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GRAND ROUNDS.

EDITED BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

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GRAND ROUNDS.

“*Quis Separabit?*”

ADDRESS BY THE EDITOR.

Free on the clear breeze, float out the loosened colors, in acknowledgement of the Royal Presence, as the Queen reviews regiment after regiment of her gallant soldiers. Cavalry, with burnished helmets and flashing swords, pace by, in grand display; and the steady tramp of the infantry, and the heavy roll of the artillery, pass the saluting point, in firm succession. And as the different regiments fling out their bannered glory in the Royal salute, it may be observed that four regiments bear the same device. They are:

The Fourth, Royal Irish Dragoons.

The Fifth, Royal Irish Lancers.

The Eighty-sixth, Royal County Down

The Eighty-eighth, Connaught Rangers.

On the colors of these four, we see the Harp and Crown, with two words traced beneath:—

“*Quis separabit?*”

Who shall separate?

In olden times, no Irish festival was complete in its arrangements, without the presence of some well skilled poet, who could accompany his burning improvisations, with the melting music of his harp. In a gathering of chiefs, no compliments were more delicately

given, or more proudly received, than those which flowed in music from the fervid lips and inspired fingers of the minstrel; no slight was more deeply felt, than the bitter one of being unnoticed by the bard.

The person of the minstrel was as sacred as that of the herald; and in the stormiest times of political fury, the harp was an aegis of safety to him who wisely bore it.

Minstrels were the historians of their times, and the culminating curse pronounced on an unworthy man was, that in future days he might be not only “unwept,” but “unsung.”

The harper's voice and hand urged men into the rush of the battle, or calmed their wildest passions back to peace. As the wizard-hand swept the thrilling chords, hearts were charmed to love, or stirred to hate.

So could no device be more delicate in its tenderness, or more Spartan-like in its laconic devotion than the deep loyalty of that bright emblazoning on the colors of our Irish regiments:—

The Harp and Crown.

“*Quis separabit?*”

Who shall separate our warm hearts and ready hands from the service of our Queen?

Who shall dare to hope that he can part the minstrel from his Sovereign?

And as each prismatic color has its complementary shade, as each major

key is answered by its relative minor, as the ancient shield of gold had its silver side; so this loyal parable has also its answering thought.

Who can separate the minstrel from the crown of his reward?

And the two colors flash into one again; the sweet wail of the minor tones into the grand finish of the major; the precious gold out, and absorbs the fainter ray of the silver, in the perfect whole of the unbroken meaning.

Is not the dearest reward of the faithful servant that unspoken joy which fills his heart at the safety and success of the royal crown? Is not love, the deepest and the highest, its own best reward? No true love can be without true loyalty; when earth's passion was brought into the presence of the Holiest, the sacred fires of the Unseen purified it from the dross of the below, and intensified it into that divine superlative of Love, which "Smote the chord of Self, that trembling passed in music out of sight;" and left that rich, pure heaven of harmony in the soul, which no language of earth can fully express; but which some echo of celestial minstrelsy lingered round, until one word thrilled down to men, and that word was—

LOYALTY!

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

So HE has told us, Who best knoweth the mysteries of heaven and earth. And, therefore, because it was meet that the Son of God should feel and "be touched with the feeling" of all joy as well as of all woe, therefore He whose right it was to wear the Eternal Crown, chose also to do the service of His own diadem; and now, in Christ Jesus,

QUIS SEPARABIT?

Who shall separate the service from the royalty? Who shall part the Harp of His humanity from the Crown of His divinity, since the very infinitude of His dominion is glorified by the tender halo of the service which He deigned once to accomplish!

Who then shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?

On earth "the whisperer separateth chief friends." Here, one breath of cruel slander has often parted hearts which should have throbbed together until death. Distance bars the intercourse of earth's dearest. The exile, sick at heart for the beloved land and home so very far off, stretches forth yearning hand over the cold blue waves that toss so impassively between him and the spot he could die to reach, if but in dying he might sleep upon the country his heart breaks to look upon once more.

A cruel word from one to whom love clings, will often separate life and happiness in this world of chill and sorrow; and even if joy and gentleness fold us as sunshine through life, yet at last comes the great separator, Death, snatching the cup of bliss from the lips trembling on the edge of the goblet, or clutching away the laurels from the cold hand of the brave soldier who sinks on the battle-field.

From all that mere earth can give, of love, and joy, and loyalty, Death, if nought else, can separate.

But there is more lasting service; a brighter crown; a harp of richer, fuller music; a deeper, truer love; a more unvarying Friend! When all else ruins into mockery, "HE abideth faithful." When other friendships fail, HE still is the unchangeable one; and when the flames of final judgment destroy the world and all that is therein, then, amidst the crash of nature, HIS own shall still be safe, endowed with an inheritance that fadeth not away," crowned with the everlasting love" of the "Faithful and True;" blessed with a joy which "no man taketh from them." His own! Oh! fairest, dearest, title of the redeemed rebels whom Jesus honors and calls to faithful service for Him! On their banner is written, with His atoning blood:

"QUIS SEPARABIT?"

"Who shall separate us from the

love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

"As is written, For Thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

"Nay, in all these things, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come.

"Nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Our Serial Story,

The Mocking-Bird.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

"*Erie go Bragh.*"

"Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger,
There smiles hospitality hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moments of danger,
And the wanderer is welcomed with Cushluma-
chree."

During the weeks following the adventure at the *restaurant*, Margaret continued her daily round of duties unconscious of the eager watch kept up for her appearance. Her letters and General Winton's were always addressed to the care of Dr. Forest, at whose house Margaret called weekly to show them away. She was entering the office one morning, hoping to find English letters, when her attention was fixed by a tall, military figure standing in the hall. The man turned round as she approached, and after a few moment's startled hesitation on both sides, he made a very respectful military salute, which was answered by Margaret's holding out both her hands, exclaiming between laughing and crying:

"Why, Connor, how *did* you get here. O I'm so glad, so glad; Dear

grandpapa will be delighted. When did you get here? Is Nurse here too?"

Connor reverently pressed the little hands, which seemed lost in his giant grasp, and looked down on his young lady with a look of most admiring devotion.

"We only landed last evening, Miss Pearl" he remarked, in a voice slightly marked by the accent of the "Emerald Isle." Lizzie and I couldn't stop in the old country by ourselves. I missed master, and Lizzie didn't know what to do with herself without Miss Pearl to look after; and so we thought we'd better just come over. Here's Lizzie in the office."

Just then "Lizzie," a comely, well-dressed woman of about forty years of age came out into the hall.

"Pat," she said to her husband, "Miss Pearl isn't here now, but I've got the address;" then, as Margaret turned her happy face towards her, the woman uttered a little scream, and threw her arms round the young lady.

"O my darling child!" she sobbed out, "I couldn't stay away from you any longer; I've heard such queer things about the servant-girls over here, and I wasn't any-ways easy about you! So here's your old servant come to take care of you. And how's General Winton, my dear?"

"Grandpa is so ill, and I've had hard times Nurse," replied Margaret. "But I'm so glad you and Connor are come, I've wanted you dreadfully, my own, dear old Lizzie!"

Many enquiries were made and answered, before Margaret thought of the very public place in which they were standing, until the curious glances of the boarders, as they passed in and out of the office, recalled her to herself.

"But don't stand here Nurse," she said, then, still holding fast Mrs. Connor's hand; "Come home with me, and see grandpa. He will feel so much better, I know, when he sees you and Connor."

They immediately left the house, Margaret and her nurse engaged in

earnest conversation, while Connor followed a few steps behind.

"But Nurse, dear," said Miss Winton, after the first excitement was over. "You don't know how poor we are. You know we could not bring you over with us, because grandpa had lost so much money; and since we came here, we have lost all. I am working now to keep us both."

"You work, my dear Miss Pearl!" exclaimed Nurse indignantly. "Well, I know you are good and clever enough for anything; but to think of a Winton having to work for a living! Why what do you do?"

"I write for papers and magazines," replied Margaret, and now I am writing a book."

"Poor lamb!" ejaculated Mrs. Connor, wiping away the tears which filled her eyes. "But I'm going to be your servant, again. Me and Connor, and our old folks before us, have taken many a year's good wages from your family, Miss Pearl: and we had good masters and missises too; and we can't live happy without our own work, we both have been feeling like fishes out of water, as I may say, ever since we parted from you. You know we've both of us, Connor and me, got a nice bit of money saved; so he's going to get into business; and I'm going to take a good house and let a few rooms; and then I'm a capital hand, at doing fine washing, and ironing. O! I've got it all planned, my dear! You and master will have the best rooms in the house, and I'll do your washing and I'll wait on you. Two servants, one of a sort, ain't much to be sure, not what you've been used to, but we'll do the best we can, you may be sure. I was certain, you weren't just comfortable, by your letters. Though you didn't say much, except that your grandpa was ill, yet I knew it wasn't all right; and so we had a talk over matters with old Sergeant Howe that was in New York so many years; and he told me how to manage. He made quite a little fortune over here; and so we got all infor-

mation and started as soon as we could."

"Dear old Nursie," said Margaret, you don't think I would let you take my burdens upon yourself? You will be such a comfort to me, for I want some one to tell my little cares to, instead of letting grandpa be troubled with everything. But we can't afford yet to pay for good rooms, and I am not going to occupy the best part of your house and not pay."

"There, don't think about that any more now," said Nurse, in a tone with which she might have soothed a child. "It'll come all right by and bye, my dear."

"Here is my home for the present," said Margaret, pausing in rather a narrow street.

Nurse and her husband exchanged horrified glances behind Margaret's back, as they followed her into the house, and up to her grandfather's room. He was sitting on the one straight-backed chair by the window, leaning his arm wearily on the small table when they entered. His delight at seeing his old servants was most touching. He seemed to feel something of old times come back again. Nor had he and Margaret two more unselfishly devoted friends than they possessed in Connor and his wife. Connor's father had entered the service of old Lord Winton, when very young, and as a matter of course, Connor himself had been brought up in the family as a natural dependent on the house of Winton. When the present General Winton went to the wars, Connor begged to be allowed to follow his young master's fortunes. By the interest of the Wintons, he was always in the same regiment as the master he so dearly loved; and, with the passionate attachment, so often manifested by old family servants in England, he identified himself with all his master's interests. Pearl's father had been his special favorite, and when she was born, the faithful Connor, now advanced to the rank of Sergeant, at once consecrated

himself to her particular service ; and it was a pretty thing to see the fair baby arms clinging round the neck of the stalwart soldier, as he carried her sometimes, as a great treat to all parties concerned, into the barrack-rooms of his regiment to receive the loving allegiance of many a brave fellow whose own little ones were far away. Captain Winton had never objected to his baby daughter's being allowed to go among the soldiers. He knew his men too well to fear her learning anything amiss through association with them. Rough and hard as their lives necessarily were, not one of them could be other than a truly noble British soldier in the presence of little Pearl, who grew up amongst them with her whole heart interested in their welfare, and became most truly, what they early called her,—"The Soldier's Friend." Her nurse, Lizzie, was the daughter and granddaughter of valued servants of the Winton family ; and when Pearl grew too old to require the services of a nurse-maid, Lizzie was advanced to the post of "Miss Winton's own woman," still, however, addressed as "Nurse," by her affectionately attached lady. Sergeant Connor's warm Irish heart soon fell a prey to the fascinations of the rosy Lizzie, while she still occupied the position of nursery-maid, and he was not long in making his wishes known to the object of his affection. She objected, on the score of some twelve years superiority in age on the side of the Sergeant, and having a spice of mischief in her composition mimicked the broadest Irish brogue, as she added :

"An' beyont that, Misther Connor, faith an' I'm doubting whether its me-self, Lizzie Wilkins, that ye're wanting at all at all ; I'm thinking its Miss Pearl's nurse that ye're afther, sure !"

The gallant Sergeant took up the challenge thus offered, and assuming his native brogue, replied laughing.

"Faith an' ye're partly right, me darlint. All me heart is Miss Pearl's as in duty bound, but every bit av the

rest is yer own, *navourneen* ; and as for the age av me, the oulder I am the bether able I'll be to perfect ye *acush-la-na-chree* !

"Well," Lizzie had replied, "I'll pass over the age, seeing as we're agreed about the other point ; for sure, Sergeant Connor, my heart is in the same condition as yours. Its all Miss Pearl's, but the rest of it belongs to you."

And so the two were shortly after made one. General and Captain Winton were rich then, and they well endowed the newly married pair, whose parents, as well as themselves had so faithfully served their house.

When the General and Margaret left England, after the Danish war, Connor and his wife had begged to be retained without wages ; but, of course, this generous petition was refused. Nevertheless the affectionate and noble-hearted souls were determined to carry their point in some way, and they followed their old master across the ocean, as we have seen.

CHAPTER XIV.

Grandfather's Ghost.

"The ditty does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes."

THE TEMPEST.

Sergeant and Mrs. Connor, being very energetic persons, decided on a house the next day after their visit to their old master. No time was lost. The house was soon furnished ; and Connor, having taken care to provide himself with good recommendations from officers in the regiment he had left, found no difficulty in obtaining a situation as foreman in a grocery store, this being the first thing that offered ; and, as he very sensibly remarked to his wife :

"I may as well be earning something while we are looking round."

Mrs. Connor soon succeeded in letting her rooms, reserving the three best for the General and Margaret, and also

obtained in a very short time, abundance of laundry-work to do.

But her expectations were sadly disappointed when on informing Margaret that her rooms were ready for her, that young lady very decidedly refused to remove from her present lodgings.

"It's impossible, Nurse!" she said. "How can you think I ever could be so selfish as to accept your generous sacrifice! Why, those rooms are worth all the rest of your house, and would bring you good pay; while I could not afford more than I am giving now, for a long time to come!"

"But, Miss Pearl, my darling," exclaimed Nurse, almost crying, "you *must* come! If you don't, I shall be the loser; for I'll never let the rooms, there!" and Nurse's handkerchief now fairly went up to her brimming eyes. "If you won't come without paying, you can give me the same as you are paying here. But I'll have nobody else in those rooms, *I won't*, so there, my darling! You'll kill yourself and your grandpa, too, Miss Pearl, if you go on stopping in this stuffed-up place! Why there isn't room to swing a cat!" (Here Nurse gave an indignant sniff, as she looked scornfully round the little room.) "And how do you get your meals in this hole, I should like to know!"

"I get bread and milk generally," replied Margaret; "sometimes we have coffee, but not much else; so you see, Nurse, we don't require room for a large dining-table."

"But what do you do for dinner, my child?" said Nurse, looking mystified.

Margaret had tried to keep the worst of their discomforts a secret from her faithful attendant, but she saw that all would have to come out now, so told a few particulars which she had before passed over.

"O my blessed lamb! Only to think of you starving like that, or else having to go out all alone to one of those public places, without any ser-

vant to take care of you! Now just show me your pantry, my dear. I know you haven't told me all?"

Margaret drew out her pantry-box, remarking, gravely:

"This half of the pantry contains our china, etc.; the other half is in grandpa's room, and contains the eatables."

Nurse peeped into the box;

"One spoon, bason, that's all! No, there's a knife!" repeated the astonished woman. Her face was expressive of such perfect horror, and dumb surprise, that the ludicrous side of things struck Margaret as it never had done before, and sitting down on her bed, she laughed until Nurse became alarmed, and left her inspection of the pantry-box to try to quiet her young lady. But it was in vain. Margaret had not had a hearty laugh for months; and now, the remembrance of her past wearing, weary want combined with the absurd, and yet pathetic poverty of her domestic arrangements, completely threw her off her balance; and she continued to laugh wildly, irrepressibly, until Nurse was fairly frightened. Every entreaty that she would be quiet, only made her worse; then torrents of tears mingled with her hysterical gasps; and after the application of cold water in plentiful quantities, Nurse at length succeeded in calming her. But the overtaxed nerves had given way, and Margaret could only lie back on her pillow and let herself be waited on as her attendant chose.

"Now I'll just tell you what it is, Miss Pearl," said Mrs. Connor, after a while, in a tone of stern decision; "You've done about enough for other people for one while, and I'm just going to manage things my own way. You'll make a grand fortune some day, I know; and then I'll bring you in my bill for wages, or rent, or anything else; but just now you're every bit as weak as a baby, and you'll just do as you're told, my dear! I'll do your packing, of course, and I'll go to the

General directly, and settle everything. If you go to killing yourself as you want to, Connor and me 'll have to bury you, that's certain; and since you think so much about paying, who's going to pay for your coffin, I should like to know!"

This very nearly set Margaret off again, especially when the speaker dashed out of the room, as if feeling much injured at the prospect of having to pay for a coffin.

Mrs. Connor went straight to the General's room, where she presented herself with the old respectfully submissive air of former days.

"If you please, Sir, Miss Pearl is going to change lodgings, if you've no objection. I have rooms to let, and she will kindly take them; so, if it won't disturb you, Sir, I'll put your things together at once, if you please."

"Yes, certainly Connor, thank you," replied the General, with his invariable courtesy. "He did not fully comprehend matters, but a gradual deadening of all his faculties had been creeping over him lately. Pearl, in her constant association with him, had failed to observe this, but Connor and his wife had seen the change in their beloved old master; and Mrs. Connor knew well that she could easily manage the General in the affair of removal, if Pearl would only be tractable. So she packed, and went down stairs to settle with the landlady, before saying any more; then went to the bedside, where Pearl was sleeping heavily, after her exhausting hysterical fit, and gently awakened her.

"Miss Pearl, my dear, I've arranged everything with the landlady; and your things and master's are all packed. I want to get you out of this hole as soon as I can; so let me dress you, just as I used."

Margaret looked round her, putting her hand over her forehead with an air of bewilderment.

"How long have I been asleep, Nurse? What have you been doing?"

"O! I've done everything, Miss

Pearl; and you've been asleep a good while; so now let me put on your hat, for the cab will be here directly."

"O Nurse, you have conquered me, just as if I were a naughty little child again. But I am so tired. I feel as if all my strength were slipping away from me."

"Of course, Miss Pearl! But you'll feel better when you've had your old nurse to attend to you for a week or two."

"But what did grandpa say?" asked Margaret, submitting to Mrs. Connor's manipulations.

"O! master was quite willing if you were satisfied, Miss Pearl; and I took good care to let him think you were; so that's all right; and now here is the cab; I'll go to master, and settle him and you in the cab, and then I see to the boxes. Don't you trouble about anything, my dear."

Nurse bustled off; and General Winton and Margaret were speedily driven off to their new lodgings.

They were seated by their cheerful parlor fire later in the evening, when a hurried tap at the door preface the entrance of Mrs. Connor, who stopped short as she saw the General contentedly leaning back on the comfortable lounge.

"I beg your pardon, Sir!" she said, as he looked up inquiringly; "but I wanted to speak to Miss Pearl, if you please."

Pearl rose, and followed Mrs. Connor out of the room.

"O! Miss Pearl, are you sure master hasn't left the house since you came?"

"Yes, certainly, Nurse; we have been together in the drawing-room the whole time, since you put us to rights when we first came in. Why, what is it?"

"O? I've had such a turn!" replied Mrs. Connor, putting her hand to her heart. "I just ran out to get some groceries that I was out of; and I saw a gentleman a little way before me, walking just like your grandpa did

before he was ill, and I tried to overtake him, but he turned into a shop. I saw him through the shop window when I got to it, and I was afraid it might be master gone out alone, and he so weak! I was frightened; but there was a crowd round the shop door, and when I got inside he was gone. He looked more active than master does now, but otherwise he was as like as possible. But I'm glad it's all right."

"Yes, grandpa is all right," replied Margaret, "but how could you take such a fancy into your head, Nurse. You will be seeing ghosts next!"

"Ah! you may laugh, Miss Pearl! but there's something strange!" rejoined Mrs. Connor positively.

The next day, Margaret was on her usual business errands, when in one of the Editor's offices, she heard just, as she was entering, a voice which made her heart throb with surprize, so much did it resemble her grandfather's; and as she went into the room, a gentleman passed her on his way out, so exactly a likeness of what the General was a year ago, that she involuntarily stopped and looked at him.

The gentleman paused, too, a moment, then, seeing Margaret turn away in confusion at having looked so attentively at a stranger, he passed on, thinking the lady had for a moment mistaken him for some acquaintance.

CHAPTER XV.

Haunted.

There the traveller meets aghast
Shedded memories of the Past,—
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by,—
While shrouded forms of friends long given,
In agony, to the earth,—and Heaven.

POE.

Three days after the events mentioned in the last chapter, Margaret again met the gentleman whose remarkable resemblance to her grandfather had startled both her and Mrs. Connors. Another day intervened, and once more the two met, seeming to feel on each occasion a strange mutual attraction. A week then passed, when nurse com-

municated her discovery that the unknown lived in the street next that in which her own house was situated. She had that afternoon observed him opening the door with a latch key, and was somewhat relieved to find out so much, for the good woman was ever so little inclined to be superstitious, and had been troubled with an uneasy idea that this duplicate of her master was a supernatural appearance, betokening some misfortune to the General. Margaret had not mentioned to him her *encounters* with the subject of Mrs. Connor's curiosity, but after encountering the stranger the next four or five days successively, she related the occurrence as they sat at dinner one evening. It may here be remarked that Mrs. Connor had insisted on arranging every detail of her beloved young lady's daily life as nearly as possible in accordance with the customs of the old English home. Margaret had proposed dining in the middle of the day, as being less troublesome for her old nurse, but the latter had indignantly refused to consider any exertion a trouble, so that she could but conduce to the comfort of "master and Miss Pearl." So seven o'clock dinners were served up in the daintiest fashion, and Sergeant Connor took his stand behind General Winton's chair, as he had done years ago. Had the General possessed his former wealth, so faithful a servant would have been placed in some position better suited to his rank as a quarter-master-sergeant: Connor knew this well, and the post that he would have thought it a little beneath him to hold for a prosperous master, he was proud to occupy with the utmost devotion for one whose fortunes were ruined. Had he been paid a hundred a year for his services, those services could not have been more perfectly and respectfully rendered. Margaret deeply felt her obligation these true friends in her sorrow and need; but General Winton's perceptions were daily failing. From the time that Mrs. Connor had taken

matters into her own energetic hands, he seemed rapidly to give way. Pearl was well taken care of now, and it was so natural to have Connor constantly about him as in old times that he appeared scarcely conscious of their still struggling position. His great stimulus to keeping up had been withdrawn, when he knew that his darling was no longer solely dependent on him for advice and comfort; and he just wearily laid himself down to the repose for which illness and anxiety had made him crave with feverish longing. Margaret had begun to awake to a consciousness of his fast paralysing state, and bitterly did she feel the loss of that fullness of intercourse which had always subsisted between them. She was forced now to realize the fact that her grandfather was to be shielded from all careful thought, rather than consulted in any difficulty, and the noble girl braced herself to meet this new trial.

The fire was burning brightly in the open grate, casting a ruddy, happy glow over the room. Sergeant Connor had assisted the General to the table, and now stood ready for his next duties as butler, when Margaret referred to her recent adventures by exclaiming:

"Grandpapa, I am haunted! What do you think of that astounding announcement?"

General Winton looked up from his soup with a gentle smile of amusement.

"And pray what manner of ghost has taken into his head to haunt my Pearl?" he said with slight manifestation of curiosity.

"I think I might dub the appearance, 'Grandfather's Ghost,'" replied Margaret, laughing.

"Why so?" asked the General rousing to somewhat increased interest.

"Because the vision bears a striking resemblance to yourself, grandpapa. Nurse and I are both quite haunted by an old gentleman who might be what our German friends would call your

doppelgänger. Nurse has discovered that the ghostly visitant inhabits a house in the next street. Of course the affair becomes interesting. I hope our old spiritualistic acquaintance Wilson, *alias* Mephistopheles, has not been conjuring up a spirit 'from the vasty deep' to represent you, in order to convince our unbelieving minds of the truth of his pretensions. It would be—why, grandpapa, what is the matter?" she cried, breaking off suddenly in the midst of her playful remarks.

General Winton had risen, and sought trembling to steady himself by grasping at the back of his chair, but the ever watchful Connor gave the firmer support of his stalwart arm to his master, who looked about him with an air of troubled excitement, as he tried to speak.

"O! what is it, dear grandpa," repeated Margaret, leaving her place, and coming to his side in terrified anxiety. "Connor, can't you think what it is?" she asked, appealing to her faithful attendant.

"I don't know, Miss Pearl," replied the perplexed Sergeant; but the General began to speak, in a faint, almost unintelligible manner. They eagerly tried to understand him, and made out the words:

"My boy Arthur! Fetch him!"

"What does he mean, Connor? He is talking about Uncle Arthur!" said Margaret looking alarmed.

The Sergeant's face cleared, as if a light had broken suddenly in on his mind.

"I think I know, now, Miss Pearl," he said, quickly, "General Winton has got a fancy that the gentleman that you've seen, is Master Arthur. I only wonder we didn't think of that before."

"Fetch him, Connor!" repeated the General, grasping the strong arm which supported him more firmly.

"Yes, Sir," answered Connor, promptly: "but try to take your dinner, Sir. I'll go directly."

"No," replied the General, "I can't

eat. I want my son Arthur. Poor little Pearl, he will take care of you, my darling. Connor, go; go now, at once!"

"Yes, I will, Sir," said the faithful Connor. "Let me put you in the easy chair, Sir, if you won't try to eat, then;" and he carefully guided his master's trembling steps to his chair by the fire, and left him with the assurance that he would soon bring "Master Arthur." The General leaned back with his eyes closed, and Margaret stood beside him with a beating heart, fearing to venture on speaking to him, and wondering if indeed her lost uncle whom they had thought to be dead could really be alive and so near.

Connor lost no time in going to the house which his wife had seen entered by the person whom he now believed to be his master's son. Acting on this conviction, he rang the bell, and inquired "if Mr. Winton was staying there." The servant replied that a gentleman of that name was in the house, and pointed out his room to the visitor who immediately knocked at the door. It was opened by the individual who had excited so much interest in the minds of the Connors' and their inmates.

The light from the hall shone full on his noble countenance, as he confronted the agitated Sergeant, who could only stammer out the words:

"Sure it's Master Arthur himself?"

"Why it's dear old Connor!" exclaimed the gentleman, after a moment's astonished survey of his unexpected guest. "Come in and tell me all about the old home."

"Ah! Sir, everything is broken up, and changed, since you left," said Connor, as Arthur grasped his hand and drew him into the room. "But I mustn't stop here, Master Arthur. I was sent to fetch you. The General and Miss Pearl are here, that is to say, in the next street."

"My father and Pearl!" exclaimed Arthur; "what are they doing in New York?"

Connor gave a hurried account of the state of affairs. Before he had said much, Arthur snatched his hat, and exclaimed:

"Tell me the rest, as we go along Connor! My poor father and dear little Pearl! What a providence it is that you found me out! I should have never thought of looking for any of you here!"

"And you'll excuse me, Master Arthur," said Connor, "but you look yourself, Sir, as if you'd had hard times."

"Well, yes," replied Arthur; "a missionary's life is apt to leave its mark on the outward man. Honorable scars, you know, my old soldier."

"Yes, Sir," rejoined Connor, proudly, "the Wintons never spared themselves when honor called them."

"Still the same trusty follower of our house," said Arthur, pressing the worthy sergeant's bronzed hand; "but I have had more to scatter the snow among my locks than the regular duties of my work. A long captivity among hostile Indians, is not calculated to make a man look younger, you will easily believe."

"Indeed, not, Sir," replied Connor as they reached the house; "now Sir, I beg your pardon, but you'll be careful in talking to master! I'm sadly fearing he might get a second stroke, if he is excited, he looked so like it this evening."

"I will be careful Connor," answered Arthur, earnestly; and Connor ushered him into the room where Margaret and her grandfather were waiting in nervous expectancy. The General rose to his feet as the door opened, and his son caught the vacillating form in his arms, as the father's whole soul went forth in the cry:

"My son, my only son, Arthur!"

CHAPTER XVI.

The Death-Song.

To reggio ben siccome già regnando
Nello intelletto tuo Eterna luce
Che vista sola sempre amare assanda.

1846.
PARAFISO ~~1846~~
Cavallotti.

There were long explanations to be heard that evening on both sides; and as Margaret listened to her newly found uncle's account of his work among his beloved Indians, her heart throbbled with deep sympathy; for Arthur Winton was no hireling, but a *true and devout seeker after the lost sheep* straying so far away in the wilderness, and none could hear, unmoved his story of impassioned toil on behalf of those to whom his life had been consecrated, and for whose sake it had well nigh been sacrificed.

He had entered on his missionary career before Margaret's birth, but many of his letters home had been studied by her until she had felt that this hero of the cross, with his whole-souled earnestness, his Boanerges-power and saintly tenderness, was no stranger to her, and she met him as a well known well-loved relative.

Till long after midnight, Arthur held his father and niece spell-bound by his eloquent narrative of sufferings endured and work accomplished for Christ. He had labored for years among two tribes of Indians friendly to each other, and had been successful in forming a little Christian church in the midst of the surrounding heathenism. Proud hearts, burning with all savage passions of their forest training, had yielded to the sweet power of that strange, old story of how God came down and took upon Himself the form of sinful man, that the way might be opened whereby He might become "able to save to the uttermost." And as this strong-hearted missionary boldly ventured into the homes of the red men, living like them, sharing their hardships, and lightening their burdens by his wisdom, they acknowledged that the wonderful tale of heavenly love which he told them, *must* be true, for he *followed fully* the Saviour whom he preached. They believed that the Son of God had given his life a ransom for many, because the messenger who brought the tidings, was a bright copy of Him who has "left us an example,

that we should follow his steps." He was a man whose best sermon was his daily life; and the Indian hearts were won by his works as much as his words.

So things had gone on until those who at first were babes in Christ became strong men in the gospel, and the worn missionary exulted in the fruits of his labors, singing in his continual thought a rapt "Magnificat" of joy in his Lord.

Then came a change. Clouds gathered thick and fast round the Indian villages. At first came rumors of distant ravages committed by a hostile tribe. It was hoped for some time that the trouble might pass by, but the little church in the wilderness was to experience a season of discipline. The storm burst on the encampment just when hopes of tranquillity seemed brightest. Numbers lay dead, murdered by the furious assailants. The attack was so sudden that no preparations had been made to meet it, and while many were slain, a still larger number were taken prisoners. Among the latter was Arthur Winton. Years of unsparing toil and constant thought had already written the lines of premature age upon his brow, for he was not a man to economize life; he was one of those fiery impetuous natures which, phoenix-like consume themselves by the burning intensity of their own vitality.

His captors designed him for the torture; they bound him to the stake taunted him with the assertion that the white man's heart was pale like his face. He answered not, but waited his time to speak, while, to his soul, faith showed him that One was with him who had long ago for him "suffered the contradiction of sinners against himself;" the same who walked the burning fiery furnace of old beside the Hebrew confessors, and forced from the haughty king that cry of acknowledgement that on the side of the persecuted and faithful, was One, whose form was "like unto the Son of God."

And Arthur stood there bound, yet

free, surrounded by other captives, some of them, his Christian Indians, spiritual children who were his glory and crown of rejoicing before God. The torture was ready, and the fiends in human form who were anticipating the enjoyment of their savage delight in the agony of their victims, looked on their captives, and saw on many a face among them an expression never seen before, and which their untutored minds failed to read. They looked on the white man, and a solemn awe surprised themselves, for like Stephen's his face was "as the face of an angel." There was a pause, like that which succeeded the fire and the wind and the earthquake, before the still, small voice of the Almighty penetrated the cave in Horeb.

Then the spirit of evil again assumed dominion over the hostile chief, and he asked tauntingly :

"Is the white-man a chief among his red brethren, that their eyes turn towards him? Let the pale-face sing his death-song that my young men may hear!"

Arthur's time was come to speak. It was no death-song that he uttered in the ears of his thrilling, astonished audience; but he gave them the life-song of Him through whom "death is swallowed up in victory;" of Him who came to tell men, not of death, but of "life and immortality through the Gospel." He told the wondering throng, in tones of faithful warning, that they were sold under sin, bound by their willing agreement to work wickedness; then, in the trumpet notes of exulting triumph, he said, while the glorious light upon his countenance deepened and flashed in celestial splendor.

"But the Son of God, Jesus, the Friend of sinners, gave up His life for you, so that through Him, your covenant with death is disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; you were at enmity with God, but Jesus had pity on you and on me, and He buried the tokens of war deep in His own grave. Shall I tell

you the death-song when He died, that you might live? This was the death-song of the Son of God:—'Father forgive them for they know not what they do!'"

The speaker forgot his bonds, his danger as he pleaded with men." Christ's noble warrior was struggling for the faith, striving to rescue souls; and everything was unfelt by him, save that one yearning desire to win more hearts for Jesus. They had bidden him give forth his death-song; but he sounded the pean of victory; and gave thanks for their brave leader until their hearts united in one grand Hallelujah chorus, unheard by man, but which even angels paused to listen to.

God's Spirit was working among the heathen multitude. The bound captive was the Lord's free conqueror, and the hitherto victorious heathen were "apprehended of Christ Jesus."

Arthur Winton had forgotten all but Christ and souls, until the chief stepped forward, and, cutting the thongs that trammelled him, said in a voice in which stirred feeling struggled with Indian stoicism:

"The pale-face is a great medicine let him tell us more of the Mighty Spirit who loved the red men. Let my father speak to his red sons; they listen!"

Then Arthur remembered his friends, still in their painful bondage, each fastened to a stake; he looked towards them. The Indian chief understood the look, and answered it by saying:

"Let my young men unbind the captives: they belong to the white medicine. Let them be free, for they are his."

So the torture-ground was changed into a sanctuary, and God fulfilled His word "I will give thee the valley of Achor for a door of hope."

Far into the night, did the Indians listen to the missionary's teachings, and many at once accepted the good news of salvation. By some, however, the movement was regarded with suspicion, and although Arthur sent away

very shortly the freed prisoners, yet he did not think it prudent to attempt to remove himself, but remained to encourage the new converts and lead them on in the right way. For months he tarried with this distant tribe, while the story of his supposed death travelled home to his English friends. But he was carrying on a living work, none the less so, that it was unheard of among the assemblies of fashionable worshippers in the far off cities.

At length he considered he might safely leave the tribe for awhile, in order to visit his first Indian church. Then after a while, he thought the interests of the rising Christian communities in these forest tribes would be advanced by his telling their story to brethren in the great cities, and so Arthur Winton once more sought the haunts of civilization, and had now been some weeks in New York. His intention had been to return as quickly as possible to his beloved charge, but the situation in which he found his father and niece made him hesitate as to where the path of duty lay.

But Margaret rose up in all the enthusiasm of her glowing, heroic soul, and exclaimed earnestly :

"Uncle Arthur, you shall not stay for me. God has helped me through the worst, and I am not afraid for my future. I can take care of grand-father, and work for him quite well. If he is willing for you to return to your holy work, you need not hesitate a moment. He is my charge, and I feel strong and glad for the privilege."

"Margaret, we need not arrange all that to-night," replied her uncle, looking tenderly at the eager young face raised to his. "I can, at any rate, lighten your toil, even if I return to my Indian home. But we will leave that until to-morrow."

"If thou would'st know thyself, note what report others give of thee; if thou wouldst understand others, look into thine own heart."—*Schiller*.

Our Historical Sketch.

STANISLAUS LESZCZYNSKI, OF POLAND.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

At the beginning of the present century, and during many previous years, the affairs of Poland commanded much interest in Europe.

The struggles of this unhappy country for national liberty, have been chronicled in crimson by the life-blood of many a hero, who laid down his life in vain for "the land he loved the best;" and England, ever the great "City of Refuge" for the exiled and the unfortunate, received into her bosom numbers of homeless nobles, who, having lost all for Poland, were compelled to seek the stranger's hospitality.—Perhaps the reason why so much noble and patriot blood was shed vainly, was that the constitution of Poland bore within itself the seeds of decay. An elective monarchy gave no rallying point to the national loyalty. *Their country* the Poles passionately loved;—*their rulers* were, each with his separate family and *clique*, spread as a network of suckers over a land from which the parent root was missing. The sovereign for the time-being, was rather the servant of the people than their master, and every one of the powerful nobles hoped and schemed to secure the royal dignity to himself or some near kinsman, thus producing constant jealousies, and consequently, a ruinous division of power and interest. No country whose head was elective by the people has ever been free, for any length of time, from the most disastrous internal convulsions, to say nothing of the interference of foreign courts. The constantly recurring seasons for electing a new ruler ever afforded abundant opportunities for the manifestation of all the coarse ribaldry of the *canaille*, as well as of the haughty bickering and sly venality of the candidates for the sceptre. And so, while other lands rallied round their long-descended kings, whose birth had of itself rooted them in the very heart of the nation, poor Poland

was driven hither and thither by every political storm ; like a ship, sometimes, it is true, commanded by a worthy officer but which, without a rudder, could derive little good from a circumstance-crippled captain.

One of these rulers, one of Poland's best and most oppressed, was the hero of our sketch. His people called him "Stanislaus the Benevolent." His father, General and Palatine, early devoted much attention to the education of the young Stanislaus, who, at the age of nineteen, spoke in the Polish diets with great eloquence concerning the well-being of the nation. At the age of twenty-two, (1699), he was entrusted with the post of Ambassador Extraordinary at the court of the Grand Seigneur ; and in 1704 the Assembly sent him to represent them before Charles XII., the ambitious young king of Sweden, who had chosen to disturb them by dethroning their king, Frederic-Augustus.

The agreeable manners and astute statesmanship of Stanislaus won the stern regard of the Swede, who, at the conclusion of a long conference, remarked to a courtier, that he had never seen any man so well qualified to conciliate all parties ; and added :

"That is a man who will always be my friend."

Charles shortly after signified it as his pleasure that his "friend" should become king of Poland. The Primate of that country, who wished to have elected one of the Lubomirzki family, ventured to expostulate with the Swedish Sovereign.

"What is your objection to Stanislaus Leszczynski?" inquired Charles.

"Sire," replied the Primate, "he is too young."

"He is about my own age," dryly answered the conqueror, turning his royal back on the clerical politician.

Count de Hoorn was at once sent to the Assembly at Warsaw, to inform them that a king was to be chosen within five days, and that he must be the Palatine Stanislaus. The Primate

hoped to frustrate this election by a little judicious intrigue on his own part, but as Charles arrived at Warsaw under a very slight *incognito*, all the cardinal's shuffling came to a sudden conclusion ; and on July 2, 1704, was proclaimed :

"Stanislaus I., King of Poland, and Duke of Lithuania."

The new sovereign followed Charles during his campaign in Saxony, 1706, where Frederic-Augustus formally renounced all claim to the crown of Poland ; but the treaty containing this stipulation was unscrupulously broken after the Russian arms had reversed those of Sweden on the field of Pul-tava, on June 28, 1709.

And now began a season of suffering for Poland, and for her king, who, seeing himself unable to cope with Frederic, determined to put an end to his country's harassments by withdrawing from the throne, hoping thus to restore peace to his people, if not success to himself. Disguised as a Swede, he sought Charles, then a prisoner in the hands of the Turks, and with much difficulty obtained his friend's consent to his abdication.

On the restoration of Charles to liberty, he gave Stanislaus the duchy of Deux-Ponts, but from this asylum the unfortunate prince was driven on the death of the Swedish monarch before Frederikshall, in 1718, and he then obtained a refuge at Weissemburg in French Alsace.

Even from this resting-place the virulent enmity of his rival, Frederic-Augustus, would have driven him, but to every remonstrance the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France, replied to the Polish ambassador :

"Monsieur, tell the king, your master, that France has always been the asylum of unfortunate kings."

Stanislaus had long since married Charlotte Opalinska ; several children had died, and they now had only one daughter, Marie, who became the wife of Louis XV. of France, loved and honored by all Europe for the woman-

ly virtues which enabled her to adorn either adversity or prosperity, but slighted by the licentious husband, who could prefer the painted arts of low-born adventuresses to the virtuous charms of his queen, whom he obliged to receive into her court the dishonored women who had robbed her of her husband's affection.

On one occasion of this kind, Marie Leszczyńska, gentle as she was, vindicated her outraged dignity with true woman's skill.

The infamous Madame de Pompadour, having ventured into the royal lady's presence by command of the king, Marie, assuming a cool hauteur rarely manifested but which none could wear with more imperial grace, calmly surveyed de Pompadour, as though the favorite had been some inanimate statue, and then, turning to one of the ladies-in-waiting remarked, in the tone she might have used in speaking of a scullion:

"That woman has pretty arms!"

Pompadour fumed with rage, at could obtain no satisfaction, for Louis, degraded as he was, could not quite forget that he was a king, or that Marie of Poland, by her proud dignity, had but maintained her position as Queen of France, and wife of the Sovereign.

Cruelly as Marie's feelings were lacerated by her husband's infidelity, yet it was probably owing to the influence of her spotless conduct, winning his deep respect, that Louis remained so fast a friend to his exiled father-in-law. By a special treaty in the year 1736 between France and Austria, it was decided that Stanislaus should finally resign every pretension to the throne of Poland in favor of Frederic-Augustus, but that the *titles* of king of Poland and Duke of Lithuania should be retained by the dethroned monarch, who was then put in possession of the duchy of Lorraine and Bar, where he obtained the ardent love of the people whose interests he studied continually. He founded colleges, built hospitals, and gave marriage portions to poor

maidens of good repute. Nancy and Luneville owe to him many of their fountains and public edifices. His personal expenses were very limited, but only that he might the more liberally aid his subjects. He gave to the magistrates of Bar ten thousand crowns to be spent in purchasing wheat in seasons of plenty, so that when famine came, and prices rose, the poor might have the privilege of buying the city wheat at a moderate rate.

Stanislaus died in January, 1766, at the age of eighty-nine, beloved by his Lorrainois subjects, and cherishing till his late hour an intense affection for his native Poland, leaving as his legacy to the country from which he had been exiled, a valuable work written in 1659, entitled, "*Voix Libre du Citoyen; ou, Observations sur le Gouvernement du Pologne.*"

My First Cottage-Meeting.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

A short account of how the Lord led me into this work may, perhaps, have some special interest for those Christians who are just beginning to realize their glorious privilege of being "co-workers with Christ," inasmuch as it was through these cottage-meetings that God brought me out into a more public sphere of action than I had before occupied.

It was about the year 1867, in the city of Salisbury, in England, that, in a small, scantily furnished upper room, lived an aged Christian, who, for five weary years had been so completely crippled, as to be unable to move from her chair, unassisted. In addition to this infirmity, she was also quite blind, and very deaf. Almost next door to her, was another old disciple of Jesus, trembling on the edge of the tomb, less infirm, although much older than Mrs. Dyer. A few more sick and aged people resided in the crowded tenements of the same court. One poor blind man used to feel his way up the

steep stairway to old Mrs. Dyer's room, to join the meeting held there on every Wednesday afternoon. A venerable French missionary, Martin Sames, who had spent his best years in preaching the gospel at Singapore, had returned to spend the evening of his life near his wife's friends at Salisbury; and it was he who for some time had carried on these meetings for the benefit of this little flock of God's afflicted ones, who were unable to reach the sanctuary on the Day of Rest.

Very precious were these little gatherings, and often was my own soul refreshed by the words of holy wisdom which fell from the lips of that saintly minister of Jesus Christ. I fancy I can see him now, with his snowy head bent over the Bible every word and gesture characterized by the exquisite and graceful refinement so peculiar to his nation, and which in him was etherealized into still more touching beauty by the deep thrill of soul-devotion pervading his whole being.

More and more earnestly did he tell out the sweet old story of Jesus' love, as he drew nearer his *home*; we saw that the shadows of death were stealing gradually over his earthly frame; but for him was the promise fulfilled:

"At evening time it shall be light."

One afternoon, I found the little company gathered in Mrs. Dyer's room as usual, but our pastor was missing. I asked our venerable hostess to pray, and I then read a suitable tract, closing with prayer myself.

As I rose from my knees, the old blind woman exclaimed:

"Why I didn't know as you could pray before anybody, my child; I hope you'll pray with us again next week, if Mr. Sames don't come."

Next week came, and as we had learned that the missionary was ill, we did not expect him to be with us, and I began the meeting with prayer, after vainly requesting my blind friend to do so, as she had done last Wednesday.

"No, no, child," she replied, (I

seemed very young then to her long years), "Not after you! I don't mind sayin' a word when there's nobody else to do it; but I'd rather hear you."

Thus was I, as it were, *compelled* to engage in public ministrations in the Lord's name. I *dared* not refuse a call so clear. While we were engaged in prayer, a feeble step was heard ascending the stair, and Mr. Sames entered, as we rose from our knees. I stepped aside to let him take the speaker's chair, close to Mrs. Dyer, whose deafness made it necessary for particular attention to be given her. As he passed me, the aged man of God paused a moment, and clasped my hand in both of his, while he breathed a solemn word of benediction. That blessing lingers on me yet. I shall never forget the awe, mixed with joy, which filled my soul, as that Christian, just trembling homewards, looked back from his almost finished race to bless the young beginner at the far other end of the course. I felt as a young soldier might feel, when he receives the standard from the hand of some honored veteran, whose last fight is almost over.

Only a few more times did our friend meet us again in the little upper room; and when he went to rest from his labors, in the heaven which had filled his heart so long, the meetings fell entirely into my hands.

Very soon, I found that *reading* was not so successful in fixing attention as *speaking*, and with much trembling, after earnest prayer, I resolved to attempt an *extempore* address; but for several weeks, could not sufficiently overcome my nervous timidity to feel at ease, unless I held in my hand some suitable book, to which I could have recourse should I feel in danger of failure. This feeling, however, soon wore off, and while ministering to these aged christians, who had called me to their aid, I experienced the most comfortable sense of the Lord's presence among us.

It was long before the blind woman

discovered that I had ceased to read, and her remarks, the result of many years close communion with God, were frequently of great use to me; so that while these humble and uneducated people looked to me as their instructor, I felt that, in reality, the Lord had placed me in a most efficient college of preparation for still more extensive work for Him.

In a little while, I was connected more or less with six cottage-meetings in various parts of Salisbury, and the Ragged School was one of my most interesting occupations. But in all these engagements, my old crippled friends, especially Mrs. Dyer and her next neighbor, were my constant sympathizers; and often, when particularly anxious about some meeting, have I asked to be remembered in prayer at the hour of the gathering, streets away from that little court, by the experienced Christian whom God had seen fit to bind there, lame, blind, and deaf, in her chair by the tiny cottage fire.

One after another, the little company whom I met Wednesday after Wednesday, left their sins and sorrows, and infirmities, and went home to their Father's house, rejoicing in the loving mercy of the "Angel who redeemed them from all evil," that Angel of the Covenant, Jesus the Saviour of sinners.

I have not mentioned two of that little band who, when I first met with them, were only "hopeful" characters; but these ere long had become decided believers in Jesus, so that I have truly "a sure and certain hope" of meeting, with him who begun those Wednesday services, the whole of that little band at God's right hand in heaven.

How I missed them, their counsels and encouragements, as each went home, yet how I rejoiced to think of these suffering ones safely resting in the "laud where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick."

"To the babe, the cradle is a boundless space; to the man, the wide world seems narrow."—*Schiller*.

Balaklava.

BY SIR FRANCIS DOYLE.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR. At one of my lectures at Berwick, N. S., I recited the following poem from Doyle's Poetical Works, and insert it in "Grand Rounds," in compliance with the written request of one of my audience.]

Thin, glancing threads of English horse
Why do your haughty trumpets war?
Through you grey myriads, maddened in force,
None but the mad could hope to break!

"Men may be mad or men be wise,
But not with us the question lies;
For though we guess not their intent,
This one thing well we know
That where the Light Brigade is sent,
The Light Brigade will go!"

What need to tell
Of splintering-shell?
Of canon shot, and rifle-ball?
The death-hail smites them one and all!
Through smoke that wraps them like a pall,
As rain-drops each on each they fall.
Corse hideth corse,
Horse rolls o'er horse
The gaps grow wide and wider,
Deep-wounded men
Crawl back again,
Steeds rush without a rider.

But still against the wondering foe,
In stubborn silence onward go,
Unchecked, unslackening, undismayed,
The living of the Light Brigade,
Till that wild onset overbears,
The guns in front,—one moment theirs!

Sudden and sharp the halt is made
They seem in mute reproach to say;
"Your orders have been now obeyed,
As far as in us lay!
Yours are these guns, with life-blood red!
But—CAN YE HOLD THEM BY THE DEAD?"

Meanwhile, the canon from each hill
Keep showering slaughter on them still,
All paths with death are lined;
Dense columns bar their onward course,
And long blue streaks of Russian horse
Like nets, are spread behind.
That shattered remnant pauses there,
Blown chargers, wounded men!
Oh! they will break, like yielding air,
And who can blame them there?

Not so! Through that bewildered throng,
Like fire, the leaders glance along
From rank to rank! Too far to hear,
We seem to FEEL that English cheer!
While Fancy, from each blade waved high,
Each gesture fierce, and flashing eye,
Can proud words, such as these, supply;

"Gather ye, gather ye! Close up once more!
Swords red to the wristband, hearts steel to the core!
Lance, sabre and carbine, dragon, and cossack,
Are strong to the sight, but they dare not attack,
No cutting! Give point, were they twenty to one;
Men who wait to be charged, when we galop, will run!"

They gather, they gather, they close up once more,
Swords red to the wristband, hearts steel to the core.
Though wide wounds may weaken, though horses
 may blow,
They have pace enough left for a dash at the foe.
As hawks might swoop down through the coils of a
 spider,
Right at the blue line goes each horse and its rider!
It is rent like a rag, burst like bubbles asunder,
While down from each height roars redoubled the
 thunder.

Still unchecked and unfaltering they cut their way
 through,
 Past spears that outflank them, from swords that
 pursue,
 With canon and riflemen hot on their track,
 Destroyed, but unconquered, we welcome them back.
 Not a man in that death-charge his chief hath forsaken,
 And the guns that ye flung them at, wore they not
 taken?

And though beneath yon fatal hill,
 Their dead the valley strew,
 Grimly, with cold hands, clutching still
 The broken swords they drew;
 We will not call their lives ill spent,
 If to all time they show,
 That where the Light Brigade was sent,
 The Light Brigade would ego.

Scenes in the Secret Societies of Paris.

Published in the "Journal du Peuple," March, 1849,
 by M. Gubole.

Translated from the French by an Artilleryman.

[The following account of by-gone doings in France contains a deep moral which all would do well to mark.— While reading this description of the eager and careful efforts made in the interests of insurrectionary violence, I was strongly reminded of the passage of Scripture contained in Micah vii. 2, 3. "They all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net. *That they may do evil with both hands earnestly.*" And I thought, If the devil's work is done with such unremitting ardor, such unhesitating obedience, and at such a fearful cost of love, honor, and life, what a solemn reproach is this *both-handed* earnestness to cold, half-hearted professors of religion, who dare to call themselves Christians, while giving to Christ a service of such disgraceful feebleness as Satan's servants never offer *their* master. Christians who read these pages, we may find it not unprofitable to ask ourselves the question: Am I as ready to forsake all for my Holy Redeemer, as these poor deluded revolutionaries were to trample down all at the bidding of their evil leaders? If I am less earnest for Jesus than they were for their mistaken principles, then, as far as I am personally concerned, I, though calling myself a Christian, am disgraced and put to shame by the devil's servants.— *Note by the Editor*].

RECEPTION OF A CANDIDATE FOR INITIATION.

George Ricard demands of the new member:

"Citizen, what is your name?"

"Valliere."

"Who conducted you here?"

"A member of this Society."

"I," said Jean advancing.

"Are you sure of the man whom you have presented to us?"

"Yes."

"Are you acquainted with his antecedents?"

"Yes."

"Are they without reproach?"

"Yes."

"Have you made the necessary enquiries concerning his morality?"

"The morality of Citizen Valliere has been well proven."

"You can answer for him to the Society?"

"As for myself."

"That is sufficient. You will listen attentively to the questions which I will address to your friend, and to the replies that he will make. You are there to verify them. We confide in your honor. We will first read to the new member the 'Declaration of the Rights of Man,' as presented to the Convention by Citizen Maximilien Robespierre."

One of the assistants read with a solemn voice, in the midst of the most profound silence, the thirty-eight articles of that celebrated Declaration.— When he had finished, Ricard said to Valliere:

"Are you acquainted with the statement of the principles which you have just heard?"

"Yes, for a long time."

"Do you entirely approve of that Statement?"

"I do."

"Are you ready to sign it?"

"With my blood."

"We will now inform you of the manner in which we are associated."

The same grave and solemn voice read the Statutes of the Society.

"As everything cannot be explained in one act like our Statutes, I will give you some further indispensable instructions."

"When in the midst of a capital, like Paris, a political society is desirous of forming itself, it has everything to fear from the spies of the police, from babbling, from indiscretions, and too often from the treachery of its own members. For all these it is necessary to provide a safeguard; and this is how we do. We have formed sections of ten men only. Each one of these sections has elected a chief by a majority of votes. The chiefs of the sections also meet in assembly of ten men, and have named a president. Finally these presidents have elected from among their number five members, who compose the insurrectionary committee"—

"Thus a chief of a section can, after these various elections, become a member of the committee, and also even a simple member, as the chiefs of sections are named by their equals."

"There is in this organization an immense advantage,—that of not fearing the police. It is almost impossible for the police to lay their hands upon the insurrectionary committee, which is not known, so to speak, by anybody. For not only the members of the Society, but even the greatest number of the chiefs of sections, do not know the men who compose it; and those who do know their names dare not reveal them under pain of death."

"This recalls to my mind what I have heard said of the 'Charbonnerie,'" said Valliere.

"You are right; there is in this more than a mere report. I have told you that we have nothing to fear from informers, although such persons may succeed in introducing themselves into a section, which indeed has happened before, and may perhaps be the case in this section even now."

The eyes of Jean, Brigou and Mignot were turned towards a young man, named Martin, whom they had met on the boulevard, and whose fidelity they suspected. Martin shewed no emotion.

"In admitting that then," continued Ricard, who did not know the suspicions which they had concerning Martin, "they could only arrest some members of a section, and would obtain none of the threads of the conspiracy, since that, these members not only do not know their own chiefs, but even among themselves cannot tell one section from another." "Do you understand this plan well?"

"Very well."

"Do you perceive how important it is for the success of our projects that our chiefs should not be known?"

"I do."

"Do you promise to obey these chiefs that you do not know, and whom you will only know at the moment of action?"

"I promise."

"At every time that you are assembled do you swear to perform anything you may be called upon to do?"

"Yes."

"Remark well, before engaging yourself, all the importance of my words. At an instant given, at a moment, perhaps, when you may least expect it, an order to march will be transmitted to you by the chief of your section; you will neither know whence comes that order, nor what is the object of it; in what struggle you may have to join, nor how to engage in it; nor on how many friends and brethren you can rely, since that you will only know ten; do you swear, in this case, to perform all that may be allotted you, even should you be sent to certain death?"

"I swear."

"It may happen, for in civil wars such things do occur, that on the side opposed to you may be found some one of your relatives, some one of your friends; do you swear, nevertheless, to march?"

"I swear."

"Understand me well. If you are upon a barricade, and among those who attack you find your friend, your brother, or even your father; do you swear to go forward and fire?"

"I swear."

"It is then well understood that, for the sacred cause which we defend, you will give up friends, wife, children, family?"

"It is."

"And that you will devote yourself without any reserve to the triumph of the Republic?"

"I will."

"Have you a musket at home?"

"No, but I can easily procure one."

"It is necessary that you undertake to have a musket constantly in readiness at your house."

"I promise to do so."

"Do you know how to use a musket?"

"I do."

"If you do not understand it, do not fear to say so, for that will be no reason for your rejection, as it is only a want of skill which we will endeavor to remedy."

"I do know it."

"Sufficiently?"

"Yes, my friend Jean, who has given me some lessons, is here to testify to the truth of what I have stated."

"That is true," said the young soldier.

"It suffices. Besides your gun, which cannot be made use of without ammunition, it is indispensable for you to have fifty cartridges at your house."

"That is different," said Valliere. "I do not possess one cartridge."

"Do you know how to make them?"

"I think so."

"You are not sure. Very well, the necessary number will first be given you, then you will be shewn how to make them yourself, for it is always the want of ammunition which causes the failure of insurrections."

Ricard now turned to Jean, and said, "All the replies which Citizen Valliere has made to us, and which you can verify, are they correct?"

"They are."

"He may be received among us?"

"I have already said that I will answer for him as for myself."

Then turning to the candidate, Ric-

ard said, "One last word; you have heard that our statutes punish with death the treachery of any of the members of this Society; does this punishment seem to you to be too severe?"

"No, a traitor ought to die."

"I have told you that there have been Judases amongst us, that there may be some perhaps now. The duty of each one of us, as soon as he shall be certain of the treachery of a brother, is to declare it at once; will you engage to do this?"

"I will."

"As soon as such a declaration shall have been made, the section assembles; the chief of the section, assisted by two other chiefs, composes the tribunal which has to judge the guilty person; two out of three votes are sufficient to condemn the accused. The execution immediately follows the sentence."

"Who performs the execution?" asked Valliere.

"That is precisely what I am going to tell you. The kind of death is left to the choice of the condemned. If he refuse to carry out the sentence himself, one of the members of the section is required to remove the traitor from off the earth. If such a case should arise, do you swear to put the condemned to death with your own hand, even if it should be your most intimate friend?"

Valliere did not answer.

"He hesitates," exclaimed Lagardy.

"No. I do not hesitate," sharply replied the new member, "only this cursed bandage renders me half deaf, and I have not heard the question well. I wait for you to repeat it."

"I asked if you will consent to put to death with your own hand him who may betray us, in any case where you may be required to do so."

"Yes, certainly I will."

"Now you may take the bandage off your eyes."

Valliere did not wait for Ricard to repeat this order. He violently plucked off the handkerchief with which his

eyes were covered, and threw astonished looks around him. He was in the centre of a circle of men, the greater number of whom were unknown to him, in a cellar, the walls of which were naked, blackened, and damp—He saw only a rickety table, which supported a lamp, and two seats on which were Ricard and Lagardy. He remained stupified for a moment, dazzled by the glare of the lights. He rubbed his eyes like one awakened from a dream.

Ricard advanced towards him, "henceforth," said he, embracing him, "you will be our brother."

"That is all?" asked Valliere of Jean, unable to restrain his surprise.

"Yes," replied the young soldier, smiling, "did you not think that we were going to make you swear upon a poniard, and drink blood out of a human skull?"

"I did think something of that kind," said Valliere.

"These are old women's tales, very good to frighten children with, and which they spread over the city in order to make us appear '*croquemitaines*.'"

"Here," resumed Ricard, "we instruct our brethren. On certain days we have lessons in history, geography, and politics. As a member of the society, you will be able to assist at these, when it shall seem good to you, unless you may be wanted for any Convocation."

The meeting then broke up, and each one set out for his own home.

(*To be continued.*)

Our friends who have gone from our midst may rest assured that we shall often remember the "Auld acquaintance," and follow each one with thoughts of earnest prayer for a better meeting than any that earth can give, in that day when Christ, the "Captain of the Lord's host" shall "order home" His own loyal and purchased soldiers.

The Stranger.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

Rev. iii. 20. Hob. iii. 15.

Loud howls the tempest,
Madly and shrill;
Down sweeps the storm wind,
Over the hill;
The swollen brook is dashing,
The bent trees are crashing,
The lightning is flashing,
Deadly and chill!
But there is a stranger
Stands at the door,
Wounded and weary,
Lone and foot-sore;
And 'mid the wild mocking
Of tempest's mad rocking,
That stranger is knocking,
Persistently o'er:—
—"Open! open! 'tis I! 'tis I!
I come to warn of danger nigh.
Danger broods on the tempest's wing,
I hear the spirits of evil sing!
Open, or woe will be your lot!"
He waited—But THEY OPENED NOT.

Rushed had the tempest
Out from the dell;
Softly the moonlight
Glimmered and fell;
The damp leaves were flitting,
The moonlit drops glittering,
The sleepy birds twittering,
"Rest now, all's well!"
But that lonely stranger
Stands at the door,
Restlessly knocking,
Still o'er and o'er:—
"If 'mid the storm's rushing,
And water-spout's gushing,
And mountain-streams' flushing,
Ye heard not before,
—Surely, surely, ye hear me now!
I wait; the night-rain dews my brow;
Storms are past; but the moonlight's glare
Is heavy with ruin! Beware! beware!
Open; and fly this fated spot!"
He tarried—But THEY OPENED NOT.

Drear is the dawning,
After the night;
Cold breaks the morning
Into grey light;
The torn water-lily
Lolls, drooping and chilly,
In crushed masses hilly,
Drear to the sight.
But lo! the lone stranger
Knocking there still,
Bending with sorrow,
Constant in will!
And while he is sleeping
The god with his weeping,
They seem to be sleeping
Loudly their fill.
—"Open, open, to me, to me
I've waited long and patiently
Danger comes with the morning gray
I'm weary; open, without delay;
Pity my woe, my weary lot!"
He pleaded.—But THEY OPENED NOT.

Full was the noontide,
Sultry with heat,
Pouring its fevers
Down through the street.
Then came an appearing,
An unspoken fearing,
That danger was nearing,
With hurrying feet.
But where is that stranger
Stood at the door,
Wearily knocking,

For hours before?
 Ah! now they are flinging
 The portal, and bringing
 Their wail, loudly ringing;
 But He waits no more!
 —“Opened! opened! but he's not there!”
 Peals the shriek of mad despair.
 “The danger comes; we thought he'd wait
 We've opened the door too late, too late!”
 Ruin has burst upon the spot,
 They open—BUT HE WAITETH NOT.

[NOTE.—Through an oversight, the third verse of this poem was omitted in our June No. We now give the poem entire.]

Light from the Word.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

The story I am about to tell is a practical example of David's words: “The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple;” and is one of many similar cases, in which, after the Lord's servants have used every means in their power to point a soul to the Saviour, yet seemingly without effect; God Himself has, as it were, taken the matter out of their hands, as if to remind them that His alone is ever the power, although He so often honors His children by using them as His instruments for good. He uses us, not for His need, for in Him all fullness dwells; but for our happiness; and when He pleases, He can do without us, or cause us to serve as humbly as the unconscious golden pipes, through which flowed the sacred olive-oil from the living branches.—(Zech. iv.)

One afternoon, about four years ago, I was requested by a friend to visit a poor woman, Mrs. Ratford, who was ill and in distress. On my knocking at the low door of a room in a small, dingy-looking house, a faint, tremulous voice bade me “Come in;” and I found the invalid sitting in a chair by the tiny fire, propped up by a hard pillow. She appeared deeply grieved by something that evidently gave her great trouble; for the big tears were raining down her withered cheeks; and she feebly rocked herself to and fro, as if in great agony. I explained that, having just heard of her being ill, I thought that, although a stranger, I

might be able to give her some comfort; and inquired from what she was suffering.

She told me, interrupted by broken sobs, that for some months she had suffered great pain and weakness, but could not discover the cause, until that day, when the parish doctor having visited her, he informed her that her disease was caused by the formation of a tumor, which no medical skill could reach; and that although he could give her medicine which might somewhat relieve her from the intensity of her agony, yet that before very long her life must be sacrificed by the power of the malady. While telling me this, she evidently was occupied by some other thought; and after a few words of sympathy from me, the poor old creature piteously burst out:

“But 'tisn't the pain I'm troubling over. That can't last long anyhow.—But the doctor says I must *die*; and I've been such a terrible sinner all the best years of my life; and now I'm old and dying, I want HIM to save me that I never looked for till now. O, if the Lord would only spare my life, and give me time to repent!”

Then, as a spasm of pain caught her breath, she exclaimed:

“I don't mind bearing the pain, if it was ever so bad, or if it was to last ever so long, if the Lord would only give me life till I can repent!”

I showed her that Jesus was ready to forgive her sins *at once*, and give her soul rest in him, adding:

“Jesus would not bring you to his feet thus as a humble sinner, pleading for His mercy, if there were no mercy for you. He loves you; and His own Holy Spirit has shown you your sin, that you may feel your need of His mercy.”

I read and prayed with her, and she begged me to “come again soon.”

Day after day I visited her, talked to her, and prayed; she always welcomed me, and never omitted to say on my leaving:

“Don't stay away from me long. Come again *quick*, DO!”

Yet her burden never seemed to lighten. At last I began to think that, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, Mr. Fearing, she would pass through the dark valley still un comforted, and only find peace in the full light of her Saviour's countenance at home. So deep was her consciousness of sin, and so entire her conviction that Jesus *only* could save her, that I felt it was His own work; and soon almost ceased to say many words of my own, confining myself almost entirely to reading the Bible to her, after praying that God would use His word for her comfort. Here was no hard heart, requiring the terrors of God's law, but a broken and contrite spirit, needing the precious balm of Gilead. One afternoon I closed the reading, to which she eagerly listened, with the parable of the Prodigal Son,—that sweet, old story of love, which has brought light and peace to so many an aching heart. She said little more than her usual sigh:

"O! I hope the Lord will give me time!"

On my next visit she appeared calm and happy; and in reply to my first question, whether she were in much pain, answered:

"Yes, a good deal; I shall be so thankful to go to my blessed Saviour; I do hope, if 'tis His blessed will, He'll take me out of my suffering soon. I shall be so glad."

She seemed as if her mind was full of joyous hope which thrilled through every tone of her voice. I instantly asked:

"Then you are not afraid to die, now?"

"O, no;" she said happily; "I couldn't sleep last night for pain; and all night long, I was thinking through the pain of what you read about 'I will arise and go to my Father;' and so I did. I said, 'I have sinned before heaven and in Thy sight, and *am no more worthy* to be called Thy child.' But He saved me, though I am such a sinner. No, I'm not afraid now. I can see now that my Saviour died for

me. I shall be glad to go now, when He pleases."

Mrs. Ratford lived two months after this; "and the enemy was as still as a stone until she was gone over the river." The weary soul was at rest, leaning trustingly on Jesus; and He kept her close in the light of His word that had first comforted her. Patient in the midst of severe agony, she longed to be gone, yet ever added:

"If he pleases."

So she, at length, passed away, still fearless, because her Saviour was with her, and had "forgiven her iniquity."

Self-Accused.

During the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, Sir John Hawkesworth, of Surrey, had an action brought against him by the parson of that parish on account of tithes and other dues. The suit still pending, Sir John imagined that the minister pointed him out in his sermons every Sunday. He complained of this to the Protector, who gave orders for the minister's appearing before him to answer the charge. The parson alleged in his defence that he had only in general terms, and as his sacred office bound him to do, preached against extortioners, fornicators, drunkards, liars, thieves and robbers. Cromwell dismissed him, and turning to the plaintiff, said:

"Sir John, go quietly home, and live for the future on more amicable terms with your parson. The word of God, like a two-edged sword, pierces the very marrow of the bones, and probes about the inmost recesses of the heart; it seeks after the sinner, and unveils his iniquities; I am sorry, for your sake, that it has found you out."

"Dear to me is my friend; but I can also make my enemy of use to me. The friend shows me what I *can* do; the enemy teaches me what I ought to do."—*Schiller*.

The Prisoner of War.

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN.

Closed in by four grey walls,
Grim, and grimy, and hard !
One only break in the slimy dark,
A window, iron-barred !

Quivering on tiptoe there,
I spy at the world without,
And wearily scan that blue sea-bay,
Where the white sails glide about.
I gaze, till my hot eyes ache
With the changeful, flashing light,—
That billowy blue, so terribly blue,
That white so intensely white.
And I step from my trembling hold,
Down on the loathsome floor ;
Then bruised, half-blinded and sick,
I climb, and gaze once more.

Out of this fearful daylight,
Darkness made visible,
I gaze on the summer sunlight
Which never visits my cell—
Out on yon summer glory
Flooding the golden sand,
And I sigh for the distant freedom.—
I weep for my far-off land.

So I cling at the bars and wonder
If my lot will ever be
To float in that skifflet yonder,
Home o'er that tempesting sea.

O ! I loathe the foreign banner,
And its fluttering, flaunting brag,
And my soul is sad and weary,—
Heartsick for the dear old flag !
O ! could I loose from her moorings,
Could I reach yon tiny boat,
What what glad, wild-heart boundings,
Away, away, I'd float !

But the sunbeams lie still and burning
On ocean and on land,
While scarce by one breezy flutter,
Is my burning forehead fanned !

'Tis maddening !—this awful still
Round me in my hollow stone !
Though yonder the glad notes thrill,
I hear not, I hear not one !
But out of my terrible silence
I can see those voices yonder,
While over my tugging heartstrings,
Creep echoes dearer, fonder.

I ache for liberty,
Over the far blue sea,
O'er the blue sea so wide !

And I hear the angels singing,
" Keeping time,
In silver rhyme"
With that boat so slowly swinging,
On the restless, heaving tide.
Ripple, dipple,
Flashing, dashing,
The wavelets sleepily lap the shore ;
Lazily, lazily,
Drearly, wearily,
I cling there listening o'er and o'er.

To the sobbing, oozing gurgle
Slushing underneath the keel,
And the restless, dipping murmur
Which I cannot know by the outward ear,
The tide is too far for me to hear,
But deep in my soul *I feel*.

And I see yon boat so slowly swinging,
I hear the far-off home-bells ringing,
Ringing through my heart !
Sweet bells of home I *must* be free !
Yon skiff shall bear me o'er the sea,
If but these staunchions part !

Then will I dare the tempest's wrath,
While seeking out the homeward path,
For liberty's dear sake ;
And my frail bark shall boldly drift,
Where mightier ships have passed, and
left
Lines of snow-foam in their wake.

Ha ! the iron bars are loosening !
So ! gently on the floor !
I am mad for yon shifting sea,
Frantic I'll spring to liberty !
Now ! there goes one bar more !

Another ! And now I'm free ! I'm free !
Wide is my path to liberty ;
For a sailor's foot and hand
Make light of castle-wall,
In its rugged fall
To the golden strand.

Down ! down ! down !
Beneath the castle's frown !
Surely I *feel* !
For blood is flowing, and wounds are wide ;
I know it, I know it, 'tis life's swift tide,
In crimson swell.
The boat is empty, I lie on the sand,
Far from those bells of my own dear land !
I am dying, alone, BUT FREE !
Out in God's glorious sun and light,
Loyal in heart, and true in hand,
To the royal flag of my native land !
Dying, but FREE,
By the solemn sea !
Mother, good night !

One of the Old 74th.

During the American revolutionary war, at a moment when Lord Cornwallis was giving orders to charge, a Highland soldier rushed forward, and placed himself in front of his Officer, Lieutenant Simon McDonald, afterwards Major of the 92nd. Lieutenant McDonald asked what brought him there. The man replied :

"You know that when I engaged to be a soldier, I promised to be faithful to the king, and to you; the French are coming, and while I stand here, neither bullet nor bayonet shall touch you except through my body."

Lieutenant McDonald had no particular claim to the generous devotion of this trusty follower, further than that which never failed to be binding on the true Highlander. He was born on his Officer's estates, where he and his forefathers had been treated with kindness; he was descended of the same family; and when he enlisted, he promised to be a faithful soldier.

The New Year's Blessing.

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN.

By the swiftly ebbing moments, the Old Year was fluttering away its last days in quick throbs, sighing its life out in the wild pants of the wailing December blasts, and shivering itself into the soft, chill shroud of the fast falling snowflakes.

But the death-shades of the Old were already tinged with the resurrection-glow of the New Year. Children, long absent from the dear old homes, were flocking to the annual *réunions* round the paternal hearth; the scattered threads of family existence were being united in firm knots at the Christmas gatherings; and young hearts beat high in eager anticipation of the delightful mysteries to be unfolded on New Year's morning.

Amid all these sweet excitements of earthly friendships and fond greetings,

a little company of Christians sought to obtain their most precious meeting with the One who has invited His own to approach the mercy-seat, sealing His invitation with the promise :

"There I will meet with thee."

In a small and humble building which could be reached only through a dark, narrow alley, a series of special prayer-meetings were being held during the last week of the year. As yet no answer had been received to the cries sent up to the Father's throne for increased blessing. But one evening as the leader of the meeting addressed a few words of exhortation to the unconverted ones who were present, an evident interest was manifested; and when the venerable speaker moved round the room, to give a word of warning or encouragement to each, individually, one face looked up with the moved expression of a soul with whom God's spirit is stirring.

He was a simple country lad, he who glanced up so eagerly for the expected instruction; his mental powers were scarcely equal to the common average of boyish intellect, and those who knew him never imagined that his dull careless heart would be the first of the little leaven of unbelievers there to throbb a response to God's call of love.

But why not? Hath God not said that he hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty?

The old man paused when he came to poor FRED, as if in doubt, then tenderly asked :

"My young brother, do *you* feel desirous to be forgiven your sins?"

The light died out of the boy's eyes, and he replied almost doggedly :

"Yes, I'd like to be saved, but I don't feel my sins much; I seem to be going down asleep."

"He who is *dead* in the sleep of sin, does not know his state," answered the servant of Christ; "God be thanked that you know something of your danger. Let us pray the Lord to perfect his work in your soul."

Several then in succession poured out

their requests to God, and especially on behalf of FRED.

A few days passed, but he gave no sign of further interest in the things concerning his eternal peace. Many of the Lord's people remembered him in their secret approaches to the Prayer-Hearer, but as yet no answer came.

The last night of the year was to be entirely devoted to prayer and praise in the little chapel. Before assembling there that evening, "they that feared the Lord spake" not only "one to another," about poor FRED, but with mighty wrestlings in the quiet of their own homes, they spake for him "to the KING;" then met to unite their pleadings at the appointed hour. They had entreated the Lord to grant them a New Year's blessing in some soul saved that night.

Singing and prayer went on until a few minutes before midnight, when every head was bowed in silent waiting for the solemn toll of the clock ushering in the New Year.

Suddenly, with the startling cry of a soul in bitter pain, FRED's voice broke the stillness:

"O friends, I'm lost! O pray the Lord to have mercy on my poor soul!"

And before the words were uttered, the bell began to send forth on the deep midnight air its slow strokes of the New Year's coming; so that with the first moments of another year there went up the weary sinner's cry from the cold world of tears and darkness to where the Sinner's Friend is enthroned "mighty to save," "in the summerland of song."

There was no more coldness in the fully awakened heart now; sin's sleep had fled with that call of agony for help; and after the Christians present had sent up their petitions, FRED's own voice was again heard; not, this time, asking others to pray for him, but addressing broken words of entreaty direct to the Saviour.

The New Year's blessing was granted by the loving Father;—a soul was saved; and the Covenant-keeping God

had added another broad seal to the charter which secures to His redeemed ones the privilege of making their requests known unto the Lord "by prayer and supplication with thanks giving."

No sooner did FRED realize that he who once was lost, had been found by Him who came purposely to seek and save such, than the first wish of his heart was to tell others of the Lord Jesus he now loved so well. Meekly conscious of his own deficiencies of intellect and education, he went to one of his companions who had succeeded in securing a considerable amount of earthly learning, and said, with quaint humility:

"I'd like to be a minister some day, CHARLIE; but I'll never be very clever, I'm afraid. But please just teach me a little grammar; I know I don't speak right, and I'd like, when I talk to people about Jesus, not to do it so *very* bad."

But in the fulness of his heart FRED could not wait for the "grammar" which he reverently thought possessed so powerful a charm for good, but began, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, to speak for Jesus, while the world could yet say of him, as of the early apostles, that he was "unlearned and ignorant."

He will never be one of earth's honored idols. His homely, untutored voice will never hold, spell-bound, satin and broadcloth attired audiences in the lofty temples where the footfalls are unheard on the soft velvet pile, and the organ-swell lingers richly in loving cadence among the frets of the sculptured domes; but who can tell? It may be that when the MASTER comes at the coming time, FRED's hands shall be full of garnered sheaves, gathered with humble, faithful toil of patient love, while the voices of many a splendid orator who "taught in His name" shall sink into a wild wail over worthless stubble rejected by the King of the harvest. Then perchance, FRED's rough tones shall soften to ever-

lasting music, while the echoes of the organ swell shall be but as "sounding brass or tinkling cymbal."

Thoughts by the Way.

—
 BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

—
The River Purified.

There is a river, called the Rhône, which flows in dark and muddy waves into the beautiful lake of Geneva; but there it leaves all the pollutions of its waters and emerges pure and lovely as the lake which has been the means of so refining it. Disciple of Jesus, art thou not like that river? By nature thou art deeply stained with sin; no comeliness is thine; but thou hast been called by the Spirit of God to newness of life, led to put thy trust in the crucified Jesus who has made an atonement for thee. Thou hast sought the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and bathing there thou art washed, thou art sanctified. The discolored waters have become pure; thy life is appointed to flow on, thou knowest not how long; be it thy object to keep the waves of thy existence pure and unstained. It is good to see our Father's love and teaching in earthly things, and surely, much may be learned from this well-known river. On one side, there is the un-sanctified nature; then, the Saviour, the Fountain of Holiness; then, the new nature, made like unto His, a faint likeness too often, but still a likeness. Strive, ay, let all who bear His name, strive in constant prayer for the perfecting of that likeness. Forget not what thou wast, the remembrance may keep thee humble. Look on Him who has redeemed thee, and is making thee meet to be a partaker with the saints in light. The past, the old nature is gone, never fully to return; but when any rising of its evilness threatens to sully thy new life, oh fly to the Strong for strength, and seek in the sacred fountain new purifying power for thy soul. His grace will

make thee like a fertilizing stream, flowing through the world, to turn a dry land into fruitfulness, and a thirsty land into springs of water. Try to carry with thee the beauty of holiness, wherever God guides thee; and especially be mindful of the source whence alone is drawn the newness of life.— All of evil in thee is thine own; all that is holy belongs to Him who has bought thee with His precious blood laying down his life as a ransom for thine. Trust him with thine all. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. So flow purely on, thou stream of Christian life, refined in the sacred fountain of Emmanuel's blood; flow on, until the ocean, the full ocean of God's eternity of love, receives thee into its bosom, when death for thee shall be swallowed up in victory, and thy life shall be forever one with that of thy God.

A Little More about the English Dialects.

—
 BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

The inhabitants of Devonshire are remarkable for the rich, full tones of their brogue, speaking with a sort of luscious roll which suggests to the listener sundry pleasant memories of the delicious clotted cream and syllabub for which the county is noted. The most marked peculiarity of their speech is their pronunciation of the letter u, which is precisely that of the French u, or the German ü. It has been wickedly said by a wag belonging to another county that the Devonshire people have acquired this delicate little accent by practicing on the sentence: "As I was *laking* up at the *mune*, I fell into a *pule*" (pool).

The Cornish dialect is perfectly indescribable: to understand it is an accomplishment in possession of very few but the natives of Cornwall themselves. Allied to the Breton *patois*, derived from the old Saxon, and tintured by a slight spice of Welsh, it

forms a rare combination of difficulties. The arms of the Cornishmen, however, are more intelligible than their vocables, as the county is celebrated for its skilled wrestlers; and the fists of these mighty men of valor are by no means equivocal in meaning when their weight falls on an antagonist. They are peculiarly attached to their own county, and roam less frequently than the denizens of any other part of England.

In Wiltshire the people have fewer *spirituities* in their diction; one, however, is quite unique. A woman apologizing to a visitor for the untidy state of her house, will express regret that she is "in such a main caddle;" and a weary housewife, worn out by the domestic toils of the day, declares herself to be "dreadful caddled." It would be vain to attempt the enumeration of the various uses to which the word "caddle" is put. A dirty, disagreeable task is described as "a caddlin' job;" the children, lectured on tidiness by the maternal parent, are admonished not to "caddle up the house;" and a farmer, at his wit's end where to find laborers enough at the press of the harvest season, is spoken of by his *employés* as being "awful caddled how to get in the crops."

Travelling, as authors usually do (metaphorically), by express, we find ourselves in Yorkshire, the county of proud independence and stern determination. The resolute character of the people is expressed in their own saying that a Yorkshireman can carry in his pocket for seven years a stone meant for an enemy, and if no opportunity then offers of throwing the same can turn it over and patiently carry it another seven years.

The "Queen's English" here becomes racier and broader than ever. The people regarding any southern softness of speech with the utmost contempt.—Without any fineness of sentiment or polish of utterance there is yet a hearty breadth of expression which favorably impresses the visitor. The round, so-

norous burr of the letter r is as far removed as possible from the London Dundweawy style. The mother of the family, who, in Dorsetshire, is "my wold ooman," and in Wiltshire "my missus," is here addressed by her husband as "my lass;" while the wife who elsewhere speaks of her lord as "my wold man," or "my master," here calls him "my lad." A thoroughly broken-down article of any kind is a "lamiger," and nobody is altered into "nubbut."

Lancashire resembles Yorkshire in the character and language of its population, but with a few distinctive marks. The people, somewhat less stubborn, are more explosively fiery; and the tones are shorter, the words being uttered in a vibrating, clipping sort of way. Sending things to the pawnbroker, which, in London, is known as "sending to my uncle," is here expressed as the articles being "up soof." The word *one*, pronounced by a Lancastrian, has a peculiarly *wide* sound, being enunciated as if spelt *waon*.

To conclude: although English ladies have not yet secured, in their own right, the clerical privilege of having their visiting-cards printed for "The Rev. Mrs." Smith, Jones, or Robinson, yet in the county of Northumberland it is customary among the middle classes to send invitation-cards to the wives of ministerial dignitaries, on which these ladies are, in right of their husbands, honored with the title of "The Rev. Mrs." Brown, Tomkins, or Bull.

Elvira,

Or the Power of the Gospel. A Story of the New Awakening in the Land of the Cid. By Mrs. Hunt-Morgan. Price \$1.25.

This book, just published in England, has arrived per last mail, and is now on sale.

What will be Useful.

Well, kind inquirers, in an establishment like ours, almost anything will be useful. Do not refrain from sending us what perhaps you may fear would be regarded only as "rubbish." Send us your rubbish and see what we will do with it. We want a saw and a few other carpenter's tools, for there are strong hands and deft fingers here, and we understand the art of making use of the fragments. We want tables, little or big. We want pieces of planking which will make many a nice shelf or bracket. Towel-racks and jugs; basons, either of ware or tin. Pieces of stuff, white or colored, which we could make into table-cloths or ottoman-covers; strips of carpet or matting, flower-vases and flowers, old picture-frames, all these we shall find of great use; we need the frames very much, as we have several good pictures wanting a setting. Bedsteads and bedding are urgently required at the present season; material for covering or stuffing mattresses and pillows will be thankfully accepted.— If you have not all these things for us, perhaps you have one piece of stuff, or one article; kindly remember us, and do your best for us, and be assured that for every smallest help we shall say and feel heartily

THANK YOU.

The Donkey and the Bell.

The men of our Flag-ship have just told us that when they were at Antigua, they determined to establish a Temperance Society there. Having obtained a place of meeting, their next proceeding was to call together an audience; and in order to accomplish this they employed a poor fellow to act as their crier, *pro tem*. As this official, however, had the misfortune to be unable to walk, by reason of natural infirmity, a donkey was procured, and with bell in hand, the crier perambulated the streets on donkeyback. As

will be easily believed, this novel spectacle attracted admiring crowds; we do not know if donkeys are as rare in Antigua as we have been told they are in Nova Scotia, but, at any rate, the men, the donkey, and the bell, *altogether*, drew a good house, and a Temperance Society is the result. Truly times are not what they used to be.— Who would patronize strong drink now, when even donkeys give their sympathies to the cause of sobriety and right. Long life to our gallant boys of the Flag-ship, may they institute many more Temperance Societies; and may they never want a donkey to proclaim their meetings.

General's Inspection.

The 1st 60th King's Royal Rifles, and the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, were inspected during the past month. The Rifles were put through the manual and firing exercises by Major Dundas, and acquitted themselves exceedingly well, the whole answering to every word of command as one man. The battalion then broke into column to the right for the march past; this was also admirably accomplished, especially the march past in column of grand division. The skirmishing was also excellent, with the exception, perhaps, that, considering the nature of the ground, we thought the supports were moved too close up to the skirmishers. On the whole, the inspection of both regiments resulted in great credit to the officers and the men.

Our Bible Class.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN JUNE NO.

I. PAGIEL, prince of the Tribe in the wilderness; SETHUR, one of the spies who gathered the famous cluster of Eshcol grapes; ANNA, the prophetess, who rejoiced on seeing the infant Saviour brought into the temple.

II. MOSES prayed that God would stay his hand in punishing His rebel-

lions people. Num. xi. 2. HANNAH prayed that God would give her a son. 1 Sam. i. 10, 12, 27. ELISHA prayed that God would restore to life the Shunamite's son. 2 Kings iv. 33-35.—JABEZ prayed for a blessing. 1 Chron. iv. 10. JONAH prayed for deliverance. Jonah ii. The CHRISTIANS prayed for the deliverance of Peter from prison. Acts xii.

III. The meeting of Saul with two servants of his father. 1 Sam. x. 2.

IV. In Joshua ix. 14, 15; Gen. xxxi. 54; Deut. xxiii. 4.

V. The Rechabites. Jer. xxxv. 16, 18, 19.

VI. Ecc. xi. 6; Prov. x. 4, xzii. 29; 2 Thess. iii. 10, 12.

VII. Matt. vii. 7; James i. 5, 6, iv. 2, 3; John xvi. 24; Psalm l. 15, cxlv. 18; Matt. v. 44, vi. 6-10, ix. 38; Luke xviii. 1; 1 Thess. v. 17.

VIII. No. See Rom. ix. 11; Gal. ii. 16; Eph. ii. 9; 2 Tim. i. 5; Titus iii. 5.

IX. The Athenians. Acts xvii. 22.

X. No. Matt. x. 39; John xii. 25; Matt. xvi. 24; 1 Cor. vi.; Rom. xiv. 7.

Questions for July.

I. What proportion of their property were the children of Israel taught to consider consecrated to the Lord?

II. In what country was Balaam's father a resident?

III. What was the ancient name of Kirjath-jearim?

IV. Who followed the Lord fully?

V. Who was greatly injured, and brought injury on a whole kingdom, through preferring the counsels of young men to those of persons of more mature judgment?

VI. Are our alms to be paraded as good works before men?

VII. Mention two instances of a man's country being betrayed by his speech.

VIII. Did the Apostles claim the power of working miracles by their own strength?

IX. Is the duty of fasting a public or private one?

X. What was Paul commissioned to do, above all other employments?

French Lessons.

COMPILED BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON XIV.

We have now to consider, in a few simple rules, the formation of the plural of nouns.

RULE I.—The plural is generally formed by adding *s* to the singular. Examples:

Le roi, the king *les rois*, the kings.
L'orange, the orange; *les oranges*, the oranges.

RULE II.—Words in the singular ending in *s*, *x*, *z*, remain unchanged in the plural, but, of course, are used with the plural forms of articles and adjectives. Examples:

Le fils, the son; *les fils*, the sons.
La voix, the voice; *les voix*, the voices.

RULE III.—Words, whose singular ends in *au*, *eu*, *ou*, form the plural by adding *x*. Examples:

Le bateau, the boat; *les bateaux*, the boats.
Le feu, the fire; *les feux*, the fires.

RULES IV.—Words ending in *al*, *aïl*, in the singular, change these terminations into *aux* for the plural. Examples:

Le cheval, the horse; *les chevaux*, the horses.
Le travail, the work; *les travaux*, the works.

EXERCISE 14.

1. How many horses has your father's brother? 2. He has two horses, but my father has six dogs. 3. How many boats has the captain? 4. Our captain has not one boat, but his brother has five boats. 5. How many sons has your mother? (your mother has she). 6. She has four sons. 7. Has

the little boy eaten my oranges? 8. He has not eaten my cakes. 9. How many kings have you seen? 10. The three kings are in the castles. 11. The fires are not in the house. 12. I have seen six apples upon a tree.

LESSON XV.

According to modern usage, the only words ending in *ou*, that form their plural by adding *s*, as in Rule III., are *chou*, cabbage; *caillou*, pebble; *bijou*, jewel; *genou*, knee; *hibou*, owl; *joujou*, plaything; and *pou*, a kind of insect. All others simply add *s*.

VOCABULARY.

An engineer,	Un ingénieur.
Among,	Parmi.
Quite,	Tout-à-fait.
Enough,	Assez.
The study,	L'étude.
Heard,	Entendu.
To hear,	Entendre.

EXERCISE 15.

1. Have the engineers finished their works? 2. They have not yet finished their works. 3. Where are your father's potatoes? 4. They are among the apples in the kitchen. 5. Have you heard the voices of your sisters? 6. I heard their voices yesterday. 7. Has my son enough (of) bread? 8. He has enough. 9. Have the captain's horses enough? (enough of horses). 10. Where are the owls? 11. They have taken my jewels. 12. Are the cabbages in your garden?

LESSON XVI.

VOCABULARY.

A lodger,	Un locataire.
Heavy,	Lourd.
The linen,	Le linge.
To wash,	Laver.
A dish,	Un plat.
To dish up,	Mettre dans un plat.
A dishcloth,	Une lavette.
A duster,	Un torchon.
The servant,	La servante, (fem).
Mary,	Marie.

EXERCISE 16.

1. Has your mother another lodger? 2. Our lodger has a heavy table in his room. 3. Has my servant washed her dishes? 4. Mary, where is your dishcloth? 5. It is on the table with my dusters. 6. Have you dished up the meat? 7. Have you put some pebbles into my box? 8. I have seen two owls on your house. 9. How many cabbages have we seen? 10. Will you wash my table? 11. The chair is heavy. 12. I have two oranges.

Financial Report

of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, 36 Brunswick Street, Halifax, N. S., from May 20th to June 15th, 1876.

BY THE EDITOR.

Donations in money.

"A Sailor".....	\$ 2 00
"A Military Friend".....	17 25
Found in the Home Box.....	0 47
Change Refused.....	0 53
Total.....	\$20 25

OTHER GIFTS.

"A Sailor," Portraits of Sailors.
 A Friend in the 60th Royal Rifles, A quilt.
 Mrs. Seddle, A Bundle of Toilet-covers, Antimacassars, and Doyleys.
 Mr. C. Bridger, Salisbury, England, A Box of Books and Tracts.
 Mr. and Mrs. Edward Simper, Salisbury, England, A Box of Blankets, Sheets, Pillow-cases, and Towels.
 "A Friend," Bundle of Papers.
 "A Christian Friend," A Packet of Tea, Sugar, and Coffee.

Expenses of the Home.

Coal.....	\$ 3 75
Rent.....	125 00
Stationery.....	3 80
Laundresses.....	1 00
Sundries.....	1 50
Total.....	\$135 05

It will be seen that the expenses

have been more than two hundred dollars in excess of the receipts. I had planned a Lecture-tour for this month and most of the next, but ill health has compelled me to postpone this effort for a short time. My presence in the Home, with far more strength than I possess, is much needed, too, at this our busiest season, and I appeal to the Christians of Halifax to come forward and aid this important work which is being carried on in their midst.

Out of the thirty thousand of our citizens, but few comparatively have shown any interest in the effort I am making to benefit our honorable friends in uniform. Of the funds which have supported my work since its commencement a year and a half ago, more than two thirds have been the result of liberality shown by the navy and army themselves, and of my own hard work by lecturing and by the sale of my pamphlets.

The work grows in interest and has been established long enough to enable me to make this appeal with more confidence than my former ones, since the public have now had abundant opportunities of understanding both the need, and the character of the work.

For want of sufficient funds, I have felt obliged myself to engage in much of the menial work of the Mission, which has necessarily occupied the precious time which I would fain have spent in more directly spiritual labor, and the pressure of these toils, added in the literary and other work which have crowded on me, have resulted in a state of weakened health, which hinders the advancement of that success for which I have striven.

Yet, hard toil, or sickness, will both be gladly welcomed, if only it may please God through my weakness to arouse a deeper interest in the hearts of His people in this most interesting enterprize.

In concluding the Report for this month, I therefore most earnestly entreat the prayers of God's own chil-

dren for the prosperity of this mission, and I ask their help, that they will put their prayers into practice.

To those who have aided me already with so much kindness, I tender my hearty thanks, and have often prayed that the Lord will graciously return them a hundred fold.

I have to acknowledge with gratitude the ready courtesy and help received from the Custom House Authorities, also from the proprietors of the Allan Line, and from Messrs. Cunard & Co., with respect to presents sent from England to the Home. And a word specially from the Editor of "Grand Rounds."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to the failure of my health, I find it advisable to postpone the next No. of the Magazine until the first of October. Our circulation at present is about 460; but in order to pay all expenses I need 660 subscribers, just two hundred more. Will our old subscribers kindly try to obtain new friends for us, as we on our part will try for ourselves. The first five numbers of "Grand Rounds" may be obtained of me; and I hope our united efforts will result in the full complement of subscribers when we appear again on October 1st.

A Loyal Compliment.

Francis Bassampierre, a General of the Swiss Guards in the service of Louis XIII., was confined in the Bastille for his caustic speeches. When, after ten year's imprisonment, he was liberated, Louis asked him his age, and he reported himself to be no more than fifty.

The king seeming surprized, Bassampierre added :

"Sire, I deduct from my age ten years passed in the Bastille, because I did not employ them in your service."

8/11
Nearly Ready.

MRS. HUNT-MORGAN'S NEW STORY:

ELVIRA, THE SPANISH NUN: a Tale of the New Awakening in the Land of the Cid.

Published by Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London. Price \$1.50^{2.50}. For Nova Scotia and the Dominion, orders received by the Editor of "Grand Rounds," or any of the booksellers whose names appear on the cover of our Magazine.

"Elvira" has already appeared in serial form in the London and New York papers.

WANTED,

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! for the purchase of the very suitable property now used for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, and for the enlargement of the building. Friends sending donations will please intimate whether they wish their gift to be funded for this object, or to be used for the current expenses of the establishment. Gifts of furniture, blankets, tablecloths, and household utensils of all kinds are much needed. Address Mrs. HUNT-MORGAN, SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME, 36 BRUNSWICK ST. HALIFAX, N. S.

Means are also required for the establishment of a "Sailors' Rest," for Merchant Seamen, and for the purchase of a Bethel Ship. Donations to be sent to Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

All communications for the Editor must be sent in by the 15th of the month, to ensure their being acknowledged in the next No. of the Magazine. The Editor specially begs that her correspondents WILL NOT write "poetry," if their thoughts can by any possibility be expressed in prose.

Each subscriber may very materially assist the circulation of "Grand Rounds," and consequently aid our work, by commending the Magazine to friends, and by directing general attention to the notices on the cover.

Mrs. Morgan is at home to visitors every Monday, between the hours of 2 and 6 P. M., when she will be happy to give information concerning the Lord's work in her hands, to any of His people whose love to the Master may prompt their interest in the matter.

Mrs. Hunt-Morgan will be happy to address Drawing-room meetings in the private residences of any friends to her work, who might be disposed thus to afford their more intimate circle of acquaintances an opportunity of hearing the details of the undertaking in which she is engaged; at such assemblies, Mrs. Morgan would be willing, after giving a general account of her mission, to reply to such questions concerning it as the interest felt by the guests might suggest to them.