!" Immediately entering, the servant busies himself with preparations for breakfast, and while he puts milk and water on the fire, Beethoven, seated at the table, counts from a tin canister exactly sixty coffee beans, and, putting them into the mill, he hands it to the servant saying: "There now, you can prepare the coffee, but be careful not to waste any of the beans"—To which the servant replies with a nod: "All right, sir."

Suddenly Beethoven rises and, standing there, he seems to have gained several inches in height—his presence is grand and imposing, his small eyes dilate, a sort of thundercloud seems to pass over his lofty brow, and it is evident by his vehement and excited appearance that at this moment he is inspired by one of those fits of enthusiasm during which he produces the sublime and impassioned strains that he has left as a noble legacy to the entire world, and which conferred immortality on their illustrious author. For a few moments Beethoven stands motionless, then, mechanically advancing towards his desk, he jots down a few bars with those short, careless strokes which bear a closer resemblance to hieroglyphics rather than notes, and in this respect remind one of those modest and unassuming people whom we are apt at first to overlook or despise on account of their insignificance, and who yet bear concealed in their hearts a perfect heaven of feeling and love, and in their heads a world of thought.

Meanwhile it has become broad daylight; the tapers are extinguished, the curtains drawn back, and Beethoven is at work again; the servant follows his master's example and complete silence reigns once more in the apartment. Within note upon note, without stitch upon stitch.

After a short interval the maestro again leaves off work and calls out in his peculiarly abrupt manner, "Cold water!" The man hastens to the well with a large bucket, and on his return finds his master already at his basin in complete negligée; and now begins one of the most extraordinary scenes.

Beethoven pours the contents of ewer after ewer over his bowed head and hands, at the same time muttering, first in a low key, but gradually increasing in energy it rises to a higher pitch, until at length he fairly begins to bellow. During this operation he rolls his eyes wildly, and his excitement and inspiration wax greater with every fresh pitcherful. Quite regardless of his soaking condition, he proceeds to his desk, hastily notes down a few thoughts and then returns to the basin, where he recommences his ablutions, at the same time singing with, if possible, still greater vehemence. All this time the servant stands aside, looking on with the utmost gravity, without moving a muscle, for were he to do so it would assuredly cost him his place. He sees the wash basin overflow, his master literally standing in water, the whole floor inundated; but he no more ventures to interrupt the present fit of inspiration than he did the previous one; he honors this his master's hour of profound meditation. The present bathing exercise, however, is not destined to pass without some interruption.

Beethoven is still standing at the basin when the door is suddenly burst open, and a tall, robust man rushes wildly in. It is the landlord whose apartments are directly below.

"Herr von Beethoven," he roars, in a stentorian voice, "I have had enough of this!"

Casting on him a terrible glance, Beethoven replies as drily as if he had never in his life seen a drop of water, "Have you?" and forthwith commences to pour the contents of another ewer over his head.

"Herr von Beethoven!" screams the landlord, "I have already told you three

several times that I cannot allow my house to be ruined in this way. The water has soaked through the floor, and is now running into my room."

"That is impossible!"

"Go down and convince yourself."

"Hang those rascally architects!" growled Beethoven, again seizing the pitcher to the horror and dismay of the landlord.

"Herr von Beethoven, I insist upon your ceasing your ablutions."

"Sorry that I cannot exist without this Turkish custom."

"Then you will have the kindness to leave my house."

"Do you wish me to leave instantly?"

"I intend you to vacate my premises at your earliest convenience."

"As you please, only leave me in peace."

"Indeed, sir, I hesitated about taking you as a tenant into my house, for I had already heard that you remain nowhere long."

"True enough," peevishly answered the maestro, "and honestly, I must confess that, were I a landlord, I should on no consideration suffer myself to remain in my own house."

This ingenuous confession causes the angry landlord to burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, during which Beethoven pours the last pitcherful over his head. The landlord looks on in perfect amazement.

"I cannot conceive, Herr von Beethoven, how this performance can afford you the slightest pleasure."

Heaving a deep sigh the maestro answers with a melancholy glance, "No, my worthy landlord, you fail to understand a great deal that gives me pleasure, nor can you appreciate many things which grieve and wound me deeply. Now have the goodness to leave me alone, for I must work."

The landlord has the grace to salute his tenant and retires muttering to himself.

"There is an end to my work for to-day," said Beethoven, throwing himself impatiently into his armchair.

VOICES FROM RAMAH; OR, RACHEL'S LAMENTATION.

BY E. H. NASH.

CHAPTER IX.

On the evening of the same day on which Jesse arrived at the inheritance of his fathers, messengers were sent with haste from the dying king to all the corners of the land. Along the fertile vales, and over the sloping hills the call was heard, even over its whole length and breadth. The princes of Israel, yea more, all the heads of the houses of their fathers among the Jews, were hastily summoned to appear at Jericho, as if the sovereign in his last hours would consult with them on some important matters concerning the nation.

The Jews were paralyzed. What could it mean? Had penitence reached that heart harder than the nether millstone? And would he who had been a dreaded tyrant for a long term of years, would he now make some amends to the oppressed people of Israel? It must be so, thought they. The hardened heart at last is softened. And the heads of the families flocked from all quarters to the place appointed, till vast numbers, thousands on thousands, were assembled. Men of high degree, and honorable, were ordered to greet them in the name of the king, in friendship; and all were conducted to the spacious Hippodrome, there to receive the messages from their sovereign.

When all were collected, and anxious expectation prevailed among them, then, by Herod's orders, were the gates hastily yet firmly secured, and all opportunity of egress effectually cut off to those whom he had so craftily taken. All were prisoners, —not one was allowed to escape. And what did it portend? Let us look into the chamber of the failing king, and listen to the words which were spoken there. Salome, the sister of Herod, and her weak-minded husband, stood by his bedside. By

a mighty effort the monarch raised himself and uttered the following fearful words :

“ My sister, I know that the chills of Death are creeping over me; his icy hand is already on my heart, and I feel that my hours are numbered. The time of my departure draws near. All men hate me. Throughout my dominions no eye will weep that Herod is no more. But, *I will have mourning!* All Judea shall wail and lament when the life-blood ceases to flow in my veins. I decree that, so soon as I shall be dead, my soldiery surround the Hippodrome, and slay without pity all who are there in confinement. Promise me, swear to me, that this my latest decree shall be fulfilled.”

Cruel as was the heartless woman he addressed, an ashy paleness overspread her countenance, and she shuddered at the thought of such wholesale butchery. It was but a momentary weakness, however, and the two solemnly pledged themselves that his horrible decree should be fulfilled.

But the arm of the Lord was not shortened that it could not save, nor was His ear deaf that it could not hear. “ The preparations of the heart of man are from the Lord,” and he was able to make the “ fury of man to praise Him.”

The word was whispered from one to another, and full soon the dreadful tidings spread over the land. The great stream of woe was poured into the bosom of every family in all the country round. Any attempt at rescue by force of arms would but ensure the more speedy destruction of the prisoners by the army of Herod. What could be done? Who could counsel? In the midst of the panic, some arose among the people, and said : “ Let us seek unto God, and to Him let us commit our cause. The Lord yet liveth, a covenant-keeping God. He hath said, ‘ Call upon me

in the days of thy calamity and I will deliver thee.' Let us turn unto Him with fasting, with weeping and with prayer; that He, by His own right hand and holy arm, may give us deliverance in this our hour of need."

And who was there, closely shut up in that crowded course, with whom our simple story has aught to do? A tall manly looking-youth stood far back in the area, his arms folded, and an expression of calmness on his handsome face. He remained quiet while many rushed with wild fury and in vast numbers against the massive gates in the vain hope of breaking their fastenings. It was our friend Jesse; he thought of Ruth, of his widowed mother, of his young brother—of all he was about to leave forever, except the Almighty arm should interpose for his salvation; he thought of them all, and his heart was wrung with sorrow, yet he preserved his outward composure.

It was about thirty-six hours before Herod breathed his last, that word was sent out into all the land of his bloody decree. There was no counter-order. Twelve hours passed away, and it was not countermanded. There was no hope; for the king was insensible, and would never more awake in time. Most of the prisoners were paralyzed with terror or wild with rage, and few of the elders spoke. At length Jesse, so young, hitherto so silent, stood up and begged to be heard.

"Men of Israel," he said; "the God of our fathers yet liveth. He is all-powerful; He is able to bring to naught the machinations of our enemies, and to overthrow the counsel of kings. Let our united prayers ascend upward in this our hour of peril. Let us seek unto God, for vain is the help of man."

A murmur of approbation ran through the vast assembly. Hands were raised, heads were bowed, sobs were uttered; and the hearts of the men of Israel, throughout that spacious course, were lifted up, as the heart of one man, in earnest prayer to the God of Jacob! Who shall doubt that their cry entered even into the ears of the Lord of Hosts! For hours the exercise continued, and at length calmness reigned through the place. The presence of God was felt, and

many believed that a way of escape would be opened.

The voice of supplication went up from the whole land during those hours. There was a wail over the whole country, even like that which was heard in Egypt when the firstborn were smitten.

How were the inmates of the hillside dwelling affected? Poor Ruth, like a stricken dove, bowed in silent sorrow to the blow; yet did she not forget Him in whom she had been used to put her trust. She poured out her soul before the Lord of the whole earth, and left her cause in His hand. Ada was furious in her wrath. Again and again she cursed the monarch's house; again and again she prayed that his name might be rooted out from the earth forever.

CHAPTER X.

Twelve hours more were numbered with the past, and Herod's last night on earth had come. Where was the hope of the people of the Lord? Was it cast away? Not so. They knew that His word "goeth very swiftly," and "runneth as the lightning" till it accomplish His purpose; and still they trusted. Let us now tread lightly along the ample halls which lead to the chamber of the dying king. Let us stand upon the threshold in silent awe, and look into that splendidly furnished apartment. Yes, let us tread softly, for 'tis a solemn thing to stand in the presence of the dread messenger, the cold, pale angel of Death.

The monarch's brow was damp, and his breath came slow and thick. A few hours more and all would be over. His attendants stood near, and his sister gazed tenderly upon him. Suddenly she appeared to be about to faint. She threw up her hands, gasped for breath and turned pale.

"Air! give her air," was whispered through the room, and she was supported to an open lattice. In a moment it was past, and she reclined upon a pile of cushions near to the couch of Herod. But she was restless and ill at ease. Something unusual had stirred the dark depths of that haughty woman's spirit. For an instant she slumbered, then started to her feet. Again she awoke with a groan. Once more her eyes closed, and again she slept, and

she became oblivious to what was passing around her. From that sleep she was awakened as if by the shrill notes of a trumpet thundering in her ears. She heard deep tones that others might not hear, and these are the words to which she listened: "Let not those men be slain! Of thee will the Lord require their blood in the day when He maketh inquisition."

The frightened woman arose, and staggered, rather than walked, to a little curtained recess within the apartment; and there, with the soft rays of moonlight streaming over her pallid features, she solemnly vowed before the God of Israel to save the lives of those she had promised should be destroyed. Fearfully was her frame shaken. The depths of her spirit were troubled, and, awe-stricken, she made her vows.

Who shall say that an angel-messenger from God had not wrestled with the heart of that wicked woman, to the salvation of the Lord's chosen people? We dare not say it.

There stood beside that dying monarch's bed, his sons and his daughters, through all that night, and when the morning dawned his spirit took its flight.

Before the news was allowed to be carried beyond the gates of the royal dwelling by any other messenger, Salome and her husband went forth and spoke to the soldiery; telling them the king had changed his decree, and that the Jewish nobles and people who were confined in the Hippodrome must be at once set at liberty. It was done, and all Israel rejoiced and glorified God. And so ended the life of the "Scourge of the Jews."

There was war and enmity in the hearts of the brothers, even as they stood by their dying father's side. Each hoped that the title of king would be his own. The kingdom was given by Herod's last testament to his son Archelaus; by a former, Herod Antipas had been the favored one.

The remains of the sovereign were carried on a golden bier to Herodium, and there interred. His corpse was arrayed in the purple robes he had been accustomed to wear when living; and a brilliant diadem encircled his brow. But none mourned for him heartily, though a mourning feast

was kept seven days, according to the custom of the times.

After those days were ended, Archelaus made hasty arrangements to sail for Italy, that the testament of Herod might be confirmed by Caesar.

Thither also, his brothers, Herod Antipas and Philip, took their way; and before the Roman Emperor was their cause tried. After much speaking and long deliberation, Archelaus was appointed to succeed his father in the kingdom. Herod Antipas was made Tetrarch, and to Philip was given Trachonitis. Caesar confirmed the last testament of Herod, and the brothers returned to take possession of their inheritance. But the opportunity to make a desperate struggle for their national liberty while Archelaus was in Rome, was not to be lost by the oppressed tribes of Jacob.

Great multitudes of the Jews from Galilee, Idumea and many other parts, arose, and attempted to overcome the troops who had been left under able commanders, to prevent an uprising of the people. Nor were these alone. The men of Judea were more ready even than others to spend their treasure and shed their blood for the accomplishment of this great end.

Let us not suppose, at such an hour, the indignant spirit of Jesse was to be restrained. No! young as he was, he took command of a band of his countrymen; and when the conflict was hottest, he was seen at the head of his party, cheering and urging them on. He knew the sceptre would not depart from Judah until Shiloh should come; but believed the day was dawning for the Messiah to appear; and that the time was at hand to strike a fatal blow at foreign usurpation.

He had hoped that Archelaus might prove less tyrannical than his father had been; but yet, upon the first movement among the people, he was ready, aye, more than ready; he longed to see the glory of Israel restored, and Jerusalem made "the joy of all the earth."

The Jews thought to gain great advantages during the absence of the three brothers, the sons of Herod, from their respective dominions. They encamped in great numbers round Jerusalem, annoying and troubling their adversaries; and, possi-

bly, might have gained some important victories, had not the besieged been reinforced by troops from other towns.

Before the fresh bands of soldiers arrived, while hope rose high in the hearts of the men of Judea, and all were putting forth energies almost preternatural, Jesse was suddenly wounded, and fell bleeding among his companions in arms. He was much beloved by his comrades, and, even in their imminent peril, some among them removed him to a less exposed situation and bound up his wounds.

In this condition he remained till after night-fall, when one of his countrymen, by whose side he had fought so valiantly, carried word to his friends in the city of his danger. They came with caution, and removed him to a place of safety before the sun arose in the heavens, and ere the shades of another evening drew on, he was lodged in his own dwelling, under the tender care of his anxious mother.

There for a long time he lay, death struggling hard with life. But at length he arose from his couch of suffering, pale and emaciated; yet was the fiery spirit within untamed. He still longed to go forth to battle, to aid in restoring its ancient liberty to the Jewish nation, to prepare for the coming of the "Righteous Branch" which should "stand for an ensign of the people."

But it might not be; before he walked forth again, rejoicing in the strength of his youth, ere his attenuated frame regained its wonted vigor, the Jewish sedition had been suppressed, numbers of its leaders had been put to the lingering and shameful death of the cross; and the strife which was commenced with the hope of regaining national liberty, had, under other commanders, degenerated into a piratical war.

In this state, Archelaus, on his return from Rome, found his kingdom; and in a succession of oppressions on the one hand, and revolts on the other, the year of his reign wore away. We may not follow him step by step through all; yet shall we see him many times, and under various circumstances.

When the life-current flowed again in healthy streams through the veins of Jesse, and after he had taken leave of his

widowed mother, let us travel with him over the fruitful valleys which lay between the home of his fathers and the ancient dwelling-place of the house of Bar-Heber. As he gazed around upon the vine-covered hills, or looked abroad over the fields of ripened grain, ready for the labor of the husbandman; as his eye sought out in the distance the lofty summit of some craggy steep, upon which the Almighty had shown forth His power and His favor to the chosen people in past ages, his fine countenance beamed with light, devotional joy filled his soul, and he exclaimed aloud, "How long, O Lord, how long! when shall our bondage cease, and the oppressions of thy people be rooted out of our borders? When, oh! when, shall His reign begin who shall 'come suddenly,' and of whose Kingdom shall be no end? Hasten, O Lord, the glorious day, the expected hour."

To the home of his betrothed wife he was speeding, and his thoughts were divided between his country and his love; till, when the day was far spent, he arrived in sight of the hillside mansion. He had spent upon a couch of anguish much of the time he had hoped to devote to Ruth, and now his journey might no longer be deferred.

Many of his warmest friends were amongst his brethren of the Jews, at Rome, to which city, when but a youth, he had accompanied his father's brother, Hezekiah of Thamna.

After the death of his father, he had returned to Judea, to comfort his mother, but had remained no more than twelve months upon his inheritance, when Hezekiah earnestly intreated his mother to permit her son to return to Rome.

After much solicitation, she had been induced to part with her firstborn, as she believed that, in the distracted state of Judea, it would be for his permanent advantage to become a resident of a distant land. But only conditionally had she given her consent. She exacted a promise from his uncle that whenever the way should seem to be open, when the "promised seed" should arise, and the stricken ones of Israel rally around that "mighty leader of the people," he should be at liberty to

return, and with his single arm help to
 "build up the crumbling walls of Zion."
 A few short hours with his beloved, a

tender parting, amid promises to return in
 two years and claim her as his bride, and
 Jesse was again on his way to the seaside.

(To be continued.)

MARGARET McLACHLAN, ÆTAT 73.

MARGARET WILSON, ÆTAT 18.

MAY 11th, 1686.

BY JOHN J. PROCTER.

"The Lord sitteth above the water-flood."

Two women (one whose weary span of years
 Had over passed the allotted time, and one,
 In the full glow and beauty of her life,
 Just budding into glorious womanhood,
 For that they sought to praise and worship God
 As their forefathers worshipped Him, were doomed
 To death by drowning. So, one morn in May,
 Their murderers took them out upon the sands
 Of Wigtown gleaming in the rising sun,
 And there, between the furthest ocean-bound
 And highest, tied them to firm-driven stakes,
 The elder close to doom, the younger one
 Some distance further back, and left them there,
 And watched, and waited till the deed was done,
 Wrestling the sea's obedience to its Lord
 To work His servants' death. To those on shore
 The waters reddened with the level rays,
 Shone like the jaws of tigers, dripping blood,
 And gleaming with white fangs; the ocean's voice,
 From out the far horizon gathering strength,
 And swelling grandly shorewards, came like roar
 Of wild beast seeking for its prey, while back
 Upon the shore, the sobs of weeping friends
 Chimed in, a funeral chant. The victims stood
 With blanched lips moving silent, while the flood
 Rose round the elder woman; till at last
 Her voice rang clearly: "Though the waves thereof
 Toss themselves up, yet can they not prevail,

Yea! though they roar, yet can they not"—a wave
 Full-foaming, broke in thunder o'er her head,
 And hushed her for earth's hearing; but the sea
 Caught up the words she finished at God's throne,
 And moving on in grand triumphal march,
 Ripple on ripple, mass on mounting mass,
 Came gently to the maiden's feet, and sang
 With notes of flutes, and harps, and psalteries,
 And great sea-trumpets blaring victory
 From billow unto billow, till the sands,
 Smote by the eternal sun, rose up and formed
 A golden pavement underneath her feet,
 And, gazing out with clear, far-seeing eye,
 She saw, o'er all the spumy waste, the forms
 Of white-robed angels on the crested waves
 Smiling, and calling to her; and their voice
 Was as the voice of many waters, strong
 And musical, and thunderous. While she looked,
 Not for the first time in her sweet, glad life,
 She felt the Ocean's kiss upon her feet,
 And wondered that she feared it. Even then,
 Before her fluttering heart could shrink, he sang
 In tender trebles to her, drawing near,
 And nearer, till he clasped her round the waist,
 And raised himself to kiss her pure young lips,
 While all his minstrels, pressing in from sea,
 Swelled a loud chorus to the marriage hymn.

"In unbeginning endless flow,
 Around the earth the waters go;
 From hills of ice and peaks of snow,
 To where the palms and spice trees grow;

From icy death and lifeless calm,
To warm life crowned with martyr's palm,
From martyr's palm to icy death,
With life rejoicing underneath.

Hallelujah!

What though the ice-chill paineth?

One moment's pang, and our snow-crowned spray
Moves to the bright life far away.
Raise up your heads and blare it out,
Oh! ocean waters, with mighty shout—

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The Lord Omnipotent reigneth!

Our utmost bounds are by Him planned,
Firm-fixed by His all-wise command;
Our coralled rocks, and jewelled sand,
Lie in the hollow of His hand.

Though all our depths, from day to day,
The countless happy sea-things play;
Death passes through our waters rife,
Passes—and leaves behind him life!

Hallelujah!

His is the hand that sustaineth!

Life covers the footprints of Death, and he
Faints in his fight with Eternity.

Raise up your heads, and blare it out,
Oh! ocean waters, with mighty shout,

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The Lord Omnipotent reigneth!

“Hear it, oh sons of earth!

Hear it, oh earth-born daughters:

The Lord of Hosts, He is King and God,

And He sitteth above the waters.

Lift up your heads, ye waves!

Shout out aloud to the Master!

The Lord of Hosts is our refuge and strength,

Though the waters come faster and faster.

Lift up your heads, ye waves—

Sing to the great Life-Giver!

God is, in trouble, a present help,

Though cold and dark be Death's river.

Yea! let the heathen rage,

In the time of their power appointed,

Let the people imagine vain things, and their kings

Stand up 'gainst the Lord's anointed!

Lift up your heads, ye waves—

Shout it aloud to the nation!

He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh,

And bring to His people salvation.

Lift up your heads, ye waves—

Lift them up higher and higher!

The Heavens are opening out overhead,

And *there* are the chariots of fire.

Lift up your heads, ye waves—

Spring from each secret fountain—

Leap! till ye bathe the feet of the Cross

That standeth on Calvary's Mountain.

Lift up thine eyes, oh maid!

See! for thy life now given,

The streams of water and blood that flowed

From the side by the spear-head riven.

Look up with thy dying eyes

Into eyes that died for thee,

Look up with thy dying love

To the love on Calvary.

Greater love hath none than this,

That a friend for friend should die,

Greater love hath Christ, I wis,

Dying for His enemy.

Lift up your heads, ye waves—

The Heavenward call is spoken!

Lift up your heads, and sing for joy,

Though the golden cord be broken

Lift up your heads, ye gates—

Roll back, ye Heavenly portals!

The Lord of Hosts is come with a soul

To dwell with the blessed Immortals.

Oh earth! earth! earth! that art drunken with blood—

That art wearied with tortures and soiled with
slaughters:

Hear it! The Lord of Hosts is King,

And He sitteth above the waters!

Hallelujah!

His is the hand that sustaineth.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.”

So, with the waters singing in her ears,

She heard them cry “The Bridegroom!” and her soul

Moved out upon the deep to meet her Lord.

THE ASHANTEES.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

Ashantee, one of the several negro kingdoms lying upon the coast of the Gulf of Guinea, on the western shore of the great African continent, is just now attracting more than its usual share of attention, in consequence of the hostile invasion which England has thought necessary, in order to protect her subjects from savage molestation, and correct existing abuses. The first reliable information we possess, relating to the west coast of Africa, is derived from the Portuguese, who led the van of European enterprise upon the ocean during the early part of the fifteenth century. It was in the year 1433 that an expedition sent out by the Portuguese government succeeded in passing Cape Blanco, and explored the fertile shores of Gambia and Guinea. The idea then entertained of the size and shape of this continent was vague and inaccurate. Some geographical writers described it as an irregular figure of four sides, the southern limit running nearly parallel to the equator, but considerably to the north of it. Others conceived the horrible picture of the whole central territory being a vast burning plain, in which no green thing grew, and where no living animal dare penetrate. This belief seems to have prevailed from a remote period, and was probably falling into dishonor when the Portuguese made a bold attempt to solve the mystery. But a no less chimerical impulse drove them forward at the time above mentioned, if we may credit certain authorities. They were in search of a fabulous personage known as "Prester John," who, it was believed, reigned with golden sway over an extensive and immensely rich kingdom; but where this desirable territory was situated remained an enigma. It was in a vain search for "Prester John" and his riches that a settlement was first effected south of Cape Blanco, and a trade in gold, ivory, gum, timber and eventually

slaves, soon began to be prosecuted, not only by the Portuguese, but also other European nations.

The distinctive features of this part of Africa remain almost the same now as they were when the Portuguese made the discovery. What changes have taken place are confined to the immediate vicinities of European settlements and the prosecution of limited enterprises. The great mass of native inhabitants seem but little profited by their intercourse with civilized nations. This is doubtless owing to the vitiating influence of the principal trade carried on for so many years, but now happily discontinued. We refer to the inhuman traffic in slaves, and the cruel deceit and treacherous conduct which characterized those who took part therein. It is affirmed by recent travellers and writers, that most of the petty states into which this country is divided are peopled by a turbulent, restless, licentious and depraved race of negroes, who are worse in many respects now than when first visited by Europeans.

In 1817 Mr. Bowditch, who took part in a mission to the king of Ashantee, with the view of making some arrangements beneficial to English trade, interested himself in giving many reliable accounts of the character and habits of the natives, and the nature of the country. Since then the extension of English treaties and expansion of commercial intercourse have been the means of increasing our knowledge, not only of the country near the coast, but also of the more interior sections. Ashantee is described as a hilly country, but well watered by numerous small streams, there being no rivers of any magnitude. The soil is productive, and covered almost entirely with a rich, luxuriant vegetation, which is very difficult to remove, giving the agriculturist a great deal of heavy labor before getting the land fit for being work-

ed. The natives clear their land by means of fire, and not only remove all the rank vegetation, but spread over the soil a rich manure, which yields them two crops a year. Fruits and flowers are innumerable, and the giant trees of the tropics here flourish in all their grandeur. The general productions, besides these, are sugar, tobacco, maize, rice, yams and potatoes.

The estimated population of Ashantee is about four millions, and though the inhabitants possess, in a marked degree, some of the worst negro characteristics, they are, upon the whole, more advanced than most of the other African tribes. They practice a regular and tolerably skilled agriculture, and also show considerable ingenuity in some of the mechanical arts—as dyeing, tanning, pottery, weaving and manufacturing instruments out of gold, &c. Their domestic habits are less filthy than most other tribes, and considerable attention is given to the building and decoration of their houses. The king exercises absolute authority, or nearly so, and society is regulated by different castes, such as cabocees or nobles, gentry, traders and slaves. Polygamy is allowed, but only the king can possess a large number of wives. It is said that the full complement of royal wives is precisely 3,333, and that many of these serve in other capacities, such as body-guards, escorts, &c. A most barbarous custom formerly prevailed, and may yet be practiced, which was the sacrificing of a number of persons when any man of rank died, the number of victims being regarded not only as indicating the dignity of the deceased in this world, but as determining his rank in the next. From this it will be seen that belief in a future state forms a prominent part of their religious faith. A singular tradition is found among the Ashantees, and other negro tribes on the Guinea coast, regarding the origin of mankind. It is as follows:—The Great Spirit, they say, hav-

ing created three white men and women, and as many black, offered the blacks the first choice of two articles which he held in his hand, one of which was a calabash, the other a sealed paper. The blacks chose the calabash, which contained gold, iron and all the choice products of the earth; in consequence of which the negro race to this day possess these blessings in abundance. The sealed paper, falling to the share of the white man, has conferred on him the higher gift of knowledge, wherewith the contents of the calabash may be turned to account. They also have a belief that the good negroes, who have been industrious and obedient in life, become white in the future state; and this is another admission on their part of the superiority of the whites.

The chief interest of English missions to the Ashantees, during late years, arose from the prevailing belief that no part of Africa, or even the world, was richer in deposits of gold. This belief has been partially confirmed by discoveries already made, but a large part of the kingdom is yet unknown to civilized effort. It remains to be seen whether the present hostile movement, which has been found imperatively necessary, will result in opening to the world whatever is hidden beyond the limit of former privileges. The forbearance of the English Government has been frequently tested, and the treachery of the Ashantees as often confirmed. Treaty obligations have been disregarded by the negroes whenever they discovered an opportunity to take an unfair advantage of the whites. Recently they have become more than usually troublesome, and, emboldened by repeated triumphs over native allies of the English, at length challenged the power of Britain to dispute the sovereignty of the Gold Coast. There can be no doubt of the issue, the greatest difficulty to be encountered by the British troops being the unhealthiness of the climate.

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

(Continued.)

FRIDAY, August 2, 1872.—We left Oban this morning by the 8 a.m. boat "Chevalier" for Glasgow. For 30 miles or so we sailed through ordinary highland scenery, and then changing into a smaller vessel at the head of the Crinan Canal, we steamed slowly along until our course was intercepted by about a dozen locks, and while the boat was getting through I went for a last and final ramble among the heather on some hilltops near by. It made me feel almost lonely to think that I would probably never walk among it again, and picking a few sprigs I pinned them in my buttonhole and put some blossoms in my guide-book to preserve if possible as mementoes of a pleasant trip. At Ardrishaig, the other end of the 9 mile canal, we were again transferred on board another steamer, the "Iona," a very fast boat. Our course lay along Loch Fyne, celebrated for its herrings, past the upper end of the Isle of Arran, then through the Kyles of Bute to the town of Rothesay, off again in sight of Mountstuart, a large plain building, the seat of the much-talked-of Marquis of Bute, until we entered the Frith of Clyde, up which the steamer plied past several castles of more or less note and towns as well, until Greenock, a seaport noted for its sugar refiners and shipbuilding, was touched; afterwards Dumbarton town and fortress attracted special attention; the fortress exceeded my expectations; it is a solid rock springing directly from the river's level, is split in two parts more than half way down, and to me appeared quite inaccessible; very few attempts have been made to erect works upon it, its own strength being quite sufficient to withstand almost any assault; the rock is 560 feet high and a mile in circumference at its base. We arrived at Glasgow about 8 p.m.

AUGUST, 2, 1872.—Left Glasgow at 9.10 a.m. for the South.

KESWICK, CUMBERLAND, August, 3rd.—As mentioned in my last, we left Glasgow this morning bound for the far-famed Lakes of Cumberland. Passing through Paisley we entered the Land o' Burns and noticed with great interest, Mauchline, Mossiel, the Banks of the Ayr, and other places immortalized by that poet. We passed Gretna Green with its celebrated church and still more celebrated brick hotel just at the toll-gate, pointed out to us by a fellow-passenger as the principal place of celebration of ancient runaway marriages. We crossed the upper end of Solway Frith and arrived in time for dinner at the large and fashionable Keswick Hotel about 7 o'clock p.m. After dinner we rowed round the lovely and picturesque Lake Derwentwater, three miles long, dotted with verdant islands and barren rocks and surrounded by high hills and waterfalls, retiring at 10 p.m. Weather very mild after the Highlands. Miles, 5,416.

MONDAY, August 5th.—Rose at 4.30 a.m.; lost an hour trying to get our boots; at 6 a.m. began the ascent of the Skiddaw, one of the highest mountains about here, ten miles up and down again. We stood on the summit in less than two hours' time, whence we obtained a fair view of the surrounding country, though it was rather foggy. At twenty minutes to ten o'clock we returned to the hotel, and by ten o'clock I had taken a bath, dressed and secured seats on the coach for Windermere, 22 miles distant. I mention the fact to show that, though we skip about a great deal, we don't lose more time than we can help, even occasionally at the expense of meals. Our drive took us through the finest of the Cumberland

Lake scenery, including the lakes Glassmere, Rydal Water, and Windermere, the second smallest church in England, Mount Helvelyn, the village of Ambleside, &c., &c. Half-way along Lake Windermere we found the cars near a splendid castellated dwelling called Rae Castle, the seat of Dr. Dawson, of Liverpool. We changed cars at Oxenholme and again at Carnforth, and finally, having remained long enough to obtain a good view of Furness Abbey, we embarked at Barrow at eight o'clock on a steamer bound for Belfast, and took our second departure from English soil after dawdling away several hours during the day at the several railway stations through somebody's mismanagement. Weather showery.

TUESDAY, August 6th.—We passed, or rather touched, at the Isle of Man about 2 o'clock this morning, and trod on the first Irish soil at half-past seven,—but here I must digress a little to express myself about the English lake and mountain scenery. The banks of Windermere, the Queen of these lakes, are lower and generally more thickly wooded than those of Derwentwater, Ulleswater, and others. My general recollection of them as a whole, is that of a number of beautiful, calm, glassy sheets of limpid water, seldom tossed into fury, dotted with lovely green shady islets and bare rocks, like gems of various sizes, inhabited by thousands of crows and reflected on the waters around. From the lakes the mountains and hills rose, some straight up, bare and grim; some almost equally steep covered with brush and heather; while others sloped gradually, partly wild and wooded, partly under cultivation, and having the appearance of draught-boards, so cut up were the lands by hedges. The mountains themselves were as a rule deceptive, being much higher than they appeared, and were very varied in formation, rising into high pointed peaks, or with long jagged tops in the which one might easily imagine almost any sort of beast portrayed; or again with round, smooth, semi-green tops, affording excellent pasturage for thousands of sheep, and occasionally for cattle. As for the order observed throughout this part of the country, it seemed to me simply as though some tremendous convulsion had tumbled this spot upside down and jumbled the frag-

ments together in any kind of way. Occasionally the mountains appeared as though arranged in a certain order, but the next view of them made them look as though rushing and tumbling on top of one another, then piled in heaps together, then stringing one after the other, or resting in single solitude. Indeed, in Cumberland almost every variety of mountain, lake and valley scenery may be seen with wild and cultivated surroundings, uniting the wildness and grandeur of Scottish scenery with the verdure and loveliness of the South of England, though both in a modified form. For the first hour after touching Irish soil my feelings were not of an enthusiastic character. The boys at the landing were annoying to the last degree, though withal comical in their actions and grimaces, and I could not find a 'bus or cab about, and didn't understand the jaunting car or like the look of it. After a while, however, I saw others make use of them, and on trial, found one quite comfortable. We drove to the railway station with our baggage and then walked through the principal parts of Belfast, which is about the size of Montreal or a little larger, and built very like it. The people are very similar among the better classes. We next ascended Cave Hill, a mountain two or three miles off, entered one of the caves from which it takes its name, and obtained a very good view of Belfast and its surrounding country from its summit. At 1.45 p.m. we took the train for Dublin, and passing Drogheda and the Boyne River, the scene of the celebrated Battle of the Boyne, and several other places of less interest, we reached Dublin a little after six o'clock, in the midst of a heavy shower. On the way to the hotel we passed the Custom House, a fine large stone building, and the celebrated pile known as the Four Courts, the finest law buildings in Ireland.

KILLARNEY, August 7th.—At 10.30 this a.m. we took leave of Dublin, and, riding all day, arrived here at 6 o'clock, 196 miles. The road throughout was singularly uninteresting. The country, though green enough, is evidently going to waste for want of cultivation; three-fourths of it at least is grass or meadow land where a great deal of hay is grown, and large numbers of cattle and

few sheep raised; the other fourth is principally taken up with oats and potatoes with an occasional field of barley or some other grain. A farmer to whom I spoke about it said he had 300 acres of arable land, but was using it as pasture; the country was too wet and labor too high to make as much profit out of grain as could be made by raising stock. Many of the people live in huts, and take their farmyard animals in with them and live almost entirely on oatmeal and potatoes, and, alas! the potatoes this year are a total loss, the worst year since the great famine, a repetition of which they seem likely to have. Near Killarney we passed an immense peat bog, where vast quantities of peat in cakes were piled along the ground for miles, drying gradually; this sight was a pre-eminently Irish one, and is noted accordingly. After tea at the Railway Hotel we took a short walk of five miles, along a pleasant shady road beset by beggars of all kinds, men, women and children. Having previously taken the precaution of filling our pockets with coppers, we got off pretty cheaply, and ascending part way up Torc Mountain obtained a beautiful view of Leane and Muckross Lakes with their numerous islands, also called the Lower and Middle Lakes, and at our feet the Torc Cascade, a waterfall 90 feet high, dashing down very prettily over the rocks. When we reached the hotel we were tired and it was dark, so we closed a beautiful day by writing letters. Miles, 5,972.

THURSDAY, August 8th.—We rose at 7 a.m.; at 8.30 a.m. took a jaunting car for the Pass of Dunloe, round one side of the Lakes, 9 miles, passing on the way swarms of beggars, Suffolk pigs, guides on horseback and afoot, and women selling knickknacks, mountain dew, and goats' milk. We partook of the latter and shortly repented, and scattering occasional pennies, reached the Gap of Dunloe, where we took a guide over the Connauch Shilloagh (Purple Mountain), 2,735 feet high, the toughest walk through swamp and heather and over rocks that we have had. The goats' milk, which by the way had been given us at the celebrated Kate Kearney's Cottage, and by her granddaughter, was as indigestible as so much stone wall and felt so. From the

summit of the mountain, we had a very fine and extensive view over South-western Ireland, including parts of the Atlantic Ocean, Dingle Bay, Kenmare Bay, Bantry Bay, Vale of Limerick, Cork mountains, lakes, rivers, &c., &c., the best general view we have had except from Ben-Ledi. Descending the mountain very rapidly we hung for a few minutes over the dark, impressive, treacherous-looking Black Valley, a most unique spectacle, the water in it as dark as the rocky slopes, and spreading into a couple of lakes in the centre of the valley. It almost makes me shudder to think of being there at midnight. We reached Lord Brandon's cottage at the head of the Upper Lake after a rough walk of five miles and with a couple of boatmen, one of whom was full of Irish stories about the lakes, enjoyed a magnificent row of twelve miles. The scenery on the first or Upper Lake is very wild, resembling some of the Scotch Lochs; it is two miles long and has several islands, Arbutus Island being conspicuous. The Upper Lake is connected with the Middle or Torc or Muckcross Lake by a lovely picturesque river, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, along the winding banks of which were the man-of-war "Rock," a Dutch vessel, keel uppermost, commanded by Captain Hollywood our guide said (a bush of that name growing thereon), from the end of which a remarkable echo called Paddy Blake's Echo is obtained in calm weather. This we fortunately enjoyed, and therefore our jolly guide conversed with his friend Paddy in Irish, English, and French in language suggesting very strongly an extra feeling of generosity towards him. We next passed the Four Friends, Eagle's Rock and Old Weir Bridge, all romantic places, and shooting a rapid under the bridge into the Middle Lake, encountered a barge containing the Marquis of Bute, Lords Kenmare, Castle Ross, and a number of ladies. Just below the bridge is the place called by Moore, "The meeting of the waters," a lovely spot where the banks are covered with purple heather, and the arbutus, yew and holly trees. At the juncture of the Middle and Lower Lakes we passed under Dinah's Bridge, or the Bridge of Sticks, and our guide told us that thereafter we would never be troubled with toothache. At the entrance

of the Lower or Leane Lake is the charming Glena Bay and Lord Kenmare's cottage and a beautiful native forest. This lake is the largest, being five miles long and studded with more than 30 islands. The loveliest of them all, an enchanting island, clothed in the most beautiful green to the water's edge, and crowned at one end by the ruins of St. Finhian's Abbey, built in the seventh century, has been rendered still more attractive by a few beautiful lines by Thomas Moore, which I thought well-deserved—

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well;
May calm and sunshine long be thine;
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine.

"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

Our attention was next drawn to a rocky isle called O'Sullivan's, some other rocks resembling honeycomb, some more called O'Sullivan's library, Bible and eye-glass respectively; then we landed, visited the ruins of Ross Castle, returned to the hotel and left Killarney by the 4 p.m. train for Cork; arrived there at 7.30 p.m., walked through it and into St. Mary's Church, and put up for the night at the Commercial Hotel.

FRIDAY, August 9th.—At 8.30 a.m. we left Cork for Blarney Castle, 5½ miles distant, a quick, dusty walk of two hours. (N.B.—Irish miles are stupidly long.) The castle was built in 1449 by Cormack M'Carthy, one of the Desmond Princes, and must have been very strong in its time as its remains testify; situated in the midst of a beautiful grove it has an attractive appearance. We waded our way thither, however attracted by a far stronger motive than the surrounding groves, for there high up on the tower is the world-renowned Blarney Stone. Up the winding stone stair-case we hastened to the very top of the Keep, and there on the outer edge of the parapet, a foot and a-half below the top and separated from the nearest point by an ugly yawning gulf more than a foot wide, was the Blarney Stone itself. I lost no time, but, lying along the top of the wall, I spread over the gap, and, catching hold of the stone with both

hands to prevent me from slipping, I did the kissing in a proper manner, drawing back with a feeling that I had succeeded in doing something sublimely ridiculous. K. did the same, and going down we kissed another stone intended for those who were afraid to try the real one; and made our way to the station for Dublin, I wishing all the way that I had kissed our rather nice-looking Irish guides as well as the cold stone, and reading the following extract from the "Reliques of Father Proutt," about the Blarney Castle:

"There is a stone there whoever kisses
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber
Or become a member of Parliament.

"A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer, to be let alone!
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder
him,
Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney
Stone."

Arrived in Dublin at 6 p.m.; rainy. Miles, 5,972.

DUBLIN, August 10th.—I left Dublin by the nine o'clock morning train for Tara, or Tarah, as it is sometimes spelt, a hill 29 miles distant, and the site of the palace where lived and reigned the kings of Ireland in former times, whence the modern song

"The Harp that once through Tara's
halls the soul of music shed."

The place is called Tara's Hill because about the fifth century King Tara, a very celebrated Irish monarch, renowned for his liberality and generosity, greatly enlarged the palace of his predecessors, adding, among other buildings, a banqueting hall, where 1,000 poor people were daily fed at his expense.

Arriving at the railway station nearest the object of my search, I enquired of a native residing in a mud village, the road to Tara, and was properly directed and likewise told that the owner of the present village tavern on the summit of the hill was universally known as the King of Tara. I accordingly made my way along the quiet and beautiful embanked and hedged roadway to the village—a collection of houses of the poorest description, built of stone, mud and thatch, and inhabited by

a promiscuous and motley crowd of men, women, children, cows, pigs, fowls, &c. Even the habitation of the present king formed no exception to the rule; but, on entering, the stench almost forced me out in a very undignified manner. The King was not at home, but up the street I saw him, a well built, rather thin, gray-haired person, looking far more intelligent and respectable than his surroundings would lead one to suppose. He seemed to take great interest in the object of my trip, and personally conducted me to the summit of the hill, whence eleven counties of Ireland could be seen; then on the ground we traced certain green mounds or embankments which were there he said since his settlement in the village, 51 years ago. There were the lines of the walls of the extensive banqueting hall with five openings on the west, where doors formerly stood, and an opening on the north side of the embankment for the same purpose; near by were the foundations, also represented by mounds of earth, where a tower, 75 feet in circumference, formerly stood, and in which was placed the coronation chair of the Irish Kings, the sole remnant of which was subsequently transferred to Dunstaffnage, then to Scone, and now rests under the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, being none other than the celebrated Scone stone of Scotland.

At this point in our conversation we were joined by an Irish tourist, and he and the King continued to declaim on the wonders of the place, stirring each other up in the history of the past, pointing out the graves of the rebels shot in 1798, the site of the great meeting of Daniel O'Connell, 30 years ago, when 1,500,000 people were said to have been present, the ruins on the high-

est part of Tara's Hill, of an abbey where I saw a tombstone with the inscription "Katrine Sarsfield, wife of Robert Dellar, died A.D. 1595." in Latin. On these ruins now stands a Protestant church, a sore point I should think with the Roman Catholics, but erected and sustained by the noble lord of the country around. About 250 yards from the church, across the main road, is the residence of the brother of Archbishop Cullen, of Ireland. Tara's Hill does not seem quite so elevated as Screen Hill, Slaine Hill, and several other places of ancient fame in the vicinity, but the view from its summit is considered much the finest. I returned to Dublin at 2.30 p.m., took a 'bus and drove to the castle and saw the Lieutenant-Governor's state apartments, the City Hall, and O'Connell's statue therein, St. Patrick's Protestant Cathedral, the finest in Dublin and very ancient, Christ's Church, St. Michin's Church, and the tomb of Robert Emmet, and vaults where the brothers Serres are deposited, St. Wurber's Church, and the remains of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Bank of Ireland and ancient Parliament Hall, Trinity College, Phoenix Park, the birth-places of Thomas Moore and the Duke of Wellington, and the residence formerly of O'Connell, and, lastly, the R. C. Cemetery of Glass Neve, where I obtained, by order special, admission to the monument and tomb of O'Connell, and having now seen Erin's darling and most lovely scenery, her far-famed Blarney Stone, her capital and ancient seat of royalty, and the tombs and remains of several of her greatest poets, patriots and statesmen, I left the Emerald Isle at 10 p.m. *en route* to Holyhead, where we disembarked at half-past five a.m.

(To be continued.)

JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

NEIGHBORS.

The instinct of brotherhood, like the instinct of self-preservation, is widely diffused in the race; yet not always in even proportions. Some get more than their share of it, and some seem hardly to have any. Paddy Ryan, who was left to keep shanty up the Mississippi (the Canadian Mississippi), and did so all summer alone, declared, when the shanty-men arrived in the fall, that it was worth a dollar even to see the face of a "heathen Indian;" while rich old Barnes, who shut himself up in his house in Gorton, and denied admission to anybody, wouldn't care if all other people were swallowed up in an earthquake, only as he might miss their unseen services. It would be rendering the race a good service, to try to get this neighborly feeling more evenly distributed through the country, and among all classes. It could not be put on in garments, or fed in certain kind of rations; but it must be a moral educational work. I have come to the conclusion that the difficulty lies here: it is a work having a double aspect; there are both the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* swells to be piped at the same time—and the man who has too little sociality thinks he is just right, if indeed he is not a little "too free;" while those who lend their ears away, and wear out their tongues in others' affairs, cannot be convinced that the neighborly feeling is perverted; and so we cannot teach if we would, for we have unwilling pupils.

I was at first inclined to resent neighbor Fairly's interference and advice. He had something to say about everything; and what he did not know, he was very sure to ask. But after all—and I found it out soon—it came from his excess of neighborly feeling; and he was just as free to tell as he was to ask. His family faithfully followed him, until sometimes their neighborly

kindness became burdensome. If ever I was away from home overnight, two of the Fairly girls would come and "help to keep house." And they would keep house for us when we were both away, as well as when we were, one of us, at home. If we had visitors—as we often did in the winter—some of the Fairlys would be down, if it were only to see who was there. And if they had visitors, which they had very often, they never rested till they had invited us up. Every sheep that either of us killed was divided with the other; and a running account of "changing work" was always between us. In fact, we ceased to keep a reckoning. I helped him when he hauled in his sheaves, when he thrashed, killed pork or made sausages; and he helped me whenever he thought I needed help—and I do think that was oftener than I would have thought of seeking assistance. The only thing we kept, and continued to keep an account of, was money. Interest was never thought of; but we paid and re-paid as occasion demanded; and I must testify to the advantage of two honest men, neither of whom was either rich or very poor, helping each other in this way. Our transactions never amounted at one time to a thousand dollars, and they sometimes went down to a "quarter"—for money was not so plentiful then.

Fairly took great delight in telling me his early history, and the history of his family. His "Uncle Samuel" and his brother Nathan, though I had never seen either of them, seemed like old acquaintances; and "mother" and "the girls," became in my ears as familiar as if they belonged to my own household. Whether he ever discovered I was at times a little tired of his overflowing friendship, I don't know; but if so, I have no doubt he set it down to my ignorance and weakness—and, forgiving the ignorance and weakness, kept on all the same.

Now, my opinion about neighborhood and friendship was, that it was quite possible to overdo it; and that the man or woman too often found in a neighbor's house, would at last "wear out a welcome," and plant the seeds of future disagreement. It was not a discovery of mine, but rather an inherited snatch of wisdom—"a screed o' Adam's legislation" come down to us; and thus, we always took care to be two or three visits behind, always "in debt" a little that way. And we never went on shorter calls without a real errand. This hanging back a little on our part, I am now inclined to think, had an excellent effect, and kept sweet and pure what might otherwise have got into a fermentation from too much stirring up.

But up the concession line, a little above Fairly's, was the farm and home of Mr. Sproat, an elderly Scotchman, with a family of grown up sons and daughters. They lived in our neighborhood, but they were in no proper sense neighbors. They had a little "Beater," a four-horse threshing-machine — and did not even have a "threshing," at which to invite neighbors help. The old man said "they did a' their wark within *theirsels*;" they never went anywhere except to the blacksmith's, the mill, the store, or the church; and when any of them did go out, they never said anything. I don't believe they knew the name of a single neighbor two miles away — they might know those within one mile. The people round had the same feeling toward Sproat's farm as they had toward an "absentee lot;" they thought "it was a pity somebody wouldn't come to live on it who would be a neighbor." The doctor said they were "nice people," and the postmaster at Gorton (for they would not use the Skendle post-office) said they were "very intelligent, and got a good many papers." But none of us could know anything about them. Fairly had gone to buy a couple of shoats, when he had plenty of his own, just to get acquainted with them; but though he trifled off time and "talked pig" all the morning, in order to take dinner with them, he did not make much progress. Mr. and Mrs. Sproat and "the auld son," were the only persons at table with Fairly; the younger sons and the

girls were quite invisible. Jonas Chuff lighted down at their door, a few months after they first came, with all his family, for a "reg'lar good *visit*." Sproat fairly took the breath out of him, after Chuff had introduced himself, and told where he lived, and "how pleased he was to see another nice family come into the neighborhood — by asking him "what he wanted?"

"Want!" said Chuff, "why I want to hev ye for a neighbor, and git on nice friendly terms with ye, and hev ye drop in sometimes in the evenin' and help us to eat a punkin-pie, and sich."

Probably no other man in the township could have made himself comfortable under such circumstances; but Chuff ate, and drank, and smoked, and talked, all the same; and wnen' they all left in the winter twilight, it was with a pressing invitation to "come and see them at his place, and bring all the folks along," and he "would hev somethin' nice fixed up for 'em." But the Sproats never came; and they thought Chuff was "sic a queer outlandish body."

Somebody told Seagram that Sproat was rich, and it was not long till the two elder Misses Seagram made a "call." A little girl opened the door, and found them seats in the best room. After a long while the eldest daughter came down stairs to "receive the company." The Misses Seagram were gushing over with politeness and — news; but Miss Sproat only answered yes, or no, or indeed! When they left they pressed Miss Sproat to call on them; but she merely said, "We never go out."

None of the others had been seen, and no progress made toward acquaintance. They never bought of pedlers, and never gave an order to any "agents;" and when the tax-gatherer came round, he got his taxes the first time of calling, and could not well get an excuse for staying overnight. If he had we should have known more of them; for the collector's reward was partly in so many dollars, and partly in the entertainment he received—for he dearly loved a bit of gossip.

I wanted to get the young men into our lending library, and was determined they should not live the lives of hermits, if I

could help it. I visited them, therefore, several times, and came perhaps nearer than anybody to an acquaintance with them. As I said I wanted to see the young men, I saw the young men—their sisters were not seen. If I had wanted to see the young ladies, the young men would, I suppose, have been invisible—perhaps all but the old folks. I began to discover that, though not really ignorant, all their knowledge of men and things was from reading, not from mingling in the world—and consequently full of odd mistakes and deficiencies. Their very English was outlandish and old-fashioned. The Northern accent I was prepared for; but not to hear *hither* instead of here, or *central* instead of central, or *Ni-a-gai-ra* instead of *Ni-ag-a-ra*. With the old man's name down for a dollar a year as a "reader," my success ended. He said that would do for all the family, and that the boys "never made any bargains for themselves." The librarian told me that one of the boys would come regularly once in four weeks for two new books; but never spoke a word. I wondered, and I wonder yet, what it is such people live for?

They were *not* rich when they came—Seagram found that out, and ceased to court their friendship—but they soon became rich—what with getting in all the money they could, and spending none. And when one by one, the boys went off to newer townships, to do for themselves, nobody in the place knew anything about it. They were gone from the neighborhood; but as they had never formed any part of its society, so "society" did not miss them! "I'd rather be a dog at once," said Chuff, "than sich a human!"

About the time I speak of, society about Skendle was in a transition state. It was neither "bush" nor an "old township;" and society was, therefore, between the two. Not to speak of the "pioneers"—of whom Crow was a fair specimen, and who had mostly moved away—people who settle in new townships are mostly poor, and the virtues peculiar to poverty—sympathy and friendliness, and a desire to help those who need help—remain with these as long as they live. Their children, who are trained in another school, have much less of this milk of human kindness, and often

become as close and selfish as they can find a good excuse to be. A change comes over the township as it becomes "an old settlement." Rough farms and poor ones are bought up by well-to-do neighbors, who have the fashion of adding farm to farm. The farmer has a few thousand dollars out at good interest, secured by sound mortgages; and I never knew a man yet with surplus money, who did not show his consciousness of it. Men no more need, absolutely *need* one another's help, as in the bush; and men seldom do what they are not forced to do—and so they cease to help one another. Yet one can't always be in a new township, for it gets "old" while we're thinking about it; and the only thing we can do, is to be just as friendly as if we needed everybody's help ourselves, and to cultivate pride as little as if the whole world frowned on it; it ought to frown on it—and "ought to" is a weighty reason!

Dress has had a great deal to do, also, with these changes. Our sisters used to wear their neat dark homespun flannels, and we were gay in homespun cloth. The same class of girls are sensible enough when at home, now, *in the forenoons*, when doing their work, and wearing their homespuns, or something equivalent. But wait till the afternoon, till they have "fixed up their hair"—and it is theirs, whether bought or grown—and till they start out, parasol in hand; and the same girl who was chatty and free this forenoon, now stalks past, with what a friend of mine calls "a *pleet* in her lip;" and it is a kind of condescension on her part to recognize you at all! The young men then had been boys together—ragged boys many of them—and they could not altogether forget it. There were always a few "young bloods," who, like the Bourbons, "never learned anything, and never forgot anything," but they were only a sprinkling. Now, the young men, in those same townships, wear broadcloth suits abroad, have rings on their fingers, have their hair come down with what Professor Johnson (colored) calls a "circumbendibus" over the forehead, call father "governor," and mother "the old lady"—and think, every man of them, that they are "too good for farmers!"

But there were some sunny fellows round

about. With the first pinch of poverty over, and not enough wealth to spoil them, they lived to enjoy life, and see it enjoyed by others. If a real sunny-minded man settled on a concession, the light of his genial mind shone all along the line! It is most wonderful how such influence acts, and how long it lasts! There are parts of townships that may be as gloomy as they are at present for centuries, just because some miserable old muck-rake was the chief man at the beginning of the settlement. Others again use the maples in such a way that "they grow fragrant in burning" under their hands, and seem to plant with their first crop so many flowers in the soil, that it is like an outlying bit of Paradise ever after. One of these places was called "Fiddler's Hollow." Whether some stranded Orpheus had come to these Western wilds, and charmed the listening trees, I know not; but I do know that when a place once gets a name, the name sticks. In the first place, it wasn't much of a hollow; a few rather rolling farms, dipping, it might be, into a little lower level toward the lake; and in the next place, I never heard any fiddling there. But there was a heartiness about the farmers and their families, that it was a pleasure to come within reach of. A poor fellow in California, whose sands of life were no longer measured by the rocker, or even by the pan, but might be counted as they fell, wrote home that "he wished he was back again, to die in Fiddler's Hollow!" And the oldest man in the settlement, whose long white hair defied the ravages

of time except to bleach it, told me, as he sliced a musk melon on his verandah (and I helped him to dispose of it), "When I came here, it was all bush. I came with a pair of strong arms, and a cheerful heart. I loved to see the green trees, and hear the birds sing. I knew that God loved me, and I loved Him, and I did think that one of His sweetest smiles came down on this hollow! When an ill-conditioned grumbling character would come along, looking for land, I'd tell him that this heavy timber would be the death of him; that a singing man's axe would go right through a knot, just like they used to say sassafras would split rocks; but if he couldn't come with a cheerful heart, he'd better go to the open bush or the 'plains.' But when a poor fellow of the right kind would come along, I'd tell him to settle right in here, and I'd help him—if it wasn't more than just to cheer him up a little. And I do think we got a lot of the best fellows in here that you could think of. And every man of them has done well. And I suppose it was because we were all so happy and peaceable down here, that somebody got up the name on us—said we were all as happy as fiddlers; and so it got to be called 'Fiddler's Hollow.' But the name's nothing. Have another piece of melon?"

I quite agreed with the old patriarch, that it was the *people* that made the *place*; and where the right kind of people get into a locality together, that place would be a happy spot;—for my early belief has never left me, that "There is a great deal of happiness lying about loose in the world!"

DON'T FORGET ME.

BY JOHN READE.

Don't forget me!"—Sweet and sad,
 Were those whispered words of thine:
 Like the voice of flowers at eve,
 When they fold each little leaf,
 And to sleep their life resign
 Till the Sun awakes them glad.

Ah! but I am not to thee
 As the sun is to the flowers—

They live only in his light,
 They live only in the might
 Of the brightness that he showers
 From his golden-majesty.

Bright and gentle, pure and good,
 Ever in mine eyes thou art.
 Far too good and pure for me—
 I can only worship thee!
 Keeping thee within my heart,
 Goddess of my solitude,

GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS.

BY EFFIE KEMP.

CHAPTER I.

"Hurrah for Canada!" shouted a voice across the deck. "Come here, Grantley; splendid view of our Gibraltar," called out Harry McPherson, a great boy of sixteen, as he excitedly strove to retain a good position for his friend—the rush was so great and the eager passengers jostled each other so rudely in their attempt to gain a first look at Quebec.

By-and-by, as the vessel sailed nearer land, and the excitement subsided, a young girl, in heavy mourning, emerged from the stairway, and stood a little way off from Mr. Grantley and his young companion.

"There she is, Grantley, the pretty girl. I feel sorry for her. Captain Wilson says that that lady who died at sea—Mrs. Fleeming, wasn't it?—yes, that is the name, I'm sure; well, anyway, Mrs. Fleeming was her only relative, and she is alone now. It isn't nice for her to land by herself, Grantley."

But Mr. Grantley scarcely heeded his friend's rambling remarks. He was too much occupied in watching the scene before him to pay attention to Harry, who took a great interest in the lonely girl, as she stood leaning on the railing, and gazing sadly away over the waters. The pure, sweet face, with the mournful shade in the eyes and round the mouth, touched the boy's pity. He had sisters at home. The thought of them and of their bright girlish ways drew him to the stranger.

"What shall I do!" he thought, "Grantley has such a kindly, gentlemanly manner if he would only go and speak to her; but then he's so particular, and I fancy he has no extra regard for ladies. Still I'll try him again."

Just then, Mr. Grantley, seeing the disturbed look on Harry's face, came up, and

laughingly commenced to rally him on his sober visage. "What's up now, McPherson?"

"Nothing much, Allen; but really it would only be a kindness to offer your assistance to Miss McAlpine in landing."

"Oh! that's the trouble, is it? Miss McAlpine, eh! Rather a pretty name. How is it you are so intensely interested in that quarter?"

"How you plague a fellow, Allen. Interested indeed? No, I'm not," hastily exclaimed Harry. "I only feel sorry for her. She puts me in mind of our Molly."

"Your Molly," laughed Allen. "The idea!" but seeing that Harry was evidently in earnest, Grantley quickly added, "My, dear fellow, they are as different as black and white. Still, do the attentive yourself. It is a good idea. She is an orphan, I believe."

Harry answered with a doubtful shake of his head, and said, "No! no! Grantley, you have a way of coming over people in general, and women in particular, that I don't possess."

"There! the captain is talking to her, and now he is looking at us." In an instant Harry's good resolutions fled, and he sprang away to the cabin, leaving Grantley among the few who now remained on deck. "Mr. Grantley" shouted the gruff voice of the captain.

"Yes, captain," answered the young man.

"I want to speak to you a moment when I have given some orders."

"All right," was the reply.

The deck was almost deserted now, for the passengers were hastening away to make final preparations before landing. Allen Grantley stood gazing at the fortress, which loomed in sight, thinking of all the deeds of glory which render Quebec a scene

of such intense interest to the tourist, when the captain touched him gently, saying, in a low voice:

"Mr. Grantley, I have a favor to ask. You see that young lady over there?"

"Yes, captain."

"Well! she is a perfect stranger, in a strange land. That Mrs. Fleeming who died at sea was her aunt. They were going West to some friends. Now, you see this young girl is quite alone. I have a hundred and one things to attend to. If you see to her as far as Montreal and put her on the train for the West, you would oblige me very much. It's somewhere near Toronto she is bound for."

"Very well! I'll do my best for your protégée, captain," said Grantley.

"I thank you. My mind will be easy now. Come along till I introduce you. I am wanted below directly."

The subject of this conversation was standing near the fore-castle, looking intently at the battlements, when the captain brought Mr. Grantley to her side.

"Miss McAlpine, here is an escort for you," blurted out the bluff old man. "Mr. Grantley will see you safe away on your journey. Good-bye! my child; if you ever want a friend, drop a line to John Wilson, and I'll try to help you." Shaking her hand quickly, the captain hurried away, leaving Allen Grantley alone with his charge. He had noticed her several times during the trip across the ocean, but always at a distance, for a severe illness had prevented her frequenting either deck or saloon.

Now, Allen saw that her features were beautifully cut, and that her eyes were large, dark and lustrous. The dreadful sea-sickness had robbed her cheeks of all their bloom; but still the strangely pathetic expression of her face touched all the feelings of sympathy in his heart.

He scarcely knew what to say first, but, summoning his courage, he asked her if she was prepared for landing, as the vessel was fast approaching the shore.

Her only answer was a quick half-drawn sigh, almost sob. It was like the low wail of a child in deep distress; but, recovering herself in an instant, she looked up to his

frank face, her eyes dim with unshed tears, and said very quietly, "Thank you, I am ready."

"Very well, then," said the perplexed young gentleman, "we had better sit here until the greater part of the passengers have landed. It will be more agreeable to be out of the crush. He brought two stools forward and placed them near the railing."

"Now, you will have a good view of far-famed Quebec." He then proceeded to point out objects of historical interest to his attentive listener, taking in his own kindly fashion the burden of the conversation, and seeking to interest her with every possible bit of information.

In a short time the vessel glided up to the dock, and the hurry and scuffle of landing ensued. In the midst of the excitement, Harry McPherson rushed on deck, "Come on Grantley! quick! hurry up! let us catch the up boat, and we will be in Montreal to-morrow morning." Grantley sprang up hastily and hurried Miss McAlpine away.

By four o'clock they were safe on board a Montreal boat, and once more viewed Quebec from the deck of a steamer.

CHAPTER II.

Nearly two weeks afterwards, Amy McAlpine stood before the door of a handsome country house, quite a mile away from one of our prettiest country towns. A trim maid answered the door-bell, and Amy enquired for Mrs. Dunsford.

"She is not home yet, Miss."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Amy, while a perplexed look crossed her face. "When do you expect her?"

"Can't say, Miss. She may come any time. Master's here—would you care to see him?" After a moment's consideration, Amy assented, and was shown into a large, comfortable apartment, furnished with every home luxury. It was part library, part parlor, and an elderly gentleman with silvery hair was sitting writing at a table.

"A lady to see you, sir," said the maid; and she closed the door, leaving Amy alone with the master of Dunsford.

He arose, came forward and bowed, then offered Amy a seat. Her deep veil hid her face, and the room was slightly darkened. Mr. Dunsford seemed a little puzzled at her appearance.

"Did you wish to see me?" he asked, after a few moments' silence, in his own stately way.

Amy threw back her veil and answered, "Yes."

"The same sweet, beautiful face that had charmed Allen Grantley's fancy, now startled Mr. Dunsford. Something about it carried his thoughts back, over long years, to the scenes of a happy boyhood and opening manhood.

"What is your name?" he asked rather sharply—very sharply for him, as the stern Mr. Dunsford was a perfect gentleman of the old school.

"Amy McAlpine," was the quiet answer.

"Oh, indeed! I beg your pardon; you reminded me of a friend," and the gentleman seemed slightly disappointed.

Then he studied every feature of her face in a critical way that both annoyed and amused the young girl; still she never allowed her eyes to quail under his searching gaze. After a moment's silence she told him her errand.

"There is a vacancy here, I believe. I saw an advertisement for seamstress in last evening's paper."

If Mr. Dunsford had not been a thorough gentleman I am afraid he would have indulged in a hearty laugh. To him it seemed so perfectly ridiculous to be employing a seamstress for his wife. But he merely said—

"Ah, indeed! Mrs. Wiggles attends to those matters; probably she put the advertisement in the evening paper."

He then took another survey of the elegant figure and the lovely face. There was an unmistakable air of perfect refinement about her every action that spoke volumes.

"You have never filled the position of seamstress before?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Dunsford, but I should do all in my power to give satisfaction," was the earnest answer. "I want to get a situation very much."

"Very well. I shall call Mrs. Wiggles and see what she will do for you. But,

dear me, I should say there were other positions more suitable to a young lady. If it is necessary for you to depend on your own exertions, why not be a governess?"

"I have no recommendation—no friends. What am I to do? I have only been in Canada two weeks, and am perfectly alone."

Amy spoke in a hurried manner, while a proud, pained look crossed her face for an instant; then she said a little mournfully,

"When people have only a few cents in their pocket, they are obliged to accept what they can get."

"True enough! true enough! Miss McAlpine. People have to pocket pride in this land of ours. Now, I'll ring for Mrs. Wiggles. She is a kind, honest soul."

Mr. Dunsford rang the bell, and presently a saucy dame of forty, or thereabout, came into the library. She curtsied, and spoke out in a bluff, kindly fashion,

"Was it myself you were wanting, Mister Dunsford?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wiggles. Did Mrs. Dunsford want a seamstress?"

"Aye! she did then, sir; she dropped me a wee note, she said there was quantities to do for Miss Isabella, so Peter just put a few lines in the *Evening News*, by way of an advertisement."

"Very well, Mrs. Wiggles, this young lady wishes to secure the situation, and as you are more intimately acquainted with fine-sewing than I am, perhaps you will take Miss McAlpine up to the little sitting-room, and you can make your own arrangements. I know your mistress has implicit faith in you, Mrs. Wiggles."

The good woman's face was a perfect study, for in all the twenty years she had spent at Dunsford she had never known her master to trouble himself about the domestic affairs. "Still, wonders will never cease," thought the astonished Mrs. Wiggles, so she said "Very well, sir," and trotted away to the sitting-room, followed by the anxious Amy, who was greatly perplexed as to her future life. After sundry jerks and grunts, the good dame finally spoke her mind, as she termed it.

"You'll excuse an old woman's tongue, but you are far too much of the lady to engage in service I should think."

"Work is no degradation, Mrs. Wiggles."

"Would you be kind enough to let me see what is expected of me?" was the quiet answer.

A long discussion on trills, puffs, lace work, embroidery, and tucks, ensued, the result of which was the complete mystification of plain Mrs. Wiggles, who "never did see, never indeed, one who was so great with a needle," as she told Sally, the house-maid. Mr. Dunsford was deep in one of the great political speeches of the day when Mrs. Wiggles made a second visit to the library.

"If you please, sir, what am I to do with the young lady? There is no mistaking it she is no common one," asked the house-keeper.

"Oh, please yourself, Mrs. Wiggles. Is she capable?"

"I never saw the beat, sir. Miss Isabella has a talent for pictures, and Miss Gipsey for cooking, has the greatest idea in the world, but this young woman, I reckon, it aint one talent she has but a heap of them. It's real genis it is; but then, sir, she has no character, no friends, or nothing but her sweet, innocent face to recommend her. She looks like a lamb, she does, the poor dear!"

"If she pleases you, we will risk the character, Mrs. Wiggles. Her face is the purest and most trustworthy one possible," and Mr. Dunsford again buried himself in the pages of the *Globe*.

"The master is never far wrong," thought the good old woman, as she hurried away to tell the delighted Amy, "that she might stay now, and Jack, the boy, would go for the boxes."

No sooner had Mrs. Wiggles left the room which Amy was to occupy, than the young girl broke into passionate weeping. She threw herself on the bed, and sobbed until the weary body and mind, spent with fatigue and emotion, succumbed to nature, and the tired girl sank into a heavy dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER III.

Left an orphan at an early age, Amy McAlpine was adopted by her father's connections in England. In a home of great

wealth, and surrounded by every wished-for luxury, she spent a happy girlhood. No step was so light, no smile so gladdening, as Amy McAlpine's, the sweet highland lassie, as her friends fondly called her. Mrs. Fleeming, her aunt, having no children of her own, loved the little Scotch Amy like a daughter. Life glided by like a beautiful dream to the joyous girl, who grew more loving and lovable every day. Possessed of an exceedingly active mind, and talented in no slight degree, she made wonderful progress in her studies, and at eighteen was accomplished beyond the average of her companions.

But her dream was rudely broken. Her aunt's husband died, insolvent, leaving his widow and Amy penniless. Obligated to depend on their own exertions for support, Amy eagerly caught at the idea of accompanying her aunt to Canada, where they intended establishing a private school for young ladies. Mrs. Fleeming had relatives in the Western part of Canada, whose assistance she hoped to gain. So, imbued with courage, and zealous to carry on their project, they sailed away to the new land. The delicate health of Mrs. Fleeming ill-fitted her for a trying voyage. She sickened and died on the outward journey, leaving the sorrowing Amy completely alone. Of her aunt's friends, the poor girl knew nothing, except that they had lived in a town which I shall call Cleaton, and that Miss Bernard was the maiden name of Mrs. Fleeming's sister, who had been in Canada for many years.

On reaching Cleaton, Amy made all possible enquiries for Miss Bernard, but no one knew of a person answering to the name. With a heavy heart, and a very light purse, she then sought out cheap lodgings, and exerted herself to find employment. Finally, she saw the advertisement for a seamstress at Dunsford, and as she was an adept at sewing, she sought, and as we saw, obtained the situation.

Amy slept too soundly to hear the crash of the carriage wheels on the gravel, and the sound of voices on the verandah. Twilight's dim shadows were over all the land when she awoke to a dreary sense of her future life. On attempting to rise, she found a fleecy blanket tucked about her,

and the room fairly littered with dresses, jackets, and travelling equipments. She sprang up hastily, wondering what strange visitant had kindly considered her comfort and thoughtlessly metamorphosed her neat chamber. The house was very quiet, so, having smoothed her tumbled hair, and bathed her tear-stained face, she started out in quest of Mrs. Wiggles and a light. A few steps down the hall, and she stumbled against some one who was rushing in her direction. There was a merry peal of laughter and a—

"Is that you, Miss McAlpine? Come along! Had a good sleep, eh! Give me a pair of gloves, for I stole a kiss when I tucked the blanket over you."

In a state of utter astonishment at this new actor on the stage of Dunsford life, Amy was ushered into a small but comfortable apartment, where a tea table was set for two. In the full light of a large lamp, Amy took a good view of her companion—an active overgrown girl of fourteen, with a very fuzzy head, and a generally untidy appearance. The bright smile that changed the whole face, and the strangely beautiful violet eyes, were Bertha Dunsford's only beauty, for it was Mr. Dunsford's only daughter who had so unceremoniously taken possession of Amy.

"I am Bertha Dunsford, better known as 'Gipseys,' said the strange child, by way of an introduction. A pure rippling laugh rang through the room, and Amy was compelled to laugh too, for Gipseys' laughter was infectious.

"You must understand," went on the gay girl, "we only arrived this afternoon when you were asleep. Sit here and make yourself at home, while I tell you all the yarn."

Amy took the proffered seat, and Gipseys, having attended to all her duties as hostess at the small tea party of two, proceeded with her tale.

"We, that is my step-mother, her daughter, Miss Gilmour, and I, thought we would surprise the natives, so we came home, without warning, in a cab. Old Wiggles, as usual, had my room cram full of trash. I verily believe the old dame has been fighting spiders, and that ever since the day we left, and that's six weeks ago, I think she was so busy over Ma and Bell that I had

to fish for myself, so I made for Perkins' room, and who should I find but a sleeping beauty. Having made Wiggles solve the mystery of your appearance, I just made myself comfortable, and as you looked cold I covered you up. Then you moaned, in your sleep, and called out, 'Oh! aunt Bessie, I'm so lonely! I *am* so lonely.' I could not help it. I just kissed you, for I am so very lonely, too, sometimes. Afterwards I sat for a long time on your bed. Some way I cannot help liking you, and I mean to be your friend through thick and thin." The impulsive girl threw her arms round Amy's neck, and kissed her not sweetly but soundly. I doubt if Amy ever received so crushing a kiss in her life.

"Do you like to take your tea with me?" asked Gipseys as she jerked into her seat again.

"Yes, very much," answered Amy's sweet voice.

"That's all serene then; for we will always have our tea here while the rest dine. Mrs. Wiggles wouldn't think of having you at her table, as the dear roily-poley will insist on your being 'no common,' and Bell stuck up her nose when papa said that you were a lady."

Amy's face grew crimson at this speech but Gipseys, who was intent on sugaring her peaches, never noticing the pain she was inflicting on her silent companion by her revelations, rattled on.

"I settled Wiggles' trouble by telling her that I would share your bed and board, just as my governess, Miss Perkins, and I used to do before the grand row. She was a pokey old sinner, that is Miss Perkins was, and had some wretched ideas about the bringing up of young females like myself. I am glad she is safe away."

"Your governess has left you?" queried Amy.

"Oh, yes! the sweet creature has departed, false curls, bag and baggage. We had a quarrel, you must know. Papa is innocent as a kitten yet. He thinks she has gone over the lines to visit her friends. Mamma says I have to make a full confession of my unladylike conduct. The idea! as if I could be lady-like any way. But, to be honest, I dread telling papa. It will grieve his blessed old heart, and I don't

care about vexing him in any way, he is so good."

For a whole minute Gipsey was silent and sober, then she laughed a careless laugh, and proceeded to give Amy a ludicrous account of her trip. A very merry conversation followed, until Sally, the maid, appeared to take away the tray. The first evening at Dunsford passed away quickly to Amy, who was greatly interested in, and amused with, the spirited young lady. Gipsey was so different from any one whom she had ever encountered before. Certainly her queer speeches and frequent slang phrases grated somewhat harshly on Amy's sensitive, refined feelings; but there was such a world of mirth in the great violet eyes that beamed and sparkled with animation, and such a fund of love and real goodness in Gipsey's heart, that Amy felt irresistibly drawn to this new friend. For a true and lasting friend Gipsey could be if her affections were once enlisted, and an equally earnest enemy, too, if her feelings of re-

sentment were fully aroused. She was open to a fault, generous, impulsive, loving and hating with all her heart. The very making of a noble woman, with proper training. She was so brave and fearless that she drew people to her instinctively.

Before the evening was over, Amy knew well that Mrs. Dunsford was not a favorite with her step-daughter, and that Belle Gilmour, Mr. Dunsford's only daughter by a former marriage, was engaged to be married in the spring, and that all the trappings and frillings entrusted to Amy was part of the future bride's *trousseau*.

That night, Gipsey, once snug in her blankets, said:

"Oh! Miss McAlpine, I know what's so nice about you, now that you have your hair down, you look exactly like the picture of mamma—not Mrs. Dunsford, but my own mother. Do kiss me good night."

The required kiss was given, and soon the inmates of Dunsford were wrapped in quiet slumber.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

BY P. Y. REID.

"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—MAL. iv. 2

The old Cathedral rises hoar,
And heaves its lofty towers
Above the ceaseless whirl and roar,
That fill the market hours,—
When from the wealthy country round
The crowds come trooping in,
To buy and sell, and make exchange,
And riches all to win.

And till the sun stoops to the west,
Apace the current flows;—
A scene of bustle and unrest,
From opening to the close;
And when the stir subsides again,
The shadows deepen down,
And fall on eave and niche and wall,
And hide the gargoyle's frown.

But upward creeps the sunlight,
To rest on tower and spire—
Their gilded summits twinkling bright,
As if alive with fire.
And so above our daily life,
When vexed with little cares,
Our souls may raise themselves on high,
Amid those heavenly airs,—

That blow about our common life,
To keep it pure and strong,
And catch the light of that blest Sun,
To whom life doth belong;
And hold it forth a witness clear
To those in sin that lie,
That over all the changes here
We see a God on high.

—Sunday Magazine.

Young Folks.

BERNARD PALISSY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A few facts from the laborious life of this man of genius will serve to show how great is the power of an indomitable will over the most formidable obstacles.

We have only vague and uncertain accounts as to the country and time of birth of this illustrious artisan. But it little matters to us whether he were born at the end of the 15th century or beginning of the 16th, or if the diocese of Agen or some other place claims him as a citizen. We will leave these minutiae to critical biographers, and will content ourselves with gleaning, from Bernard Palissy's own writings, some interesting facts which will demonstrate his perseverance in all he undertook.

In his youth, Palissy was engaged in the work of drawing and painting on glass; he was also frequently employed in law-suits, to sketch the plans of the disputed estates. At this early period of his life, he had established himself in the town of Saintes, and lived there in obscurity on the gains of his labor. One day, he accidentally saw a beautiful enamelled earthenware cup, and he became possessed of the desire to make one equally perfect. He naturally thought that, with his talent for painting, he would be able to make earthenware vases of a beautiful kind could he but discover the art of fabricating and mixing enamels. "And from that time," he says, "notwithstanding my total ignorance of the different kinds of potter's clay, I set to work to find enamels, though I was as a man fumbling in the dark." The earthenware cup, which gave the impetus to his genius and emulation, was probably one from the shops of Faenza or Castel Durante, which were then renowned throughout Europe. Wherever it came from, it was the cause of Palissy's

studies and researches. Then began his struggles against innumerable difficulties, against agonizing trials, which would have cowed into indifference a common will.

Palissy had earned some money by sketching the islands and neighboring features of the salt marshes of Saintonge; his knowledge of practical geometry had caused him to be chosen for this work, by the commissioners appointed to levy the tax on salt in this province. This money was spent in his search for enamels. Palissy's noble ambition was not, however, altogether praiseworthy. Had he been single, one could but have admired his self-devotion and courage in all his privations; but he had a family, and to give himself up exclusively to his new pursuit, he culpably abandoned the trade which gave bread to his little ones. From thenceforth, Bernard Palissy employed every moment in kneading clay, and covering it with a carefully prepared substance. Then, filled with intense anxiety as to the result, he superintended incessantly the baking of his enamels; but his first attempts were fruitless, and poverty soon reigned in the house. This misfortune was not sufficient to damp his artistic zeal. His infatuation prevented him from feeling, or from hearing, the complaints which were showered upon him. If he succeeded in making some improvements in his processes, he fancied he had nearly attained the object of his desires, and this hope armed him with resignation. If he suffered to-day, if his family want bread to-morrow, perhaps he will arrive at the summit of his wishes, and incalculable riches will be his reward. Such were Palissy's constant illusions for more than twenty years. "Every day," says a biographer, "Palissy's abode

rung with the loud complaints and reproaches of his wife. Often, too, his children joined their mother in imploring him, with tears in their eyes, and hands clasped, to resume his old profession of painting on glass, which procured the means of a comfortable subsistence. To all reproaches, of wife and children, Palissy remained insensible. He had confidence in his work. Reviled, treated as a madman, suspected of being a sorcerer and coiner of false money, his courage was not daunted. At last, by a new combination he thought he was on the point of success, when a potter, who worked for him, left him suddenly because his wages were unpaid. Palissy, without credit, without any means, was obliged to give the man some of his clothes. Left to himself, he went towards his oven, which was built in the cellar of his house. But alas! he wants wood! What is to be done? In the baking of this new composition all his last hopes are centred. He runs to his garden, tears down the fences, breaks them in pieces, and soon the oven is heated. Still the heat is not intense enough. Then Palissy, beside himself, throws into the oven his furniture, the doors, the windows and even the flooring of his house. The tears, the entreaties, of his family have no effect upon him; no consideration stops him, he wants wood to feed his oven, and anything combustible is remorselessly sacrificed by him. Palissy is ruined, but success has crowned his efforts! A prolonged cry of joy echoes through the cellar and resounds through the house, and when Palissy's wife, astonished at the strange cry, runs down, she finds her husband standing in a state of stupefaction,

gazing at a piece of brilliantly colored pottery, held in his two hands."

It must not be supposed that Palissy was totally indifferent to the daily cares of life; more than once despair preyed on his heart. "Notwithstanding," said he, in his quaint way, "the courage which made me go on so perseveringly in my labors, often, when I had to talk to people who came to see me, I felt much more inclined to cry than to laugh." Palissy's success, though so dearly bought, made considerable changes in his position. His fame spread far and wide; he found patrons at court, especially the Constable de Montmorency, who employed him in decorating many of his castles, among others that of Ecouen. He executed rustic groups, that is to say, figures of animals moulded in clay and covered with enamels made to imitate nature. Summoned to Paris by the King, he received the patent of invention of rustic pottery for the King and the Constable de Montmorency. He lived at the Tuileries, opposite the Seine, and was surnamed Bernard of the Tuileries. There he assembled an immense number of things in natural history, and he gave lectures on natural philosophy. He also wrote several important treatises, particularly one on stones, which contains many new discoveries until then unknown.

Palissy was a Protestant, and he could not escape the persecutions of the Leaguers. He was confined in one of the dungeons of the Bastille, where he died in 1589, aged, it is said, 90 years.

All collections of curiosities, especially the Museum at Paris, possess plates, dishes, and enamelled vases ornamented by Palissy with paintings of different animals.

DOING AND DREAMING.

BY HILIER LORETTA.

"If you really loved mamma, Minnie," said Tottie Evans, "you would try to help her when she is so busy."

"I wonder how you dare to speak that way to me," rejoined her sister; "you know very well that I love mamma as much as anybody in the world. Last summer, when she was ill, people said that I cried a great deal more than you did."

"Yes, but I hadn't time to cry; I was always running up and down stairs, and doing things in the bedroom."

"Well, I don't care, I know if mamma were to die, I should fret more than anybody about her. I would just go to her grave and lie there until I died myself; I wouldn't care to live at all."

"I hope mamma will live to be a very old woman," said Tottie, seriously. "I would like her to be a hundred years old, but I don't want to die when she does, for then there would be no one to take care of papa, and Willie, and baby. Papa will most likely be blind and deaf by that time, and I shall have to lead him about like old Mr. Saunders."

Before Tottie had finished speaking, her mother called her.

"Tottie, I want you to post this letter for me, and send Minnie to mind the baby; for I am afraid papa will be home before dinner is ready."

Tottie called Minnie and then hastened to put on her hat.

It was washing-day, and the nurse had gone home ill; so Mrs. Evans had to take care of the children besides doing most of the housework. Susan had washed the breakfast dishes and left them in the sink for Tottie to dry.

Mrs. Evans had made the beds and swept the rooms, and Minnie said she had dusted the sitting-room, but when Tottie went to take a book off the table, she saw that the

dust was quite thick, so she spoke to Minnie about it, and then the conversation which you have heard was commenced.

As Tottie went out with the letter Minnie walked slowly upstairs and took the baby from her mother. She did not like nursing babies, or, indeed, doing anything else that was useful; but she was accustomed to obey, so she took little Charlie and walked about the room with him, showing him the pictures, and tapping on the window panes to amuse him.

Mrs. Evans had to go downstairs to see about the dinner, and she told Minnie to stay in the bedroom until she came back, for the baby had a cold, and the doctor said he must be kept in a room with a fire.

"You won't be long, will you, mamma?" said Minnie; "it is so tiresome staying up here all alone."

"I shall have to be away about an hour, but Tottie will help you when she comes in."

If Minnie had looked at her mother she would have seen the tender reproach that was in her eyes, for Mrs. Evans felt that her little daughter was very selfish. No sooner had the door closed than Minnie began to tire of carrying the baby.

"There is no use in spoiling him," she said to herself; "mother often puts him on the bed, and he is just as happy there."

So she laid him down. But baby was not in a very happy mood, and cried to be taken up again.

"You tiresome little creature!" said Minnie, as she caught him up roughly and hushed him in her arms, hoping he would go to sleep. Baby's feelings, however, were hurt by the cross way in which she had spoken, and he cried piteously. Mrs. Evans came back to see what was the matter and told Minnie that, as she could not mind the baby, she had better lay the table for dinner.

Minnie went downstairs feeling angry with herself and everybody else, but particularly with Tottie for the way in which she had spoken. With all her faults, however, Minnie had naturally a kind heart and good intentions; but you know, little reader, that good intentions must be followed by good actions, or they will not be of use to any one.

While she was laying the table Minnie was thinking of all that she would do for her mother when she became a rich woman, for she never doubted that some day she would be a rich woman.

"I will build her a beautiful house," she thought; "and get her two nurses, so that when one is away the other can take care of baby; she shall have a carriage too, and a footman like Mrs. Wright's, and every-time I go to see her I will fill her purse with money, so that she can buy everything she likes."

While Minnie was still dreaming of these happy days to come, her father and Tottie arrived.

Tottie took the baby while Mrs. Evans hurriedly prepared the dinner; but when they sat down the carving-knife was missing, there was no salt on the table, and only three forks.

"Ah, Minnie!" said her father, "you will never be a housekeeper;" and Mrs. Evans looked grave, for she remembered how imperfectly Minnie did everything. Minnie herself, too, felt ashamed of her carelessness, but she was sure that if her mother only knew of the kind things she intended to do for her some day she would not feel annoyed at her neglecting such trifling duties as laying the table and minding the baby.

When dinner was over Mrs. Evans told the children that they might play on the lawn for a while, if they would take Willie with them, and see that he did not get into any mischief.

Willie was only two years old and wanted constant watching, but both little girls were anxious to take charge of him; and Minnie, remembering her past failures, was very thoughtful all the time they were playing.

The next morning too, she tried to do better; but very soon she fell again into her old careless habits. Her lessons were never

properly prepared, and her mother often remarked that while Tottie studied diligently, Minnie would interrupt her with foolish questions and remarks upon what she had seen and heard. Like many silly children, Minnie seemed to think that if her parents paid for her education, her teachers would confer it upon her without any effort of her own. This is a very foolish idea, for all the clever people in the world have had to work hard for their knowledge. Like you, little reader, they once had to spell the long words, and if they had not taken pains they would have to spell them still; all the money in the world will not purchase education, but even poor people may earn it if they are willing to study diligently. While Minnie was frittering away the golden hours of her life, Tottie was laying up a store of useful knowledge for the future.

About two years after the time of which I am writing, and when Minnie was nearly thirteen, her father's health failed so much that he was obliged to give up his situation.

The family then went to live in a small house in the country; and as they could not afford to keep even one servant, Mrs. Evans had a great deal of work to do.

At first both Tottie and Minnie tried very hard to help her, but Minnie soon began to tire of the work. One day, as she stood by the kitchen table peeling potatoes for dinner, her mother noticed that she had been crying, and asked her tenderly,

"What is the matter with you, dear?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing, only I was thinking—"

"What were you thinking?"

Minnie's tears flowed fast. She could not tell her dear, kind mother what silly thoughts had filled her mind; but that night when she was in bed she suddenly exclaimed,—

"Oh! Tottie, don't you wish that some kind fairy, like those we read about, would bring us lots of money! I often think if such things could be real, and I had a god-mother like Cinderella, how happy I should be."

"Do you know, Minnie, I rather like being poor," said Tottie. "Of course, I often feel sorry when I can't get the things

I want; but it is so nice to feel that you are useful, and that people would miss you if you went away. When I am tired I always try to think how much more tired mamma would have been if I had not helped her."

"Yes, but if we had money you see, none of us need be tired."

"Hush! children," said Mrs. Evans, opening the door; "it is nearly eleven o'clock, and you will disturb your father."

"Why, mamma, have you not been in bed?" exclaimed both girls at once.

"No dears, I had some work to finish, and I thought there would not be time to do it to-morrow."

Neither of the girls spoke again; but while Tottie slept peacefully, Minnie's unquiet spirit kept her awake. She knew right well that the work which her mother had sat up to finish was some that she had promised to do the week before. Tears of penitence fell upon her pillow, and many were the good resolutions that she made; but whether she would have kept them or not we cannot tell, for the opportunities which she had so long slighted never came again. The next day her dear mother was taken ill, and before a month had passed she had gone to that bright land where she will never more be weary. So great was Minnie's grief that she became seriously ill, and was confined to her bed for more than a week. One afternoon, when she awoke from a feverish sleep, she saw Tottie sitting beside her, and throwing her arms round her neck, she cried in the anguish of her spirit—

"Oh, Tottie! if I had only been like you!"

"Hush! darling," said Tottie, for she knew what was in her heart, and she did not want her to speak until she was stronger. But Minnie felt as if she must talk. I will not tell you all she said, for even to repeat her words would make you sad; but I want you to remember that the real work of life consists in diligently fulfilling everyday duties. Perhaps no one who reads these pages will ever have the opportunity for performing any great action in the world; but there is work of importance to be found in every family, even for children. It may be only to make a bed, or sweep a room, to soothe a crying baby,

or mend a torn pinafore; still, if it be the work that God has given you, it is important, and to do it cheerfully is real heroism. Little reader, if you would be spared the sad remorse which Minnie felt, you must never forget that a small act of kindness done for those you love is a thousand times better than a great one promised.

KATY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE LOFT.

"I declare," said Miss Petingill, laying down her work, "if them children don't beat all! What on airth *are* they going to do now?"

Miss Petingill was sitting in the little room in the back building, which she always had when she came to the Carrs for a week's mending and making over. She was the dearest, funniest old woman who ever went out sewing by the day. Her face was round, and somehow made you think of a very nice baked apple, it was so criss-crossed, and lined by a thousand good-natured puckers. She was small and wiry, and wore caps and a false front, which was just the color of a dusty Newfoundland dog's back. Her eyes were dim, and she used spectacles; but for all that, she was an excellent worker. Every one liked Miss Petingill, though Aunt Izzie *did* once say that her tongue "was hung in the middle." Aunt Izzie made this remark when she was in a temper, and was by no means prepared to have Phil walk up at once and request Miss Petingill to "stick it out," which she obligingly did; while the rest of the children crowded to look. They couldn't see that it was different from other tongues, but Philly persisted in finding something curious about it; there must be, you know—since it was hung in that queer way!

Wherever Miss Petingill went, all sorts of treasures went with her. The children liked to have her come, for it was as good as a fairy story, or the circus, to see her things unpacked. Miss Petingill was very much afraid of burglars; she lay awake half the night listening for them, and nothing on earth would have persuaded her to go anywhere, leaving behind what she called her "plate." This stately word meant six old tea-spoons, very thin and bright and sharp, and a butter-knife, whose handle set forth that it was "A testimonial of gratitude, for saving the life of Ithurial Jobson, aged seven, on the occasion of his being attacked with quinsy sore throat."

Miss Petingill was very proud of her knife. It and the spoons travelled about in a little basket which hung on her arm, and was never allowed to be out of her sight, even when the family she was sewing for were the honestest people in the world.

Then, beside the plate-basket, Miss Petingill never stirred without Tom, her tortoise-shell cat. Tom was a beauty, and knew his power; he ruled Miss Petingill with a rod of iron, and always sat in the rocking-chair when there was one. It was no matter where *she* sat, Miss Petingill told people, but Tom was delicate, and must be made comfortable. A big family Bible always came too, and a special red merino pin-cushion, and some "shade pictures" of old Mr. and Mrs. Petingill and Peter Petingill, who was drowned at sea; and photographs of Mrs. Porter, who used to be Marcia Petingill, and Mrs. Porter's husband, and all the Porter children. Many little boxes and jars came also, and a long row of phials and bottles, filled with home-made physic and herb teas. Miss Petingill could not have slept without having them beside her, for, as she said, how did she know that she might not be "took sudden" with something, and die for want of a little ginger-balsam or pennyroyal?

The Carr children always made so much noise, that it required something unusual to make Miss Petingill drop her work, as she did now, and fly to the window. In fact there was a tremendous hubbub: hurrahs from Dorry, stamping of feet, and a great outcry of shrill, glad voices. Looking down, Miss Petingill saw the whole six—no, seven, for Cecy was there too—stream out of the woodhouse door—which wasn't a door, but only a tall open arch—and rush noisily across the yard. Katy was at the head, bearing a large black bottle without any cork in it, while the others carried in each hand what seemed to be a cookie.

"Katherine Carr! Katherine!" screamed Miss Petingill, tapping loudly on the glass. "Don't you see that it's raining? You ought to be ashamed to let your little brothers and sisters go out and get wet in such a way!" But nobody heard her, and the children vanished into the shed, where nothing could be seen but a distant flapping of pantalettes and frilled trousers, going up what seemed to be a ladder, farther back in the shed. So, with a dissatisfied cluck, Miss Petingill drew back her head, perched the spectacles on her nose, and went to work again on Katy's plaid alpaca, which had two immense zigzag rents across the middle of the front breadth. Katy's frocks, strange to say, always tore exactly in that place!

If Miss Petingill's eyes could have reached a little farther, they would have seen that it wasn't a ladder up which the children were climbing, but a tall wooden post,

with spikes driven into it about a foot apart. It required quite a stride to get from one spike to the other; in fact the little ones couldn't have managed it at all, had it not been for Clover and Cecy "boosting" very hard from below, while Kate, making a long arm, clawed from above. At last they were all safely up, and in the delightful retreat which I am about to describe:

Imagine a low, dark loft without any windows, and with only a very little light coming in through the square hole in the floor, to which the spikey post led. There was a strong smell of corn-cobs, though the corn had been taken away; a great deal of dust and spider-web in the corners, and some wet spots on the boards; for the roof always leaked a little in rainy weather.

This was the place, which for some reason I have never been able to find out, the Carr children preferred to any other on rainy Saturdays, when they could not play out-doors. Aunt Izzie was as much puzzled at this fancy as I am. When she was young (a vague, far-off time, which none of her nieces and nephews believed in much), she had never had any of these queer notions about getting off into holes and corners, and pokeaway places. Aunt Izzie would gladly have forbidden them to go to the loft, but Dr. Carr had given his permission, so all she could do was to invent stories about children who had broken their bones, in various dreadful ways, by climbing posts and ladders. But these stories made no impression on any of the children except little Phil, and the self-willed brood kept on their way, and climbed their spiked post as often as they liked.

"What's in the bottle?" demanded Dorry, the minute he was fairly landed in the loft.

"Don't be greedy," replied Katy, severely; "you will know when the time comes. It is something *delicious*, I can assure you.

"Now," she went on, having thus quenched Dorry, "all of you had better give me your cookies to put away: if you don't, they'll be sure to be eaten up before the feast, and then you know there wouldn't be anything to make a feast of."

So all of them handed over their cookies. Dorry, who had begun on his as he came up the ladder, was a little unwilling, but he was too much in the habit of minding Katy to dare to disobey. The big bottle was set in a corner, and a stack of cookies built up around it.

"That's right," proceeded Katy, who, as oldest and biggest, always took the lead in their plays. "Now if we're fixed and ready to begin, the Fête (Kate pronounced it *Feet*) can commence. The opening exercise will be 'A Tragedy of the Alhambra,' by Miss Hall."

"No," cried Clover; "first 'The Blue Wizard, or Edwitha of the Hebrides,' you know, Katy."

"Didn't I tell you?" said Katy; "a dreadful accident has happened to that."

"Oh, what?" cried all the rest, for 'Edwitha' was rather a favorite with the family. It was one of the many serial stories which Katy was forever writing, and was about a lady, a knight, a blue wizard, and a poodle named Bop. It had been going on so many months now, that everybody had forgotten the beginning, and nobody had any particular hope of living to hear the end, but still the news of its untimely fate was a shock.

"I'll tell you," said Katy. "Old Judge Kirby called this morning to see Aunt Izzie; I was studying in the little room, but I saw him come in, and pull out the big chair and sit down, and I almost screamed out 'don't!'"

"Why?" cried the children.

"Don't you see? I had stuffed 'Edwitha' down between the back and the seat. It was a beautiful hiding-place, for the seat goes back ever so far; but 'Edwitha' was such a fat bundle, and old Judge Kirby takes up so much room, that I was afraid there would be trouble. And sure enough he had hardly dropped down before there was a great crackling of paper, and he jumped up again and called out, 'Bless me! what is that?' And then he began poking, and poking, and just as he had poked out the whole bundle, and was putting on his spectacles to see what it was, Aunt Izzie came in."

"Well, what next?" cried the children, immensely jickled.

"Oh," continued Katy, "Aunt Izzie put on her glasses too, and screwed up her eyes—you know the way she does, and she and the judge read a little bit of it; that part at the first, you remember, where Bop steals the blue-pills, and the Wizard tries to throw him into the sea. You can't think how funny it was to hear Aunt Izzie reading 'Edwitha' out loud—" and Katy went into convulsions at the recollection—"when she got to 'Oh Bop—my angel Bop—I just rolled under the table, and stuffed the table-cover in my mouth to keep from screaming right out. By-and-by I heard her call Debby, and give her the papers, and say: 'Here is a mass of trash which I wish you to put at once into the kitchen fire.' And she told me afterward that she thought I would be in an insane asylum before I was twenty. It was too bad," ended Katy, half laughing and half crying, "to burn up the new chapter and all. But there's one good thing—she didn't find 'The Fairy of the Dry Goods Box,' that was stuffed farther back in the seat."

"And now," continued the mistress of ceremonies, "we will begin. Miss Hall will please rise."

"Miss Hall," much fluttered at her fine name, got up with very red cheeks.

"It was once upon a time," she read, "moonlight lay on the halls of the Alhambra, and the knight, striding impatiently down the passage, thought she would never come."

"Who, the moon?" asked Clover.

"No, of course not," replied Cecy, "a lady he was in love with. The next verse is going to tell about her, only you interrupted."

"She wore a turban of silver, with a jewelled crescent. As she stole down the corridor the beams struck it and it glittered like stars."

"So you are come, Zuleika?"

"Yes my lord."

"Just then a sound as of steel smote upon the ear, and Zuleika's mail-clad father rushed in. He drew his sword, so did the other. A moment more, and they both lay dead and stiff in the beams of the moon. Zuleika gave a loud shriek, and threw herself upon their bodies. She was dead, too! And so ends the Tragedy of the Alhambra."

"That's lovely," said Katy, drawing a long breath, "only very sad! What beautiful stories you do write, Cecy! But I wish you wouldn't always kill the people. Why couldn't the knight have killed the father, and—no, I suppose Zuleika wouldn't have married him then. Well, the father might have—oh, bother! why must anybody be killed, anyhow? why not have them fall on each other's necks, and make up?"

"Why, Katy?" cried Cecy, "it wouldn't have been a tragedy then. You know the name was 'A Tragedy of the Alhambra.'"

"Oh, well," said Katy, hurriedly, for Cecy's lips were beginning to pout, and her fair, pinkish face to redden, as if she were about to cry; "perhaps it was prettier to have them all die; only your ladies and gentlemen always do die, and I thought, for a change, you know!—What a lovely word that was—'Corregidor'—what does it mean?"

"I don't know," replied Cecy, quite consoled. "It was in the 'Conquest of Granada.' Something to walk over, I believe."

"The next," went on Katy, consulting her paper, "is 'Yap,' a Simple Poem, by Clover Carr."

All the children giggled, but Clover got up composedly, and recited the following verses:

"Did you ever know Yap?
The best little dog.
Who e'er sat on lap
Or barked at a frog."

"His eyes were like beads,
His tail like a mop,
And it wagged as if
It never would stop."

"His hair was like silk
Of the glossiest sheen,
He always ate milk,
And once the cold-cream

"Off the nursery bureau
(That line is too long!)
It made him quite ill,
So endeth my song.

"For Yappy he died
Just two months ago,
And we oughtn't to sing
At a funeral, you know."

The "Poem" met with immense applause; all the children laughed, and shouted, and clapped, till the loft rang again, but Clover kept her face perfectly, and sat down as demure as ever, except that the little dimples came and went at the corners of her mouth; dimples, partly natural, and partly, I regret to say, the result of a pointed slate-pencil, with which Clover was in the habit of deepening them every day while she studied her lessons.

"Now," said Katy, after the noise had subsided, "now comes 'Scripture Verses,' by Miss Elsie and Joanna Carr. Hold up your head, Elsie, and speak distinctly; and oh, Johnnie, you *mustn't* giggle in that way when it comes your turn!"

But Johnnie only giggled the harder at this appeal, keeping her hands very tight across her mouth, and peeping out over her fingers. Elsie, however, was solemn as a little judge, and with great dignity began:

"An angel with a fiery sword,
Came to send Adam and Eve abroad;
And as they journeyed through the skies,
They took one look at Paradise.
They thought of all the happy hours
Among the birds and fragrant bowers,
And Eve she wept, and Adam bawled,
And both together loudly squaled."

Dorry snickered at this, but sedate Clover hushed him.

"You mustn't," she said; "it's about the Bible, you know. Now, John, it's your turn."

But Johnnie would persist in holding her hands over her mouth, while her fat little shoulders shook with laughter. At last, with a great effort, she pulled her face straight, and speaking as fast as she possibly could, repeated, in a sort of burst:

"Balaam's donkey saw the Angel,
And stopped short in fear.
Balaam didn't see the Angel,
Which is very queer."

After which she took refuge again behind her fingers, while Elsie went on—

"Elijah by the creek,
He by ravens fed,
Took from their horny beak
Pieces of meat and bread."

"Come, Johnnie," said Katy, but the incorrigible Johnnie was shaking again, and all they could make out was—

"The bears came down and ate—and ate."

These "Verses" were part of a grand project on which Clover and Elsie had been busy for more than a year. It was a sort of rearrangement of Scripture for infant

minds; and when it was finished, they meant to have it published, bound in red, with daguerreotypes of the two authoresses on the cover. "The Youth's Poetical Bible" was to be the name of it. Papa, much tickled with the scraps which he overheard, proposed, instead, "The Trundle-Bed Book," as having been composed principally in that spot, but Elsie and Clover were highly indignant, and would not listen to the idea for a moment.

After the "Scripture Verses," came Dorry's turn. He had been allowed to choose for himself, which was unlucky, as his taste was peculiar, not to say gloomy. On this occasion he had selected that cheerful hymn which begins—

"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound."

And he now began to recite it in a lugubrious voice and with great emphasis, smacking his lips, as it were, over such lines as—

"Princes, this clay *shall* be your bed,
In spite of all your towers."

The older children listened with a sort of fascinated horror, rather enjoying the cold chills which ran down their backs, and huddling close together, as Dorry's hollow tones echoed from the dark corners of the loft. It was too much for Philly, however. At the close of the piece he was found to be in tears.

"I don't want to stay up here and be groaned at," he sobbed.

"There, you bad boy!" cried Kate, all the more angry because she was conscious of having enjoyed it herself, that's what you do with your horrid hymns, frightening us to death and making Phil cry!" And she gave Dorry a little shake. He began to whimper, and as Phil was still sobbing, and Johnnie had begun to sob too, out of sympathy with the others, the *Feet* in the Loft seemed likely to come to a sad end.

"I'm going to tell Aunt Izzy that I don't like you," declared Dorry, putting one leg through the opening in the floor.

"No you aren't," said Katy, seizing him, "you are going to stay, because *now* we are going to have the Feast! Do stop, Phil; and, Johnnie, don't be a goose, but come and pass round the cookies."

The word "Feast" produced a speedy effect on the spirits of the party. Phil cheered at once, and Dorry changed his mind about going. The black bottle was solemnly set in the midst, and the cookies were handed about by Johnnie, who was now all smiles. The cookies had scalloped edges and caraway seeds inside, and were very nice. There were two apiece; and as the last was finished, Katy put her hand in her pocket, and, amid great applause, produced the crowning addition to the repast—seven long, brown sticks of cinnamon.

"Isn't it fun?" she said. "Debby was real good-natured to-day, and let me put my own hand into the box, so I picked out the longest sticks there were. Now, Cecy, as you're company, you shall have the first drink out of the bottle."

The "something delicious" proved to be weak vinegar-and-water. It was quite warm, but somehow, drank up there in the loft, and out of a bottle, it tasted very nice. Beside, they didn't call it vinegar-and-water—of course not! Each child gave his or her swallow a different name, as if the bottle were like Signor Blitz's and could pour out a dozen things at once. Clover called her share "Raspberry Shrub," Dorry christened his "Ginger Pop," while Cecy, who was romantic, took her three sips under the name of "Hydomel," which she explained was something nice, made, she believed, of beeswax. The last drop gone, and the last bit of cinnamon crunched, the company came to order again, for the purpose of hearing Philly repeat his one piece.—

"Little drops of water,"

which exciting poem he had said every Saturday as far back as they could remember. After that Katy declared the literary part of the "Feet" over, and they all fell to playing "Stage-coach," which, in spite of close quarters and an occasional bump from the roof, was such good fun, that a general "Oh dear!" welcomed the ringing of the tea-bell. I suppose cookies and vinegar had taken away their appetites, for none of them were hungry, and Dorry astonished Aunt Izzie very much by evening the table in a disgusted way, and saying: "Pshaw! *only* plum sweetmeats and sponge cake and hot biscuit! I don't want any supper."

"What ails the child? he must be sick," said Dr. Carr; but Katy explained.

"Oh no, Papa, it isn't that, only we've been having a feast in the loft."

"Did you have a good time?" asked Papa, while Aunt Izzie gave a dissatisfied groan. And all the children answered at once: "Splendiferous!"

HOW ST. VALENTINE REMEMBERED MILLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KATY."

Imagine a cold, snappy day in February. Frost on window panes, ice on tree boughs, bright sun twinkling on panes and boughs alike. Three chairs pulled close to the fire, three little girls sitting on the chairs, and three kittens sitting on the laps of the little girls. That makes six of them, you see. So the story begins.

"Won't it be nice?" said one of the six. "Splendid!" said another. "Ever so much nicer than last year." The third said nothing, but her face grew pink, and she fluttered up and down in her chair as if thinking of something too exciting and too delightful to put into words.

This was Milly. I want you to like her, and I think you will. She was twelve years old, very small and thin, and very lame. A tiny pair of crutches, with cushioned tops, leaned against her chair. On these she went about the house merrily and contentedly all day long. Everybody liked to hear the sound of Milly's crutches, because it told that Milly was at hand. Grandmamma said there was no music like it to her ears; but I think she must have meant to except Milly's laugh, which was gleeful as a silver bell. As for her face, it always made me think of a white, wild violet, it was so fair and pure and transparent, with its innocent, wondering eyes of clear blue; and her temper was sweet as her face. Do you wonder that people loved her? She lived in an old-fashioned house with her grandfather and grandmother; but at this time I am telling about, she was making a visit at her Uncle Silas's; the first visit which Milly had ever made in her life.

Uncle Silas's house was about ten miles from Grandpapa's. It stood in a large, busy village, which seemed like a city to Milly, who had never seen anything but the quiet country. But the most delightful part of the visit, she thought, was being among her cousins, whom she had hardly known before. There were quite a number of them, from big Ralph, who counted himself almost a man, to little Tom in his high chair. But Milly's favorites were the twins, Florry and Dorry, who were almost exactly her own age. What happy times those three did have together! They read story books, they dressed dolls; I cannot tell you half of all they did. Milly had been there four weeks, but it didn't seem four days.

Just now they were all absorbed in a valentine party, which was to come off the next day but one. Florry was cutting a big heart out of deep red paper; Dorry, with a pencil in her mouth, was trying to find a rhyme; and Milly, who knew nothing about valentines, sat by stroking her kitten and admiring the cleverness of the other two.

"See," exclaimed Florry, laying the heart on the lid of a pasteboard box, "this will go so on top of the box, and the slit for the valentines so. When Ralph comes in I'm going to ask him to cut the slit for me."

"And where does the box go?" asked Milly, deeply interested.

"Oh, on the hall table, you know. Then all the boys and girls can drop their val-

entines in as they go upstairs, and nobody can tell who wrote any of them."

"I wish I could get this right," sighed Dorry. "Do help me Florry. It's for Luther Payne, you know, and I've got as far as

'I only wish, dear Luther,
You'd promise to be mine.'

"There's 'valentine,' you see, to go with 'mine,' but I can't find any rhyme for 'Luther.'"

Neither could Dorry. As they were puzzling over it, a sound was heard in the hall, as of some one stamping the snow from his boots.

"There's Ralph," cried Florry; "now he'll cut the slit in the box."

Ralph came in.

"Here's a letter for you, Milly," he said.

"For me!" said Milly. "How funny! I never had a letter before. Oh, yes! there was the letter Auntie wrote asking me to come and see you; but that was to Grand-ma."

She opened the letter. Her face fell as she read.

"What's the matter?" asked Dorry.

"What makes you look so?"

"Grandpapa's sick," answered Milly, in a choked voice. "He's caught cold, and feels badly all over; and, oh dear! I've got to go home."

"Not right away? Not before the party," cried the others.

Milly nodded. She was too nearly crying to trust herself to speak.

"But, unless Grandpa is very sick, you might stay till Thursday, surely," said Ralph.

He took the letter that Milly held towards him, and read:

"MY PRECIOUS MILLY:—Your dear little letter has just come, and I am so glad that you are well and happy. I am sorry to say that grandpapa is sick; not dangerously sick, but he has caught a cold, and feels badly all over, he says. All yesterday and all to-day he has stayed in bed; and, though he does n't say anything about it, I can see that he wishes you were at home. Wouldn't you like to come home, dear, and make the rest of your visit to Aunt Elizabeth at some other time? I am sure it would comfort Grandpapa and set him right up to see you again. Perhaps Uncle Silas could drive you over to-morrow; but I sha'n't tell Grandpapa that I'm looking for you, for fear that he might be disappointed, in case it should storm or anything should prevent you from coming.

"Your loving

"GRANDMAMMA."

"Why, you needn't go till Thursday, then," said Florry. "Grandmamma says she won't tell Grandpapa; so he'll not mind."

"Oh, yes, I must. I must go to-mor-

row," replied Milly. "Grandpapa gets into such low spirits when he has these colds. I know that Grandma wants me very much."

"But it's too bad," broke in Dora, almost crying; "you never had a valentine in your life, or went to a valentine party; and this is going to be such a nice one. You must stay. Think of going home to that forlorn house, Grandpa sick and all, when we're having such fun here."

"I sha'n't enjoy it one bit without you," cried Florry. "Don't go, Milly, don't! Your grandma don't positively expect you right away, you see. It'll do just as well if you're there on Thursday."

"No, it won't," said Milly, cheerfully. A big tear gathered in the corner of her eye and hopped down her nose, but her voice was quite firm. "Don't feel badly about it, please, for I don't. I couldn't enjoy myself a bit if I knew that Grandpa was sick, and wanted me, and I was not there. It's been too lovely here, and I'm real sorry to go; but, perhaps, I can come some time, when Grandpapa is well again."

Ralph looked and listened. He knew of the lump in Milly's throat as she uttered these brave words, and understood what a great disappointment it was for her to give up the valentine party. Auntie came in, and was as sorry as the children that Milly must go, though she kissed her and said it was quite right, and that Uncle Silas would drive her over to-morrow, as early as he could. Dorry and Florry comforted themselves with promises of future visits. Ralph said nothing. He seemed to be thinking very hard, however; and that evening, when Dorry wanted him, she found his bedroom door locked, and was informed from inside that he was "busy." Ralph busy! What was the world coming to!

Next morning, quite early, he came in with his hat and coat on.

"Milly," he said, stooping over her, "I've got to go away on business, so I'll say good-bye to you now."

"Oh, sha'n't I see you again? I'm so sorry," replied Milly, putting her white violet face against his rough boy's cheek. "Good-bye, dear Ralph, you've been ever so good to me."

"Good? Stuff and nonsense," said Ralph, gruffly, and walked away.

"Where has Ralph gone, mamma?" asked Florry. "I thought only big, grown-up people had 'business.'"

"Ralph is pretty big," said mamma, smiling, but she didn't answer Florry's question.

Just then Dorry held up Daisy, the largest and dearest of the kittens, to kiss Milly for "good bye."

"Oh, yes, Milly," put in Florry, "kiss her; you don't know how beautifully she does it."

Milly, laughing, to see "how beautifully Daisy did it," took pussy for a moment, as she sat by the cheerful fire, waiting for the signal to put on her cloak. Daisy really was a very intelligent puss. Milly's great delight had been to see her "go through her performances," as the children called it. She would sit in the corner at their bidding, make a bow, or "cry," rubbing her eyes with her paws; or, better than all, she would make believe go to sleep in the dolly's crib. Milly thought of these things as she held Daisy's soft cheek against her own, and half-wished she could take the little pet with her; meantime the children crowded about her, eager not to lose a moment of her precious company.

Uncle had business too, so it was three o'clock before Milly set off. The little cousins parted with tears and kisses.

"I don't care one bit for the party now," declared Dorry, as she took her last look at the carriage moving on in the distance.

It was a long, cold drive, and the sun was setting just as they drew up at Grandpapa's door. Grandmamma was watching in the window. When she saw Milly she nodded and looked overjoyed.

"I was just giving you up, my precious," she said, as she opened the door. "Grandpapa's been looking for you all day. I had to tell him. Run right in and see him, dear. You'll stay the night, Silas?"

"No, mother, I must be getting back. I'll just step in and see father a minute. Nothing serious is it?"

"No I think not. Half of it was fretting after Milly. That child is the very apple of his eye."

Meantime Milly was in Grandpapa's room. When he heard the tap, tap of her crutch, he sat up in bed, looking bright and eager. Such a hug as he gave her!

"Grandpapa's darling! Grandpapa's little flower," he said, as he kissed her. How glad she was to have come! The disappointment about the party was quite forgotten.

All the evening long she sat by the side of the bed, telling him and Grandmamma about her visit. It seemed as if Grandpapa could not bear to have her out of his sight.

At last Grandmamma interfered, and sent her upstairs so tired and sleepy that she just slipped off her clothes and went to bed as fast as she could. But, after she had said her prayers, and her head was on the pillow, the recollection of her disappointment and of the merry time the others were going to have on the morrow, came over her, and she was half inclined to cry.

"I won't. I won't think about it," she said. She didn't, but valentines seemed to run in her head; and all night long she dreamed about a valentine.

When she woke, the sun was streaming into the room. She guessed that it was

late, and, as dressing was always a slow process, she got up at once. But, as she put her feet into her slippers, she gave a little start and pulled one out again. Something stiff and crackling was in the slipper. She looked; it was a note directed to "Miss Milly Meyers;" and inside were written these verses:

"Glass slippers, kid slippers, pray what does it matter?

"It doesn't matter at all.

"Your foot, Milly dear, though I don't wish to flatter,

Is just as pretty and small

"As mine was of yore, in the days of the fairies,

When I went all in state to the dance,
With a rat on the box of my coach, and what rare

is,
Mice steeds, full of spirit and prance.

"No fairy help do you need, dear Milly,

With your face so pure and sweet;
And the prince must, indeed, be dull and silly,

Who does not kneel at your feet.

"Yours affectionately,

"Cinderella."

Milly thought she must be dreaming again, as she sat on the bedside reading these verses. No! she was wide awake. There was the paper in her hand. Was ever anything so strange? She determined to dress as fast as possible, so as to get down stairs and tell Grandmamma of the wonderful thing.

But lo! when she went to brush her hair, she found another paper wound about the handle of the brush, with these lines:

"Brush your pretty hair,
Hair of sunny gold;
So I brushed mine in
Days of old.

"Yours is quite as soft,
Half as long;
Fit to figure in
Tale or song.

"Brushing day by day,
Some day you may be
Put into a book,
Just like me.

"The Fair One with the Golden Locks."

Milly clasped her hands in bewilderment. The quality of the poetry would have shocked the critics, it is true, but Milly thought she never before had read such beautiful verses. What did it mean? "Dicky, dear Dicky," she cried to the canary, who hung in the window, "who wrote them? Do tell me."

Dicky twittered by way of answer, and Milly saw that, hanging to the cage by a piece of bread, was a third paper. Another valentine? Yes, there was the address, "Miss Milly Meyers."

"I am not 'blue,'
'T is very true;
But all the same
I do love you,

"I am a prince —
Pray do not wince,
My meaning soon
I will evince.

"I wear a beak
And do not speak,
That I your bower
May safely seek.

"Here do I sit,
And never fit;
But sing all day
For love of it."

"For love of you
I sing and sue;
Then be my own
Oh! maiden true.

"Prince Yellow Bird."

Milly dropped into a chair, too much amazed to stand.

"I wonder if there really *are* fairies," she said, "for never, in my whole life, did I hear of anything so queer and so delightful."

Then she took her crutches and limped across the room to wash her hands. But when she lifted the lid of the soap-tray she gave a little jump, for there, on the soap, lay another note. This was what it said:

"TO MILLY.

From her Valentine.

"Little hands, little heart,
Keep them pure and white,
Fit for heavenly errands,
And the angels' sight.

"Other hands, tired hands,
Fearless, clasp and hold,

Warming, with warm touches,
Weary hearts and cold.

"So shall hands, so shall heart,
Fair as lilies be,
When, life done, the angels
Come and call for thee."

Milly almost cried over this. She washed her hands slowly and carefully, repeating:

"So shall hands, so shall heart,
Pure as lilies be.

"Oh, I wish they were," she said to herself.

Fastening her dress, she felt in the pocket after a pocket handkerchief. None

was there, but lo! a parcel met her touch. Wondering, she drew it out. The dress had not been with her at Uncle Silas's. It had been left hanging up at home, but there was no parcel in the pocket when last she wore it.

Milly's fingers trembled with excitement. She could hardly untie the string. Inside the tissue paper which wrapped it, was a cunning pink box, full of jeweller's cotton. Milly lifted it. Something lay beneath, so pretty and shining that she fairly screamed when she caught sight of it. It was a locket of clear white crystal, with a gold rim; and inside a tiny strip of pink paper, on which were these words:

"FOR MILLY, who gave up her own pleasure to make her sick grandpapa happy, with the compliments of

"St. Valentine."

Grandmamma was surprised enough a moment later, when Milly came into the dining-room almost at a run, her crutches clicking and tapping like castanets, and in her hand the locket and the four wonderful letters. She had never known her darling to be so much excited before.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?" cried Milly. "I don't believe there will be any half so pretty at the party to-night. But who *did* send them, Grandmamma?"

"I can't imagine," replied Grandmamma, thoughtfully. "Ralph didn't say a word about them when he was here."

"Ralph here? Cousin Ralph? When?" "Yesterday morning. He came over to see how Grandpapa was, he said. It was pretty dull for him, I'm afraid, for old Mrs. Beetles came in and I had to sit with her, and Ralph stayed most of the time with Grandpapa. He went upstairs, now I think of it, and I did hear him in your room. It's queer."

Milly said no more, but she looked surprisingly happy. She loved Ralph very much. Had he really taken all this trouble to give her a pleasure, she thought?

So you see, in spite of her losing the party, St. Valentine did pretty well for Milly, after all. Don't you think so?—*St. Nicholas.*

The Home.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

It is a portentous fact that far more care is bestowed upon the raising of sheep and pigs than upon the physical development of human beings. We read much about the best food for cattle, and exhaustive experiments are made as to the relative merits of oil-cake and corn, while comparatively little thought is given to the discovery of the best food for man. Hence it happens that perennial pork and pie, and other equally digestible aliment, continues to be the staple diet of the average American or Canadian. Equally great mistakes are made in the housing of human beings. London *Punch* had some time since a cartoon contrasting the stables and the farm cottages of a certain noble lord, very greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. The best accommodation of the crowded denizens of our city courts is often such as no well-bred horse would put up with. The pigs who believe, according to Herr Taifelsdroch's Swine's catechism, that plenty of pig's swill is the *summum bonum* of swine's happiness, are pretty sure of obtaining it. Not so with the child whose *summum bonum* is a good meal when he is hungry. Many parents who never think of restraining their own appetites, make a practice of putting their children on an almost famine allowance, lest they should over-indulge themselves. The natural appetite of children, when unperverted by long deprivation, is certainly the best criterion of their necessities. They are often, too, fed on a diet of severe Spartan plainness as well as meagreness, whereas they assuredly require one not less, but more nutritive and digestible, than that of adults, from their more active habits and rapid growth, and consequent greater waste

of tissue. They need also to generate a greater amount of heat in consequence of the more rapid loss they sustain from their relatively larger exposure of surface.

Nor is exercise less necessary for the young than food. And by exercise, I mean not mere mechanical drill, but that which is recreative in its character. The treadmill, I suppose, brings into action most of the muscles of the body, but it is hardly the thing that I would recommend by way of amusement, and amusement is an essential part of any profitable exercise. It makes all the difference between work and play. It gives a stimulus to the mental and physical powers, it quickens the circulation, and sends the nervous fluid through the frame. It exhilarates like wine without the resultant depression. Its effects are seen in the brightness of the eye, the color of the cheek, the general animation of the countenance.

Girls suffer much more from lack of exercise than boys. The prim walks and formal calisthenics which are so designated are generally considered intolerably irksome, and are shirked whenever possible. They cannot play cricket, or lacrosse, or base-ball. Archery is not common, rowing is vetoed as dangerous, skating can be had only for a few months in the winter, velocipedes have not as yet been adopted by ladies in America, though we believe playing at nine pins has. In all these and in a hundred other ways the superfluous energy of the other sex finds vent and their muscles are trained for the battle of life.

Girls are too generally kept at high pressure during their whole educational course, and are turned out at its close finished young ladies, with an exquisite French ac-

cent, brilliant piano execution, a deathly pallor, hollow chests, curved spines, vertigo, neuralgic pains, and all the fashionable infirmities of fine-ladydom, and are doomed to invalidism for life. They grow up fair and fragile as the "rath primrose of the spring," and—as early fade.

The prize system of many schools is another unhealthy stimulus to undue mental exertion. It prematurely introduces the young to the keen rivalries and competitions of after life. It tends to despoil them of that generous magnanimity and unselfishness of nature that should characterize youth. It places the proximate reward of study, not in an increase of knowledge, but in the gaining of a bauble prize. Instead of creating a love of learning for its own sake, it frequently begets a distaste therefor; and, when the vulgar incentive of gain is withdrawn, the efforts of the student are frequently relaxed.

The evil of this practice is enhanced when it is introduced into the Sunday-school, as is often the case, and the scholars are encouraged to overtax their brains by the memorizing of several thousands of Scripture verses. Sunday is thus made a day of severest mental toil instead of rest. The verses thus learned are as speedily forgotten, the only permanent effect being the injury done to the nervous tissue of the brain and the enfeebling of its powers.

By these excessive studies a double drain is made upon the nervous energy of young people. Their rapid growth exhausts their strength, and, if continued brain work be imposed, the blood required for the visceral functions is diverted from its purpose and is impoverished in quality, to the impairing of the tone of both stomach and brain. A good physique is of the greatest importance as the essential foundation for after cultivation. The first requisite of nature is a healthy animal, the intellectual faculties can easily be developed to any necessary degree if we have only the substratum of a sound body. But without this what avails a fine nervous organization and a large brain, which will die out in a generation or two and all this culture be lost?

The best corrective of this over-mental application would be out-of-door work in the garden or on the farm—not exhaustive

labor, but several hours of open air exercise every day. Languid young ladies who cannot muster courage to do more than loiter upon the sofa all day—unless it be to dance all night—would also find it of infinite advantage, both to their moral tone and physical energy, to engage in the domestic work which now overtaxes the strength of the foolish, fond mamma, who will not suffer the wind to visit her daughter's cheeks too roughly. It would give that plumpness to their muscles, that elasticity to their frames, and general vivacity to their air, that they so much envy in stout-armed Irish Norah, who goes singing about the house all day, a perfect Hebe of health and often of beauty. They would also have a better chance of winning a prize in the golden lottery of marriage, which should be the ambition of every sensible girl; for, as Herbert Spencer remarks, nature in her constant tendency to the survival of the fittest and the welfare of posterity, leads most men to prefer physical attractions, of which good health is the greatest and is generally accompanied with good temper, to mental acquisitions united with a sickly frame and irritable nerves.

PUT THE LITTLE ONES HAPPY TO BED.

And I think it no small service if you can kiss them into good dreams, and placid, restful sleep. A little child's heart is a wonderful instrument: from it come harmonies the tenderest and wisest mother can not always understand. How can we hope to do so? For to them is often revealed "wisdom too high for us," and to which we cannot attain.

Who suffers as a little child suffers? What hours of torturing agony in the nursery! It is no use to forbid ghost or fairy tales; there is no need: every child finds them in his own "thick-coming fancies." They were always there, types of which the archetypes are in us and eternal.

Solitude and darkness are torments to little children; at least before you commit them to it, let them feel that you are within call of their foolish cry; and whisper between the kisses of your "good-night" assurance of God's love and watchfulness.

Up the dim avenue, through the hot, poisoned air, heavy with the fragrance of oleanders, there passed my door one summer evening two brothers, the elder scarcely ten years old. For a moment they stopped and spoke to me, and I notic-

ed the weary looks and the flushed faces of the children, and a fear that was a presentiment crossed my mind and saddened my heart.

"Where have you been, boys?" I said; "your mother is anxious and angry. Do you not know that the fever is raging, and that the night air is full of death?"

"We were trying to catch some trout for mother, but something was the matter, the fish would not bite, and Willie's head ached so badly I had to carry him most of the way home."

The little speaker was so weary or sick that he caught at the railing for support. I opened the gate, and, lifting the younger child, walked the few yards necessary to see them safely home.

It was nearly dark, so there was some excuse for the mother not noticing in the shaded piazza what I had seen at the garden gate. She met them with reproofs for their delay, and contempt for want of success, and then hurried them into the dining-room, saying:

"Eat as quickly as you can, and then go to bed."

I waited half an hour, but the boys did not appear.

"Where are the children?" I asked.

"Oh! they are gone to bed; they were too tired to eat."

"Perhaps they were sick," I suggested. "Willie had a flushed face, and the fever is raging to-day."

"Oh, no! They are natives, and are thoroughly acclimated. John has been through three epidemics, and I fancy Willie had as much yellow fever as ever he will have, nearly two years ago."

I never saw the little fellows again. They were both buried in one grave the next day. No one knew they were sick till they were insensible, and almost in their last moments they muttered in delirious stupor of the "fish they could not catch for mother's breakfast."

And for the poor, wretched mother, there came nevermore in this world a moment in which she could soothe their wounded little hearts, or say one atoning word for her last thoughtless sneer at their want of skill.

Say "good-night" to your little ones as if you were saying "good-bye."

It is bad enough to bear when *grief alone* fills the place of your absent ones; but when *remorse* sits in the empty chair, and your last memory of the dear little face is that of a wronged and sorrowful child, it is a haunting reproach which you may hardly hope in this world to dismiss.—*N. Y. Argus.*

PAINTING TRANSPARENCIES ON MUSLIN.

Transparency painting on muslin is one of the arts much overlooked by amateurs, and therefore seldom practiced in perfection. We are apt to judge of it by the familiar illuminations made for public occasions, where rough designs coarsely executed are all that are required. But this is no reason for treating the whole subject with disrespect or neglect, as it is really deserving of a high place among the arts, and the grandest dioramic effects and loveliest illusions may be produced by the practiced student in this department of art.

The first thing in beginning a transparency is to prepare the muslin, which should be of a smooth and even texture. It is to be strained or stretched in a frame, made of four deal bars, to which a stout strip of webbing has been tacked. These bars should be pierced with holes so that they can be fastened with iron pins, and tightened as occasion may require. To these strips of webbing the edges of the muslin should be sewed, and the whole tightened, when it will be ready for sizing.

The size may be prepared by dissolving gelatine until it is of the proper strength, which will be best determined by experiment; or, if more convenient, though more expensive, use gold size. Lay on an even coating, and, when dry, if the muslin hangs loosely in the frame, tighten it by moving the pins at the corners. Then another coat of size is to be given, and, if needed, a second tightening; take the precaution, at the same time, to prepare a small piece of the muslin to be used for trying the colors, and if on applying them to this piece they are found to sink into it in spots or stains, it will be best to apply a third coat of the size.

When the last sizing is perfectly dry, and the muslin quite tight, it must be rubbed carefully but thoroughly with fine pumice-stone, which will give a smooth surface, upon which the colors will work as well as upon paper.

The muslin being thus prepared to receive the design, it may be traced or transferred in several ways. One method will be to draw the entire outline design upon stiff paper, with a black lead-pencil or with ink, and then by placing it under the transparent muslin the same may be easily traced; or in this way any engraved design may be copied.

Another plan is by means of stencils, which are especially useful in floral designs, as the same leaf and flower shapes can be repeated by merely placing them in different places or positions, and passing across them with a stiff brush very sparingly charged with color. This will leave

the solid shape distinctly upon the muslin, the details to be added afterward.

A third method, and the one generally preferred, is called pouncing. Any drawing or design may be prepared for the purpose by following the outlines closely with a needle, pricking holes through in every part, to indicate the veins of leaves, the stamens of flowers, and all the minute details of the most elaborate pattern. Then, by placing this upon the muslin, and holding it securely so that it can not move, dust the whole design well with a pounce-bag made of thin muslin filled with powdered charcoal. Then remove the paper with the greatest care, and the outlines will be marked distinctly upon the white surface by rows of small dots, and can be traced more permanently by a pencil or pen.

One or two of these pounce patterns may be used to produce a great variety of objects. For instance, suppose the design to be a group of variously colored buds. Then by selecting a pretty and gracefully shaped bird on the wing, and another with wings closed, and pricking the outlines of these—wings, feet, and all—an appearance of large variety may be obtained by pouncing the same in reversed and different positions, according to the taste of the artist, afterward painting them in various colors. By these simple means a gay and pleasing picture will be produced with very little trouble. In the same way flowers, leaves, butterflies, etc., may be traced.

Having now prepared the muslin, and pounced and drawn the design, let us proceed to the painting. It would be impossible within the limits of this paper to give a complete list of the colors to be used. We shall presume that the reader is something of an artist already, and will understand our meaning when we say that all transparent or semi-transparent colors will be available for this work, but none others. Use oil-colors in tubes, and mix with maglip or white varnish until the proper consistency is obtained. For laying on the paint use the ordinary brushes adapted to oil-painting, and in certain broad parts where great delicacy or richness of tone is required pieces of sponge will be found valuable helps in applying the color. Where very delicate tints are desired, such as are seen in skies, the slightest quantity of color will be sufficient to tint the vehicle employed, while in foregrounds and masses of foliage a deep rich one will be needed. In laying on these masses we should proceed precisely as with other painting, giving the deeper shadows by a second painting, and here and there scratching off the superfluous color where it may be desirable to increase the lights or heighten the contrasts. It will be well to keep the trial piece always at hand, and to test every new tint before applying it to the cloth. By this

precaution we shall avoid all risk of spoiling our picture, and experiment will give the most pleasing combinations of tints in lights and shadows to complete the intended effect of the finished transparency. With these brief directions we think that any one with even a slight knowledge of landscape painting may succeed in producing fine specimens of transparencies for transom or vestibule windows, as well as for the drawing-room and library.

HOME HINTS.

A PLANT STAND.—*Scribner's Monthly* has the following suggestion for an economical and useful plant stand:—

The lack of a desirable place to keep plants often prevents the pleasure of raising them. They must have light, and air, and sunshine, and it is not always convenient to devote the brightest windows to their occupancy. If kept on the ledges, they are in danger of being chilled on a frosty night; and it is a tax to be compelled to move the heavy pots every time the thermometer drops. A flower stand of some sort that can be readily moved from window to window, is therefore, a necessity. The old-fashioned wooden ones are clumsy, heavy, and take up too much room. The modern wire frames are pretty and light; but one of moderate size costs ten or twelve dollars, which is a great deal to put in the stand when we wish to put it in the flowers.

We saw something, the other day, that seemed to serve both economy and convenience. A box three feet long, a foot and a half wide across the bottom, and eighteen inches deep, is made of common pine. The sides flare outward, so that, at the top, they measure 6 or 8 inches more, from edge to edge, than at the bottom. This box stands on four legs with casters, and under the bottom of the box, a piece of wood fancifully cut on the edge (a sort of pine valance) holds the legs firmly and symmetrically together. The top of the box is nearly even with the window-sill, and, when the whole is constructed, it may either be painted in colors, or stained dark-brown, to match the furniture wood. The inside of the box is better preserved from decay, if lined with zinc or tin; but it will last one, possibly two, seasons, without any lining at all. Over the bottom is spread a three-inch layer of bits of broken flower-pots, and on this is set a double row of pots, or as many as will stand evenly on the surface. Then a thick layer of sand is poured over the broken pieces, and the rest of the space filled up with earth till it is even with the top of the flower-pots. In the bed thus formed, bulbs and slips are planted between the pots, and vines are started at the cor-

ners. When the latter are well under way, wires, on which the vines twist, are fastened diagonally from corner to corner, forming a beautiful green arch over what seems to be a bed taken bodily from the garden. Sometimes a tiny hanging basket, or an ivy growing in water, is hung from where the wires cross in the arch, but, even, without it, there is no appearance of bareness. A carpenter will make the box for two dollars and a half, and the rest, painting and all, can readily be done at home.

ODD MINUTES OF WAITING.—Many housekeepers would do well to take notice of another hint from the same source:

While you are arranging the parlor, just have a thought for the visitors who must sometimes wait to see you, and carefully refrain from putting every object of interest beyond their reach. Of course, as a careful hostess, you never mean to keep callers waiting; but if they come when the baby is on the eve of dropping to sleep, or you are in the midst of planning dinner with the cook, you must delay a little, while they are reduced to staring out of the window, or to an involuntary effort to penetrate some insignificant household secret. The family photograph album is usually regarded as a sufficient resource in moments like these; but is there not something akin to indelicacy in allowing strangers and ordinary acquaintances to turn over the likenesses of our nearest and dearest—perhaps to criticise them with the freedom of unfamiliarity, or the unsympathy natural to a lack of personal appreciation?

The late magazines, a book of good engravings, a household volume of poetry, a stereoscope and views, photographs of foreign scenes, and a dozen other things, are all good aids to the occupation of stray minutes. Moreover, they often suggest to the visitor and the host topics of conversation more profitable and interesting than the state of the weather or the history of the kitchen.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

BORROWED BOOKS.—A writer in the *Christian Weekly* says:—I believe in lending and borrowing, especially lending, to a limited extent; but I believe also in returning borrowed articles within a reasonable time. A recent newspaper contained the suggestion that a regular time should be appointed every year for the return of borrowed books, and proposed that the month of February should be appropriated to that work. That being the shortest month in the year, would scarcely give sufficient time for some persons to make the necessary searches and repairs, and return to their respective owners the accumulated borrowings of the past. Once balanced, the

yearly accounts might be settled in February, but it would be well to set about the matter at once. It is vexatious in the extreme to look for a book and have a vague recollection of lending it some time ago, but unable to remember to whom. Various unsuccessful attempts have been made in our library to keep a record of the outgo and income of books, but they all fail, and we are suddenly "brought up standing," by the need of a non-appearing volume. Still, I repeat, I believe in lending, and as I believe in borrowing too, I am very possibly at present residing in so fragile a structure, that it is unwise for me to throw stones, so I only make the mildest of suggestions.

INTELLECTUAL OVER-EATING.—Grown people are not the only ones who borrow books. Children do it quite as much as their elders. It is not sufficient therefore to see that the books which your children own are suitable for their reading, but also to keep a supervision over those which they borrow. It is a mistake to suppose that an abundance of reading at home will prevent young people from seeking it elsewhere. I have always noticed that those children who own the largest number of books are the very ones to devour their neighbor's stock, however small it may be. Such greed of reading is a doubtful advantage to say the least, and parents should regulate it, as they would a gluttonous devouring of bodily food.

INEXPENSIVE CHARITY.—As fast as the winter clothing is discarded because of wear or the rapid growth of the little ones, let the needle-users of the family, large and small, be united in a domestic missionary society to repair them. The very poor are generally too ignorant and too improvident to put in the saving stitches, and many a garment which, with a little patching, will give good service, is put on in its ragged state and lasts but a few days. "Money is tight" is the universal response to calls of charity; let us do what we can without money for those who feel the hardness of the times, suffering for necessaries where we feel it only in the curtailment of our luxuries.

POTATOES AND SPOONS.—According to Dr. Elsner, water in which potatoes have been boiled exercises a remarkable cleaning influence, especially on spoons that have become blackened by eggs. Even delicately chased and engraved articles can, it is said, be made bright by this method—even better than by the use of the ordinary polishing powder, which is apt to settle in the depressions, requiring particular care in its removal.

NEW METHOD FOR CUTTINGS.—Ladies setting slips of geraniums and other plants for planting out in spring may possibly find the following suggestion useful:—The *Gazette des Campagnes* recommends dipping the end of plant-slips in collodion before setting them out. The collodion should contain twice as much cotton as the ordinary material used in photography. Let the first coat dry, and then dip again. After planting the slip, the development of the roots will take place very promptly. The method is said to be particularly efficacious with woody slips, geraniums, fuchsias, and similar plants.

GOOD GAMES.

A small home circle can furnish enough players for a satisfactory round game; and if a friend or two drop in of an evening, and join the fun so much the merrier.

A capital game, and one now very popular, is "Yes and No," which is an improved form of "Twenty Questions." Somebody goes out (a feature of almost all the good games), and a subject is selected by the company—anything from a lightning rod to the Colossus of Rhodes will do, though it is wiser to take a specific thing and not one of a kind. Then the guesser comes back, and by putting categorical questions, to which only "Yes," "No," and "I don't know," may be answered, unravels the mystery. The choosing of the subject should be careful, since what would be easy for one would be difficult, if not impossible, for another. We have known "The Dogs of War," and "The Back-bone of Vaulting Ambition," to be promptly guessed, to say nothing of "The Cow that Jumped over the Moon," and "The Curds and Whey," which little Miss Muffit who sat on a tuffit devoured for the edification of the readers of Mother Goose. It is quite possible that somebody should be unacquainted with "The Golden Apple Paris gave to Helen;" but nobody would fail to remember "Mother Hubbard's Dog" or "The House that Jack Built." Although the guesser starts out into infinite space, a few leading questions as to the natural kingdom, period or existence, size, shape, etc., soon narrow the field to embraceable limits. "Yes and No," is good, as well as entertaining, mental discipline for all ages and capacities.

The games of "Authors," which most people know, are excellent methods of fixing in the mind the names of famous writers and their noted works.

The game of "Poets" is a pleasant variation of these, and the cards for it can be

readily made at home. Any number can play, the cards being evenly distributed, except to one person, who receives none, and acts as time-keeper. The cards have on the face a single letter of the alphabet,—there may be duplicates if many are required,—and each player's pile should be turned face down. The person at the right of the time-keeper begins the game by turning his top card, and laying it down where the others can see it. He is then given thirty seconds to think of a line of poetry, beginning with the letter on the card. If he thinks of a quotation in time he wins the card; but if he cannot think of one in the half minute the time-keeper cries "Time," and an opportunity is given to the next player, whose allowance is but fifteen seconds. If the second fails, it goes to the third, who has fifteen seconds, and so on till some one wins the card. Then the second player turns a card, and the game continues as before, the person who gains the most cards winning the game. The quotations must not be used twice; but if some careless player offers one out of turn, his neighbor may take advantage of the slip, and give the quotation in turn. The lines given should all be from well-known poets, and if any be offered of which the author is unknown and the verse unfamiliar to the majority, the time-keeper is privileged to throw it out and demand another. When X or Z is turned, it is added to the winnings of the turner without a verse; but if a verse can be given, the turner is entitled to try another card. When no new lines can be remembered for a card, it must be laid aside, and given to the next winner. At first this game seems difficult, but a few rounds inspire the players, and it soon becomes both amusing and instructive.

"Gossip" is very droll, and not demoralizing, in spite of the name. Somebody writes on a sheet of paper a brief but original story. After reading it carefully, he whispers it in the ear of his nearest neighbor, who in turn repeats it to the next and so on till the last one utters aloud what he believes has been communicated to him. Then the starter reads the original tale, between which and the last version is an astonishing discrepancy.

"Who am I?" requires somebody to go out of the room, while the players find an historical character for him to fill. When he is summoned the others ply him with questions, and make remarks in regard to the character assumed, from which he guesses whom he is personating.

"Quotations and Authors" merely requires that somebody shall give a quotation, while the others name the author; the first one answering correctly giving the next quotation,—*Scribner's Monthly*.

PROMISES.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"Truly, Papa?"

The child's sweet tones, in eager questioning, awakened more than a passing thought.

How nearly in this way we look to our Father in heaven, even when we do look, in love and faith, and feel the clasping of His hand.

Almost trusting—with just a little holding back—a thread of doubt woven in the fabric of our hope—a longing to see the fulfilment of desire—the answer to prayer, rather than rest wholly on the heart of Christ, waiting His time and way, here or hereafter; believing that He careth for us—that, in the glowing words of our dear ly-loved Whittier,

"He knoweth *more* of all our needs
Than all our prayers have told."

The mother's heart perhaps learns this lesson slowly; yet she, of all human souls, most needs it. For want of this settled, unwavering trust, this hope and cheer, many a mother, faithful to her duty, striving hourly to guard her children from evil, and surround them with holy influences, loving intensely, devotedly—yet misses the sweetest comfort that might come to her—yes, and the greater strength too, for that very duty—from the brooding wings of Almighty Love!

If she has a thoughtful, earnest nature, it is no wonder that she shrinks and trembles when she thinks of the temptations, fierce and strong, and whose name is Legion, that her children will have to meet; perhaps when her voice is silent, and her hand powerless. But let her take heart again, remembering that the question is not what she can do alone, but what she can do with God to help her! God is within every effort, and answering every prayer. And the influence, silent and unconscious as it may be, of a pure life, will never fade, or fall powerless to the ground. Her words, too, of love and tender counsel, though they seem to leave no impression, are yet, when enforced by daily life and example, like seed that long afterward will spring and grow. It may be that even the first-fruits of the harvest shall only appear after her toil is over, and her hands folded in unbroken rest—but it is as sure as the power of God can make it!

"Then sow;—for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day."

Another thought, of practical, daily im-

port, is wakened by the sweet child-voices.

Do all parents realize what a priceless boon is a child's perfect trust?

I do: and I tell you there is no confidence like it—when the child not only rests in the certainty of parental love, but believes their every word and look—believes in them. Perfect love is, and must be, thus grandly true! Such trust is worthy of the holiest care, of unremitting watch and guard. Only those who are true, all through, in word and look, in deed and thought, in the silent, unconscious influence of daily life and character, can thus hold the child's heart and faith.

And when thus the mother holds this confidence, half the difficulty in the way of right training, vanishes. Let the child take mother's word as bond and seal—let "Mother says so" be the watchword, as it surely will, if that mother is true in all things—and what a safeguard is thrown around his way! A safeguard from physical harm during the days of tender childhood, and from moral evil, then and later.

Many a woman who would not dare utter a falsehood, lives a lie. Many a one stoops to petty evasions, excuses, prevarications; and these are more subtle in their evil, undermining influence upon her own character, and her child, than an outright, spoken falsehood. She may think the child does not notice—but there is no greater mistake. Better deny a sick child, tenderly and firmly, that which he cannot have without injury, than delay, and excuse, and half-promise. Better refuse a request, at any time, directly, than hold out a "Perhaps so," only to disappoint more grievously, and teach a lesson of deceit.

The broken promise, whether fully made or implied, more surely injures and blunts a child's moral sense, than almost anything short of cruelty or low expression.

"Where is the basket you promised to give me, Annie?" asked a little girl of her sister.

"I've concluded to keep it myself," was the reply; "I want it to keep my doll's hat in."

"But you promised it to me."

"Yes, I know it; but mamma told Katy she might go home yesterday afternoon, and then she wouldn't let her, you know. Mamma said she had a good reason; and I'm going to break my promises when I've a good reason."

One may think that by guarding herself in her direct intercourse with her children, she avoids injuring them; but the old saying about "little pitchers" is far too true for selfish convenience, or careless ease.

On the other hand, there are beautiful instances of fidelity, recorded by the pens of grateful, reverent children, when grown to manhood or womanhood.

Mrs. Sherwood mentions one, of her

father. Her little brother, Martyn, had a severe fall, and cut his head. While the doctor dressed the wound he was patient and quiet, and his father promised him, as a reward, some mountain-ash berries, which he wanted very much. Before the father could go for them, however, the birds had stripped every tree in the neighborhood. Many a mile he rode, in quest of the bright scarlet berries, and persevered till he found them, and brought them to his little boy.

And would we be surprised at a character of beautiful truth, and unswerving fidelity, growing up in that child? Or at a trust in a heavenly Father's word, a trust that would never waver? Of course not from one; lesson alone, however impressive, would come such blessed results; but the man who would thus keep his word, in what so many would count a trifling thing—keep it at cost and sacrifice—would not fail of truth all through—in every relation of life, in every act and word.—*Selected.*

THAT IS YOUR WORK.

BY M. E. W.

A mother in Israel recently related, at a meeting of her own sex, an incident in her experience, which seems worthy to be given to the public.

A quarter of a century since, she sat in her nursery, full of loving cares and anxieties, longing to do outside work for Christ. The poor and outcast of the great city were beginning to receive the organized assistance of Christian women, and as the interesting details came to her knowledge, her desire to join them in walks of usefulness was too strong for endurance, and bitter tears flowed down her face.

A friend, who had studied God's ways somewhat longer than she, called to tell her of the success of the reform efforts of the day. As they conversed, she could not restrain her feelings, and exclaimed, mournfully, "My work for Christ seems to be over! I can do nothing."

Her friend replied, pointing to the baby boy on her knee, "*That is your work.*"

Cheerfully she accepted the timely reminder, and gave her prayers and energies to her work.

And now that the boy then on her knee had grown to manhood, she held in her hand a letter from him, written from a place where he was temporarily residing in search of health. He speaks of the influence for Christ that he is endeavoring to exert; and also remarks that he is, and ever has been, kept from evil companions by the remembrance of the first Psalm, taught him in childhood. When he is tempted to walk

in the "way of sinners," or "sit in the seat of the scornful," the words of God, taught him by a pious mother, hold him back, and steady him in his onward, upward course.

This is one of many proofs that mother has, that her work in those bygone years was not among the poor and outcast, but in her nursery and her home. She rejoices, as in later years she mingles actively among her fellow-workers in public charities, that she performed the task assigned her in the morning of life, cheerfully and conscientiously; that no remorseful regrets mingle with her memories of the past.

Dear mothers, let the Master decide where our work shall be. 'Repine not if it is in the seclusion of home, amid the little, apparently trifling, cares of the nursery. Great will be your reward.

HOUSE-MOTTOES.

Among the Old World customs which are fast disappearing is that of carving mottoes on the walls of houses, frequent instances of which yet remain in Switzerland, Germany, and the Tyrol. The more ancient of these mottoes are quaint and significant. They were copied and improved upon in houses of more modern build, until they degenerated into matters of fashion or caprice with no special meaning. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* has collected a number from the more ancient homes in which they still exist and embalmed them in literature. They are pious, comical, simple, or cynical. The inscriptions dedicating the house to God, to the Virgin, or to some favorite saint, are naturally the most numerous. They frequently consist of but two lines, roughly rhymed. Sometimes they extend to four or even six lines. Here we have two:

The Lord this dwelling be about,
And bless all who go in and out.

Another:

Mother of God, with gracious arm
Protect our beasts and us from harm,

The two that follow teach trust in God as "the only sure hold-fast on earth":

The love of God's the fairest thing,
The loveliest this world can bring;
Who sets his heart elsewhere, in vain
Hath lived; nor may to Heaven attain.

Another:

The help of man is small,
Trust God alone for all.

The following is found in at least half-a-dozen villages of North Tyrol:

We build us houses strong and wide,
Though here we may not long abide;
But for the great, eternal rest,
We take no thought to build a nest.

This, too, is in the same spirit :

This house mine own I may not call,
Nor is it his who follows me ;
A third is borne from out its hall—
O God ! whose may this dwelling be ?

Some of the mottoes bear a caustic air :

The old folks to me they say
The times grow worse from day to day,
But I say no !
I put it so :—
The times are just the times we've always had,
It is the people who have grown so bad !

Another :

To please all men 's a vain endeavor,
And so it must remain for ever.
The reason true
I'll tell to you :
The heads are far too many,
The brains are far too few.

The builder of the house on which the motto that follows was placed was evidently well satisfied :

Zum Stainer this house we call.
He who built it, roof and wall.
Is Hans Stofferer by name,
Full-handed and of worthy fame.

The author of this one had an eye to business :

I love the Lord, and trust his promise true,
I make new hats, and dye the old ones too.

Some mottoes put upon inns are more plain-spoken than polite :

Come within, and sit thee down :
Hast no cash ? be off full soon !
Come within, dear guest, I pray,
If thou hast wherewithal to pay.

Another reads :

The kind of guest that I love best
Will have a friendly talk,
Will ate and drink and pay his score,
And then away will walk !

SELECTED RECIPES.

BONED TURKEY.—The process is to singe the bird first ; but do not draw it. Then cut the neck off about half-way between the head and the body ; the wings are cut just above the second joint from the end, and the legs are cut off just above the joint nearest the feet. Split the skin from the rump all along the back to the place where the neck was cut, after which, by using a small but sharp-pointed knife, the skin and flesh are detached from the carcass by running the point of the knife between the bones and flesh, going toward the breast bone after having commenced on the back. The first thing you meet with is the wing, which you detach from the carcass by running the knife through the joint. It is easily done. The second thing you meet with is the leg, around the joint of which you run the knife. Holding the bird fast on its side, you twist the leg gently, so as to dislocate it, then run the knife through the

joint, and continue till you reach the breast bone. You then turn the bird over and do the same for the other side. The duct leading from the crop to the gizzard is then cut off ; also the gullet, which you remove with the crop. Hold the bird then by the neck, having a towel in your hand to prevent it from sliding, and pull the meat off the breast-bone, being careful not to break the skin, and using the knife when wanted to separate the flesh from the bone until the breast-bone is entirely uncovered. The rest of the work may be made more easy and sure by putting the bird on its back on the table—the rump of it toward you. Then have the neck held fast, or put a weight on it. Pull the skin and flesh toward you, using the point of the knife to make it come off more easily, and run it between the end of the back-bone and the rump, in order to make the latter come off with the skin. When you have only the end of the entrails to cut off, do not cut it, but cut the skin around what is called the ring, and which is placed immediately under the rump. Thus proceeding, you have not touched anything unclean, and you have the carcass left whole and the flesh and skin in one piece. After that you spread the boned bird on the table, the skin underneath. Remove the bones of the wings and legs, holding them by the broken joint and scraping the flesh off all round. Have a coarse towel in your hand, and pull off the tendons at the lower end of the legs ; after which you push wings and legs inside, so that you do not leave any hole in the skin. Then you again spread the bird on the table as before, the rump nearest to you. Spread a layer (about a quarter of an inch thick) of sausage-meat, which you cover with pork, ham, and tongue, alternating the slices, and when the whole is covered, with another layer of sausage-meat. Cover the latter ; then put another layer of strips, etc., until you have a bulk of them of the size of the carcass, so that when the slit skin is brought together it will be perfectly full. Sew the slit with twine and a trussing-needle, commencing near the rump, and turning the skin of the neck on the back, and sewing it while sewing the sides, so that the end will be closed, as well as the back. You then place on the inside of the bird, to close the opening under the rump, a slice of salt pork a little larger than the opening itself. Then have a strong towel before you across the table. Place the bird on it so that the length of the bird will run on the width of the towel. Have fast on the table and held by somebody the end of the towel furthest from you ; turn the end nearest to you over the bird, which you roll inside as tight as you can ; then tie each end fast, in order that the bird be in as small a bulk as possible, though without spoiling it. Twist around the towel a

strong string, so that the bird will be kept in a form like a large sausage; put it in an oblong pan or kettle, with all the bones of the carcass, legs and wings, broken in pieces, together with two pounds of shin of beef (one pound for a chicken). Season with the following, tied in a linen rag: two cloves, one piece of garlic, a bay leaf, four stalks of parsley, one of thyme, and ten whole peppers; also with one carrot, in slices, and salt. The bird is then covered with cold water and taken off the pan, which you set on a good fire, and as soon as it boils put the bird back into it. For a middle-sized turkey boil for three hours. When put in the kettle, the bird sinks to the bottom; but when cooked it partly rises above the liquor. The bird then is taken from the liquor and the towel removed, after which it is enveloped as before and placed on a dish—the back or sewed part of the bird underneath. A dish, a bake pan, or a piece of board is put over it, with a weight of some kind on it, so as to flatten it on the dish, and it is left thus for eight or ten hours in a cool place. The towel is taken off after that length of time, the twine used to sew it is also pulled off, a small slice is cut out at both ends, and the bird put back on the dish ready to serve.”
—Prof. Pierre Blot, in “To-Day.”

POTATO SALAD AND SALAD-DRESSING.—Cut a dozen cold-boiled potatoes into fancy shapes, one quarter of an inch thick; mix with some flakes of cold-boiled fish—halibut, cod, or salmon—and pour over them a boiled salad-dressing, made with six tablespoonfuls of melted butter or salad-oil, six ditto of cream or milk, one teaspoonful of salt, half that quantity of pepper, and one teaspoonful of ground mustard. Into this mix one coffee-cupful of vinegar. Boil well; then add three raw eggs, beaten to a foam; remove directly from the fire, and stir for five minutes. When thoroughly cold, turn over the salad; garnish with slices of pickled cucumbers, beet-root, hard-boiled eggs, and fresh parsley. This boiled salad-dressing can be made in quantities, and kept tightly bottled for weeks. When used for green salads, it should be placed at the bottom of the bowl, and the salad on top; for, if mixed, the vegetables lose that crispness which is so delicious to the epicure. Slices of eggs, beets, and cold potatoes serve to ornament the dish.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Take a pint and a half of milk, one and a quarter pounds of flour, four eggs; the yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to which add the milk, and stir the whole well together; whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and stir them gradually into the batter; take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster into it, and fry in hot lard. Let them be

a light brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put in the batter all at once, as they would thicken it.

GROUND-RICE CAKE.—The weight of four eggs in ground rice, the same in loaf-sugar, pounded and sifted; the same weight of fresh butter, beaten to a cream; the weight of two eggs in flour; the rind of half a lemon, grated. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly together, then add the butter, next the four eggs, well beaten; and, lastly, the juice of half a lemon, with half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; beat thoroughly. Line a tin with buttered paper, put in the mixture, and bake immediately. The oven must be moderately quick at first putting in the cake; but when it has risen it must be put backward in the oven to let it soak well. Some candied-peel and citron may be put on the top of the cake, with white sugar-plums to ornament it, previously to putting it in the oven. The paper for lining the tin should be white writing-paper, well buttered, and it should be much higher than the tin.

GINGERBREAD LOAF.—Two and a half pounds of flour, half a pound of butter, one ounce of ginger, four eggs, half a pound of moist sugar, one dessert-spoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in a cup of water. Melt the butter on the molasses, then add the sugar, soda and eggs. Mix all together with the flour, and bake in a moderate oven two hours. Some think it a better plan to mix the soda first with the flour, and then when the molasses, etc., are added, a slight evolution of gas takes place, which makes the gingerbread light.

SUET DUMPLINGS, WITH CURRANTS.—Scald a pint of new milk, and let it grow cold; then stir into that half a pound of chopped suet, two eggs, four ounces cleaned currants, a little nutmeg, salt, two teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, and flour, sufficient to make the whole into a light batter-paste. Form it into dumplings; flour them well outside; throw them into your sauce-pan, being careful that the water is boiling, and that they do not stick to the bottom. Boil one hour.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 8.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. B. to Q. B. 6th | 1. B. to K. 4th. (best.) |
| 2. P. to K. R. 4th. | 2. K. to K. 5th. |
| 3. R. to Q. 4th. dle. ch. and mate. | |

VARIATION.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| | 2. B. moves. |
| 3. R. to K. B. 5th. mate. | |

Literary Notices.

THE HUGUENOTS IN FRANCE after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; with a visit to the Country of the Vaudois. By Samuel Smiles, author of "The Huguenots in England," "Self-Help," "Character," &c. New York, Harper Bros.

We are glad to welcome another volume from Mr. Smiles' well-known pen. Any subject which he treats is well treated. He has the rare merit of combining the interesting and the instructive in the right proportions, or rather we should say of making what is instructive so interesting that it cannot fail to be read with delight. Few readers of history are as familiar as they should be with the history and sufferings of the French Huguenots. We trust that this volume will be widely read, as it will greatly help the student to form correct views of an often misconstrued period of history. We quote from the first chapter sufficient to give an idea of the style and character of the book:—

REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was signed by Louis XIV. of France, on the 18th of October, 1685, and published four days afterwards.

Although the Revocation was the personal act of the King, it was nevertheless a popular measure, approved by the Catholic Church of France, and by the great body of the French people.

The King had solemnly sworn, at the beginning of his reign, to maintain the tolerating Edict of Henry IV.—the Huguenots being amongst the most industrious, enterprising, and loyal of his subjects. But the advocacy of the King's then Catholic mistress, Madame de Maintenon, and of his Jesuit confessor, Père la Chaise, overcame his scruples, and the deed of Revocation of the Edict was at length signed and published.

The aged Chancellor, Le Tellier, was so overjoyed at the measure, that on affixing the great seal of France to the deed, he exclaimed, in the words of Simeon, "Lord,

now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Three months later, the great Bossuet, the eagle of Meaux, preached the funeral sermon of Le Tellier; in the course of which he testified to the immense joy of the Church at the Revocation of the Edict. "Let us," said he, "expand our hearts in praises of the piety of Louis. Let our acclamations ascend to heaven, and let us say to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Marcian, this new Charlemagne, what the thirty-six fathers formerly said in the Council of Chalcedon: 'You have affirmed the faith, you have exterminated the heretics; it is a work worthy of your reign, whose proper character it is. Thanks to you, heresy is no more. God alone can have worked this marvel. King of heaven, preserve the King of earth: it is the prayer of the Church, it is the prayer of the bishops.'"

Madame de Maintenon also received the praises of the Church. "All good people," said the Abbé de Choisy, "the Pope, the bishops, and all the clergy, rejoice at the victory of Madame de Maintenon." Madame enjoyed the surname of Director of the Affairs of the Clergy; and it was said by the ladies of St. Cyr (an institution founded by her), that "the cardinals and the bishops knew no other way of approaching the King save through her."

It is generally believed that her price for obtaining the King's consent to the Act of Revocation, was the withdrawal by the clergy of their opposition to her marriage with the King; and that the two were privately united by the Archbishop of Paris at Versailles, a few days after, in the presence of Père la Chaise and two more witnesses. But Louis XIV. never publicly recognized De Maintenon as his wife—never rescued her from the ignominious position in which she originally stood related to him.

People at court all spoke with immense praises of the King's intentions with respect to destroying the Huguenots. "Killing them off" was a matter of badinage with the courtiers. Madame de Maintenon

* Bossuet, "Oraison Funèbre du Chancelier Lefevre."

wrote to the Duc de Noailles, "The soldiers are killing numbers of the fanatics—they hope soon to free Languedoc of them."

That piquante letter-writer, Madame Sévigné, often referred to the Huguenots. She seems to have classed them with criminals or wild beasts. When residing in Low Brittany during a revolt against the Jabelle, a friend wrote to her, "How dull you must be!" "No," replied Madame de Sévigné, "we are not so dull—hanging is quite a refreshment to me! They have just taken twenty-four or thirty of these men, and are going to throw them off."

A few days after the Edict had been revoked, she wrote to her cousin Bussy, at Paris: "You have doubtless seen the Edict by which the King revokes that of Nantes. There is nothing so fine as that which it contains, and never has any King done, or ever will do, a more memorable act." Bussy replied to her: "I immensely admire the conduct of the King in destroying the Huguenots. The wars which have been waged against them, and the St. Bartholomew, have given some reputation to the sect. His Majesty has gradually undermined it; and the edict he has just published, maintained by the dragoons and by Bourdaloue,* will soon give them the *coup de grace*."

In a future letter to Count Bussy, Madame de Sévigné informed him of "a dreadfully fatiguing journey which her son-in-law, M. de Grignan, had made in the mountains of Dauphiny, to pursue and punish the miserable Huguenots, who issued from their holes, and vanished like ghosts to avoid extermination."

De Baille, however, the Lieutenant of Languedoc, kept her in good heart. In one of his letters, he said, "I have this morning condemned seventy-six of these wretches (Huguenots), and sent them to the galleys." All this was very pleasant to Madame de Sévigné.

Madame de Scuderi, also, more moderately rejoiced in the Act of Revocation. "The King," she wrote to Bussy, "has worked great marvels against the Huguenots; and the authority which he has employed to unite them to the Church will be most salutary to themselves and to their children, who will be educated in the purity of the faith; all this will bring upon him the benedictions of Heaven."

Even the French Academy, though originally founded by a Huguenot, publicly approved the deed of Revocation. In a discourse uttered before it, the Abbé Tallemand exclaimed, when speaking of the Huguenot temple at Charenton, which had

just been destroyed by the mob, "Happy ruins, the finest trophy France ever beheld!" La Fontaine described heresy as now "reduced to the last gasp." Thomas Corneille also eulogized the zeal of the King in "throttling the Reformation." Barbier D'Aucourt heedlessly, but truly, compared the emigration of the Protestants to "the departure of the Israelites from Egypt." The Academy afterwards proposed, as the subject of a poem, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Fontenelle had the fortune, good or bad, of winning the prize.

The philosophic La Bruyère contributed a maxim in praise of the Revocation. Quinault wrote a poem on the subject; and Madame Deshoulières felt inspired to sing "The Destruction of Heresy." The Abbé de Rancé spoke of the whole affair as a prodigy: "The Temple of Charenton destroyed, and no exercise of Protestantism within the kingdom; it is a kind of miracle, such as we had never hoped to have seen in our day."

The Revocation was popular with the lower class, who went about sacking and pulling down the Protestant churches. They also tracked the Huguenots and their pastors, where they found them evading or breaking the Edict of Revocation; thus earning the praises of the Church and the fines offered by the King for their apprehension. The provosts and sheriffs of Paris represented the popular feeling, by erecting a brazen statue of the King who had rooted out heresy; and they struck and distributed medals in honor of the great event.

The Revocation was also popular with the dragoons. In order to "convert" the Protestants, the dragoons were unduly billeted upon them. As both officers and soldiers were then very badly paid, they were thereby enabled to live at free quarters. They treated everything in the houses they occupied as if it were their own, and an assignment of billets was little less than the consignment of the premises to the military, to use for their own purposes, during the time they occupied them.*

The Revocation was also approved by those who wished to buy land cheap. As the Huguenots were prevented holding their estates unless they conformed to the Catholic religion, and as many estates were accordingly confiscated and sold, land speculators, as well as grand seigneurs who wished to increase their estates, were constantly on the look-out for good bargains. Even before the Revocation, when the Huguenots were selling their land in order to leave the country, Madame de Maintenon wrote to her nephew, for whom she had obtained from the King a grant of

* Bourdaloue had just been sent from the Jesuit Church of St. Louis at Paris, to Montpellier, to aid the dragoons in converting the Protestants, and bringing them back to the Church.

* Sir John Reesby's Travels and Memoirs.

800,000 francs, "I beg of you carefully to use the money you are about to receive. Estates in Poitou may be got for nothing; the desolation of the Huguenots will drive them to sell more. You may easily acquire extensive possessions in Poitou."

The Revocation was especially gratifying to the French Catholic Church. The Pope, of course, approved of it. *Te Deums* were sung at Rome in thanksgiving for the forced conversion of the Huguenots. Pope Innocent XI. sent a brief to Louis XIV., in which he promised him the unanimous praises of the Church. "Amongst all the proofs," said he, "which your Majesty has given of natural piety, not the least brilliant is the zeal, truly worthy of the most Christian King, which has induced you to revoke all the ordinances issued in favor of the heretics of your kingdom.*"

The Jesuits were especially elated by the Revocation. It had been brought about by the intrigues of their party, acting on the King's mind through Madame de Maintenon and Père la Chaise. It enabled them to fill their schools and nunneries with the children of Protestants, who were compelled by law to pay for their education by Jesuit priests. To furnish the required accommodation, nearly the whole of the Protestant temples that had not been pulled down were made over to the Jesuits, to be converted into monastic schools and nunneries. Even Bossuet, the "last father of the Church," shared in the spoils of the Huguenots. A few days after the Edict had been revoked, Bossuet applied for the materials of the temples of Nauteuil and Morcerf, situated in his diocese; and his Majesty ordered that they should be granted to him.†

Now that Protestantism had been put down, and the officers of Louis announced from all part of the kingdom that the Huguenots were becoming converted by thousands, there was nothing but a clear course before the Jesuits in France; for their religion was now the favored religion of the State.

It is true there were the Jansenists—declared to be heretical by the Popes, and distinguished for their opposition to the doctrines and moral teaching of the Jesuits—who were suffering from a persecution which then drove some of the members of Port Royal into exile, and eventually destroyed them. But even the Jansenists approved the persecution of the Protestants. The great Arnault, their most illustrious interpreter, though in exile in the Low Countries, declared that though the means which Louis XIV. had employed had been

"rather violent, they had in nowise been unjust."

But Protestantism being declared destroyed, and Jansenism being in disgrace, there was virtually no legal religion in France but one—that of the Roman Catholic Church. Atheism, it is true, was tolerated, but then Atheism was not a religion. The Atheists did not, like the Protestants, set up rival churches, or appoint rival ministers, and seek to draw people to their assemblies. The Atheists, though they tacitly approved the religion of the King, had no opposition to offer to it—only neglect, and perhaps concealed contempt.

Hence it followed that the Court and the clergy had far more toleration for Atheism than for either Protestantism or Jansenism. It is authentically related that Louis XIV. on one occasion objected to the appointment of a representative on a foreign mission on account of the person being supposed to be a Jansenist; but on its being discovered that the nominee was only an Atheist, the objection was at once withdrawn.*

At the time of the Revocation, when the King and the Catholic Church were resolved to tolerate no religion other than itself, the Church had never seemed so powerful in France. It had a strong hold upon the minds of the people. It was powerful in its leaders and its great preachers; in fact, France has never, either before or since, exhibited such an array of preaching genius as Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Flechier, and Massillon.

Yet the uncontrolled and enormously increased power conferred upon the French Church at that time, most probably proved its greatest calamity. Less than a hundred years after the Revocation, the Church had lost its influence over the people, and was despised. The Deists and Atheists, sprung from the Church's bosom, were in the ascendant; and Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and Mirabeau, were regarded as greater men than either Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Flechier, or Massillon.

Not one of the clergy we have named, powerful orators though they were, ever ventured to call in question the cruelties with which the King sought to compel the Protestants to embrace the dogmas of their Church. There were no doubt many Catholics who deplored the force practised on the Huguenots; but they were greatly in the minority, and had no power to make their opposition felt. Some of them considered it an impious sacrilege to compel the Protestants to take the Catholic sacrament—to force them to accept the host, which Catholics believed to be the veritable body of Christ, but which the Huguenots could only accept as bread, over which

* Pope Innocent XI.'s Letter of November 13th, 1685.

† "Louvols et les Protestants," par Adolphe Michel, p. 286.

some function had been performed by the priests, in whose miraculous power of conversion they did not believe.

Fénélon took this view of the forcible course employed by the Jesuits; but he was in disgrace as a Jansenist, and what he wrote on the subject remained for a long time unknown, and was only first published in 1825. The Duc de Saint-Simon, also a Jansenist, took the same view, which he embodied in his "Memoirs;" but these were kept secret by his family, and were not published for nearly a century after his death.

Thus the Catholic Church remained triumphant. The Revocation was apparently approved by all, excepting the Huguenots. The King was flattered by the perpetual conversions reported to be going on throughout the country—five thousand persons in one place, ten thousand in another, who had abjured and taken the communion—at once, and sometimes "instantly."

"The King," says Saint-Simon, "congratulated himself on his power and his piety. He believed himself to have renewed the days of the preaching of the Apostles, and attributed to himself all the honor. The Bishops wrote panegyrics of him; the Jesuits made the pulpits resound with his praises. . . . He swallowed their poison in deep draughts."*

Louis XIV. lived for thirty years, after the Edict of Nantes had been revoked. He had therefore the fullest opportunity of observing the results of the policy he had pursued. He died in the hands of the Jesuits, his body covered with relics of the true cross. Madame de Maintenon, the "famous and fatal witch," as Saint-Simon called her, abandoned him at last; and the King died, lamented by no one.

He had banished, or destroyed, during his reign, about a million of his subjects, and those who remained did not respect him. Many regarded him as a self-conceited tyrant, who sought to save his own soul by inflicting penance on the backs of others. He loaded his kingdom with debt, and overwhelmed his people with taxes. He destroyed the industry of France, which had been mainly supported by the Huguenots. Towards the end of his life he became generally hated; and while his heart was conveyed to the Grand Jesuits, his body, which was buried at St. Denis, was hurried to the grave accompanied by the execrations of the people.

Yet the Church remained faithful to him to the last. The great Massillon preached his funeral sermon; though the message was draped in the livery of the Court. "How far," said he, "did Louis XIV. carry his zeal for the Church, that virtue

of sovereigns who have received power and the sword only that they may be props of the altar and defenders of its doctrine! Specious reasons of State! In vain did you oppose to Louis the timid views of human wisdom, the body of the monarchy enfeebled by the flight of so many citizens, the course of trade slackened, either by the deprivation of their industry, or by the furtive removal of their wealth! Dangers fortify his zeal. The work of God fears not man. He believes even that he strengthens his throne by overthrowing that of error. The profane temples are destroyed, the pulpits of seduction are cast down. The prophets of falsehood are torn from their flocks. At the first blow dealt to it by Louis, heresy falls, disappears, and is reduced either to hide itself in the obscurity whence it issued, or to cross the seas, and to bear with it into foreign lands its false gods, its bitterness, and its rage."*

Whatever may have been the temper which the Huguenots displayed when they were driven from France by persecution, they certainly carried with them something far more valuable than rage. They carried with them their virtue, piety, industry, and valor, which proved the source of wealth, spirit, freedom, and character, in all those countries—Holland, Prussia, England and America—in which these noble exiles took refuge.

We shall next see whether the Huguenots had any occasion for entertaining the "rage" which the great Massillon attributed to them.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D., AND MEMOIR BY HIS SONS; IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I. New York, Carter Bros.,

Dr. Guthrie's autobiography, commenced in 1868, and continued almost until the day of his death, put together by snatches and at uncertain intervals, is likely to prove one of the most popular books of the year. The story of the youth, education and various experiences of the great preacher is told as only Dr. Guthrie could tell it, and it may be regarded as a serious loss to literature that death cut him short in his work in the midst of his description of the Disruption conflict. His sons, in the memoir, the first part of which appears in this volume, have carried on the story, quoting as much as possible from their father's own words as found in his sermons and speeches.

* "Memoirs of the Duke of Saint-Simon," translated by Bayle St. John, vol. iii, p. 260.

* Funeral Oration on Louis XIV.

When Dr. Guthrie entered the University of Edinburgh he was but twelve years of age. He and his tutor occupied an apartment at 5s. a week, and their usual bill of fare was tea once, oatmeal porridge twice a day, and for dinner fresh herrings and potatoes. He says:

I don't think we indulged in butcher's meat more than twice during the whole first session at college; nor that, apart from the expense of fees, books, and what my tutor received, I cost my father more than £10. Though not luxuriously brought up at home, this was too great a change perhaps for a growing boy, who shot up to 6ft 2½ inches without the shoes by the time he was seventeen years of age. Nevertheless, it is better for boys to be so trained than taught on the John Bull system, to make a god of their belly. My expenses were higher in the two succeeding sessions when I had different tutors, and lived in better lodgings; but even then, and afterwards when, during the last seven years I spent at the University, I ceased to be under tutors, they were much less than is common nowadays. One winter, six of us had a common table, and we used to make up for the outlay of occasional suppers, by dinners of potatoes and ox livers, which we reckoned cost us only three half-pence a head.

Sydney Smith might joke about Scotchmen cultivating the arts and sciences on oatmeal, but the struggle which many an ambitious lad makes to fight his way on through college, is a feather in the cap of our country.

THE FIRST SERMON.

He early made up his mind that he would be "no reader."

With this determination, on the Saturday afternoon thereafter, I took my way to Dun, a parish some four miles from Brechin—once the seat and estate of John Erskine, one of the leaders of the Reformation, and John Knox—having promised to preach my first sermon there. On the road I spent my time repeating, or trying rather to repeat, over to myself the sermon I had prepared for the following day; and my memory so often failed me that I remember well saying to myself, "I have mistaken my profession! I shall never succeed as a preacher!" It was more or less under this depressing feeling I ascended the pulpit at Dun. To be secure against a complete breakdown, I, turning over the leaves as I advanced, kept my MS. before me on the Bible; and though at one time, during the first prayer, for an instant my mind became

a perfect blank, I got through my work without halt or blunder, which was then the height of my ambition; and was so happy at that, that I think the hour after I left that pulpit was, perhaps, the brightest, happiest of all my life."

A MAN OF BUSINESS.

Not being immediately presented to a church, Dr. Guthrie spent two "busy and not lost" years in a bank agency. He after found his knowledge of business useful.

I remember how I rose visibly in the respect of some farmers and men of business whom I met the day after a large sale of cattle fed on distillery refuse had taken place. "What did they bring?" said one of them to me, expecting to trot out my ignorance to his own amusement and that of the company. "Well," I said, "I don't know till I see a fair specimen of the stock, and know the number knocked down to the hammer." So, amused that I, a minister of a city charge, would venture even a guess on such a matter, they conducted me to a straw-yard, where two or three of the cattle, fair specimens of the herd, still remained. "Now," I said, after looking at the beasts, "give me the number sold;" and when, after some mental arithmetic, I gave £9,500 as the sum, which was within a few hundreds of the money actually realized, how they did stare with astonishment, carrying away with them more respect for clergymen than some of them had entertained before.

DEATH OF M'CHEYNE.

The following story of McCheyne's death is not generally known:

On behalf of Church Extension I visited a considerable portion of Forfarshire, to stir up to zeal in that cause both the ministers and people. It was then that Robert McCheyne met with an accident which began the illness that terminated in his death. He accompanied me on my tour to Errol, full of buoyant spirits and heavenly conversation. After breakfast we strolled into the garden, where there stood some gymnastic poles and apparatus set up for the use of Mr. Grierson's family. No ascetic, no stiff and formal man, but ready for any innocent and healthful amusement, these no sooner caught McCheyne's eye than, challenging me to do the like, he rushed at a horizontal pole resting on the forks of two upright ones, and went through a lot of athletic manoeuvres. I was buttoning up to succeed, and try if I could not outdo

him, when, as he hung by his heels and hands some five or six feet above the ground, all of a sudden the pole snapped asunder, and he came down with his back on the ground with a tremendous *thud*. He sickened, was borne into the manse, lay there for days, and was never the same man again.

THE OLD MANSE.

Dr. Guthrie's first charge was the Parish of Arbirlot, where his accommodations were but indifferent.

I found it in a very rickety and dilapidated condition—nor much wonder; for though the best in all the country-side when built, it was at the time of my settlement close on a hundred years old. The floor of the small parlor formed an inclined plane, having sunk so much on one side, that when a ball was placed on the table it rolled off. The dining-room, which, unless when we had company, was only used as my study, was so open through many a cranny to the winds of heaven, that the carpet in stormy weather rose and fell and flapped like a ship's sail. Off it was a sleeping closet—our best bedroom—where my father-in-law, Mr. Burns, one of the ministers of Brechin, and his wife, were wakened one morning by a shower-bath; and wondering, as well they might, looked up to see the top of the bed bellied out with the rain that had floated the garret, and found its way through rotten roof and broken slates to them! The kitchen had no other ceiling but the floor of our bedroom that stood over it, which saved a bell, and as the planks were thin with washing and age, permitted *viva voce* communication between us and the servants; and I well remember how in the dark winter mornings, we used to hear the click of the flint and steel as the kitchen-maid struck the sparks into the tinder-box, and kindled thus a match dipped in sulphur, or *spunk*, as it was called—a primitive, and then the only method of producing fire, for the boxes of Briant and May and all other match-makers had no more existence in those days than locomotives, photographs, or telegraphs.

In this manse, which, by the way, was the only one in the kingdom that had the baronial privilege of a dovecot attached to it—a special favour granted to Sir Thomas Preston, and whatever it might have been to him, of little use to me, the place being in my days a favorite hunting ground of rats—in this old rickety house I abode five years.

MEDICAL PRACTICE.

In this rural parish he had occasionally unexpected calls upon his skill. Take for instance the following story:

A youth who had been driving a cartload of coals to the schoolmaster's house in the village had received from him a glass of whiskey—a bad way of rewarding any kindness, too common in those days. He had hardly drunk it and left the door, when he was seized with tetanus, or lockjaw. A doctor had been found who, finding himself unable to part the teeth and open the mouth for the administration of medicine, by irons from the smithy and other appliances, ordered a hot bath. News of this was brought to me as I sat in my study. Without delay the fires were blazing in our chimneys, and with pots and pans of hot water from the manse and other houses, we filled a barrel in the cottage into which he had been carried, and where he lay, teeth clenched, limbs and arms rigid as iron, and his spine bent up like a bow. The doctor prepared the medicine, and committed the bathing of the poor fellow to me. We stripped him to the skin, and I made a thermometer of my hand. I was glad to withdraw it, the water was so hot; knowing, however, that the hotter the better in such a case—and the case had come to be desperate—I resolved to risk it; so, giving the signal to three or four stout fellows who stood by, they plunged him in feet foremost up to the neck. He roared like a bull, and was taken out ere long, red as a boiled lobster, but happily with the clenched teeth and locked jaws parted wide enough to allow the doctor to administer the medicine, and thereby saved his life.

Rebels of the Times.

Canada, at this moment, is like a young scion of an ancient and honored family, who has just come to an age when he feels his strength. The blood of many past generations is circulating in his veins, and during his own short lifetime he has had his full share of the discipline and buffeting which wise men agree to be so good for youth. He has been snubbed when he became too self-confident; and of cuffs and blows administered with hearty good-will (in the spirit of kindness doubtless) he has had a plentiful share in his younger days. The parental treatment has not always—truth to say—been of the wisest. The discipline suitable to a child was continued until he was a strong and lusty boy, and tutors and governors drew the bands so tight that they burst at last, and the young hopeful broke into open rebellion. A crisis like this brought about the result usual in cases where there is after all a real respect on both sides. A liberty more suitable to the age and present circumstances of the lad was granted. The vast and wild domain set apart as his future inheritance, was reserved more and more to his use and benefit; and as he grew older year by year he was encouraged to explore it, stimulated to subdue it, consulted about its boundaries, and made to feel that it was largely his own. At one time, indeed, this policy was carried somewhat too far. Hints, broad hints indeed, were conveyed to him that he was old enough and strong enough to set up an independent establishment, and that the heads of the old house at home would be rather pleased than otherwise at his doing so. Some circumstances favored the idea. The young man had developed marvelously since the bands were relaxed. He had shown himself, on more than one occasion, to have the great qualities of the families from which he derived descent. He had be-

come ambitious and bold; he had done wonders with his estate; he had large ideas of the future. But with a wisdom, perhaps beyond his years, he knew his position better than to take the hint to separate, and gradually the notion faded away from the parental imagination.

The two never understood each other better than at present. A high filial respect on the one side is accompanied by a considerable parental pride on the other. The parents view with unconcealed gratification the growing manliness and vigor of their stalwart son, and think with pride of his achievements in building, and planting, and cultivating—achievements which, as they well know, are but the earnest of what is to be done by and by. And the son glories in the great historic fame and mighty deeds in arms and arts, in verse and song, in law and learning, in commerce and colonizing, of the two great lines of ancestry whence he derives his descent. All that is wise, and good, and great in them he is proud to reproduce; and he uses the large liberty, now wisely conceded to him, to adapt, select and reject, according to his own judgment of what is best. Seldom has there been a happier political position; we may, perhaps, use the stronger word—never; let all, therefore, who wish Canada well join us in the hearty and fervent aspiration, *Este perpetua*.

A review of the times would be generally considered complete if we gave a fair and full *resumé* of the political position. History, as a rule, is a mere chronicle of the doings of governments. The reign of this and that king, with the edicts passed, wars waged, treaties enacted, is the history of the time, so far as books are concerned. Perhaps it is a necessity; for, in truth, the ordinary affairs of which the real life of many people is made up do not yield material for elaborate chronicles. Yet, after

all, the real history, the story, of the times, truthfully drawn out would be far more a narrative of family changes, of personal adventure, of the development of commerce, of the fitting of ships, of the growth of wealth, of the settlement of towns, of the improvements of land, of the subjugation of wilds. The life of churches, too, is an integral part of the life of a nation. The religion of a people modifies their whole life. Religious thoughts and feelings have always been vastly more influential than political theories, and deserve to be. They touch man far more intimately, they surround and mould and influence his whole existence. That is a perfectly true saying respecting politics—

“How small a part of ills that men endure
Is that which governments can cause or cure?”

But it is not true respecting religion. Its truth respecting government has been disputed; but when we look at life in its many phases—the life of man and woman, of parent and child, the life of daily service and employment, the life of authority and ministrations, the life of the cultivator, trader, mechanic, and a hundred other ramifications of the many-sided existence of a whole people—we must be convinced that the influence of government for either good or ill is confined within a narrow circle. Within that circle, it is true, its influence is paramount, but beyond it nothing. In our review of the times, then, we shall not confine ourselves to comments on the political position merely—the affairs that come nearer “home to men’s business and bosoms” will receive perhaps even more attention. The condition of trade and commerce, of farming and agriculture, of shipping and fisheries, will be brought forward. Our Canadian Church life in its vastly varied aspect will be reviewed, as well as the various agencies for ameliorating the temporal condition of our people. Social developments, the progress of education under various theories and forms, the advance of civilization, false or true, personal deeds worthy of note and record; these, as well as the swelling orations of legislators at our many capitals, will be subjected to such criticism as seems suitable to the time. We need scarcely say that

this Review will be the mouth-piece of no party. A perfectly independent position on every question will be fully maintained, and praise or blame meted out impartially to whatever or whoever in Church or State is worthy of either.

Commencing with the political position, rather as following precedent than as indicating its relative importance, we have to ask our readers first a somewhat singular question: What is the real use of Parliamentary Government? Why all this extraordinary machinery of (so-called) popular representation? Why, from time to time this odd spectacle of two or more gentlemen, supposed to be more or less honorable and respectable, wearing out their nights and days in endeavors to induce the adult male population to vote for them? To vote for them—that is, to vote that they are eligible to take part in devising and revising, and making and remaking the laws by which this vast portion of the Continent of North America is to be governed. This, beyond question, is one of the most difficult tasks that could be essayed by man, and more than one mode of managing it might be conceived. One would think certain intellectual qualifications necessary,—some fair knowledge of what our laws are already, and what the country is which obeys them—what its trade, manufactures, agriculture, shipping—would be considered primary essentials. But, singular to say, anybody and everybody that will take the trouble and spend the time, is at liberty to torment the electors by appeals for their vote; for the qualification is really no check; and as a matter of fact, when we look at results, we see numbers of men sent to take part in the deliberations which precede the making of our laws who are ignorant of law, ignorant of commerce, and ignorant of agriculture—who are ignorant of everything, in fact, but parish politics and small chicanery. Let us, however, do them justice. They know one thing more. They know how to hold the left hand behind the back in such a peculiar position that the right hand never knows what the left receives.

This brings us back to our first question.

What is the real use of this system? Why cannot this talking machinery be dispensed with altogether, and the time of those who have the task of governing be occupied with their work? All real governing, and all real law-making is done by small bodies. Large committees are universally conceded to be a nuisance. It is only small ones that do any work. Why could not the Governor gather round him a number of the ablest men in the country—thirty or forty at most—and men having so large a stake in the country as to have a strong personal interest in good legislation—men of various trades and occupations, professional, manufacturing and otherwise; and with the aid of these revise the laws already in existence, and make such new ones as the times required? This seems a very fair theory, at any rate; and it approaches much more nearly to the way in which the practical affairs of life are carried on. Great trading partnerships, whose business extends over whole continents, are managed by councils of a few; and these would be horrified indeed at the thought of men sitting in council with them who had neither sense nor experience. The only place, so far as we know, where incapables and corruptibles are allowed to take part in the management of affairs is where the matters to be considered belong to municipalities or nations.

But, alas! for pretty theories. We know that our council of thirty or forty would be but men at the best, and so exposed to the thousand and one temptations incident to the concentration of great power in the hands of few persons. And, if experience is to be trusted, time would develop again, as it has developed before, an irresistible tendency in such an oligarchy to govern for themselves, their families and friends, rather than for the country at large. Our parliamentary system, in fact, is but a piece of elaborate machinery for checking and controlling the action of higher powers. But everything depends on the manner it is worked. A good system does wretchedly bad work when in the hands of incompetent men. Parliament is not a self-acting machinery for turning out good laws. Let there only be a sufficient number of incapables and holders-out of the left hand in any

legislature, and we shall have bad laws enough.

The Ottawa Parliament, the great council of the nation, is dissolved—mainly, it is said, that a real representation of the people may be secured. The last Parliament contained numbers of men who represented nobody but one very eminent and powerful individual. The means by which this was brought about are sufficiently scandalous to be a permanent blot in our history. The intimidation sometimes practised by great noblemen in England is bad enough, but the vast and systematic bribery in numbers of constituencies by a great contractor is so abominable that, if continued, it would infallibly bring down the whole system of representation. A people who allowed it to become established would deserve to be under the rule of a Louis Napoleon.

Now that a new election has to take place, it is all important to the best interests of the country that the right class of men be sent. Unfortunately, the choice of electors is limited. They can only vote for one or other of men who come forward, as the phrase is; otherwise if electors in cities and counties were allowed to take their choice out of the inhabitants of the district generally, men of sterling character might possibly be brought out, who, under the present system, would never think of offering themselves. This, however, must be put aside as Utopian at present, and the electors have to depend upon the preliminary nominating committee—the caucus, in fact—to bring out men that are worthy of their suffrages. Upon this committee a vast responsibility rests. The results of former nominations, in some cases, recall the fable we read of in an old and very wise book, which though despised by some would-be wise men (professing to be wise and becoming fools) contains more practical sense about human affairs than any other that can be named. The fable is that the trees, once upon a time went about to elect a king over them, and after vainly endeavoring to induce the olive, and the fig, and the vine to accept the post, they pitched at last upon the *bramble*, who, when elected, like a true despot, threatened to send out fire and devour even the cedars of

Lebanon. How many brambles and weeds have encumbered former parliaments, those know who know our history. We have, however, got rid of them now, and it will be our own fault if they ever show their faces again. The same wise old book draws a graphic picture of the kind of men who should be chosen to high office, and for the benefit of our readers we will transcribe it. Moses, the great legislator, found the burden of governing too heavy to be borne alone, and he was advised by his father-in-law, himself a chief of an Arab tribe, to divide the labor and responsibility by looking out a council to be associated with him. Now we will venture to say this chief had never studied the science of government; but by some singular power or intuition, he hit upon exactly the qualities which commend themselves to our enlightened judgment in this advanced century of the world's progress. He advises Moses to look out men who possess certain qualities, thus—

- They must be ABLE MEN,
- They must FEAR GOD,
- They must be MEN OF TRUTH,
- They must HATE COVETOUSNESS.

We commend this list of qualifications to our nominating committee, on both sides. Let us get a House of Commons composed of such materials, and away will fly the car- rion crows of bribery and corruption, the vulture and the cormorant of idleness and roguery. The lobbies will then no longer be crowded with men having their axes to grind at the country's expense, and an efficient, wise, honest, sensible, and manly administration will enact laws that will be just to all classes and all interests in the land.

Mr. Arch has set England all astir about emigration. We are glad he has repudiated the nonsense said to have been spoken by him, and written in his name by his too zealous friend, Mr. Clayden. That gentleman, like many other amateurs, has found by this time that it is possible to write non- sense quite elegantly. When Mr. Arch was represented as saying that the English la- borer coming out in these days could not be expected to work as men did in a former generation; that the idea of *his* going to the

bush and spending years of his life in la- borious clearing was not to be thought of; that the gift of land in an uncleared state was the gift of a white elephant, we ascribed such nonsense to the inexperience of one who had never been out of his own country before. Arch, however, has spoken himself, now that he has returned to England, and has repudiated a good deal of what was writ- ten in his name. He has done well in so doing, and he has done wonders for the cause of emigration to Canada by the sim- ple story of what he saw. In Western Ca- nada, he met a school-fellow who had now a fine farm of his own. This spoke vol- umes. He met another, a man who only came out a year ago, who showed him a well-stocked cellar, plenty of pork and beef and vegetables, and a good supply of fuel for the winter. Arch sat down to dinner with him, and a famous joint of roast beef was put on the table. As he told the story he could not help adding that when he was a laborer he never had such a thing as a joint of mutton on his table in his life. In this speech he said—and if he had spoken for six hours he could not have said any- thing more stirring and convincing—that his mind was made up to go out to Canada himself if he could be freed from the en- gagements he was under to the laborers of England. No testimony could go beyond this. That one speech would do more to promote emigration to Canada than all the talk of the emigrant agents we have had at work for years. We only trust, now the matter is in such a fair train in England, that everything reasonable will be done by our Government on this side. We want no petting and coddling, and we should insist on rigid performance of contracts; but everything that can be done, should be done to make the laborer and his family reasonably comfortable on landing, during his long journey if he goes West, and dur- ing the few days that must elapse before he settles down to employment.

The questions that will engage the at- tention of Parliament are fortunately such as need not lead to any sharp division of parties. We have long since passed through the throes which are at this mo- ment agitating the Mother Country.

Questions which will prove to be bones of contention there for many long years to come have been quietly settled here for many years back. The franchise is low enough to satisfy everybody. We have a school-law which, though far from theoretically perfect, can be worked satisfactorily if there is a reasonable amount of accommodation on both sides. The only land questions that ever troubled us, the Seigniorial tenure in Lower Canada and the Clergy Reserve Lands in Upper Canada, were disposed of years ago. The relation of the Churches to the State is one of entire separation, and the country is free from those irritating claims to supremacy which torment and distract so many communities of the Old World.

Now, our great work must be to develop our resources, and to subdue and populate the enormous territories which, under Providence, have been committed to us. The great question, of course, will relate to the opening of the vast regions of the North-West. Here are—if reports be correct, and there is a singular harmony and consent amongst those who have hitherto told these stories—regions under our control which are fully as good as the lands composing the best Western States of the Union. All that Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Minnesota are now *combined*, our own North-West may be within the life-time of many amongst us. The first point is to get an easy route thither for emigrants, and for this purpose it is obviously desirable to utilize our water communication. Nature has given us a magnificent range of water communication, reaching within four hundred miles of the territory. To open up this four hundred miles, then, should be our first business. It is difficult country, but no more difficult than that through which thousands of miles in the States pass. A railroad could be finished in two years, and in the meantime the present road could be finished and put into good condition for travel. There is, if report be true, a good deal of land along the route which would be

available for settlement; and, at any rate, when once the road strikes the prairie, as it will long before it reaches Winnipeg, it will be in the midst of a region as good as any Western State. As to the great scheme of a railway to the Pacific, that must bide its time. Once get a population into the North-West, and all the rest will follow naturally and easily.

Canada has had several years of uninterrupted material prosperity, and is growing apace. The foundation of the whole is her good harvests. Her people should not forget that these come not by their skill, but by the favor of Him who is Lord of the material as well as the spiritual universe. The people have to do their part in subduing the rough wilderness first, and then in "dressing" and "keeping" the farm; and in both, those practical habits of foresight, observation and industry should be brought into play, which are according to the will of the Creator. He gives the power to get wealth, and if the power is exercised wisely, wealth will flow in as naturally as fruit follows the planting.

The United States are fast recovering from the shock of panic. Again we have to recognize the bounty of the great Father in giving a most fruitful and abundant season when it is sorely needed. The crops over the whole producing area of the United States are the largest, probably, ever known—West and South alike are favored. Had this not been the case, the country would even now be writhing in the throes of a revolution more severe than any previously known.

There is peace in Europe, but it is the peace of an armed truce. The disturbing element, if we trace things to their foundation, is the temporal power of the Popedom. Restless intriguers are bent on restoring it, and they are adepts at the game. But the march of events for the last century or two has been against them, and it is almost certain that in this attempt they are only repeating the experiment of Canute's courtiers.