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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

SEPT., 1871.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

ISSUED FROM THE

"WITNESS" OFFICE.

I.

THE DAILY WITNESS.—Containing all the matter that afterwards appears in the semi-weekly, and a great deal more, together with daily telegrams, market reports and advertisements, $3 per annum. This paper has usually 13 to 14 columns of fresh, choice, interesting and instructive reading matter, or about 4,000 columns per annum for $3, not to mention as many more columns of advertisements, most of them fresh, and many of them very important.

II.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS.—Semi-weekly, containing all the matter of the WEEKLY and as much more, and bringing news and markets twice a week instead of once, $2 per annum. This edition, which contains all that appears in the Daily, except local city matter, is the best adapted for literary men in the country, and therefore it is selected as the one which will be supplied at half-price to the public instructors of the community—namely, ministers and school teachers. It will also be sent to Young Men's Christian Associations, and Colleges on the same terms, and to Hospitals and Asylums gratis. In all cases the application for the paper on these terms should be specific.

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THE WEEKLY WITNESS.—A religious, literary and commercial newspaper of 8 pages, with occasional supplements, $1 per annum. This paper, considering the quantity and quality of the matter, is probably the cheapest on this continent except the DAILY WITNESS.

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The postage on the various editions of the WITNESS is payable at the office of delivery quarterly in advance.

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THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY—An elegant magazine of 64 pages, filled with choice literature, original and selected, and one or more pictorial illustrations, besides a piece of music. Terms, $1.50 per annum, or a club of five, (addressed separately), for $5, postpaid by publishers. The only literary monthly in the Dominion, and more interesting as well as much cheaper than most of imported magazines.

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THE FAMILY DOCTOR; OR, MRS. BARRY AND HER BOURBON.—A Cheap Reprint of this thrilling Temperance Tale, in handsome Pamphlet Form. Now Ready. Price 25c. Free by mail.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

January, 1871.

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The Second Volume of the Dominion Choralist, containing a number of the

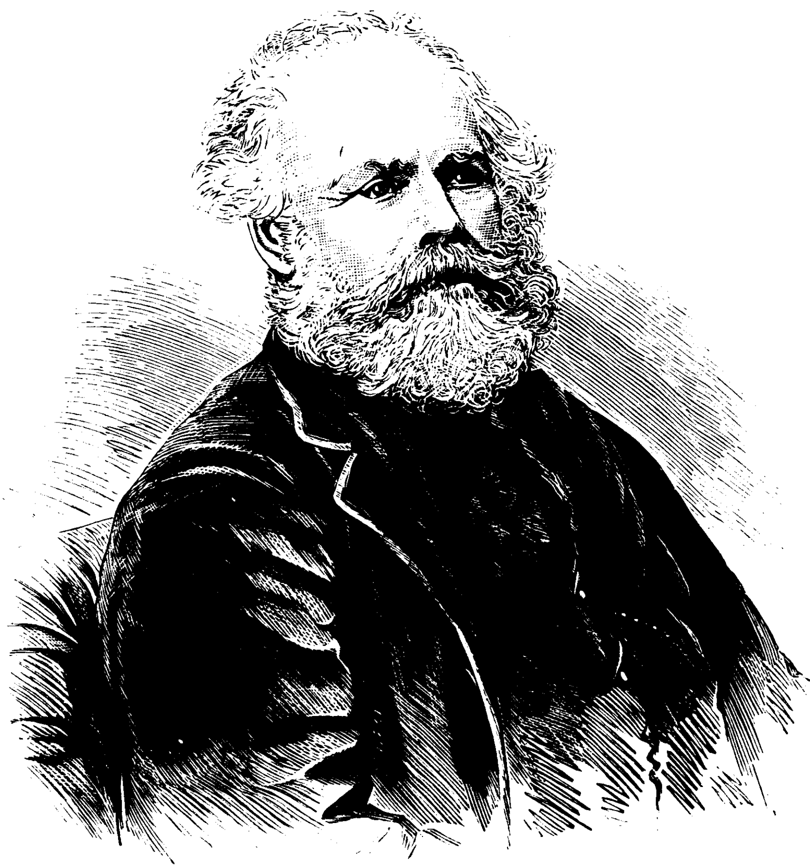
NEWEST AND MOST POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY.

With Pianoforte accompaniments.

Now Ready—Price, Twenty-five Cents.

CONTENTS:

Come, oh, Come, my Brother.
Lady Moon.
More like Jesus.
Mother, Watch the Little Feet.
No Crown without the Cross.
Now I Lay me down to Sleep.
Out in the Cold.
Song of the Winter Winds.
Supplication.
The Bridge.
The German Fatherland.
The New Best Name
The Passing Bell.
The Patter of the Rain.
The Wandering Refugee.
The Whip-Poor-Will's Song.
Welcome, Sweet Spring.
Who can Tell?



SIR HUGH ALLAN.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

RUSTIC JOTTINGS FROM THE BUSH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN PIONEER."

No I.

EMIGRATION.

DEAR READER,—Should Jottings No. 1 pass muster with the Inspector-General of the DOMINION MONTHLY other effusions will follow on a variety of subjects, including sketches of the trials and triumphs of backwoods life — topics familiar to the early settler, and possibly interesting and useful to such as seek a home within the borders of our Dominion.

Emigration being an important undertaking to those who move, and a valuable source of strength to our country, may properly claim our first attention.

You good people in the three kingdoms of fatherland, who feel moved to try and better your fortunes, we invite cordially to this portion of Her Majesty's Dominions. You will find here no abatement of your privileges as British subjects, but an enlarged degree of liberty and an ampler field in which to exercise your abilities and ambition.

With the exception of the Governor-Generalship, every office in the land is open to every man, whatever his country, color, or condition. It is well, however, for intending settlers to be aware that Canada is a very miserable country for shiftless, indolent people. Stop where you are unless you feel willing to work, and to work hard, during the earlier stages of your career. Men here, are, as a rule, what they make themselves. Emphatically, in Canada there is no royal road to wealth and position. We are, in a large sense, a nation of self-made men.

Another necessary qualification for successful life in Canada is steady habits. Tipplers had better die at home than hasten their end by coming here. One course alone is safe for every man who sets foot on our shores, and that is total abstinence from all that intoxicates. Of all the causes of failure in securing prosperity in Canada indulgence in strong drink stands pre-eminently first. In very many respects to effect settlement now is an easy and pleasant business compared to what it was some years ago. The voyage is much cheaper and much more expeditious.

The country to which we invite you is a far more desirable region than it was of yore; in fact it is a prepared place. The early settler can speak feelingly of the time and toil required in passing through Canada when he made the journey. The ocean trip is now performed in as many days as it formerly took weeks; and on landing the voyager finds a train of cars waiting to hurry him forward to any point of the compass he may desire to go.

Commercially, Canada is in a vastly improved condition. The facilities for trade are such that the luxuries and necessaries of life are more easily, as well as more cheaply, obtained than they were a few years ago. Agriculture has also made rapid strides, and the labor-saving machines at present in use, not only secure

dispatch but soften the rigor of toil, and make farming a much more pleasant calling.

Politically, Canada can boast great progress. The men who in earlier days fought the battle of the wilderness, had also to fight the battles of civil and religious liberty. The machinery of our government as at present constructed, is such that if good laws are not enacted and faithfully administered, the fault is our own. The power lies with the people. The Government is responsible to Parliament, and the Parliament is chosen by the people. The franchise is so low that every man fit to vote may soon be able to do so. In no particular do we enjoy one whit less liberty than our republican neighbors.

We wish our kindred south of 45° all prosperity. Britain may well feel proud of such an offspring; and her child, even if occasionally wayward, cannot fail to rejoice in such a mother. "Hail Columbia!" march onward to the proud destiny awaiting you in the future! We in Canada hope to follow close upon the heels of *your* progress, and in due time cut a respectable figure among the nations of the earth.

The advancement of both countries however, depends upon our cultivating kindly feeling, and living as neighbors always should live—not seeking every one his own, but every one another's good. To this end let us both devoutly respond the prayer of Judah's King to the Almighty: "Scatter thou the people that delight in war." And may we both in our intercourse aim to realize by happy experience that "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim."

War between John and Jonathan!—let it not so much as be named among us as becometh brethren—one in origin; one in language; one in our common Christianity; united by intermarriage, by commercial interests, by telegraphs and railroads, and a thousand other ties that forbid in tones whose vibrations tingle upon every ear, the fratricidal folly of making war.

Let no other strife prevail between us but which shall be foremost in every scheme calculated to advance the happiness of our own citizens, and benefit the entire family of man. And let all the people of both countries say, Amen.

Another feature favorable to the present aspect of Canada, is the enlarged and enlarging character of our school system. Without money and without price every child can claim a common school education, and the facilities for superior mental culture are already respectable and yearly becoming better. Religious privileges, too are vastly in advance of what they were wont to be. Ministers of all denominations are numerous, and are scattered all over the land. There is nothing in our climate to frighten any one. Summer's heat and winter's cold are within moderate bounds, and for a healthy country we are pre-eminently blessed.

It is true the land now at the disposal of Government is not so convenient or so generally good as it was; but throughout many of the partially settled portions of the country much fair land is obtainable at moderate prices. There is also a government draining scheme being at present carried out in Ontario, which, it is anticipated, will bring into the market large tracts of good land hitherto useless. Then there is the Red River region, a very Goshen, to which a tide of emigration will flow through Canada as fast as a convenient channel can be opened for it. In view of the considerations advanced—and they are not colored—we invite our countrymen and others to try Canada as a home. Very many thousands of its present inhabitants, living in abundance, landed here poor in pocket and forlorn in feeling. Persevering industry, honest dealing, and sober habits lead infallibly to competence.

In Canada we enjoy a goodly inheritance, and we invite you to share it with us. We have a generous soil, great mineral wealth, invaluable timber forests, fisheries unequalled in the world, a genial climate, liberal institutions; and, as a whole, we are a loyal, law-abiding, contented people. The fruits of past effort are apparent in our railway and canal systems, the growth and wealth of our cities, and the many thousands of improved farms that dot and beautify the land. And what Canada will be fifty years hence no one can prophesy;

but, if true to her interests and her legitimate destiny, she will stand high in the scale of social existence, whether still allied to Great Britain, or occupying the position of an independent kingdom. Either way, may a virtuous and enlighted populace be her bulwark of defence; for "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

No. II.

PATRIOTISM—COUNSELS TO NEW SETTLERS —EXPERIENCES IN THE PAST.

> "My eye delighted not to look
> On forest old or rapids grand;
> The stranger's pride I scarce could brook,
> My heart was in my own dear land."

So sang the lamented McGee; but he learned to love Canada, and his patriotism for the land of his adoption cost him his life.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,—if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." This outburst of religious patriotic feeling, penned by the sweet singer of Israel, doubtless paints in truthful colors the longings of the exiled Jew for the city of his God.

Our exile, unlike his, is voluntary; yet how strong in the breasts of true men is sympathy with the sentiments of Sir Walter Scott:—

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> "This is my own, my native land!"
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand.

Cowper, the bard of Olney, exclaims in his delightful "Task":—

> "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
> My country! and while yet a nook is left
> Where English minds and manners may be found
> Shall be constrained to love thee."

This devotion to fatherland is creditable to the hearts of those whose impassioned utterances we cannot but admire. Notwithstanding, as a filial child cannot forget or cease to love her parents, yet when she becomes a wife her allegiance is transferred, even so the emigrant who exchanges his own for another country, where he becomes a permanent resident, and enjoys the protection and privileges of the country chosen, is in duty bound to transfer his allegiance to the government under which he lives.

This doctrine may be unacceptable to many in whose bosoms the fire of patriotism burns fervently, but it will bear the test of reason, and should be duly considered by all who elect to settle in an alien country. Fortunately, those of our countrymen who come hither have no trouble on this score, and they will find us a very loyal people. Troubles enough will, however, crowd the track of the early settler apart from this; but patience and perseverance will in time clear the way, and the sky of his prospects brighten daily, until the sunshine of comparative prosperity shall appear attainable. If the counsel of one who trod the rugged path of emigrant life long ago will be taken as kindly as it is offered, he would say: "Friends, crowd not the city, but scatter and seek employment wherever it can be found without loss of time, and accept such wages as can be got. If you are possessed of means to purchase land, be in no hurry to do so. Learn the husbandry of the country under others before you start on your own hook. Do not pretend to judge Canada or its people before you have sufficiently tested both. What others have done you can do, by using the same means; and you have before you in this country the example of thousands of families living in comfort, and even some degree of refinement, who began life as low down as you can be."

The writer could relate many amusing instances of the ignorance of early settlers —by no means amusing to the parties concerned at the time of their occurrence, but painful proofs that experience keeps a dear school. One hardy settler who faced bush-life destitute of the knowledge necessary to success, determined to make his own sugar As the season drew near, he made due preparation. Troughs to receive the sap were provided, the stately maples were tapped, and freely gave their life-blood. Snow was removed for a fireplace, and

kettles for boiling suspended in order. These were filled with sap, the fire applied, and the crackling billets blazed away, and soon the kettles boiled right merrily. As the industrious man surveyed the completeness of his preparations, he anticipated ample and early reward for his toil. As yet, how sugar was made, or in what manner it came, he knew not—other than that it had to be boiled; so he boiled away. Unfortunately, he had never studied the effects of evaporation, and thought the boiling process would be helped by keeping the kettles closely covered. Day after day he boiled away, and expected the sugar to form at the bottom of the kettles. Evaporation was partially secured by the steam raising the covers of the kettles, and their contents grew gradually sweeter. Fresh sap was constantly supplied, and the sugar looked for; but no sugar appeared. It never occurred to the poor fellow that, to get sugar, he must cease putting in sap, and boil all down to a certain consistency. Business brought a member of the family some forty miles from home, where he witnessed the operation, and the mystery was solved. On his return sugar was soon produced, and the family luxuriated on the delicious product of the maple, and thanked God for planting in the wilderness a tree so useful, living or dead. Our boiling friend acquired such intense admiration for the maple that he vowed his axe should touch them not—an unprofitable decision, as will appear. A giant crop of these favorites grew where he intended to clear for crop; all other kinds of trees were removed, and the corn and potatoes planted beneath the sturdy sugar maple. Alas, the ample foliage of their wide-spread limbs so shaded and dwarfed the growing crops beneath, that the luckless settler became convinced the same ground could not yield at the same time two such crops. With feelings lacerated in a two-fold sense, his beloved maples were cut down, and in their fall so smashed the corn and potatoes that little of either was harvested, and thus his first season was in a great measure lost. Nothing daunted, he prepared to try again. He enlarged the limits of his clearing, in order to plant more extensively, as well as to secure more abundant sunshine. The latter, he had learned by experience, was quite a necessity in crop-growing. Unflagging industry, a rich virgin soil, and favorable weather, secured the promise of an ample crop. Very beautiful did it appear as the summer advanced, and very proud was the aspiring settler of his corn and other crops. But another blunder produced another failure, tried the metal of the man, and taught him another lesson in the school of experience. As his principal clearing was some distance from his house, and surrounded by a thick bush, he trusted to the latter for protection, and built no fence. The bush will keep out the sun, but not cattle. One night in July, a large flock of neighbors' cattle invaded the unfenced clearing, and the result can be guessed. The following morning presented a scene of desolation painful to behold. The sickness of heart in hope deferred felt by the sufferer, was sufficient to extinguish the courage of a less brave man, in the loss of another season. He tried again, but not in vain, and lived to rejoice in the life of a Canadian farmer. He tasted in large measure the trials of bush life and enjoyed many of its triumphs. The blunders of early settlers may seldom be so grave as those now recited; but they are numerous, and, if written, would supply a rare chapter of instruction and caution to candidates for life in the bush.

The youthful settler loves the arduous toil of felling trees, and it is an honor for a man to have borne an active part in aiding to redeem the earth from the dominion of the forest. The necessity for tree slaughter may, however, have made us Canadians blind to the beauty and benefit of tree culture. The bush farmer must remove the forest in order to raise crops; but he should soon begin to replant. Tree-planting is easily performed, and more suitable than trying to save solitary trees among those you cut down. For shade and ornament, as well as for sugar trees, and for wood-work requiring a tough description of timber, planting should receive early and careful attention. In some countries the government takes this matter in hand, and in Canada something should be done to awake enlightened

views on the subject. The labor of chopping trees is exciting, as the monarchs of a thousand years are tumbled to the ground. It is attended with some danger, and has proved fatal to many. All require care, and the beginner has especial reason to be wary. The first thing to do when about to fell a tree, is to ascertain which way it leans, and begin to cut on that side first. A worthy Scot, newly arrived, believed he could improve on the Canadian method—save much chopping, and oblige the tree to fall where he chose, and not where it was inclined to fall itself. To this end he provided a long ladder and a long rope. Each tree was scaled, the rope attached, and while a portion of his party pulled away with might and main, the other portion did the chopping. The worthy man learned, in time, that Canadian trees were too tall for ladders, and over strong for his rope; and like a wise man he laid both aside, followed the example of others, and soon had a large clearing.

Not far from the Scotchman's farm an Englishman pitched his tent, and began life in the bush. Mr. C—— had the advantage of education and means, but being unwilling to learn from those he deemed his inferiors, he struggled many years in fighting the battle of the wilderness—was finally beaten, and returned home, reduced in circumstances and humbled, to acknowledge, "My pride has caused my failure." The first error committed was purchasing land immediately on his arrival, and before experience enabled him to make a good choice. Blunder followed blunder; yet counsel was spurned, and a well-intended suggestion from neighbors would elicit, "I know my own business, and have not come here to learn from you." Living beside a navigable river made a means of conveyance on water necessary. Who would imagine a man fresh from London would undertake to make a canoe without aid or directions? This plucky man did, and buried himself some days in the bush to effect his purpose. A pine tree of large dimensions was levelled, and a portion of it hollowed out and shaped canoe-wise. When finished a team drew it to the river's bank. The launch was privately performed, his wife alone being permitted to witness the operation and to help to accomplish it, as she, good soul, would not sneer, even if failure was the result of presumption. The vessel glided upon the bosom of the old Ottawa, but somehow would not keep even; in fact, was so perversely one-sided in her bearing that her builder, in disgust, gave the cranky thing a good shove into the stream and the current bore her ignobly onward to supply some Lower Canadian with a pig-trough, or otherwise wood for his fire. Mr. C. anticipated when potato-digging came, a root-house would be required to hold them, and determined to make one. Although the son of a wealthy man, he could handle tools, and at hard work was in his element. Too proud to copy from others, something original must be attempted. Choosing the sloping face of a deep gully, he commenced to tunnel inwards under the bank, and having reached a sufficient distance, he formed a chamber of the required size, all underground. A small aperture was dug to the surface, intended for the conveyance of the roots into the chamber below. The whole work being lined with boards, doors were put up, and the job finished in a workman-like manner. Many days of hard toil were spent in sweltering weather to achieve this object; and the first heavy fall of rain caused the earth to cave in and make ruin of the whole structure. More labor lost. The next scheme that engaged the thoughts of this determined man, was how to remove stumps. It mattered not how others performed this work, Mr. C. in everything preferred his own way. As the pulley is one of the mechanical powers, he concluded that even pine stumps must yield to its irresistible force. Expensive blocks and tackle were procured in England, and Mr. C. and his horses pulled away long and hard among stumps, but to little purpose; they kept their ground in spite of him. Thus another abortive enterprise was abandoned to make room for others, all ending in vanity and vexation of spirit—a warning to others to heed the admonition, "Be not wise in your own conceit."

Mrs. Moody has painted in living colors the trials of Canadian bush life. Her own share in these, and the manner in which

she braved them, are creditable to her heart and head. How much unwritten heroism has adorned many of the wives and daughters of early settlers cannot be known. Permit a slight sketch of one such character in the wife of Mr. C.—the man whose failings and failures have just been alluded to. Mrs. C. was the daughter of a London lawyer; delicately reared, of refined manners and accomplished education. In person she was of fragile form, and possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. How great the transition from fashionable life in London to bush life in Canada! Her husband had decided on forest life, and she accepted the situation without a murmur. Alas, it proved a hard one, and much worse than was necessary, by the perverse disposition of her husband. Her fair hands had never before performed servile labor; embroidery, manipulating the keys of her piano, and kindred employments, alone had occupied her fingers. Now household duties of the roughest kind were learnt and performed. To such work was soon added the care of children, and, in the absence of her husband, the care of cattle. On the coldest day of mid-winter, this gentle creature might be seen many acres from her house chopping the ice at the river, and watering the cattle. In her husband was blended a strange mixture of fondness and severity towards his wife. He would admit the course he was pursuing must kill her, which event he contemplated with deep sorrow, and would then add, "I can't help it." If at any time she mildly remonstrated, and suggested a better way of doing a thing, she was answered with an oath, followed by the question—"Don't I know better than you, my dear?" Nor was the care of cattle the only outside work this lady shared in. While her husband held the plough, she drove the horses. When preparing timber for a house, she worked the lower end of the whip-saw; and when the house was building, she alone was his helper from laying the foundation to putting up the rafters. To deficient crops was added the loss of their house and nearly all its contents by fire. Reduced means carefully concealed from fond parents at home, cut off many little comforts enjoyed at first, and for several years deficient food and lack of suitable clothing increased the trials of this heroic woman. Finally her husband yielded to the force of circumstances, admitted he had waged an unequal conflict, in which his will was pitted against the judgment and experience of every other person, and he was beaten. He closed accounts with Canada, from which he retired a poorer but wiser man, and sought an asylum in his native land. In the employment of his father, who was an extensive manufacturing chemist, his skill and energy found ample and profitable occupation. Ten years were thus spent after the close of his Canadian campaign, when an accident, by which he inhaled the poisonous gas of some drug, cut him down suddenly in the midst of his days. Mrs. C. still survives, and must often revert, in imagination, to her life in the woods a quarter of a century ago. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. We hear much of woman's rights. Some competent pen should set before the world woman's wrongs. These are neither few nor small, and claim a redress.

> "I am not sad; though sorrows not a few
> Have laid their darksome trace upon my brow;
> Still hopeful, I can life's rough way pursue,
> And 'neath the load of duty meekly bow;
> For sorrows are but ministers of God,
> Sent to remind us of the home we seek—
> The path of sorrow He before us trod,
> Who taught the blind to see, the dumb to speak."

THE CHALLONERS:

THE LAST LEAVES OF A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

A brilliant June sunshine gleamed over Charlcote. The warm beams shone into the room where Mrs. Falconer was seated, and were reflected, as from marble, from her pale, grave features, now more pale and grave than ever, to be absorbed in the heavy folds of her sombre widow's dress. Widowed! Yes, though even yet she cannot believe it. Though three weeks have elapsed since her husband was carried to his last home, she still thinks she hears his step in the hall; still looks up when she hears the opening door, in the expectation that she shall see him enter; still thinks of him as alive—not as in his last days, a helpless invalid, dependent on her for the fulfilment of his last desires, but as in the days gone by, in the days of his strength and manhood, when she had happiness within her grasp and slighted it. She dreams that he has but left her for a little time, and will soon return; but her eye falls on her black robes, and she wakes to the truth. Too late!

She is seated now before a desk which lies open on the table, filled with papers that he has left for her to examine, select from, and destroy. She touches each gently as though it were a sentient thing; they have been in his hands, his eyes have looked upon them, and they are hallowed by his memory in hers. Why is it so? Why are we so careless of those we love while with us, thereby laying up such store of repentance when we lose them? Why cannot we give the living, loving presence—the heart so keen to feel, and the brain so quick to understand—some of the tenderness we bestow on the senseless relics of the dead?

A visitor—an unwelcome one evidently, from the expression that crosses her face. It is her brother, Allan Challoner.

"Are you very busy, Charlotte, or can you hear a message from your father, of which I am the bearer?" He sat down as he spoke, not in the stream of sunshine, but in a shaded corner of the room.

"I am at your disposal," she replied as she closed the desk; something in the action brought to his mind (did she remember it too?) her closing of that other desk six years before. His manner was perceptibly colder when he spoke again.

"I was never a good hand at diplomacy," he said. "I had better give the message in plain words. Charlotte, your father wants you and the boy to come and live with him."

"Why?"

"Because, in the first place, I suppose he thinks you might prefer it to remaining here alone; also there can be no doubt that he would be very glad. He has missed you very much, and of course he finds it dull when I am obliged—when I am away. Perhaps, too, my being Percie's guardian—"

"I do not see that that makes any difference," she interrupted.

"Very little indeed," said Allan. "I am going to give up the guardianship."

"You do not mean that, Allan?"

"That and everything else, Charlotte;" he sighed, though he spoke firmly. "I came to tell you that I can live this life no longer. The truth must be made known."

Mrs. Falconer could scarcely become paler, but her face took a leaden hue, and she trembled very much. Allan, absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts, did not remark her scared looks and agitation, and as she continued silent he spoke again:

"I can bear it no longer. The constant

load of deceit and hypocrisy has made me old before my time. Better any poverty, any hardship, than to be the living lie that I have been for nearly seven years. You tempted me too far; I was weak, though I hope not wicked, inasmuch as I harmed no one but myself, and I yielded; but the punishment has been severe indeed. To bear the weight of self-contempt and shame that has crushed me down—to know that while looked up to and respected I am in reality a sham, a vile cheat—to feel that could I be known as I am I should be the despised of all, both for what I am and what I pretend to be—if you knew what I have suffered—but you cannot know—you cannot even understand it."

Charlotte listened, a new light breaking over her mind. This then was the secret care which even more than Elsie's death had contributed to work in Allan so great a change. So little had she suspected his real character that she had believed him content with the false part he had acted, and she was now taken by surprise. It made what she had now to say the harder, and the proud woman faltered, hesitated, and trembled more and more.

"I could not guess you felt it so much, Allan," she said at last.

"No, I suppose not; you thought you were doing me a favor, I daresay. Did you ever consider that, whatever I might be by birth, I had received the training of him I seemed to be, and that by nature and education I was taught to abhor a lie? You did not know me."

She had not done so, and the knowledge was terrible to her now. She clasped her hands in one another and almost gasped for breath in her agitation; he remarked it now.

"You never betrayed what you felt, Allan." She uttered commonplace remarks, as though to gain time or courage for some disclosure.

"No, because I was still weak. What was the use of speaking when I was still content to be what I despised? I have not suffered in vain. Thank God, I am strong *now* to bear whatever the *truth* can bring. You may object, but I am firm; and though you may dread the disclosure, the surprise and remark will soon be over, and you will be the better—it will be better for all that the truth should be known."

During these words Mrs. Falconer had sat still and silent. She now fixed her eyes on Allan, and spoke with desperate effort: "Yes, Allan, the time has come when the truth must be made known; but it is not what you suppose."

She stopped, unable to say more; he motioned her to continue, but did not speak.

"Allan, for six years I have tried to tell you the truth, and have not dared. You call yourself weak, but what was your cowardice compared with mine? I dare not ask you to forgive me,—I should ask in vain—but will you *believe* me when I tell you now that I deceived you all those years ago?"

She had risen, and approached her brother with clasped hands and an agony in her face that might have moved a sterner nature than his. He did not see her; he staggered, and put up his hand as though to ward off a blow.

"Charlotte, say that again."

"Brother, I deceived you; you are my brother—" but she stopped again terrified at his aspect. White and rigid, he leaned on the table for support; and though his lips moved, no sound could be heard. She laid her hand on his arm; at the touch he started and sank on his knees and buried his face in his hands; and while a heavy sob broke from him he murmured some low words, of which she only heard "My darling—have your own—I have not suffered quite in vain."

There was silence for a long time; silence so deep that the humming of the summer insects in the flowers outside was distinctly audible. When at last Allan raised his head, he was calm and composed, though pale as Mrs. Falconer herself. He rose, and standing before his sister, looked her full in the face. "Now, Charlotte, the whole truth."

But Charlotte could not speak. "You forged the story then?"

"Oh, no, no! the story was all true."

"How did you deceive me then? Speak, and trifle with me no more."

"It was all true; but—but the changeling was Anne—not you."

Another long silence.

"And you altered the dates and names? You devised this noble plan for breaking my marriage and my heart together? Kind, generous sister, I thank you."

"Oh, Allan!" she broke out with a bitter cry; "forgive me. I said I would not ask it, but I do. If you knew how I have suffered—if you knew how often I have tried to tell you—if you knew how I have longed to die that I might not have to confess the lie and live to bear the shame—oh, Allan, in consideration of all this, will you not pity and forgive? You can afford forgiveness now."

"You know not what you ask," said he sternly. "I am what you have made me, not what I was. It would be easy to say, 'I forgive you,' as easy to act that part as the one I have performed so long; but what can blot from my mind six years of useless suffering? what can make me forget that you wantonly inflicted it? The confession you have made now might as well have been made six years ago; *you* knew of no reason to the contrary. But as he spoke a new idea seemed to flash across his mind, and he stopped abruptly. She did not notice it.

"If you had but said a word to lead to it, Allan; one word to make it easier to me,—I have waited so often—

"It was not for me to speak. You had made the wound; it was for you to heal it, were healing possible."

"Allan, forgive me," she said again. Perhaps he did not know how much the words meant coming from her. It was a new sensation to Charlotte Falconer to pray for forgiveness.

"What induced you to keep up such a deception? How could I be such a fool as not to see the truth?"

"I wondered you did not; I hoped you would. Your likeness to the family—the little I had told you, and with which I wondered you were content—your slight examination of the papers—everything made me hope that you would suspect and investigate the truth. But you never did—though at any moment I would have told you all."

"The reason why I should have avoided the subject is plain: I was conscious of my own baseness, and never suspected yours. Guilt is its own punishment; had I been willing sooner to own the truth I should have been sooner free."

"Will you try to forgive me, Allan?" she said once more.

"Yes, I will try. I had better leave you now. Give me those papers—I will examine them more carefully this time—and let me go."

"She gathered up her own, and laid them by, and rose to leave the room. "I will get them, Allan. You will retain Percie's guardianship now? It was Percival's last wish."

"Yes; if I am really the boy's uncle I have a right to that. And about my father. You had better come. You will see but little of me—less than ever now—and it will be a great comfort to him."

"I could not do it, Allan. Late events have unfitted me to be anyone's companion but my own; and I do not wish to leave the place where I have spent all my married life, and where my husband died."

"You will let the boy be at Donningdean as much as you can? You have no objection to his being with me when I am at home?"

"Oh, Allan, you know I have not. He may be at Donningdean as long and as often as you and my father please. Allan, may I dare to ask you a question? Do—do you mean never to give the old place a mistress? do you intend to be the last of the name?"

His face darkened; "I know what you mean," he said sternly. "No wonder you are afraid to touch on the subject. Say no more. But I can assure you of one thing—Donningdean will never have a mistress in my wife."

Chapter IV.

From that time until the period arrived at which he was to go to school, little Percie Falconer was as much at Donningdean with his grandfather and uncle, as at his own home. He was very fond of Allan, who returned his affection, and the child was more obedient to him than to any one else now his father was gone. This is saying but little, it is true; for as time went on his disposition became more

intractable instead of improving. He certainly, as he grew older, learned to conceal his temper, and in some degree to control it; but it was none the less surely there—Challoner spirit in its most exaggerated form. His mother, with all a mother's partiality, could not close her eyes to what was so evident. He was a charming boy—one whose outward graces and winning manners gained him friends wherever he went; and generous and amiable to a degree, while he had his own way. His companions soon discovered this, and that it was more agreeable and profitable to humor and flatter than to thwart him. Flattery and adulation, therefore, were his lot, both at school and afterwards at college; and, never having been roused, the demon remained unseen, and if not unsuspected, yet unknown. Percie Falconer, at nineteen, was called "a most delightful young man," "one of whom any parent might be justly proud," "so amiable and engaging." But then he had never been contradicted in his life. As for his mother, with all her own share of the family spirit, she would have shrunk in terror from the idea of rousing his. He was clever enough to have accomplished all he wished at school; he was idle, and had no ambition that way, but defeat is disgraceful, so he avoided defeat; he expected to do the same at college. "Honors were all very well, but he did'n't think them worth the trouble;" and when his Oxford life came to an end he should go abroad. Further than this at present he did not look.

And what of Mrs Lawrence, of whom for some time we have lost sight? We must go back some years again, to the time when Charlotte is yet but in the eighth year of her widowhood, and Percie a boy of thirteen, coming home from Eton to terrify his mother with stories of his daring escapades and scrapes; which excite the anger of his masters and the admiration of his school friends. It is winter; January snow lies upon the ground, January wind moans in the chimneys and rustles in the leafless trees; but it matters little to the occupants of the drawing-room at Donningdean, where the curtains are close drawn and the fire burns bright.

These are Mrs Falconer and Mrs. Lawrence, who have dined with their father—the former alone, of course; the latter accompanied by her husband and eldest son, grown from the rosy child we first saw guiding his wooden steed upon the lawn at Stormington into a fine young man eighteen years old. While the two gentlemen linger with old Mr. Challoner over their wine, (Allan is abroad, and is but a gloomy companion for the old gentleman at the best,) the two sisters upstairs discuss past doings and future plans.

As ignorant as ever is Mrs. Lawrence that she has no right to be here. As far as ever from her mind is the idea that she fills a place to which she has no claim.

Long and serious had been the debate between Mrs. Falconer and Allan as to whether Anne should be told the truth or not. At first Allan would not hear of continuing the deception, and urged his sister to make known the whole to Anne; but the same reasons which had caused Charlotte to keep the secret inviolate when it first came into her possession impelled her to preserve it now. Her pride revolted at the idea of the exposure; at the idea that their name would be the subject of talk and wonder for miles round;—and to do her justice she was far too much attached to Anne to be able to think complacently of the sorrow the discovery must entail on her. Both these points she urged on Allan, the first without much effect, but on the second she pressed him hard. "If," she said, "we make it public, think what you inflict on Anne. You take from her her position as a Challoner, and the esteem of those who look on her as such; and her own belief in herself; and you give her the grief, the shame, all that you once endured. All this if you tell others what we know; but if you tell her only, what good end will it answer? who will be benefited? No one; but we shall all be harmed. She has always been our sister; let her be so still. Happiness is not so common in this world that we should wantonly take it away."

This was the substance of a long conversation. Charlotte urged her own side of the case with all her power; but she made little impression on Allan until she brought

another argument to bear. "You forget that there is a large inheritance in question; you deprive her of this. No matter how willing we might be to leave her undisturbed, it is very certain that neither she nor her husband, under such circumstances, would touch a farthing. And not only this—what *she* loses *we* shall gain, and we might be exposed to the imputation of having disclosed the secret for this end. You and I would know our innocence of this, but how would you like to lie under such a stigma in the eyes of the world? No, Allan; neither you nor I could bear it. Let us leave things as they are."

Allan yielded—yielded in spite of the inward voice that told him he was wrong. Attacked on the weak and amiable side of his character he could not resist; the courage he had felt to brave everything himself deserted him when he thought of inflicting sorrow and injury on another, and that other one whom he had always loved as a sister. "It was different," he said to himself. "He had been a willing impostor; but Anne was innocent of deceit. Let her continue in happy ignorance; truly no good could come now of disclosure, but much harm. Let him feel that he bestowed on some one the happiness so easily destroyed, so difficult to restore. Thus he salved his conscience, and while despising himself for being still a party to deception which he in vain endeavored to think laudable, he told Charlotte that he acceded to her wish. She was satisfied to have gained her point; and neither of them knew or guessed where this new deviation from the truth was to lead.

"And you have really decided on it then, Anne?" asked Mrs. Falconer; after a short silence between the two.

"Yes, we wish them both to have a profession, and of course the best is that for which they show the strongest taste. So John is to have his commission and Challie to go to the bar."

"But they have no need of a profession, Anne."

"No, they will be independent of them certainly; but John thinks, and so do I, that some real occupation is a great steadier for a young man; that any work, real work, is good. He says you ought to educate Percie in that way, large as his fortune will be."

"He has no decided bent," said Mrs. Falconer, "and very little application. It is well he has not to depend upon his own exertions."

Mrs Lawrence thought it might be better for him if he had; but she did not say so.

"John is to join next week," she said, "so you will not see much more of him."

"You will miss him much, I should think."

"Not so much as if he had been always at home like Challie. I shall miss him when he goes to Cambridge, as he must in another year or two." And she sighed; he had been a delicate boy, educated at home, always under her care. How could she part with him?

She did, however, when the time came; concealing her own anxiety and sorrow at the parting for the sake of what she knew to be for his good. She saw but little of her eldest son, the duties of his regiment preventing many visits home; and it was rather a lonely life the two women led, each deprived of the society of her children, and having long survived the love of that gaiety and intercourse with the world which had once been so pleasant to both. They spent much time in Donningdean, especially in Allan's absence, for old Mr. Challoner was fast becoming very feeble. Anxiety on his account they could hardly be said to feel; for he had already far exceeded the allotted time of man's existence, and they could not expect to keep him much longer with them; but each vied with the other in the endeavor to render happy and cheerful his last days.

To be cheerful was no easy task to Mrs. Falconer; as for happiness it existed for her only in name. Perhaps under no circumstances would she have been a very happy woman, possessing as she did one of those temperaments which incline to look on the dark side of things rather than the bright, and to take the shadowed path through life instead of seeking the sunshine. Her husband's death and the retired life she had since led had increased this disposition. Her few months of womanly care and tenderness for him had been amply

compensated by the increased haughtiness of her feeling and demeanor towards all others but her spoiled and darling son. She had always been proud, she was now domineering; always grave, she was now severe.

Chapter V.

Percie Falconer came home from Eton for good and all, shortly before Christmas 1855. He was to go to Oxford in the October of the next year, when he would be nearly twenty years of age, and as the intervening time was to be spent under the care of a tutor, his mother had set her heart on his remaining at home for his studies, and built much on his being so long with her; but she found this was not to be. Her brother had that year delayed his going abroad, and on Percie's arrival she discovered that it was with the intention of taking the lad with him to Paris.

"You may as well let him come, Charlotte," he said. "I won't keep him away from you very long; but Charlcote is *not* a very lively place for a lad of nineteen, and Donningdean's not much of a change. I have not seen as much as I ought of the boy lately, considering I am his guardian, and—I suppose, by the by, of course you expect that in case of my leaving no children he will be my heir?"

"I have never thought of it; his own fortune is ample, but I suppose he is your natural and rightful heir. But Allan do you really mean never to marry?"

"I marry? At my age?"

"Age? Nonsense. Why should you not marry at forty-three?"

"There is another reason too. Shall I tell it you?"

"If you choose." Something in his tone warned her of what was to come.

He took from his pocket a small case which he opened and gave her. And she looked on the dead face of Elsie Ford.

"Now you know why I shall never marry. Now you know why no woman on this earth can ever charm me. You may judge now of the strength of the feeling which has made me carry this about me for twenty years."

Charlotte was silent. What could she say?

"That drawing was made as she lay dead," he continued. "I heard of her illness, but too late. I could not arrive in time to see her; I had not even the miserable satisfaction of her dying in my arms."

Still no answer. Charlotte's eyes were fixed upon the picture in her hand. Beautiful, as she remembered the original, but with closed eyes, pale and dead.

"I do not know why I tell you this," he resumed, "or break a silence I have kept so long. And to you who cannot sympathize with me in the least degree."

"Do you think so?" she asked in a low tone. "Have not I too lost one, nearer to me than Elsie Ford ever was to you?"

Allan smiled bitterly. "When the earth gives up her dead, Charlotte, and all secrets are known, then you will know my love for Elsie, and may measure it with yours. When you first separated me from her, *I hated you*,—ay I did. You roused into life in me that spirit of our race that I never knew before that I possessed, and I vowed revenge. . . . I cannot think of that time; it is past and gone, and its wild madness with it. The dead face of my wife—that should have been stood between me and such a passion as revenge."

"And do you hate me now?"

"No. I hope I have forgiven the great wrong you did me. I have tried to believe you did not know how great a wrong it was. You will know more some day. I have battled hard with the dark spirit; your own child has it—take care he is never tempted as you have tempted me."

Charlotte had never seen him so excited, and knew not what to say. She held out to him the picture which she had not yet returned.

"Ay, it comes like my good angel—to soothe me even when—let us say no more. I do not know why I have said so much. Will you let Percie come with me to Paris, Charlotte? I wish it very much; and as he will be sure to go in a year or two on his own account, perhaps it is as well that he should make his first acquaintance with it under my care."

Charlotte yielded to the last argument; all the more readily as the lad's own wishes were of course all on that side. She was

also glad to oblige her brother. At first she was too astonished at his sudden outbreak to discover what it meant; but on reflection she was glad of the break in the icy wall between them. Even reproaches were preferable to the cruel, hard politeness that had been their only intercourse for so many years.

Percie and his uncle made a longer stay than had been intended; they did not return till March. Percie, delighted with his sojourn abroad, with his uncle's kindness, and with the gay life to which he had been for the first time introduced, bewildered his mother with his never-ending accounts of his amusements, pleasure, and new friends; but she soon remarked that Mrs. Duval and her daughter were those whose names were most frequently on his lips. "Who is Mrs. Duval?" she inquired. "The name is French and yet you do not call her 'Madame'."

"She's an English woman, and keeps her English title though she has a French husband; *had*, not *has*. She's a widow. Who is she? I don't know; except that she is well off; that she is the person with whom my uncle is most intimate in Paris; that she is a very agreeable woman, and her daughter a very charming girl."

"You speak very enthusiastically, Percie," said Mrs. Lawrence, who was present; "have you lost your heart to this charming girl?"

"Do not put such foolish ideas in the boy's head, Anne," said his mother. "Five years hence will be time enough for him to discover he has a heart at all."

"No, there's no fear, Aunt Anne," said Percie laughing. "If any one's in love with her its my uncle; he was far more devoted than I, and if she wasn't rather too young I should think something might come of it. Not that she is too young, now I come to think," continued the sapient youth with the assurance of his age. "She must be nineteen or twenty I should suppose, and its always the way when a middle-aged man does marry."

"Nineteen!" said Mrs. Lawrence, "and your uncle is forty-three. Percie, the idea is ridiculous."

"Ridiculous indeed," said Mrs. Falconer. "Percie, never say so again." Charlotte remembered her last conversation with her brother in that very room.

The matter passed from her mind, for she had enough to think of in preparing to part with Percie, and to see him launched alone upon the world and Oxford life. She doubted much whether it was good for the young man to emancipate him so entirely from control. And yet who had any control over him when he was at home? Not herself certainly; she could hardly be said even to influence him, except that he yielded to her sometimes from caprice or affection. To his uncle and guardian he was more deferential than to any one else; but even with him he was impatient of check or word of blame.

The summer slipped away. In September Allan again went abroad, and in the first week of October Percie departed for Oxford, but was recalled in a few days to his grandfather's funeral. The old man died very suddenly. He had dined as usual one evening, and seemed more than ordinarily cheerful, and took his accustomed seat by the fire. When the servant entered as usual to remove the wine, he found his master dead, his head leaning on the back of the chair, and his fingers lightly clasping the stem of the wine-glass, showing how painless and instantaneous had been his end. His daughters were too well prepared to feel surprise, or even perhaps very poignant grief. Percie was sent for from Oxford, and a telegram recalled Allan from Paris to his place of chief mourner at his father's grave.

They wondered why he stayed a whole day in London on his way to Donningdean, and why, immediately after the funeral, he returned there. A few days after he wrote to have a room prepared, as he should bring a visitor back with him. Mrs. Falconer heard of this and marvelled much, but concluded it to be a mistake when she received a note to this effect: "Dear Charlotte, dine with me to-day, and bring Percie;—Anne will be here, as I have some matters of business to talk over with you both. No one else but ourselves."

It is strange how events will occur, important to us both in themselves and in their results, and we have no warning of their approach. No premonition visits us;

no prescience tells us that something is about to happen which will change the whole current of our lives. When at rare intervals a presentiment is felt; when there comes a forewarning of the coming joy or danger, is it not, nine times out of ten, laughed at as imagination? So will it ever be. We may be to die to-morrow, but we shall assuredly continue to eat and drink to-day.

Mrs. Falconer dressed, and with Percie entered the carriage which was to take her to Donningdean, in happy unconsciousness of the thunderbolt about to burst over her head. The lines of her stern face relaxed as she looked at her son; never had she seen him look so well, never had she felt so proud of him. She had reason. As the last light of the autumn sun shone on his broad forehead, bright eyes, and the winning smile with which he always spoke to his mother, it would have been difficult to find a youth of fairer exterior than Percie Falconer. What harm could lie concealed behind those candid eyes? Could that smooth white brow ever contract into a frown? His mother forgot that it could, —forgot the dark spirit of his race, in her loving admiration and her pride of her boy. Possessor of Charlcote, heir of Donningdean, representative of two old families, sought in friendship by the noblest and worthiest of the land—surely it would be his own fault if Percie Falconer were not a happy man.

(To be continued.)

SLEEP NO MORE!

BY JOHN READE.

"Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light."—Ephes. v. 14.

Sleep no more! The dawn of life is breaking,
The dark-browed hills of Doubt wear crowns of gold,
And, from thy soul the chains of slumber shaking,
Arise, come forth, the light of God behold!

Sleep no more! The dreams of sinful pleasure
That held thee helpless in their curs'd control,
Forget; and firmly grasp the real treasure
That Christ has purchased to enrich thy soul.

Sleep no more! A garment he has brought thee,
Blood-washed and pure from every earthly stain.
See, how His loving care had not forgot thee,
Though in the grave of sin thou long hadst lain!

Sleep no more! He brings thee heavenly armor,
For thou hast still to pass through many foes;
But though the combat warmer grow and warmer,
Fear not, for thy Great Captain with thee goes!

Sleep no more! Cast off the folds of weakness,
Of slothful pride and fruitless self-conceit;
And don thy armor with courageous meekness,
And march wherever Jesus leads thy feet.

Sleep no more! The past may well suffice thee
In wicked slumber to have spent thy days!
Let not the basilisk of sin entice thee;
With look of faith anticipate its gaze.

Sleep no more! Awake, "be up and doing,"
There's noble work for head and heart and hand;
And, still perfection's distant goal pursuing,
Go boldly forth beneath thy Lord's command.

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

BY E. H. A. F.

(*Continued.*)

ON A JOURNEY FROM GIBRALTAR TO BADEN-BADEN IN 1856.

When we arrived at Turin, we were all paraded to verify our luggage, to see it searched, and to superintend its safe removal from the custom-house to our hotel. Here we had to wait an interminable time, and everybody looked more or less "knocked up." For my humble self, I felt half dead with fatigue after all the *contretemps* and bustle of that morning, to say nothing of a long and tedious journey by rail. The officials, with provoking coolness, would not commence their searchings in the boxes until each individual box or parcel had been deposited within their sanctum—*i. e.*, the custom-house. When the luggage-vans had disgorged all their contents, and the roaring, panting engines resumed their way, then, and not until then, did the *douaniers* peremptorily demand of each lady or gentleman her or his keys. P. was much annoyed at this unnecessary delay, seeing how tired we were, and not being able to procure seats for us in this melancholy hovel; he, therefore, obtained leave for us ladies to depart, and desired us to call a cab and to proceed to the "Hotel Feder," and there to procure rooms. But now comes another adventure. It must be remembered that our knowledge of Italian was small, and that the natives were even less versed in French—a language which, of course, is more or less understood all over the continent of Europe. Well, just as we were entering a cab, we found it was only built for two persons, and we proceeded to get out of it, and to look for a larger carriage. E. and myself had just reached *terra firma* in safety; but poor K. was putting her foot to the ground, when the horse moved on, and K. was very nearly "biting the dust." As soon as "cabby" perceived that we had left his property in search for another vehicle, he seized K. by the arm in the rudest and most violent manner; whilst "cabby" No. 2, who saw his fellow trying to deprive him of three fares—not to say "fairs"—rushed to the rescue, shouting and gesticulating to us, and to the other driver, in Italian, and in a most frantic manner. Of course we understood nothing these men said, for the fright had driven out of our heads all the few Italian words and phrases we could then boast of. At last here comes a commissionaire in the employ of the hotel; he at once becomes master of the situation, and rescues us from our foes; getting rid of these two troublesome customers, and bringing for us another cab. But now again comes another disaster. Just as "cabby" shuts to the door with a bang, down comes the window, the pane of glass is smashed to pieces and falls on my hand, and I narrowly escape a bad cut across my wrist. On arriving at "The Hotel Feder," *le maître* told us it was crowded up to the garret, on account of the town being just now unusually full. He could not possibly give us rooms *en suite*," he continued; but he could give us one *entre-sol* (such as we had at Genoa) and another room a story higher up. Poor K., however, did not at all fancy this arrangement, so we were fain to await P's. advent from the custom-house, before deciding whether to remove to another hotel, or to take what we could get and be thankful. By this time it had struck ten o'clock, and as we had tasted nothing since our two o'clock dinner, we were all nearly exhausted from fatigue and hunger. At length poor P. arrived more dead than alive. He inspected the room on the upper story and decided to sleep there himself, while we

three ladies occupied the *entre, sol*, having a third bed "rigged up" in it. These arrangements being satisfactorily carried out, we at last sat down to a "heavy tea" as the clock struck half-past eleven. I do not think I ever enjoyed a meal so much before as I did this one in particular. To bed, after unpacking our carpet-bags, at about quarter-past twelve.

June 1st, 1856.—Here we are comfortably established in the Hotel Feder for a time. We have succeeded in getting rooms *en suite* this morning, on the departure of a family to-day. This hotel is the largest I was ever in; it contains 109 rooms, many of them spacious and lofty, and all are elegantly fitted up, and the linen is very clean! I lost myself twice to-day amongst the many and intricate corridors and staircases; having foolishly forgotten the numbers of our rooms. We dined to-day at the *table d'hote;* but, although the dinner was excellent, the waiting was most tedious, only one dish being served up at a time.

We partook of, however, some delicious strawberry ices *à la vanilla*. After dinner we sauntered out to look at the town; walking through a succession of colonnades in one part of the city, seemingly the principal promenade of Turin. These colonnades, like those in London, Paris, and other large cities on the continent, contain some of the best and most attractive shops; like those in Oxford and Regent streets, at home. But I fancied the air under them very bad, and it smelt close and stuffy. These shops are much darkened by the arcades in day-time ; but are all ablaze at night with jets of gas, twined into fanciful shapes. We were told that there are many pretty walks and a public promenade or park outside the city, but we had not time to visit them. Turin (or Turino) is situated on the north bank of the River Po, and appeared to us to be a most charming town. It contains 204,000 souls. The houses are almost all built of red brick. The town is also distinguished for the number of its churches, which literally swarm here. We also visited the Grand Library, said to contain 110,000 volumes, some of great value. This building is open to the public on certain days. From the many scientific institutions here, Turin is entitled to rank as one of the principal seats of learning on the south of the Alps. Silk manufactories abound in large numbers here, as at Genova. But the principal feature of this town of Turin, and that most worthy of a visit, is the Carignan Palace—in former years a Royal residence; but, when we visited Turin, the King had not lived in this palace for years. Nowadays the Italian Parliament meets here. The palace is a huge pile; but I think of a very unprepossessing exterior; it contains, however, many splendid rooms, &c. That appropriated to the deputies, (and the scene of Count Cavour's triumphs) is most magnificent with its lofty domed roof. The seats rise one above the other from a semicircular floor, in the centre of which are placed tables for shorthand writers and other, and on the extreme verge, with their faces to the House, sit the Ministers behind a long table. The Press has its own gallery, as have the Diplomatic Corps and others. It may be remembered that it was here, in 1848, that Cavour remonstrated against the folly of fighting Austria single-handed, but he was disregarded and the fatal defeat at Novara in '49, was the sad result.

The views of the silvery summits of the Alps are most enchanting from the public promenade. Three of the mountain valleys on the south-west of Turin are occupied by the Vaudois, a pure and Protestant community. It was on the behalf of these poor people's ancestors, when suffering from a bloody persecution, that Cromwell interfered, and Milton wrote those noble verses beginning thus :—

> Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.

But I am now so sleepy I must go to bed.

June 2nd.—To-day we took a *fiacre*—cab—and went on an excursion through the principal streets, squares, &c., of this fine but, I think, rather dull-looking city. They say the place was much more lively when the King of Sardinia held his court here. Neither do the buildings strike me as being as handsome as those at Genoa. The town, from being the capital of Piedmont, is naturally a spacious one, containing many

large squares, the Royal Palace, a Cathedral and a University, besides other buildings such as banks, &c., &c. The citadel is a regular pentagon and deemed one of the strongest in Europe. It comprehends, too, an arsenal, a cannon foundry, a chemical laboratory, &c., &c. Near the city is the beautiful castle of Valentin and the Botanic gardens. The land all around is very fertile, for this city stands on the fine plains at the conflux of the Doria with the Po. I fancied some of the buildings in the town looked very old, and one very ugly feature presents itself, and that is, that all the gaps where the scaffoldings were fixed during the building of the houses, are left, not filled up on the removal of the cedar-poles composing the scaffolding, and thus the faces of the houses are covered with gaping large holes. I never remember to have seen this in any other town. It is a peculiarity of the Turinos it seems. There is something odd, too, in the appearance of the chimneys. They seem to be covered with cowls of queer shapes,—and very top-heavy and ugly they look. To-day we dined at a *restauration* in one of the arcades; but it was only a secondary place, I think. They gave us a very good dinner, and plenty of it, however, besides first-rate ices. P. only paid three francs a head for it, while at the "Hotel Feder" we pay four francs a head. We observed in these colonnades a number of birds for sale, of every sort and color, and the men and boys who sell them employ their spare time in making very pretty and fanciful cages in brass and wood, &c. Here, also, we saw many book-stalls and print-shops containing views of the town, some of which we invested our spare change in.

As we start for Geneva to-morrow, P. went to-day to the coach-office, in order to see about sending on the heavy baggage to Frankfort-on-the-Main; there to await our arrival in that city. For this purpose the keys, duly labelled, were given into a pompous official's hands, as the unfortunate boxes would have to undergo many more searchings ere they reached their destination, and we thought thus to avoid their being broken open. (As to the fate of our heavy baggage, which we foolishly here lost sight of, see note at end of this Diary.) We have had organs and bands playing under our windows all day. In fact, I never saw such a place for barrel-organs and hurdy-gurdies, as many as three all going on as if for dear life at the same time, to say nothing of jingling pianos in all the neighboring houses, and in the best rooms or *salons* of this hotel. It was rather fun and amusment for a stranger like myself; but I should fancy it anything but agreeable to a resident, especially if he have a headache, for they say this is the chronic state of Turin.

3rd June.—To-day we had a very good dinner "*a l'Anglais*," which I much enjoyed, for one naturally likes one's own national ways best. After we had partaken of some excellent ices, we set off for the diligence office to take our places for Chambery. It was by the time we got there (to the office) just half-past five o'clock, and they kept us waiting a weary long time until they had stowed away all the baggage in the diligence. We had four places in the *interieur*, and two Italian ladies occupied the other two seats. By the time all the cloaks, boas, comforters, umbrellas, despatch-boxes, bonnet-boxes, lunch-bags, &c., had been added to the company, there was such a crushing and squeezing that I thought I should have been suffocated there and then; the heat being something intense in this carriage, which had been exposed to the heat all day, and now resembled a slow baking oven more then anything else. After driving some way we arrived at the railway station; we were then desired to disembark from the diligence. The horses were unharnessed and put into horse-boxes, and the diligence placed under a crane, and then it was hoisted bodily on to a truck on the train going to Susa. The vehicle was made fast by chains and cords; and then, after a delay of three-quarters of an hour or more, we re-entered the diligence. Perched up as it was on the truck, K. was rather nervous lest we should tumble off. The heat was worse than ever; but at last we are off, just as the clock in the Cathedral strikes seven. The country all round is beautiful and most fertile; what I most admired, however, were countless numbers of fire-flies, which kept flying all

around the train, looking like a shower of tinsel-paper shining in the darkness. The hedge-rows and fields were alive with them, and this had a strange and dazzling effect.

3rd June, 1856.—We arrived at Susa at nine o'clock, after having had a very disagreeable time, indeed, of it. Our *compagnons de voyage* were seemingly, from their tone, very irate and displeased at having been so much crushed—so much so, poor things, that their dresses were quite spoiled. I felt, however, inclined to laugh at their ridiculous display of temper, seeing we were all alike and in the same boat.

At Susa we all got out of the diligence, and the wretched concern underwent the reverse process to that at Turin; for it "came down in the world," and when on its own legs—for the poor thing did manage, like a cat, to fall on its legs—the horses were harnessed to it again, preparatory to ascending the Alps.

In the meantime we all repaired to the *restauration* of the station, and hastily swallowed *café-au-lait*, and ran down to get a view of the town during our short halt. I observed that our fellow-passengers only took cold water to drink, and seemed to be evidently indulging in a "fit of the sulks." The town of Susa lies at the foot of the Alps. Now, 1871, a railway from here runs through a tunnel, which, after many years of unceasing toil, has been excavated through the heart of Mount Cenis. But in 1856 such a project as this had never entered anyone's head, and the trains all stopped at Susa, or near this place, which is 25 miles from the mouth of the great tunnel aforementioned at Bardonnèche. Of course, then, we had to travel over the Alps a distance of fourteen miles, constantly ascending a zigzag road—the distance through the shaft or tunnel being barely seven miles. We saw nothing to interest us at Susa, and on returning to the *restauration*, I, being wise in my generation, took the precaution of replacing my tight boots by a pair of easy slippers, thus relieving my swollen feet. I knew how cold we should be, too, when we reached the "regions of eternal snow," which we could now distinctly see, so I also replaced my summer jacket by a warm winter paletot and boa, thus making myself all snug for the night.

After another ten minutes, we re-entered the diligence, to which fifteen horses, with bells, had been attached, attended by a score of drivers, and off we went for the ascent. Notwithstanding all our horse-power, this ascent was, after all, most tedious, and seemingly very hard work for the poor animals drawing us. I judged so, at least, by the holloaing, swearing, and whacking which seemed to proceed all through the night. The road was very good all the way up, and when we had nearly reached the summit of Mount Cenis, the scenery from being pretty, became grand, and this increased at eleven or twelve o'clock, when the moon shone out in great brilliancy; huge mountains all around covered with snow, sparkling like diamonds; and I think the sight of the awful precipices seen in daylight, instead of in the night, must be terrific in the extreme. The walls or parapets of the road are so low, and the carriage sways so much, that nothing could save one from instantly being dashed to pieces should any accident happen to the diligence. Lofty poles mark out the road, and we were told that in winter time these poles, lofty as they are, frequently get half buried in the snow. "Houses of Refuge" for lost travellers appear all about—the roofs being covered with blocks of stone to prevent the Alpine storms blowing them off. The splendid cataracts on every side of us, and passing under our feet in places, were much swollen with melting snow—this being summer-time—and whole larches and spruce firs came floating down in them. The snow lay in patches on the road and the cold was intense. We were very much crowded in the diligence; for although our former sulky companions had remained behind at Susa, vowing they couldn't stir another step, we had two German ladies now, and our discomfort was great. We managed, however, to doze a little during the night.

4th June.—I woke up at 3 o'clock, just as day was breaking. Our position appeared more alarming than ever now, for we had nearly reached the summit of the mountain, and the carriage rolled and swayed about worse than ever, in consequence of

the zigzag road and its turnings becoming sharper as we neared the top. Of course, nothing was now to be seen but the snowy peaks of the mountains on a level with us; a lake frozen over appeared near us too; roaring waterfalls leaped and foamed all around us with a tremendous noise, and everything looked strange and novel—a sight I would not for worlds have lost. Patches of the softest turf and moss appeared on the road, and the most lovely Alpine roses, tulips, and other flowers quite unknown to me grew all around us. The Alps are celebrated for fine wild flowers, as is well-known. I saw some remarkably pretty white, green, and yellow crocuses; red, yellow, and bizarre tulips grew in profusion also. The air now was frosty, and a keen cutting wind made us all button up; P. quite revived here and said he felt ten years younger than he did on the plains below, where we were gasping with heat like fishes out of water. The poor fellow had been suffering from liver complaint when he left Gibraltar, for that hot and enervating climate had been too much for him after so long a residence there. This was the first day on which he had felt really well since we left Genoa. The sharp air very much cooled the interior of our stuffy conveyance, and we began to feel hungry and braced up. Several of our fellow-passengers now got out and walked up to the summit of the mountain to admire the view. I should have done the same had I not perceived how thoroughly wet it was under foot; in fact, this circumstance soon drove our lady-passengers into the coach again. The drivers (of whom there were many) much annoyed us by getting on to the carriage steps and clamoring for "*hand-geld*," as it is termed in Germany, meaning a present of money. P. threatened to report them to the *conducteur* if they did not desist, and this had the desired effect. Nothing more happened until about seven o'clock, when we began the descent on the other side of the mountains. The horses clashed down, at a rapid pace, more zigzag roads, covered with rolling stones; still on we galloped, turning the sharp curves so quickly and with such narrow shaves that we could barely keep our places, the coach swayed and heeled over so much. In diligences all baggage (no matter how much) is piled on the top of the concern, and so it is always very top-heavy, and to this day I wonder how it was we did not topple over bodily during this descent. We ladies shut our eyes and dared hardly breathe, every minute expecting a catastrophe; while the men kept on repeating to themselves, "*Ca! mais voila que c'est dangereux*," &c., &c.

At length we halt for breakfast at a miserable-looking barn of a place, called by courtesy "L'Hotel Royal." It stood in a wretched, dirty little village called St. Jean, if I remember right. However, bad as it was, we were thankful enough to enter it and refresh ourselves with a good washing and breakfast. The people were kind and civil, and abundantly supplied us with *café-au-lait*, eggs, bacon, goat's-cheese and boiled milk. We drank out of what we call soup-basins—cups appeared to be unknown up in these regions. The women were of the most monstrous size, with the most hideous of faces. They wore huge ankle-boots, very few petticoats, long blue aprons, and caps something the shape of coal-scuttles, trimmed with black Swiss lace. They had men's voices too, I think.

After an hour's rest and feeding for man and beasts, we again started on our downward course, having, however, arranged ourselves in summer costumes, in preparation for the heated plains, which we were now rapidly approaching at the foot of the Alps. We passed through many more miserable hamlets, chiefly inhabited by very poor peasants and hunters, &c., whose sole earthly goods appeared to be long-haired goats. The churches we now for the first time observed, were much ornamented with metal on the spires and roofs, &c., like those near Quebec and elsewhere.

Now comes the heat again! by twelve o'clock we were all gasping, puffing, and fanning as before; we looked despairingly at each other, as we handed *eau-de-cologne* about. My feet were swollen and burning to a very painful extent, and I was obliged to put on my cool slippers again. But now we came to a place where the road was all flooded, and the bridge and embankments had been carried away by the mountain torrent. A most picturesque

spot this was too; and well do I remember the pleasure I felt on looking at it, even at this distance of time. But to return to our diligence. "What's to be done now?" asks P. of the *conducteur* who coolly replies, shrugging his shoulders the while, that we had better all get out, as he must try and get on by another route which was so rough that we should be jolted to pieces. I was very glad of the excuse to stretch my poor cramped limbs, but our fellow-passengers became furious at the proposal, and gesticulated and jabbered away in German, shaking their fists at the man in a most menacing manner, saying it was only a *ruse* of his to lighten the horses' work, and that they would report him at the office, and get back their passage-money, &c.; but our stolid-looking *conducteur* only laughed at them, shrugged his shoulders higher up than ever, winked at them in a very rude manner, whipped up his horses and trotted off; and being out of sight we began to speculate whether he meant us to walk the rest of the way to Geneva or not. The mountain scenery now was enchanting. We did not feel the heat so much either as we did boxed up in the coach. Splendid larch trees thickly covered the mountain sides, and filled the valleys and ravines. Pretty Swiss *châlets* were dotted all about, and at our feet lay the fertile plains, through which meandered a silver-looking river. A bend in the road now showed us the dilligence awaiting us some way off. After a walk of a quarter of an hour we re-entered the vehicle and again jogged on. Now, however, the number of horses was reduced to four animals. Hardly had we driven a couple of miles, when the *conducteur* appeared at the door with a sly grin on his face, saying we must descend again, as a piece of falling rock here made it dangerous to pass this road, and he must choose another route. At this the German *Frauleins* again stormed at the man, and vowed that "neither falling rocks nor mountains hurled from their foundations" should a second time make them leave the coach, having paid their money for passage in the same to Geneva; and they accordingly curled themselves up, each in her corner. Two Englishmen in the diligence told P. this was an old dodge, as they had been this way several times and invariably had been told to descend at this spot. The truth was that some blasting of rocks was going on a little further down the gorge, and this was called falling rocks to practice on the fears of the passengers, and thus lighten the coach. They said that there was nothing on earth to prevent our keeping our places in the diligence if we liked, for at twelve o'clock (the present hour) all the workmen were at dinner and no blasting going on. However, we liked the walking better than the jolting over a bad road; so our party, and the two English gentlemen, got out. and walked, leaving our two strong-minded *compagnons-de-voyage* ensconced in the lumbering old diligence. We soon reached the spot where the works were going on, and the impudent workmen set up a loud halloaing and gesticulating, implying we were in some great bodily peril from the effect of gunpowder amongst the rocks; but we walked on coolly, saying *"*Nichts verstehe*," which we imagined was German for—"I don't know what you mean;" whilst the Englishmen shook their fists at them and exclaimed, "No, no, that won't pay, Johnny; I know your little game, my boys," and added in their best German, something to the effect that "Old birds were not to be caught with chaff," at which the men set up a loud laugh, and ended by cheering the courageous English misses. And so we passed on, soon regaining our diligence, which had halted not far on ahead. And it was full three-quarters of an hour after this, that the sound of an explosion echoed and re-echoed amongst the mountains, showing there had been ample time for the coach to pass the dangerous part of the road; and so ended this adventure.

As we journeyed on, gasping with heat, we passed through many miserable villages, inhabited by those unhappy *cretins*. The sight of these deformed, hideous, unfortunate idiots, was quite sickening. They jabber like maniacs, and almost all are afflicted with sore eyes and

* *Nichts verstehe* is what all English people say when first in Germany, meaning, "What do you say?"

the horrid *goitre*—a wen in the throat, half as large as their heads. It makes me shudder to think of the poor creatures as they came round the carriage, moaning and piteously making signs for coppers and food. We were told these poor creatures were very numerous in Switzerland, and that the fact of their always drinking snow-water was the cause of the *goitre* and of their other afflictions. How true this may be, I can't take upon myself to say.

In one hamlet a fair was being held, and as we rested here for dinner, we went into it, meaning to purchase *souvenirs* for our friends at home, but found only goods of the cheaper and coarsest sorts, such as thick wooden shoes, thick blue and red umbrellas for the peasants, coarse shawl-blankets, and gaily colored handkerchiefs for the head; Swiss crosses, and other very coarse-looking Swiss necklaces and jewellery of that description. And I may safely say I never saw uglier people assembled together than these Swiss peasants. They were all dressed like those on Mont Cenis After dinner we again started off, and finally arrived at Chambery between eight and nine o'clock that night—well tired out, as may be imagined, after having been cramped up in a stuffy, jolting dilly (as it is familiarly called) for 27 hours and a half. The first thing we did on arriving, was to order a substantial tea; and certainly I never tasted such delicious bread and butter and eggs as we found in Switzerland.

With reference to the heavy baggage which we desired to be sent on to await us at Frankfort, we had resided in that town several months before the boxes containing our clothes, &c., arrived there. We had been shamefully treated; for not only had the boxes not been forwarded when we gave them over, but all the keys had been lost, and our boxes of course had been broken open at the custom-house, as the keys were not forthcoming. Many of the things had been stolen and the contents much damaged. We found out the boxes did not leave Turin for a month after we left, instead of preceding us. I am ashamed to say what we paid for freight and carriage.

(*To be continued.*)

SEPTEMBER.

Sweet is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
In the meadow where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go,
In the faded garden where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hiding places,
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream
Where busy spiders spin their flimsy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning,
And pearly vapors lie
Along the Eastern sky
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah! soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey-lees
That linger in the last flowers of September,
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest Summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnut browning,
The wild-fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers
In a gentle playfulness
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a scene of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future Summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, HANTSPORT, N. S.

A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES—*Concluded.*

Having disposed of the father they now move on towards the place where the grandfather resides. Kitpuss performs another memorable feat as they go on. Up to that time the white birch bark had none of those marks upon the inside which now characterize it. It was smooth and pretty. But he broke off a fir bough and switched the birch trees as they passed along, and left the marks of the fir leaves upon the bark. This was the origin of those marks, which the Indians call *soosoonul.*

As they go on they kill a moose. Kitpuss tells his brother that they will bring their grandfather to skin and dress the meat. So when they have arrived at the old fellow's lodge they tell him that they have killed a moose, and ask him to take his sled and fetch it home. He starts and they follow. Arrived at the place they proceed to dress the venison, and the old man directs them to build a fire and roast a portion of it, which is done, and they eat together. After this the old man lies down for a nap. But now his time has come. As he sleeps Kitpuss directs the other to assist him in heating the blanket of fat that covers the paunch of the moose—*ootelkw*—which they spread over the old giant's head, and thus scald and smother him to death. The body is left untouched, with the exception that his liver is abstracted, roasted before the fire, and thrown upon the sled. This is next loaded up with moose-meat and conveyed to the lodge, where the grandmother is awaiting their return.

The roasted liver is handed her and she is commanded to eat it. She does so, but is not ignorant of what is going forward, nor of her own impending fate. She is slain and thrown out, and the two boys take possession of the lodge and remain there all night.

Next morning they depart in quest of new adventures. They soon arrive at an encampment of Indians on the borders of a lake; but the lake itself is not there, nor is there any water to be found even for a drink, though they are very thirsty. They enter an humble lodge where an old woman and a small boy, her grandson, reside. They ask for a drink, but she tells them there is no water to be obtained. They belong to the "Bullfrog" tribe, and their surly old chief has taken possession of all the water in the neighborhood. He has emptied the lakes, rivers, brooks, ponds, and springs, and has laid up all the water in his lodge, where he keeps it in bark vessels. He sells it out to the people and takes the men's wives from them in payment, thus leaving them widowers; and has gathered nearly all the married women into his own lodge. Whereupon Kitpuss sends the little boy over to the chief, and haughtily demands a drink. The old chief is indignant, and sends him a small quantity, which is none of the sweetest. Kitpuss throws it out and sends the boy back for "good water." But the poor little fellow is no more successful this time than before. "Come on," says Kitpuss, "I'll go myself. I'll be bound I'll get some good water." So away he goes. The chief's lodge is large and filled with women. They are engaged in skinning a huge bear. Kitpuss takes his seat and looks on, the old Bullfrog eying him doggedly. The women have to rest very often, and make slow headway in removing the skin of the bear. But he springs up and says: "Here let me have hold," and seizing the skin takes it off almost at a jerk. He again sits down, and the old chief aims a blow at him with a hatchet, but he avoids the blow; the hatchet passes his head and kills one of the women who is seated near him. Another blow is aimed at him with a like

result. Kitpuss now springs to his feet, seizes the old envious dog, and gives him one double across his knee, which so disabled and disfigured him that the Bullfrogs carry the deformity to this day. He then tossed him out doors, bade the women to *jiguledahk*—decamp—and go home to their own husbands. He then seized a club and smashed all the birch bark vessels that contained the water and set it free. Away it ran and filled up all the lakes, rivers and ponds and springs again, and plenty and peace were restored to the tribe.*

In the evening Kitpuss asks his hostess—the old woman whose lodge he had entered at first—to make him a small canoe of birch bark. She does so, and he makes for himself a tiny bow out of a small fir limb, and takes a single hair from the old lady's head for a bowstring.

Next morning the little canoe is conveyed down to the river and the boys go away in it, having been previously warned by the grateful old lady of all the obstacles and dangers that lie before them. They steer their course down the river.

They had not proceeded far when they saw standing near the shore, as if to impede their progress, a huge fellow of the Kookwes tribe, holding a pole in his hands with a hook at the farther end, with which he caught the little canoe as it came opposite to him, and attempted to draw it ashore. The eldest brother attempted to break the hook, but could not. But Kitpuss seized it and snapped it like a pipe stem. Foiled in his attempt the giant ran across a point and thus cutting them off, made another attempt to catch them with a hook made of *horn*. But this was snapped off just as easily as the other. The old fellow was baffled and the boys held on their way.

The next encounter is with a huge giant who stands with one foot on one bank of the river and the other on the other bank. He has a huge spear in his hands which he plunges into the water, raising a great commotion and endeavoring to capsize the canoe. But little Kitpuss takes his tiny bow,* and his arrow that matches it, with the string made of a single hair, and lets fly at the breast of the giant. The arrow pierces him, but does not kill him. But it causes him to give one leap to land, and to retreat as fast as possible. He makes his way to the top of a high cliff where he lies down and attempts to extract the arrow-head from his smarting wound. A very benevolent-looking old woman soon approaches him and offers her assistance. The poor old fellow gladly accepts the kindly offer. But he is outgeneralled. This kindly-looking old dame is no other than our little hero himself in disguise. He extracts the arrow, and then finishing the work of death returns to his seat in the little craft.

They soon reach a strong "weir"—*neesakun*—built across the river, which blocks their road. But this is easily smashed and they go on. This weir was the property of another Kookwes, who soon after its destruction comes down to look after his fish. Seeing the destruction of his fishing apparatus he goes home in a rage and storms at the "old woman" for not keeping a better look-out. In his wrath he kills her. He next turns his vengeance upon his daughter-in-law, blames her for the accident, and kills her. Before his fury is abated he accuses and kills all the members of the household, because they had neglected to watch the weir. He then falls to accusing himself, and concludes that the whole blame rests on him after all, and so kills himself.

Meanwhile the canoe with its wondrous freight is gliding rapidly down the river, and is approaching a dark, deep, dangerous cataract. The river plunges down into the earth and runs for some distance under-

*An interesting fact in natural history is hinted at in the incident of the Bullfrog. The Indians say that wherever these animals are found you may be sure there will be water all the summer through, even in the driest times. It must be confessed that to express this idea by representing the savage old Sachem as collecting all the water around himself in his own lodge, while the whole country around was famishing with thirst, is somewhat hyper-poetical.

*The reader must bear in mind that our Giant-killing "Jack" is a very small child, and that his brother is nearly as small. This is a favorite idea in Indian romance. It is the power of the inspiring divinity that accomplishes all the marvels, and therefore the smaller and feebler the instrumentality employed the better. Need we look far with the Bible in our hands for the foundation of such a sentiment?

ground, and then emerges again into the light. As they approach this horrid pass Kitpuss says to his brother: "*Pail! neen esedemkeiap*,"—"Hold! I must steer the canoe." So they change places, his brother stepping to the prow and he to the stern. Down into the fearful gorge they plunge. The river roars and foams and thunders through the pitchy darkness, but the tiny bark, steered by superhuman skill, comes out all right on the other side, and they soon reach a settlement where they land. The inhabitants are of the Porcupine Tribe, are very jealous of strangers, and some of them well-skilled in magic. They enter the first wigwam they come to and take their seats in the place of honor, the back part of the lodge. There is an old woman there who determines to kill her guests; but to do it under the guise of friendship. The fire is low and she immediately proceeds to kindle it up. She goes out and collects a large quantity of dried hemlock bark, which makes a very hot fire, and piles it on unsparingly, in the hope of killing the strangers with the heat. It has the effect upon the elder boy, who soon succumbs; but the other is not in the least affected, and he now commences in turn to serve the old *madooes* with her own sauce. He seizes his arms full of the fuel and piles it on, and she is herself soon overcome with the heat and dies. He then takes up his dead brother, carries him out into the fresh air and tells him,—"*booseneck*,"—"let us go away in the canoe," when the little fellow jumps up as well as ever, takes his seat in the canoe, and they push on.

They soon arrive at a village of the Mice Tribe. Here they are waited on by the chief, and invited to remain over night, with the promise that there shall be a festival prepared in their honor the next day. To this they agree. But next day when they are notified that all things are ready, Kitpuss tells his brother not to swallow any of the food, for it is poisoned. So he holds it in his mouth until they retire and then spits it out, and they leave without any further adventure.

They next reach the Squirrel region, where the same scene is acted over, as among the Mice, except that there is no attempt at poisoning, and the festival is accompanied with all the usual amusements. As they are leaving the chief's wigwam, however, at the suggestion of the other, the elder brother steals a small dish and conceals it about his person and carries it away; [but for what purpose does not appear.]

Next day they leave and on their way down the river they kill a small porpoise, after they have come out into a large bay—*boktabake*—and they soon come in sight of *meskeek wigwom*—a large wigwam, and learn that it is *Glooscap week*—Glooscap's residence. They are there kindly received. Old grandmother sends little Martin to the spring for water, and the little fellow bestirs himself and soon has a smoking dinner ready for the hungry guests, who after dining retire to another lodge where they design to pass the night.

But before they leave his tent Glooscap purposes a trial of their respective powers, and he hints his object in the following way: "The sky is very red; I am of opinion that we will have a cold night." Kitpuss understands him. He intends to conjure up the cold, and see if he can freeze his friend, or whether he is able to resist. It is a challenge to a "wrestling match,"—*sui generis*,—and is to be conducted in the most friendly way possible.

As soon as they arrive at their lodge Kitpuss tells his brother to fry out the little porpoise, and he will collect a supply of fuel for the night. This is done, and a rousing fire is built on; the porpoise oil is added; but, notwithstanding all their efforts the poor brother is frozen to death at midnight, so intense is the cold. But when morning comes the other calls him, and he awakes all right. Kitpuss is not overcome.

Next day Glooscap sends an invitation to him to go on a beaver-hunt with himself. They go away into the woods and find a lake, where they succeed in killing a very small beaver, and then return to camp, Glooscap giving the game to his friend.

It is now Kitpuss's turn to try his hand at raising the cold. As he bids his friend good night, he dryly remarks, "The sky is very red again to-night; I shouldn't wonder if we have it pretty cold!" Glooscap takes the hint, and prepares accordingly; but the cold becomes so intense that about

midnight the fire in his lodge is all extinguished, and all the inmates are frozen stiff except the master. But he is not affected at all, and easily raises his friends to life in the morning. So it is a "drawn battle." Neither of them gets the victory, or is beaten.

Next morning the weather is fine, and the sea is calm and as smooth as oil. *Aoowipkw stugay memay*—Kitpussagunow proposes to his brother that they shall go hunting loons. So they launch their canoe and push out to sea; but they kill no loons. They kill a little whale, however, which they take up to Glooscap's lodge and deliver it to the old housekeeper. She dresses a portion of it for their dinner, and then proceeds to slice up the rest and to place it in flakes to dry. It takes her two days to finish the task.

They meet with another frosty adventure as they go on. A terrible magician attempts to destroy them by his wiles, and Kitpuss, after giving him notice of the impending cold night, sends a stream of ice into the wigwam which puts out the fire, and kills all the inmates but the old wizard himself. Next night the wizard attempts to play the same game upon his friend, but Kitpuss is too many guns for him. He cuts off the ice stream as it comes in and kills the magician.

This last incident is not in the story as I first heard it; but another "edition" contains it, but omits the adventure with Glooscap. And from this point the two "editions" differ *in toto.* According to the first the two boys land, leave their canoe and go into the woods, Kitpuss having with him the skin of the little beaver caught in the hunting excursion with Glooscap. This skin he has drawn through his garter and thus carries it. But as they go on through the woods it begins to enlarge, breaks the garter and drops. He takes it up and substitutes a strong withe for the garter. The beaver skin still enlarges as he strides along, and finally becomes so big that it smashes down the trees as he passes on. They come out to a town of white people, and he goes to a store and offers his beaver for sale. They commence weighing it, and it takes them a whole day. It takes all the cash and all the merchandise the merchant has in his store to pay for the beaver, and when these are exhausted all the houses in the town are added, and, finally, all the people, before the whole is paid. The elder brother is now dismissed, and they are now both of them full-grown men. The older brother goes off to seek his fortune alone, hires himself out as a servant to a lady whose husband is away from home. By and and by her husband comes home, and as soon as she sees him she runs away and hides. He finds her and enquires what has become of his sister. She protests that she knows nothing about her. "Ah! don't you indeed,". he replies. "What means this blood on you, and on one of the servants? What means this blood upon yonder sword? What means this blood on the floor?" He forthwith pulls up a plank from the place where the blood stain is seen, and there, pierced to the heart and dead, is the missing one.' He procures a coffin, buries the murdered woman, and next day punishes the murderers—the wife and one of the servants—by burning the house over their heads. When the house is about half burned two demons are seen in the flames, to whom he brings the murderers, whom he has held by the arms up to this time, and tosses them into the flames and tells the demons to take them. The other ending is not so tragical. It makes the story conclude with a love adventure and a wedding. The canoe with the two adventurers comes out to a village inhabited by the Skunk Tribe—the *Abook cheeloos.* There they are entertained at the lodge of an old woman, who has several very beautiful daughters. Kitpuss falls in love with one of them, and obtains the promise of her hand from her mother upon certain conditions, such as she trusts will end in his death. But she is disappointed. He performs the feat, and becomes entitled to the prize. But the old woman resolves to outgeneral him after all; so she asks him to go over with her in a canoe to a neighboring ledge of rocks, which are out some distance to sea, in order to gather eggs. He complies with her request, but while he is busy gathering the eggs, she slips into the canoe and makes off, intending to leave him there to

perish, as she had left many a suitor before him. But the old thing finds her mistake. He looks up and sees her pulling away with all speed; so he just calls one of the gulls that are flying around, and the gull takes him on his bill and conveys him ashore, where to her astonishment and chagrin, the old lady finds him when she lands. But she had not quite done with him yet. Though she is obliged to deliver up the girl, she makes an attempt to smother the bridegroom after they have retired, by piling upon him all the skins she can muster. But he adroitly cuts a hole through them all and lets in the air, and quietly takes his repose until morning, when he takes his bride and departs. And here—*kespeahdooksit*—the story ends.

It looks marvellously as though it were made up out of the story of Moses. The hero of the tale was miraculously preserved after having been thrown into the water. He comes forth as an avenger of blood. He throws dust into the air and produces flies. He destroys enemies, giants and necromancers on his way to his destined home. He uses his club and smashes the vessels that hold and withhold the water, and thus fills up the rivers, &c., and finally, by a miraculous increase of beaver, buys up all the money, all the lands, and all the people, as Joseph did in Egypt.

I may be forgiven for pointing out these resemblances. I shall leave it to others to draw what inference they choose from them.

I add one more remark respecting the legend. It may be asked how the most stupid inventor of the fiction could have failed to see in the concluding incident, that if the ungenerous mother-in-law had succeeded in smothering the man by piling skins upon his head, she must have killed her daughter also. The Indian method of sleeping explains this. The wife lies at her husband's feet. The same blanket covers them both, but his head is in one direction and hers in the other. This is not only the custom in the wigwam, where there might seem to be some natural reason for it—want of room, for instance, and the opportunity thus afforded for each to lie with the face toward the fire—but the same custom obtains when they have exchanged the wigwam for a house, and the fir-boughs for a bedstead and bed. A portion of the outer garments are removed, the husband kneels down, says his prayers and gets in at the head. The wife bustles round, puts things to rights, removes her outer garments, turns up the clothes at the foot of the bed, uncovering her husband's feet, adjusts her pillow and, to use a sea phrase, "turns in;" he lying on the front side and she on the other. After this, or before, as suits your convenience, you button on your great coat and lie down on the floor before the fire and try to get some sleep—that is to say, this is what the writer has done before now. Stephens the traveller, if memory serves me, mentions this mode of sleeping as in vogue in Central America.

And was it not the case in ancient times among the Jews? In the exquisitely beautiful story of Ruth, chap. 3 : 7, we read that "She came softly and uncovered his feet and laid her down. And it came to pass at midnight that the man turned himself and behold a woman lay at his feet." And ver. 9, "Spread, therefore, thy skirt over thine handmaid, for thou art (see margin,) one that hath a right to redeem;" implying, "I have a right to claim you as my husband." But the point of my reference to the passage is the obvious fact that the woman could not have been lying down crosswise at his feet, but just as the Indian wife lies, otherwise how could he have discovered her presence by simply "turning himself," and how could he have managed to "spread his skirt over her?" Of course the subject is of a somewhat delicate nature; but no habit or custom that connects the Indians with other nations should be lightly passed over.

SAPPHO.

The voyager in the Ægean Sea, who has grown weary of the prevailing barrenness of the Grecian Isles, finds at length, when in sight of Lesbos, something that fulfils his dreams of beauty. The village of Mitylene, which now gives its name to the island, is built upon a rocky promontory, with a harbor on either hand. Behind it there are softly wooded hills, swelling to meet the abrupt bases of the loftier mountains. These hills are clothed in one dense forest of silvery olive and darker pomegranate, and as you ascend their paths, the myrtle, covered with delicate white blossoms, and exhaling a sweet perfume, forms a continuous arch above your head. The upper mountain-heights rise above vegetation, but their ravines are dyed crimson with fringing oleanders. From the summits of their passes you look eastward upon the pale distances of Asia Minor, or down upon the calm Ægean, intensely blue, amid which the island rests as if inlaid in *lapis lazuli*.

This decaying Turkish village of Mitylene marks the site of what was, twenty-five centuries ago, one of the great centres of Greek civilization. The city then covered the whole breadth of the peninsula, and the grand canal, that separated it from the mainland, was crossed by bridges of white marble. The great theatre of Mitylene was such a masterpiece of architecture, that the Roman Pompey wished to copy it in the metropolis of the world. The city was classed by Horace with Rhodes, Ephesus, and Corinth. Yet each of those places we now remember for itself, while we think of Lesbos only as the home of Sappho.

It was in the city of Mitylene that she lived and taught and sang. But to find her birthplace you must traverse nearly the length of the island, till you come to Ereso or Eresus, a yet smaller village, and Greek instead of Turkish. To reach it you must penetrate aromatic pine forests, where the deer lurk, and must ascend mountain paths like rocky ladders, where the mule alone can climb. But as you approach the village, you find pastoral beauty all round you; though the Æolian lyric music is heard no more, yet the hillsides echo with sheep-bells and with the shepherd's cries. Among the villagers you find manners more simple and hospitable than elsewhere in the Greek islands; there are more traces of the ancient beauty of the race; and the women on festal days wear white veils edged with a crimson border, and falling to the waist, so that they look, as they follow one another to church, like processional figures on an antique urn. These women are permitted to share the meals of their husbands, contrary to the usual practice of rural Greece; and as a compensation, they make for their husbands such excellent bread that it has preserved its reputation for two thousand years. The old Greek poet Archestratus, who wrote a work on the art of cookery, said that if the gods were to eat bread, they would send Hermes to Eresus to buy it; and the only modern traveller, so far as I know, who has visited the village, reports the same excellent receipt to be still in vogue.*

It was among these well-trained women that the most eminent poetess of the world was born. Let us now turn and look upon her in her later abode of Mitylene; either in some garden of orange and myrtle, such as once skirted the city, or in that marble house which she called the dwelling of the Muses. Let us call around her, in fancy, the maidens who have come from different parts of Greece to learn of her. Anactoria is here from Miletus, Eunica from Salamis, Gongyla from Colophon, and others from Pamphylia and the Isle of Telos. Erinna and Damophyla study together the complex Sapphic metres; Atthis learns how to strike the harp with the plectron, Sappho's invention; Mnasidica embroiders a sacred robe for the temple. The teacher meanwhile corrects the measures of one, the notes of another, the stitches of a third, then summons all from their work to rehearse together some sacred chorus or temple ritual; then stops to read a verse of her own, or—must I say it?—to denounce a rival preceptress. For if the too fascinating Andromeda has beguiled away some favorite pupil to one of those rival feminine academies that not only exist in Lesbos, but have spread as far as illiterate Sparta, then Sappho may at least wish to remark that Andromeda does not know how to dress herself. "And what woman ever charmed thy mind," she says to the vacillating pupil, "who wore a vulgar and tasteless dress, or did not know how to draw her garments close about her ankles?"

Out of a long list of Greek poetesses there were seven women who were, as a poem in the Greek Anthology says, "divinely tongued" or "spoke like gods."† Of these Sappho was the admitted chief. Among the Greeks "the poet" meant Homer, and "the poetess" equally designated her. "There flourished in those days," said Strabo, writing a little before our era, "Sappho, a wondrous creature; for we know not any woman to have appeared, within recorded time, who was in the least to be compared with her in respect to poesy."

The dates of her birth and death are alike uncertain, but she lived somewhere between

* Travels and Discoveries in the Levant, by C. T. Newton, I. 99. London, 1865.

† Brunck, II. 114.

the years 628 and 572 B. C,; thus flourishing three or four centuries after Homer, and less than two centuries before Pericles. Her father's name is variously given, and we can only hope, in charity, that it was not Scamandronimus. We have no better authority than that of Ovid for saying that he died when his daughter was six years old. Her mother's name was Cleis, and Sappho had a daughter of the same name. The husband of the poetess was probably named Cercolas, and there is a faint suspicion that he was a man of property. It is supposed that she became early a widow, and won most of her poetic fame while in that condition. She had at least two brothers; one being Larichus, whom she praises for his graceful demeanor as cup-bearer in the public banquets,—an office which belonged only to beautiful youths of noble birth; the other was Charaxus, whom Sappho had occasion to reproach, according to Herodotus,* for buying and marrying a slave of disreputable antecedents.

Of the actual events of Sappho's life almost nothing is known, except that she once had to flee for safety from Lesbos to Sicily, perhaps to escape the political persecutions that prevailed in the island. It is not necessary to assume that she had reached an advanced age when she spoke of herself as "one of the elders," inasmuch as people are quite as likely to use that term of mild self-reproach while young enough for somebody to contradict them. It is hard to ascertain whether she possessed beauty even in her prime. Tradition represents her as having been "little and dark," but tradition describes Cleopatra in the same way; and we should clearly lose much from history by ignoring all the execution done by small brunettes. The Greek Anthology describes her as "the pride of the lovely-haired Lesbians;" Plato calls her "the beautiful Sappho" or "the fair Sappho," † — as you please to render the phrase more or less ardently,—and Plutarch and Athenæus use similar epithets. But when Professor Felton finds evidence of her charms in her portraits on the Lesbian coins, as engraved by Wolf, I must think that he is too easily pleased with the outside of the lady's head, however it may have been with the inside.

The most interesting intellectual fact in Sappho's life was doubtless her relation to her great townsman Alcæus. These two will always be united in fame as the joint founders of the lyric poetry of Greece, and therefore of the world. Anacreon was a child, or perhaps unborn, when they died; and Pindar was a pupil of women who seem to have been Sappho's imitators, Myyris and Corinna. The Latin poets Horace and Catullus, five or six centuries after, drew avowedly from these Æolian models, to whom nearly all their metres have been traced back. Horace wrote of Alcæus: "The Lesbian poet sang of war amid the din of arms, or when he had bound the storm-tossed ship to the moist shore, he sang of Bacchus, and the Muses, of Venus and the boy who clings forever by her side, and of Lycus, beautiful with his black hair and black eyes."* But the name of the Greek singer is still better preserved to Anglo-Saxons through an imitation of a single fragment by Sir William Jones,—the noble poem beginning "What constitutes a state?" It is worth while to remember that we owe these fine lines to the lover of Sappho. And indeed the poems of Alcæus, so far as they remain, show much of the grace and elegance of Horace, joined with a far more heroic tone. His life was spent amid political convulsions, in which he was prominent, and in spite of his fine verses, it is suspected, from the evidence remaining, that he was a good deal of a fop and not much of a soldier; and it is perhaps as well that the lady did not smile upon him, even in verse.

Their loves rest, after all, rather on tradition than on direct evidence; for there remain to us only two verses which Alcæus addressed to Sappho. The one is a compliment, the other an apology. The compliment is found in one graceful line which is perhaps her best description :—

"Violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho."

The freshness of those violets, the charm of that smile, the assurance of that purity all rest upon this one line, and rest securely. If every lover, having thus said in three epithets the whole story about his mistress, would be content to retire into oblivion, and add no more, what a comfort it would be! Alcæus unhappily went one phrase further, and therefore goes down to future ages, not only as an ardent lover, but as an unsuccessful one. For Aristotle, in his "Rhetoric," * records that this poet once addressed Sappho as follows :—

"I wish to speak, but shame restrains my tongue."

Now this apology may have had the simplest possible occasion. Alcæus may have undertaken to amend a verse of Sappho's and have spoiled it; or he may have breakfasted in the garden, with her and her maidens, and may have spilled some honey from Hymettus on a crimson-bordered veil from Eresus. But it is recorded by Aristotle that the violet-crowned thus answered, "If thy wishes were fair and noble, and thy tongue designed not to utter what is base, shame would not cloud thine eyes, but thou wouldst freely speak thy just

* II. 135.

† Phœdr. 24. Homer celebrates the beauty of the Lesbian women in his day. Iliad, IX. 129, 271.

* Carm., I. 32, 5.

desires." Never was reproof more exquisitely uttered than is this in the Greek; and if we take it for serious, as we probably should, there is all the dignity of womanhood in the reply, so that Sappho comes well out of the dialogue, however it may be with her wooer. But if, as is also possible, the occasion was but trivial, it is rather refreshing to find these gifted lovers, in the very morning of civilization, simply rehearsing just the dialogue that goes on between every village school-girl and her awkward swain, when he falters and "fears to speak" and says finally the wrong thing, and she blushingly answers, "I should think you would be ashamed."

But whether the admiration of Alcæus was more or less ardent, it certainly was not peculiar to him. There were hardly any limits to the enthusiasm habitually expressed in ancient times for the poetry of Sappho. In respect to the abundance of laurels, she stands unapproached among women, even to the present day. Ælian preserves the tradition that the recitation of one of her poems so affected the great lawgiver Solon, that he expressed the wish that he might not die till he had learned it by heart. Plato called her the tenth Muse. Others described her as uniting in herself the qualities of Muse and Aphrodite; and others again as the joint foster-child of Aphrodite, Cupid and the Graces. Grammarians lectured on her poems and wrote essays on her metres; and her image appeared on at least six different coins of her native land. And it has generally been admitted by modern critics that "the loss of her poems is the greatest over which we have to mourn in the whole range of Greek literature, at least of the imaginative species."

Now why is it that, in case of a woman thus famous, some cloud of reproach has always mingled with the incense? In part, perhaps, because she was a woman, and thus subject to harsher criticism in coarse periods of the world's career. More, no doubt, because she stood in a transition period of history, and, in a contest between two social sytems, represented an unsuccessful effort to combine the merits of both. In the Homeric period the position of the Greek woman was simple and free. In the Iliad and Odyssey she is always treated with respect; unlike the great poems of modern Europe, they do not contain an indelicate line. But with the advancing culture of the Ionian colonies, represented by Athens, there inevitably arose the question, what to do with the women. Should they be admitted to share this culture, or be excluded? Athens, under the influence of Asiatic models, decided to exclude them. Sparta and the Dorian colonies, on the other hand, preferred to exclude the culture. It was only the Æolian colonies, such as Lesbos, that undertook to admit the culture and the women also. Nowhere else in Greece did women occupy what we should call a modern position. The attempt was premature, and the reputation of Lesbos was crushed in the process.

Among the Ionians of Asia, according to Herodotus, the wife did not share the table of her husband; she dared not call him by his name, but addressed him with the title of "Lord;" and this was hardly an exaggeration of the social habits of Athens itself. But among the Dorians of Sparta, and probably among the Æolians as well, the husband called his wife "mistress," not in subserviency, but after the English peasant fashion; Spartan mothers preserved a power over their adult sons such as was nowhere else seen; the dignity of maidenhood was celebrated in public songs, called "Parthenia," which were peculiar to Sparta; and the women took so free a part in the conversation, that Socrates, in a half-sarcastic passage in the "Protagoras," compares their quickness of wit to that of the men.* The Spartan women, in short, were free, though ignorant, and this freedom the Athenians thought bad enough. But when the Æolians of Lesbos carried the equality a step further, and to freedom added culture, the Athenians found it intolerable. Such an innovation was equivalent to setting up the Protestant theory of woman's position as against the Roman Catholic, or the English against the French.

It is perhaps fortunate for historic justice that we have within our reach an illustration so obvious, showing the way in which a whole race of women may be misconstrued. If a Frenchman visits America and sees a young girl walking or riding with a young man, he is apt to assume that she is of doubtful character. Should he hear a married woman talk about "emancipation," he will infer either that her marriage is not legal, or that her husband has good reason to wish it were not. Precisely thus did an Athenian view a Lesbian woman; and if she collected round her a class of young pupils for instruction, so much the worse. He could no more imagine any difference between Sappho and Aspasia, than could a Frenchman between Margaret Fuller and George Sand. To claim any high moral standard, in either case, would merely strengthen the indictment by the additional count of hypocrisy. Better Aspasia than a learned woman who had the effrontery to set up for the domestic virtues. The stories that thus gradually came to be told about

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* The best authority in regard to the Spartan women is K. O. Muller's "Dorier," Book IV., c. iv., also Book V., c. viii., § 5 (Eng. tr. Vol. II., pp. 290—300; also p. 331). For his view of the women of Lesbos, see his "Literature of Greece," (Eng. tr.), c. xiii.

Sappho in later years—scandal at longer and longer range—were simply inevitable, from the point of view of Athens. If Aristophanes spared neither Socrates nor Euripides, why should his successors spare Sappho?

The remarkable essay of Welcker, from which all modern estimates of Sappho date, was first published in 1816, under the title, "Sappho vindicated from a prevailing Prejudice."* It was a remarkable instance of the power of a single exhaustive investigation to change the verdict of scholars. Bishop Thirlwall, for instance, says of it: "The tenderness of Sappho, whose character has been rescued, by one of the happiest efforts of modern criticism, from the unmerited reproach under which it had labored for so many centuries, appears to have been no less pure than glowing." And Felton, who is usually not more inclined than becomes a man and a professor to put a high estimate on literary women, declares of her that "she has shared the fortunes of others of her sex, endowed like her with God's richest gifts of intellect and heart, who have been the victims of remorseless calumny for asserting the prerogatives of genius, and daring to compete with men in the struggle for fame and glory."

What, then, was this Lesbian school that assembled around Sappho? Mure pronounces it to have been a school of vice. The German professors see in it a school of science. Professor Felton thinks that it may have resembled the Courts of Love in the Middle Ages. But a more reasonable parallel, nearer home, must occur to the minds of those of us who remember Margaret Fuller and her classes. If Sappho, in addition to all that the American gave her pupils, undertook the duty of instruction in the most difficult music, the most complex metres, and the profoundest religious rites, then she had on her hands quite too much work to be exclusively a troubadour or a *savante* or a sinner. And if such ardent attachments as Margaret Fuller inspired among her own sex were habitually expressed by Sappho's maiden lovers, in the language of Lesbos instead of Boston, we can easily conceive of sentimental ardors which Attic comedians would find ludicrous and Scotch advocates nothing less than a scandal.

That a high intellectual standard prevailed in this academy of Sappho's may be inferred from a fragment of her verse, in which she utters her disappointment over an uncultivated woman, whom she had, perhaps, tried in vain to influence. This imaginary epitaph warns this pupil that she is in danger of being forgotten through forgetfulness of those Pierian roses which are the Muses' symbol. This version retains the brevity of the original lines, and though rhymed, is literal, except that it changes the second person to the third:—

Dying she reposes;
Oblivion grasps her now;
Since never Pierian roses
Were wreathed round her empty brow;
She goeth unwept and lonely
To Hades' dusky homes,
And bodiless shadows only
Bid her welcome as she comes.

Of the single complete poem that remains to us from Sappho, I shall venture on a translation, which can only claim to be tolerably literal, and to keep, in some degree, to the Sapphic metre. Yet I am cheered by the remark of an old grammarian, Demetrius Phalereus, that "Sappho's whole poetry is so perfectly musical and harmonious, that even the harshest voice or most awkward recital can hardly render it unpleasing to the ear." Let us hope that the Muses may extend some such grace, even to a translation.

HYMN TO APHRODITE.

Beautiful-throned, immortal Aphrodite!
Daughter of Zeus, beguiler, I implore thee,
Weigh me not down with weariness and anguish,
O thou most holy!

Come to me now! if ever thou in kindness
Hearkenedst my words,—and often hast thou hearkened,
Heeding, and coming from the mansions golden
Of thy great Father,

Yoking thy chariot, borne by thy most lovely
Consecrated birds, with dusky-tinted pinions,
Waving swift wings from utmost heights of heaven
Through the mid-ether:

Swiftly they vanished; leaving thee, O goddess,
Smiling, with face immortal in its beauty,
Asking what I suffered, and why in utter longing
I had dared call thee;

Asking, what I sought, thus hopeless in desiring,
'Wildered in brain, and spreading nets of passion
Alas, for whom? and saidst thou, "Who has harmed thee?
O my poor Sappho!

"Though now he flies, erelong he shall pursue thee;
Fearing thy gifts, he too in turn shall bring them;
Loveless to-day, to-morrow he shall woo thee,
Though thou shouldst spurn him.".

Thus seek me now, O holy Aphrodite!
Save me from anguish, give me all I ask for,
Gifts at thy hand; and thine shall be the glory,
Sacred protector!

It is safe to say that there is not a lyrical poem in Greek literature, nor in any other, which has, by its artistic structure, inspired more enthusiasm than this. Is it autobiographical? The German critics, true to their national instincts, hint that she may have written some of her verses in her

*"Sappho von einem herrschenden Vorurtheil befreit," Welcker, Kleine Schriften, II. 80. See also his "Sappho," a review of Neue's edition of her works, first published in 1828 (K. S., I. 110), and "Sappho and Phaon," published in 1863, a review of Mure and Theodor Kock (K. S., V. 228).

character of pedagogue, as exercises in different forms of verse. It is as if Shakespeare had written his sonnet, "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" only to show young Southampton where the rhymes came in.

Of herself Sappho speaks but little in the fragments left to us. In one place she asserts that she is "not of malignant nature, but has a placid mind," and again that her desire is for "a mode of life that shall be elegant and at the same time honest," the first wish doing credit to her taste, and the other to her conscience. In several places she confesses to a love of luxury, yet she is described by a later Greek author, Aristides, as having rebuked certain vain and showy women for their ostentation, while pointing out that the pursuits of intellect afford a surer joy. It is hardly needful to add that not a line remains of her writings which can be charged with indecency; and had any such existed, they would hardly have passed unnoticed or been forgotten.

It is odd that the most direct report left to us of Sappho's familiar conversation should have enrolled her among those enemies of the human race who give out conundrums. Or rather it is in this case a riddle of the old Greek fashion, such as the Sphinx set the example of propounding to men, before devouring them in any other manner. I will render it in plain prose.

SAPPHO'S RIDDLE.

There is a feminine creature who bears in her bosom a voiceless brood; yet they send forth a clear voice, over sea and land, to whatsoever mortals they will; the absent hear it; so do the deaf.

This is the riddle, as recorded by Antiphanes, and preserved by Athenæus. It appears that somebody tried to guess it. The feminine creature, he thought, was the state. The brood must be the orators, to be sure, whose voices reached beyond the seas, as far as Asia and Thrace, and brought back thence something to their own advantage; while the community sat dumb and deaf amid their railings. This seemed plausible, but somebody else objected to the solution; for who ever knew an orator to be silent, he said, until he was put down by force? All of which sounds quite American and modern. But he gave it up, at last, and appealed to Sappho, who thus replied:—

SAPPHO'S SOLUTION.

A letter is a thing essentially feminine in its character. It bears a brood in its bosom named the alphabet. They are voiceless, yet speak to whom they will; and if any man shall stand next to him who reads, will he not hear?

It is not an exciting species of wit. Yet this kind of riddle was in immense demand in Greek society, and "if you make believe very hard, it's quite nice." but it seems rather a pity that this memorial of Sappho should be preserved, while her solemn hymns and the Epithalamia, or marriage-songs, which were, as has been said, almost the first Greek effort toward dramatic poetry, are lost to us forever.

And thus we might go on through the literature of Greece, peering after little grains of Sappho among the rubbish of voluminous authors. But perhaps these specimens are enough. It remains to say that the name of Phaon, who is represented by Ovid as having been her lover, is not once mentioned in these fragments, and the general tendency of modern criticism is to deny his existence.

But to lose her fabled leap from the Leucadian promontory would doubtless be a greater sacrifice; it formed so much more effective a termination for her life than any novelist could have contrived. It is certain that the leap itself, as a Greek practice, was no fable; sometimes it was a form of suicide, sometimes a religious incantation, and sometimes again an expiation of crime. But it was also used often as a figure of speech by comfortable poets who would have been sorry to find in it anything more. Anacreon, for instance, say, in an ode, "Again casting myself from the Leucadian rock, I plunge into the gray seas drunk with love;" though it is clear that he was not a man to drown his cares in anything larger than a punch-bowl. It is certainly hard to suppose that the most lovelorn lady, residing on an island whose every shore was a precipice, and where her lover was at hand to feel the anguish of her fate, would take ship and sail for weary days over five hundred miles of water to seek a more sensational rock. Theodor Kock, the latest German writer on Sappho, thinks it is as if a lover should travel from the Rhine to Niagara to drown himself. "Are not Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus?" More solid, negative proof is found in the fact that Ptolemy Hephæstion, the author who has collected the most numerous notices of the Leucadian leap, entirely omits the conspicuous name of Sappho from his record. Even Colonel Mure, who is as anxious to prove this deed against her as if it were a violation of all the ten commandments, is staggered for a moment by this omission; but soon recovering himself, with an ingenuity that does him credit as attorney for the prosecution, he points out that the reason Ptolemy omitted Sappho's name was undoubtedly because it was so well known already; a use of negative evidence to which there can be no objection, except that under it any one of us might be con-

victed of having died last year, on the plea that his death was a fact too notorious to be mentioned in the newspapers.

But whether by the way of the Leucadian cliff or otherwise, Sappho is gone, with her music and her pupils and most of the words she wrote, and the very city where she dwelt, and all but the island she loved. It is something to be able to record that twenty-five centuries ago, in that remote nook among the Grecian Isles, a woman's genius could play such a part in moulding the great literature that has moulded the world.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

HOW ANIMALS MOVE.

BY PROF. E. S. MORSE.

In the classification of animals we shall find principles that give us a clue to the relative superiority of an animal, and while there is no question about the highest animal in existence, or certain forms which are known to be the lowest, the hundreds of thousands of intermediate forms are to be classified and arranged in a natural sequence. The relations among animals may be shown by their structural resemblances, but the relative grade of an animal is shown not only by the greater complication of their structure, but also by certain principles which I will illustrate. A principle first enunciated by Prof. Agassiz is, that animals which live in the water (in their respective groups) are lower than those which live upon land, and this may be plainly seen by noticing the fact that all the animals below vertebrates, excepting insects and a few other smaller groups, are all inhabitants of the water; and among the classes of vertebrates the lowest class, the fishes, are all aquatic and breathe by gills. The next class, of which the frogs and toads are common representatives, are amphibious in their habits, though some live in the water and are furnished with gills. In the next class, the reptiles, all of them have air-breathers, and many of them are terrestrial, though some, as the turtles, aquatic.

The birds are terrestrial and aerial, though among the lowest of them we find aquatic animals like the auk. The mammalia, again, have their lowest forms, like the whales and dolphins, in the water.

EMBRIOLOGY.

Another principle of far more special application is that based upon embriological data. It has been found that animals in their development pass through certain stages that recall adult conditions of animals below them. A common example may be cited among the amphibians, where the lowest forms resemble fishes, having tufts of gills on the sides of the neck and a long finned tail. A little higher up we come to those that have the same general form, but the gills are wanting, and they breathe air. The toads and frogs are the highest, and here the tail is absent, and now locomotion is performed by the strongly-developed hind legs. If we now examine the development of any frog, it will be found that on leaving the egg the animal is without legs, and swims with its tail, and breathes by gills; that by successive steps it becomes an air-breather, little legs bud out, and ultimately the tail is absorbed, and we have the completed animal. Many other examples might be cited, but time will not allow me to present them.

This principle has been recognized under a variety of propositions by many minds. Goethe in 1807 and Von Baer in 1828 showed that development was always from the general to the special, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the simple to the complex, and this by a gradual series of differentiation, and Herbert Spenser has applied the same law of evolution in many new and startling ways. And as a law of evolution it is interesting to notice that in the advent of animal life upon earth we have a sequence of forms that illustrate the fact that the earlier forms created within their respective groups were also the lowest. Agassiz has beautifully illustrated this among the Edimoderns and Fishes—the earliest fishes had tails in which the vertebral column terminated in the upper tone of the caudal fin, like the sharks; while fishes of higher structure have the vertebral column terminating at the root of the caudal fin. Yet, if you will examine a young trout just hatched you will see that the tail resembles that of the shark in this feature.

THE LOCOMOTIVE EGG.

In order to illustrate another principle of classification, I will first make you acquainted with some of the various modes of locomotion in the Animal Kingdom, and first and lowest of all is the locomotive egg. Among many of the lower animals the egg is supplied with cilia, by which it is carried through the water and assists in its wider dissemination. Among the lower plants the same feature is recognized, and the spores of many seaweeds are propelled through the water by means of this primitive, though effective, apparatus. (These cilia are like little membraneous hairs that thickly clothe the exterior of the body, and by their rapid vibration urge it through the water. They are microscopic.) We may rightly conclude that ciliary motion is the lowest mode of propulsion of an animal, and so find that among the Protozoa this mode is conspicuous. Now, while these

low forms depend upon the presence of cilia to propel them; a little higher in the scale the same peculiar ciliary membrane assists only in exciting currents of water to flow to the mouth, whereby particles of food are brought within its reach, or within the stomach and intestine, the nutritive matter is circulated.

THE AMŒBA.

Another form of locomotion is seen in the Amœba, one of the simplest of animals. The body has no stomach, no locomotive organs; in fact we might say has no organization, resembling more a drop of thin glue than anything else, and yet this little animal can move, and can ingest and digest food. It moves by certain portions of its body expanding or projecting, and then the remaining portions contracting to it. And while it is dragging itself along it may at any time engulf in its folds particles of food, which are rapidly digested, and any portion of its body may at any time improvise a temporary stomach. In other members of this simple group the animal fabricates a beautiful shell of microscopic proportions, though of such remarkable structure and singular resemblance to the nautilus and ammonite that for a long time the best naturalists included them in the same class. This little chambered shell is also filled with some simple substance which projects in fine threads through the many minute perforations of the shell, and performs the acts of locomotion and digestion as in Amœba.

ANIMALS THAT DO NOT MOVE.

Another condition peculiar to many animals is their fixed condition. In all the branches except the vertebrates, animals are found which have no power of locomotion, always adhering to some substance. Many of the lowest animals, like the sponges, are fixed, growing in communities, like the coral builders. The crinoids, or stemmed star-fishes, are attached by a stem to the rock. Many of the lower shell-fish, and certain low worms and the barnacles, are always fixed, though many of these in their younger stages are locomotive animals. The barnacle, for example, which upon issuing from the egg, remotely resembles the young of the crab and lobster, is furnished with eyes and skips about in the water for some time. Afterward it becomes affixed, head downward, to the rock, or whatever appropriate substance it may meet with, and becomes stationary for life. Many of these fixed animals are parasitic on other species; the whole being oftentimes covered with a peculiar barnacle; and other animals might be mentioned which are likewise parasitic; then there are certain species which become attached to floating timbers or to seaweed, and even the bottoms of vessels are frequently so thickly covered with species of this nature as to materially retard their speed. In other cases only the early condition of certain animals are attached, as in the discoid jelly fishes, the young is rooted to some spot. and reminds one of the polypi, to which group they were at first referred; by succsessive divisions of this unit, a number of little jelly fishes are produced. This attached condition of animals may be called a vegetative character, and is a sign of degradation, and we find only the lowest forms of certain groups attached.

WORMS, SNAILS, &c.

Another form of locomotion is seen in certain animals where a large portion of the body is formed into a creeping disk. The sea anemone has slight powers of locomotion through a net-work of muscular fibres furnishing the broad area to which they adhere. Most bivalves and snails have a more specialized apparatus called the "foot," by which they creep along. A singular feature among some is the power the foot has of imbibing water, and on examination there is found to be a series of channels for this express purpose. Let any one take up the common beach cockle (Natica) when it is crawling over the sand, and he will see how slowly the foot gradually contracts, and draws within the shell, the water which had previously been absorbed slowly oozing from it.

ANIMALS THAT SWIM.

In another phase we have the animals swimming through the water by hydrodynamic action; thus in the discoid jelly-fishes the water is urged from beneath the body by movements of the disk. In some low forms of mollusks the body dilates, drawing in water at one opening, and then by vigorous contraction expelling it from another opening, and the resistance offered propelling the body. In a similar manner the common scollop, by rapidly opening and closing its two shells, forces the body along.

The squid, or cuttle-fish, among its various modes of locomotion has the same power of ejecting jets of water, and swimming in this way, and the pointed extremity of its body is well adapted to cleave the water. The paper nautilus was long supposed to possess the power of floating on the surface of the water, using its long arms for oars, and its other two arms thrown aloft and spread as sails to catch the breeze. This beautiful story is not true, however, and the paper nautilus moves as all other cuttle-fishes, having no power to come to the surface. Thus far we have seen movements by ciliary action, and also movements of the animal wherein nearly

the whole body was involved in the effort. Now we are to consider animals in which the locomotive organs become more specialized. In a large group of jelly-fishes the body is provided externally with hands composed of many vibrating paddles, in their movements looking very much like cilia, and these cause the body to rotate, or move in a straight line. Among the star-fishes we find channels on the under side of the animal, which give rise to a great number of little suckers, looking like so many little writhing worms. Our common star-fish has from 1,500 to 2,000 of these suckers, They are projected like legs, and drag the body slowly along.

The cuttle-fish also has arms furnished with suckers; but unlike the star-fish, the suckers simply hold the arms, so that they can find points of support in their movements.

The hydra moves by its tentacles and sucker-like extremity. Many marine worms are provided with numerous appendages that aid them in swimming.

Among the crustacea, the lobster, for instance, it is very instructive to examine the functions performed by appendages strangely adapted to perform various functions.

In the incipient stages of the lobster, for example, the body is composed of a series of rings, with appendages quite identical in shape and size. In its growth the forward rings unite above and form the carapace, or shield, while in the hinder portion of the body the rings remain separated so as to give full play to its movements. It is by this portion that the lobster leaps backward in the water. Beneath this portion are found little appendages that are flattened, and form natatory organs by which they can swim. These appendages are also covered with hairs, and to these the eggs adhere when discharged by the parent. The small claws are jointed, and are used as legs by which they crawl, the two under pairs of claws having but one projecting point, while the two forward pair of small claws have a little pincher or nipper at the end. An examination will show that no new feature is added to the claw, but simply an excess in the growth of a portion of it, by which an opposing point is made. The large claws are only a greater development of a similar appendage. Even the numerous organs around the mouth, the feelers and eyes, are but modified feet.

ANIMALS THAT FLY.

In insects we have for the first time animals that support themselves by wings, those having broad wings like the butterfly moving slowly, while the bee, with small wings, moves them with incredible velocity. Time will again compel me to neglect the special features in this group. We at last come to the vertebrates, as the highest branch, and here the locomotive organs are reduced to two pairs. In the lowest class, the fishes, these appendages are represented by the pectoral and ventral fins, and have little to do with the propulsion of the animal. This is accomplished by the broad fin on the tail, which is rapidly moved from side to side, as a man sculling moves his oar. In the flying-fish, the fins that represent the forelegs are greatly enlarged, and enable the fish to take short flights in the air; while in another fish the same fins are developed into rude legs, by which they creep over the mud. In the flounder, a curious modification takes place in the head, by which it adapts itself to its singular posture. The flounder lies upon one side, and the eyes, which were upon either side of the body in the young state, are both found upon one side only. An eye actually passes through the skull by absorption of the bones in its way, and comes out by the side of the other eye. As we ascend in the scale of structure we find the limbs variously modified, to subserve a more terrestrial existence, and ultimately the tail is dispensed with as an organ of locomotion, and the legs now perform that function.

WHALES.

Among the mammalia, however, the whales, as lowest, use their tail as a locomotive organ; the hind limbs are not developed, and the fore limbs are mere paddles. At the commencement of this article we referred to another principle of classification we were to illustrate, and this is the principle of Cephaligation, first enunciated by an American naturalist, Prof. J. D. Dana, of Yale College. As Prof. Dana says, the importance of a head to an animal all understand, and it makes all the difference between the typical animal and the typical plant. An animal may be called a fore-and-aft structure, while the plant is an up-and-down structure. The animal has more or less will emanating from the head producing voluntary motion, and an animal is typically a forward-moving or a go-ahead being, while a plant simply stands and grows.

As the head is the seat of power in an animal, so as we find more or less subserviency of the organs of the body to the uses of the head, we may determine on its relative grade. Considering the four groups of mammalia, the whales were seen with abortive locomotive organs. The herbivorous animals, as the cow and horse, performed only one function with their limbs, simply locomotion, and the head was degraded from its normal use to offence and defence, being, in some cases, furnished

with horns. In the carnivora, the limbs not only perform locomotion, but seize their prey, though the head is degraded by carrying its young and its food.

Among the monkeys the fore limbs not only serve as locomotive organs but are organs of prehension, and convey also food to the mouth and hold the young to the breast. In man the fore limbs are taken from the locomotive series entirely, and subserve the uses of the head alone. So we find, in the numbers of pairs of legs seen in the animals below man, that in the lower crustaceans there are seven pair of legs and four pair of mouth organs. In the higher crustacea there are five pair of legs and six pair of mouth organs. So that the head has gained two pairs. In the lower insects only four pair of legs; in the higher insects only three pair of legs, and in all mammalia (excepting man) only two pair of legs, and man with one pair stands equally distinct, so that we have the figures 7, 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1, as indicating the orders above mentioned. In the position that the animal assumes in nature, the lowest are head downward, like the jelly-fishes and star-fishes. A line at an angle of 45° would illustrate the position of the mollusks, while a horizontal line would represent the articulates. As we notice the head is gradually elevated in vertebrates, a line slightly elevated would indicate their position, and in man the vertical position is indicated by a vertical line.

To quote from Agassiz: "Man is the crowning work of God on earth, but though so highly endowed, we must not forget that we are the lofty children of a race whose lowest forms lie prostrate within the water, having no higher aspiration than a desire for food, and we cannot understand the possible degradation of man without knowing that his physical nature is rooted in all the material characteristics that belong to his type and link him within the flesh. The moral and intellectual gifts that distinguish him from them are his to use or abuse. He may, if he will, abjure his better nature, he may sink as low as the lowest of his type, or may rise to a spiritual height that will make that which distinguishes him from the rest far more the controlling element of his being than that which unites him with them."

SINGULAR POMPEIIAN STATUES.

NOT "TAKEN FROM LIFE" BUT FROM DEATH.

During the eruptions of Vesuvius, which destroyed the ancient city of Pompeii, those who delayed too long in making their escape fell victims, for the most part, to the pernicious effects of sulphuric and carbonic acid gases, and were rapidly covered by the showers of fine dust following the eruption, which, gradually hardening, formed perfect molds of the unhappy beings who so miserably perished, from which admirable casts are taken, showing their forms, features, expression and attitude, when overtaken by death. At the beginning of the excavations little attention was paid to these natural molds, only a few having been partially cast and preserved, the most remarkable of which were those of a husband, wife, and child; the husband at the moment of death pressing tightly to his breast nineteen pieces of gold, and ninety-one pieces of silver, which were found fixed to his ribs; the wife had let fall a coarse linen cover, in which were found fourteen bracelets, gold rings, ear-rings, and jewels of less importance. It was only, however, in 1863, that M. Fiorelli had the happy idea of filling those natural molds with a peculiar solution of plaster, by which process the victims are reproduced in their integrity.

The first group reproduced was composed of a man, a woman, and two young girls who had remained within-doors until too late; when they attempted to escape by the windows or terrace, they were suddenly asphyxiated, and covered by the dust, which faithfully preserved the contour of their forms. In 1868, a body thus reproduced was that of a man who had fallen face downward, whose countenance was the very image of despair and suffering—his clenched teeth and clasped hands eloquently expressing the agony he had endured. Next in interest is the form of a woman who had fallen on her back, whose right hand leans upon the earth, her left raised, as if trying to ward off danger. To aid her flight, she had raised her vestments. Her form is tall and elegant, her admirably-arched foot, encased in strong sandals, being a favorite subject of study to artists. On one of her fingers is a silver ring, while near her were found gold ear-rings, a silver mirror, and an amber statue representing Cupid. Her hair in the front forms three rows of ringlets, and falls plaited over her back, in the manner of the Voltaire *perruques*.

A remarkable group of three persons has been admirably cast, which is in the highest degree interesting. A man of tall stature and powerful build, with strongly-marked features, prominent cheek-bones, heavy beard and moustache, is the principal figure; he held in his hands the ear-rings of the two young girls who followed him, and the key of his house, and looks the beau ideal of an old Roman legionary. Over his head he threw the corner of his mantle for protection against the noxious

gases or the falling dust and cinders, the expression on his face and that of his two daughters being suggestive of suffocation. There is something touching in the spectacle of the two sisters who followed their father, in the precise attitude as they fell, supporting each other, breathing the same poison, and dying entwined in each other's arms. Both of the figures are of beautiful forms and proportions.—*Appleton's Journal.*

THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

BY MRS. CHARLES.

"Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweetheart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

"Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
Or scorched with the mid-day glare?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care?"

"No pleasant garden toils were mine!—
I have sat on the judgment seat,
Where the Master sits at eve and calls
The children around his feet."

"How camest thou on the judgment seat,
Sweetheart? who set thee there?
'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care."

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,
I have sat there alone all day;
For it grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away.

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruits,
And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers."

"And what hast thou done on the judgment-seat,
Sweetheart? what didst thou there?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
Did the garden mend by thy care?"

"Nay, that grieved me more! I called and I cried,
But they left me there forlorn.
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn."

"Ah! the judgment seat was not for thee,
The servants were not thine!
And the eyes which ajudge the praise and the blame
See further than thine or mine.

"The voice that shall sound at eve, sweetheart,
Will not raise its tones to be heard:
It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word."

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The stores that should feed his poor,
And not lift my voice, be it weak as it may,
And not be grieved sore?"

"Wait till the evening falls, sweetheart,—
Wait till the evening falls,
The Master is near and knoweth all,
Wait till the Master calls.

"But how fared the garden-plot, sweetheart,
Whilst thou sat'st on the judgment-seat?
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines
And kept them from careless feet?"

"Nay, that is the saddest of all to me!
That is the saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall."

"Go back to thy garden-plot, sweetheart!
Go back till the evening falls!
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

"Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

"And the next may copy his, sweetheart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces his coming will greet.

"Then shall thy joy be full, sweetheart,
In the garden so fair to see,
In the Master's words of praise for all,
In a look of his own for thee."

Young Folks.

EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

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

Chapter I.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society—yet still more dear—
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.
—*Burns.*

It was a lovely day in June; the air soft and balmy; the sky, perchance not so deeply, brightly blue as in our own sunny clime, yet soft and cloudless, save for a dim, fleecy-like vapor that seemed resting on the tops of the grand old mountains, whose rugged sides, clothed with gorse and purple heather, glowed in the rays of the setting sun. On the sloping sides of these bright-robed hills more than one humble home reared itself, rude and rough in exterior, yet few lacking signs of comfort within. At the door of one of these mountain homes is a moss-grown seat, and on it were seated that summer evening, three persons engaged in earnest conversation, while some distance off a little girl of about nine years old played with a shaggy terrier, rolling and tumbling among the heather. The group at the door consisted of an old man whose days more than numbered the appointed threescore years and ten, and whose thin white hairs, half-covered by the blue bonnet, were blown from his face by the soft evening breeze; the old dame, the partner of his joys and sorrows for many a wedded year, sat at his side; and nearer the doorway, resting her head wearily against the moss-grown walls, was a young woman not more than eight-and-twenty; her cheeks, once round and rosy as any mountain lassie's, now pale and hollow, and her eyes though yet bright, tell too plainly a tale of sadness and of tears; mournfully she looks at the old man as in his broad Scotch he says, striking the stone pavement with his staff,

"I'm no thinkin' it's your duty to gang sae far frae your auld faither and mither, Jeanie, a' for that fause callant wha has always dune mair ill than guid to you and yours."

"But ye ken he's my husband, faither, and wee Effie's faither as you are mine."

"Aye, and ye ken it's written that a man, and a woman too for that matter, maun leave all and cling to the one they've wedded for better or waur," said the old woman in quavering tones.

"As oft for the waur as the better, mayhap; but Duncan Hamilton didna believe in that creed I'm thinkin';" returned the father, somewhat bitterly.

"Nay, faither, ye ken he went to the new country thinkin' he could mak a better hame for Effie and me; and faither, I maun go to him whatever comes."

"Weel, weel, child, I'll hinder ye no more; maybe you're right, and if Duncan cares for ye it will be weel, for the auld wife and me winna lang be here."

"Oh, faither, dinna speak of leaving. I'll get Duncan to just come hame to the auld place and we'll live together yet," replied the daughter.

"Aye, aye," said the old wife, rising; "so ye will I doubt not. But ca' the bairn in, for the dew is fa'ing fast, and its full time the wee thing was in her bit bed."

Effie Hamilton, though almost nine years old, was very small and slight, and from living with scarcely any playmate

save. old "Skye," was still so childish and innocent in her ways as to be always termed the "bairn" or "wee thing," by her grandparents, whose chief joy and sunshine she was. Little wonder their hearts were sore at thought of parting from the "winsome wee thing," and her sad-eyed mother, who was their only remaining child; but Jeanie's husband, Duncan Hamilton, had gone across the wide Atlantic more than three years ago, and Jeanie, who through those long months had heard nothing of him, could endure the suspense no longer, and had resolved to undertake the lengthy journey to New York, whither she knew the vessel her Duncan had sailed in was bound, and where she never doubted of finding her careless, and alas! worthless husband.

Many were the sad consultations in the little Highland home; many the quiet tears shed by father, mother and daughter ere the important decision was made, and many were the arguments advanced on both sides; but before twilight had faded away that calm June night, father and mother had resolved to set aside their own feelings and inclinations, and when the Book had been read and the old man in a few simple words had commended his household to the care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, he drew his daughter to his side, and as she knelt before him, tenderly placing his hand on her head, he said solemnly,—

"Jeanie, child, thou hast been a good and true dochter; gang to thy husband if it seemeth thee right, and may the God of our faithers gang with thee to keep thee in a' thy ways."

Bitter, bitter were the tears that bedewed poor Jeanie's pillow that night, and yet amid the saddest thoughts of the father and mother she must so soon leave, came visions of the lithe, handsome Highland laddie who had been so proud to call her his "ain wee wifie," in those happy days long long ago when she was a foolish lassie barely eighteen, and he but twenty. Ah! they two had been happy until Duncan fell into bad company and took to the usual accompaniment, bad habits; but at last things grew so bad he was ashamed to stay longer in the little village where he had lived an honest, upright lad, and so one sad day he bid good-by to the little Effie, and without word of parting to his pining wife, went off to seek his fortune in the New World and make a home, he told the little one, for her and mammy. Three years seem long indeed to the longing, anxious heart whose first thought in the morning is that of hope that the new day may bring some good tidings, whose last at night is one of disappointed grief. Hope deferred, how sick it maketh the heart!

We need not linger over the sad parting between child and parent hitherto unseparated; the last long, lingering look at scenes familiar from infancy; the facing for the first time the cold, unfeeling world, unprotected and alone, save for the little flaxen-haired girl that clung to her mother's skirts in timid awe at the new sounds and sights that met her everywhere. How desolate the sad, lonely Jeanie felt as after a fatiguing journey she stood on the long granite pier of Aberdeen, bewildered by the noise and bustle of the great city, watching with swimming eyes the vessel that was to bear her so far from her native land and those she so dearly loved! Idly the great ship swayed backwards and forwards, or seemed to tremble under the weight of its cargo, as the lading was fast hurried on. When they were sailing away from the busy port Jeanie could not gaze, as many of her fellow-emigrants did, as long as one of the grey mountain tops of their beloved Scotland was visible; she hid herself away in a quiet corner, and, with the wondering Effie close to her side, wept until she could weep no longer.

Chapter II.

> The sea! the sea! the open sea!
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
> Without a mark, without a bound,
> It runneth the earth's wide regions round:
> It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
> Or like a cradled creature lies.

It is useless to describe the first few days of an Atlantic voyage; the misery endured by most during the long dreary hours no pen can portray. Poor Jeanie Hamilton lay dying, she believed, and little caring

what became of her, save for the little Effie, who, after the second day, was as blithe as ever. As the child's fear and wonderment wore away, she was as anxious as any of the other children to see the wonders of the great ship; but Mrs. Hamilton would not hear of her leaving her side, until one day she noticed Effie was growing pale from the unusual confinement; then she yielded to the persuasions of a comely Irish matron who had been very kind to her, and gave her little daughter permission to go on deck for an hour. What a long weary hour it seemed to the still weak and suffering mother! Who can tell what anxious thoughts filled her mind! What visions of every danger possible on board ship, she conjured up! But when at length Effie returned overflowing with delight and astonishment, and poured into her mother's ear glowing accounts of all she had seen, and how kind Mrs. Ryan had been, Mrs. Hamilton's fears were in a measure quieted. And so it came to pass that each day Effie would find her way on deck, and, though shy at first, soon grew accustomed to the noise and bustle, gliding about among the rough sailors like some little fairy, wandering far from Mrs. Ryan's protecting care.

One day, when the sea was unusually calm and the blue waters were sparkling in the sunshine, Effie, enticed by the scene, leant over the side of the ship as far as she could, watching the rolling, tumbling porpoises and the gay dolphins "baring their backs of gold," and the vessel's track astern, which shone one bright path of light as far as the eye could reach. Enchanted, the little girl clapped her hands with delight, and was just turning to run off and see if Mammy could not come and see all the lovely things, when she was caught by a gentleman whom she had seen several times pacing up and down the long deck.

"Come, come, little woman," he said kindly, still retaining his grasp, "I've been trying to catch you for many a day; come and talk to me."

The speaker was a young man with a long, curling beard, which at first frightened Effie, but the kind eyes shone down on her pleasantly; so after a little struggling she stood still and looked up in his face with her round blue eyes.

"I maun gang to my mammy," she said slowly, yet still standing very quietly.

"And why must you go to your mammy just now, my little Scotch lassie?" enquired the gentleman, seating himself on a bench and drawing the child near him.

"Grandfaither used to ca' me his lassie," said Effie, not heeding his question.

"And who is your grandfaither? Come now, tell me, little lassie."

"He's a verra old man, an' he lives just at the foot o' the mountain aside the burn, where the coos gang to drink o' evenings."

"An excellent answer, little one;" said the gentleman, much amused. "And what are you doing in this big ship, and where are you going to?"

"Oh, mammy and me is gaun to hunt for faither; he's awa in a big toun they ca' New York, and mammy hasna seen him for mair than three years, and we're just gaun to fetch him hame."

"Well done, little woman; I hope you'll find him in the 'big toun;' but don't go yet. You must? well that is too bad; will you come and talk to me again?"

"Maybe aye, maybe no," answered the child as she ran away.

"She is a queer little thing," mused the gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Gresham; "not a bad specimen, she is worth studying; one does not come across such a veritable little rustic often."

It was several days after this before Mr. Gresham could catch more than a glimpse of the little Highland lassie. It was evident she had been warned by her mother not to talk with strangers; but Mr. Gresham was one to whom children were always attracted, and Effie could not resist his pleasant smiles and winning words, so she found herself sitting on his knee one day as he was watching the ever varying ocean.

"And so your name is Effie, is it? What nice curls you have! I have a little sister who has hair just like yours," Mr. Gresham said, as the child sat demurely looking at him.

"Is she like me?" she asked; lifting her blue eyes to his.

"No, not much; she is older than you are; but she is not able to run about as you do, Effie."

"An' what for no?"

"She is lame; and she has always been so."

"An' can she no rin about wi' 'Skye' like I used, or watch the lammies play, or pick the heather?"

"No, she cannot run at all."

"Puir wee thing," said the old-fashioned little child, heaving a low sigh; but childish sadness soon flies away, and in a moment she was laughing gleefully at a monster porpoise trying to keep pace with the ship.

"Eh! look yonder, see!"

"By Jove, isn't he a big fellow? But, Effie, you promised you would tell me all about what you used to do at home," said Gresham.

"Eh! but it was bonnie rolling in the heather wi' Skye; and I used times to tak' grandfaither's dinner, and sit by him whiles he'd tend the sheep or milk the coos; then at evenings, when the sun gang down, grandfaither would fetch the Big Book and aye read us a chapter afore mammy put me to bed. I'd like to see grandfaither," continued the child mournfully, her blue eyes opening wide as if she were looking far over the wide sea into that humble home where the old bereaved pair sat in silent sorrow.

"Did you ever learn any lessons, Effie?" at length asked Mr. Gresham, a little tired of the long-continued gloom that rested on his usually joyous companion. The little one sighed slowly; then she replied, still a little sadly,

"Grandfaither taught me A B C frae the Big Book; and I know Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."

"Do you really?" said Mr. Gresham, laughing merrily, "That's more than most people do. Pray tell me about them."

But the child had a sudden idea that he was laughing at her, and would not say anything more.

"But just tell me, Effie," her friend said, as he held her back when she would have left him, "will you let me teach you to read? Would you like to learn?"

"Yes, I'll ask mammy," was the only reply he could draw from the child, who slipped away from his detaining grasp and ran to her mother.

Mrs. Hamilton, however, seemed to consent, for next day Effie came up to her would-be teacher, and said softly,—

"I'll learn gin' ye will teach me."

Delighted, Mr. Gresham drew from his pocket a picture spelling-book which he had in some way obtained, and spreading it out on his knee began pointing with his pencil to the different letters, saying,—

"Now, Effie, what is that?"

But to his great surprise his pupil remained silent. Was he then disappointed in her? "What is the matter, Effie?" he asked.

I canna' learn but frae' the Big Book," said the child glancing wonderingly up in his face; and with the persistency often shown by children she maintained, in spite of coaxing, her inability to learn from any save the Big Book.

"But I have not got the Big Book," exclaimed Mr. Gresham, at last, amazed at what he termed the little one's obstinacy.

"But hae ye no' ane like it?" asked Effie, in perfect good humor all the while. "Grandfaither said there were many of them braver and grander than his; he said 'a gude men loved the Book and read it. Hae ye not one o' your ain?"

"I declare," cried the gentleman, "you are a regular little preacher, Effie; but we'll see about the Book some other day."

Very unwilling did Mr Gresham feel to comply with Effie's request, for he cared little for the Bible himself; yet he was not altogether satisfied at his neglect of the sacred pages, for when little Effie had so earnestly asked him had he "no one o' his ain," a flush almost of shame had risen to his cheek at the thought of how many years had fled since he had opened a Bible, except in church, where, it is true, he listened to its lessons nearly every Sunday, but too often with unheeding ears. Perhaps he thought of years long gone by when he had read chapter after chapter to his dying father, and had promised him never to neglect God's Word; but he was but a boy then, he argued, and men have more important business to attend to, and cannot give serious things the attention that women and children can. Some such meditations as these passed through the mind of Richard Gresham as he sat where Effie had left him. Conscience, that never-

tiring, earnest monitor God places in each man's breast, had been roused by the simple words of a little child!

Chapter III.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide;
Their help, omnipotence.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
—*Joseph Addison.*

The long voyage was almost ended when Mrs Hamilton made her first visit to the deck, intending to surprise Effie. She had let her go before, and as she slowly made her way upwards, she saw her little daughter sitting on a gentleman's knee, pointing with her small finger to the letters in a book, and as she pronounced the name of each, looking up in her teacher's face with a merry smile. Seating herself quietly where she could see and hear unobserved, Jeanie listened with her heart beating quickly, to hear her child's quaint remarks.

"This wee one's maist the same as grandfaither's big one," said she, stopping in her pointing: "It's no' a Scotch Bible grandfaither said, and it's no' a' the letters here;" she continued, laying her finger on the title page. "There no K, no V, no X, no Z: but see I can find ane or so;" she turned over the page to where the books of the Bible were enumerated. "Aye, here's a K: that stands for Kings; and here's a Z, that stands for a long name I canna speak; it's ower lang. But there's the V and the X, we've no found them; but it's just hard work, it is. Eh! but grandfaither knows it a', and I knew just what side o' the page the V was in the Big Book; but this is sae sma.' Aye here they are; they stan' for numbers too, grandfaither said." And she pointed to Chapter Five for the V, and quickly turning over the pages with her slight fingers, pointed triumphantly to the Tenth Chapter for the X.

"Eh, now we have them a': I'm sae glad;" and leaning back she rested her little head a moment against her friend's breast, as if thankful the great work was accomplished. She sat silent for some time. Gresham was quiet too; at length he said,

"You are a brave little woman, you know your letters so nicely."

"I wonder," said the child, unheeding his praise, "gin ye could tell me nice stories frae the Book as gran'ther did; aye, I mind me too aboot the wee children the Saviour took in His ain arms and blessed; and there was ane aye sae fine aboot the lilies and the wee birdies, can ye no' mind them? They are sae good I just lo'e to listen to them."

"Perhaps you can show me, and I will read it to you," said Mr Gresham, puzzled as to what to say to the child.

"Nae, nae, I dinna mind; grandfaither kenned them a' by heart, and I just thocht ye would too, for you're kind like grand'ther was; only your hair is brown, and his was as white as the tops of the waves."

"I am sorry I don't know them; I will read them to myself, and then, perhaps, I can tell them to you. Will that do?"

"Ah, never mind, I'll soon be back to grandfaither, and he'll tell me them a' again."

"But, Effie, you have not begun to learn anything yet; you have only shewed me how much you know. Would you not like to learn to read the good book yourself?" asked Mr. Gresham.

"Aye, dearly, and sae I will, some day. Oh, mammy, mammy," she exclaimed, catching sight for the first time of her mother. "Oh let me gang to my mammy!"

With one bound she was in her mother's arms loading her with kisses, while Mr. Gresham, who though pleased with the child did not care to encounter the mother, walked quickly away.

To do Richard Gresham justice, we must say he did find out and learn more than one of "those sweet stories of old" for Effie's sake; but he never had an opportunity of telling them to her, for the few remaining days of their voyage the little one did not leave her mother's side, and took no notice of her friend beyond giving him a passing smile.

It was a hot sultry day in July when the weary travellers espied the shores of New York faintly visible in the blue mist that

so often attends an American summer's morning. Even the air of early morning was warm; but how intensely burning did the rays of the noontide sun seem when the fresh sea-breeze no longer played freely round the ship, and her sails flapped idly to and fro!

It was with much astonishment Jeanie watched their approach to the great metropolis. She had never thought of it being half as large as "grand auld Aberdeen;" but as they neared the city what a monster it seemed with its extensive harbor crowded with masts, its strong fortifications, its spires and domes, turrets and cupolas, rising higher and higher in seemingly endless gradations. A sort of awe crept over the lonely woman; instinctively she drew little Effie closer to her side as if she felt she would lose her in that crowded city.

As the afternoon waned the heat moderated and all breathed more freely, while the sad eyes that had been gazing so long on the glaring city, which reflected the sun's rays from each roof and steeple, experienced a sense of delightful relief. Jeanie hoped that they might land before dark; but daylight had faded away ere the ship was made fast to the shores of the New World—those shores of which so many on board had dreamed such bright visions—visions, alas! too fair to be realized. In a moment all was confusion and bustle on deck, people hurrying hither and thither, men shouting, children crying, porters gesticulating and yelling at the top of their voices. Poor Jeanie, bewildered and half-frightened, was hurried off the vessel with little Effie clinging to her in terror. Driven onwards by the surging crowd, she knew not whither her steps were tending; darkness, too, was fast creeping on. Whither, oh! whither should she go for shelter? Rough men and boys, smoking and swearing, jostled the poor creature and stared with rude laughter at her distress; perhaps she was not sorry when night descended and shielded her from remark. With weary feet she passed along the uneven pavement while carts and omnibuses rushing past her made her tremble and start. Some place of rest she must find, for little Effie was worn and sleepy, and to stay in the street was impossible. Poor Jeanie wondered what had become of her little daughter's friend; she thought if he was so good and kind he might have helped them in their distress; but remembered how hard it would be, even if the gentleman wished it, to find any one in the dense crowd; so lifted her heart in prayer to Him who pitieth the destitute and friendless, imploring Him for direction and help. She had not gone many steps further when, lifting her eyes, she saw a brightly-lighted window on whose frosted panes were painted the words "Travellers' Home." Jeanie stopped before the door, and as it opened for some one to pass out she slipped in trembling and faint. She would have fallen before she could have reached a seat, had not a strong arm been thrown around her.

"Wall, now, I guess as how you're most done for, old woman. Cheer up now till we get you something hot to make you smart. I say, missus, you jist look arter this woman, will you?"

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed the person thus addressed, "she's a-going to faint! Sally Ann, you bring that ere camphor bottle off the mantel shelf in the parlor. Quick now! There now you're better, I guess. And the poor little one, bless its little soul, if it hasnt just dropt off to sleep right here."

With such unfamiliar tones ringing in her ears, Jeanie returned to consciousness and looked around her. She was in a small low room, not more than twenty feet square. Along one side ran a counter whose glasses and tap showed it to be a bar; red curtains covered the glass door and hung at the lower end of the apartment, dividing it from a room beyond, whence the landlord of the little inn was just emerging bearing a steaming glass of whiskey and water.

"I couldna' tak' it, thank ye kindly," said Jeanie, shaking her head. "Gin ye could gie me a bed to rest in for the nicht, I wad be obleeged."

"Scotch, I calculate," said Sally Ann, in a loud whisper.

"You shall have a bed just as quick as you can get to it," exclaimed the hostess. "Sally, you carry the young un. Just come this way, please."

With bustling activity, the good woman

hurried forward, Jeanie slowly following, Sally and the master bringing up the rear, one with little Effie in her arms, the other carrying the well-worn carpet-bag which contained all Jeanie's possessions. The room to which the landlady led the way was small and frightfully close on that July night, yet it was neat and clean. With swimming eyes Jeanie thanked her conductors. Shelter and protection were afforded for one night at all events. Little sleep visited the poor traveller's eyes that night; the unaccustomed heat, the swarms of mosquitoes, the unceasing din on the stony pavement below, all effectually banished nature's sweet restorer from Jeanie Hamilton's pillow. Distressed and half heart-broken she passed the night weeping. Convinced of the utter uselessness of attempting to find her husband in the crowded, populous city, she had resolved ere daylight dawned, that by the first steamer homeward bound, she and little Effie would return to peaceful Scottish shores.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HIGHWAY TO HONOR;

OR, THE SECRET OF LINDSAY ATWOOD'S SUCCESS.

BY JEANNIE BELL.

(*Concluded.*)

Frank paid his debt with the money Lindsay lent him, and he really seemed anxious to do better. Lindsay seized the chance to ask Frank to visit him, and old Clare, who knew of the efforts Lindsay was making to do Frank good, seconded the invitation. To give Frank so much of his time, required a good deal of sacrifice on Lindsay's part, for he was so fond of quiet since Ella's death; study was the only thing that in any measure made up for Ella's loss; her expectation of his well-doing spurred him on to greater things. Mrs. Thornton had unbounded faith in Lindsay, and gave Frank a hearty welcome for his sake. More than once when invited to spend an evening with Lindsay, Frank pleaded an engagement; but when pressed for a reason, he confessed it was only to meet some of his former gambling companions,—"Not to play for money," he said; "I got such a fright last scrape I was in, that I'll never try that again."

"Ah, but you don't know your own weakness, Frank," pleaded Lindsay. "I can understand how sure you are now, that you will never again play for money; but after the first game or two the old love of chance will return in full force, and before you know the danger you are in, you will fall worse than ever."

By dint of coaxing and reasoning, Frank was induced to break his engagement and go home with Lindsay to an evening's hard study. A tasty supper, prepared by Clare, closed the happiest evening Frank had spent for a long time. When the two friends parted at the door, Frank acknowledged what a happy evening he had spent; "so much happier," he added, "than with the other boys over cards. Well, Lindsay, I must say you are a happy fellow, Mrs. Thornton's kind way, and Clare's pleasant face make me wish I was like you all."

Frank and Lindsay studying together found it a mutual benefit; Frank, at least, was getting much good, not only advancing fast in his studies, but other lessons were also taking root. Frank was begining to learn a little of the higher kind of life in this world, of people who were living not for themselves, but for Jesus; and as he came to know more of other people's goodness, he saw himself the more wicked.

One evening, when their French lesson

was shorter than usual, the two friends sat talking by the stove (for it was cold weather), some remark was made about Ella Thornton. Lindsay could scarce bear to hear the loved name spoken, so great was his grief at her loss; but after the emotion had passed away, he told Frank of Ella's pure life; of the good she had done him; and then gave him a history of her dying hour. Frank was deeply touched, and, big fellow as he was, did not feel ashamed to weep at the recital of the touching story. When Lindsay had finished, Frank said, "I would give all the world, if I had it, to have your hope of Heaven; but it seems as if I was totally ignorant of the first step in the way ot seeking salvation."

"Do you read your Bible?" inquired Lindsay.

Now, since Frank had left Sunday-school, his Bible had scarcely ever been opened. He shook his head as he answered Lindsay "No."

"Then I advise you to read it; the way to Heaven is told there. But first you must pray for an understanding heart and faith to believe what you read."

Frank said he did not know how to pray.

"But you will learn," answered Lindsay. "Suppose we ask the Holy Spirit to enlighten you now?" And there the two young men knelt, while Lindsay confessed their need of enlightenment; of the necessity of being washed in the Saviour's blood; seeking also for Frank a heavenly inheritance. Frank's hard heart was broken, and, although it was a long time ere all the bad habits were subdued in him, yet he set forth steadfastly on what Clare called the "Lord's side." Lindsay was very happy because of the change in Frank; but he did not think it was through any efforts of his that his friend was changed, if any one had to do with it, it was Ella; so thought Lindsay; and as usual when he had been thinking much of his angel sister, he sought her grave. Every Saturday evening through the summer, Lindsay placed a bouquet of the flowers she loved best on her grave; but to-day there were no flowers; the late severe frosts had nipped them, and the snow had covered the few remaining buds. The quiet churchyard where all that was mortal of Ella Thornton found a home, was a sweet spot; here Lindsay spent many an hour—not sorrowfully, oh no. He knew his little sister was far happier in her heavenly home than she could possibly have been on earth; and somehow he felt as if she was doing more for him above that blue sky, than she could have done had she been with him here. Might it not be, as Ella once said, that "when she saw Jesus, she would be better able to tell Him about Lindsay."

It is Christmas Eve; more than a year gone since Ella died. Lindsay has been at the cemetery to place a flower, a hot-house rose, on Ella's grave. He is hastening home; for the sky is very black with clouds; the wind rising, and indeed every appearance of a heavy snow-storm close at hand. Just as he was coming out of the cemetery gate, he fancied he heard some one weeping; listening attentively he heard a childish voice saying between sobs, "Oh mother, mother, won't you come back to your little Kate?" Going back into the churchyard in the direction of the sounds, Lindsay discovered a little girl seated on a new-made grave. She started when he spoke; but save that she stopped crying, she took no notice of his presence. Lindsay stooped down and tenderly raising the little girl to her feet, he said, "Who are you?"

"I am Katie Sinclair, and my mother was put in the ground here to-day."

"But havent you any home, any father, Katie?" said Lindsay.

"No," replied the child; "my father died so long ago that I don't remember him. I have no home but the work-house, and I won't go there, I tell you. Oh, why did God not take Katie with mother?" and the child, passionate when roused, stamped her little feet.

"Come, come, Katie, you must not speak so. Come home with me. You will freeze if you stay longer here. Don't you see we are almost buried in snow already."

Katie resisted, but after a short time Lindsay got her persuaded to let him take her home. Lifting the little shivering creature in his arms, Lindsay carried her

to Mrs. Thornton's. Opening the kitchen door, he soon told the astonished Clare where he had found the child. Clare's sympathy was aroused; her kind heart was ready to do all she could for the forlorn little creature. Pulling off the stiff shoes and stockings from the child's cold feet, she rubbed them before the fire, until they were nice and warm. Then heating some milk, she poured it over some nicely cut bread; which nice warm supper the child ate greedily. All this time she was quiet enough—possibly she was too tired to speak; and soon after the weary eyes were firmly closed in sleep. Telling Mrs. Thornton that "Santa Claus" had sent her a little daughter for a Christmas box, Lindsay sought his own room that he might change his damp clothes. After some thought, Mrs. Thornton decided to adopt the orphan child brought so unexpectedly to her home. It was a trial to put such a wild little thing into dear Ella's place; but Mrs. Thornton felt as if God had sent the child to her for a comfort, and she would try and bring her up in the fear of God. It was no easy task Mrs. Thornton and Clare had with Katie Sinclair. She was a wilful, quick-tempered child; accustomed to having her own way, and when in her obstinate moods, it required very firm and yet very kind treatment to make her yield. Lindsay could do more with Katie than any of them, and consequently was often called upon to quiet her bursts of temper. At first Lindsay felt it a great trial to have to give so much of his time to such a wilful little girl; but he conquered the selfish feeling, and in time reached the reward of his well-doing. Lindsay taught her to read; took her for a walk when he had a holiday, and in every way tried to be to Katie just what Ella would have wished him to be.

Lindsay had reached the age of eighteen, a man grown, although young in years. In the office he was the next to head-clerk. He had made friends of all the young men in the office, and by his good example had been a blessing to several. Lawyer Spence knew his worth, but took his own time and way to acknowledge it. Lindsay's time wanted but a year of being out, and yet in all the years he had been with Lawyer Spence he had scarcely got a word of commendation from him. Lindsay began to be discouraged, and wondered if he was not working hard enough, or why it was that Mr. Spence did not express his satisfaction with him; when one day, to his surprise and pleasure, the lawyer called him into his private room, spoke highly in praise of his diligence, improvement, &c., and made him the offer to study with his two sons after office hours. "It will help them, Lindsay, and if they study as hard as I know you will do, and get forward as rapidly, I will think you have imparted to them your secret how to keep on the "'highway to honor'." Lindsay saw what a benefit the course of study under an able tutor would be; so, with grateful thanks, promised to help the lawyer's sons as much as he could. One regret Lindsay had in connection with this new arrangement: he and Frank could have little time together; however, Lindsay had little fear of Frank now. He was going steadily on in the right path. A member of the minister's Bible class, and a Sabbath-school teacher, with little trust in himself, unbounded trust in God, Lindsay had no dread of Frank taking up with any of his former companions. Frank loved Lindsay too well to grudge him this advantage—nay, he rejoiced that his friend's worth was appreciated, and with a warm clasp of the hand told Lindsay he deserved all he was getting.

Lindsay made rapid progress under Monsieur Dupres' teaching; at least Monsieur assured Lawyer Spence "that Master Lindsay had a good capacity for learning languages. "Why, sir," continued the little Frenchman, "he already speaks my language like a native!"

Lindsay's good example was not lost on the lawyer's sons. They were stimulated by his industry and perseverance to study harder, and so made rapid progress. Neither of the boys had any taste for their father's profession; so Mr. Spence said Lindsay would have to keep up the credit of the firm.

We pass over three years more; Lindsay has more than fulfilled the expectation of his friends. He is respected by all classes; not more for his talents than for

his pure life, his deeds of charity; and very many have reason to bless the day they saw Lindsay Atwood.

Another scene is before us. The place is a large court-house, crowded with people come to hear Lindsay's maiden speech at the Bar of his country. The case is that of a young man committed for burglary. Lindsay had examined the case most thoroughly, and was convinced that the young man was innocent of the charge. He had his own suspicions as to who was the guilty party, but, like a wise lawyer, carefully gathered up his evidence, and kept his own counsel. The prisoner was a nice, steady fellow, much respected in the Town of D—; but the evidence was strong against him; so that, although almost all classes hoped for his acquittal, the worst was feared. Once convinced of Harry Walker's innocence, Lindsay set himself with all his heart to clear him, and so quietly and so well had he wrought, that many received a great surprise the day of the trial. The case against Harry was put very strongly. The suspicious circumstances in which he was found, the night the safe in his master's shop was broken up; his knowledge of the hiding-place of the key that unlocked the iron box in which his master put checks for money and such like; his having some of those checks in a coat pocket worn the night of the burglary, were all put in forcible language against the poor lad. While fact after fact was told against him, many a heart failed in hope, and every now and again a glance was cast at the young prisoner, who sat pale but calm, and with a frank, open look listened with eagerness to the points told against him. As for Lawyer Spence, he gave his head a knowing shake, and glanced quite triumphantly at Lindsay, who was almost as pale as the prisoner. When Lindsay arose to defend Harry, you might have heard a pin drop, so great was the stillness. Even the judges trembled lest so young a man should fail. But no; Lindsay had sought strength from on high, and he had no fears as to the result. Friends smiled as he broke down evidence and argument, clearing Harry of this charge and of that; and at last produced a letter which he said would clear the prisoner freely of the charge brought against him. It was from a young man who had, about a week before the discovery of the burglary, left the employment of Harry's master. When he found out that Harry Walker was likely to get the States prison for a home, he wrote to say that he was the guilty party; that he picked the lock of the door, broke open the safe, and afterwards thrust some of the checks into Harry's coat pocket, so that suspicion would be diverted from himself. He sent back to his employer all but a hundred pounds, which sum he promised, if spared, to refund at some future day. The handwriting was identified; the checks proved the true ones; and Harry Walker declared free. When Lindsay had finished, what a cheer re-echoed in the old court-house! Many a hand was held out to grasp his, and many eyes shed tears of joy, both for Lindsay's sake and Harry's. Nothing gratified Lindsay more than the broken thanks of Harry's father and mother, as each grasping a hand thanked him again and again for saving their good name.

Few except Lawyer Spence knew that Lindsay had been the means of making the thief confess his guilt, and give up the most of his ill-got money, and thus save an innocent man's character. Lindsay traced him to New York, got his address, and wrote to him so earnestly that his conscience was aroused; or else he feared capture, and considered it safe to own his guilt and clear Harry Walker. Let us hope he lived in a foreign land so as to redeem the past. As for Lindsay he did not wish his good deeds told abroad, remembering the Bible injunction "to let not your left hand know what your right doeth." He was too thoroughly satisfied with the result of the trial to need any more reward.

At the door of the court house a number of Lindsay's friends waited to congratulate him. There was Frank Davidson, his handsome face beaming with happiness; gentle Mrs. Thornton, so proud of her son (as she styled Lindsay); old Clare with her cheerful black face saying, as plainly as if she had spoken, "Bless the Lord, our boy's gained the victory;"—even Monsieur Dupres was there to offer his hearty

congratulations, which he gave sometimes in polished French, sometimes in broken English; while Katie Sinclair's mild dark eyes flashed with true pleasure as she slipped her hand into her much-loved brother's, and skipped merrily home. Lindsay Atwood had reason to feel gratified with his success. He had gone on rapidly in "the highway to honor." His dear mother and Ella's hopes were more than fulfilled; yet Lindsay did not feel proud. No; Lindsay knew how he had conquered—not for any good in himself; too well he remembered times of weakness when he yielded to temptation—weeks of sloth, when he felt no inclination to fulfil his parent's wishes. Ah no; there was nothing in himself to be proud of; but to Ella Thornton and her mother's prayers he felt he owed much.

After tea on this memorable day of our young lawyer's history, Lindsay wended his way to the cemetery. It was a lovely summer evening, the sixth anniversary of Ella's death. How vividly he remembered that night! The clouds this evening were piled up much in the same fashion as when Ella, for the last time, asked the curtains to be drawn up. Did she know of his success up there in her bright home? Lindsay liked to think she did, and that his mother and she know each other now. Alone in the cemetery, Lindsay knelt on Ella's grave, gave God thanks for the way He had led him, and vowed with the Lord's help to do all the good he could in the future.

Now readers, both boys and girls, although Lindsay Atwood would take no praise to himself, we are not to speak of him in the same way. The thoroughly clever and learned are generally the most humble—so with Lindsay; yet we think he deserved credit for his diligence in study, for his perseverance in seeking to conquer evil habits, and in his desire to do others good. In a closing word I would say, if you wish to have a high standard of excellence in the "battle of life," take Lindsay Atwood's motto—"The highway to honor." Rule your conduct by Bible teaching, and success will surely be yours.

THE END.

RIDDLES.

Riddle-making has been popular in all ages and countries, and not only the small wits, but the big-wigs of Greece, Rome, France, Germany, and England, have amused themselves with it. Schiller, the German poet, was an adept in this art, and some of his riddles are said to be marvels of ingenuity and beauty. Here is one by Fox, the great English orator:

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
And most employed when others sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
And none would wish to keep.

The answer is—a bed.

Doctor Whewell, the late Master of Trinity College, Oxford, is credited with the following, which was often on his lips. It would baffle a sphynx:

U 0 a 0, but I 0 thee,
O 0 no 0, but O 0 me;
Then let not my 0 a 0 go,
But give 0 0 I 0 thee so.

You sigh for a cypher, but I sigh for thee,
O sigh for no cypher, but O sigh for me;
Then let not my sigh for a cypher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for thee so.

Whew!—well done! we hear a punning reader exclaim.

The following is inferior to the sighing riddle so often repeated to his friends by the author of "The History of the Inductive Science," but it is not the device of a bungler:

Stand	take	to	takings
I	you	throw	my

I understand
You undertake
To overthrow
My undertakings.

Professor De Morgan, author of the celebrated work on "The Theory of Probabilities," is the author of a cunning punning riddle. How do you know that there is no danger of starving in the desert? Because of the *sand which is* there. And how do you know you will get sandwiches there? Because *Ham* went into the desert, and his decendants *bred* and *mustered*.

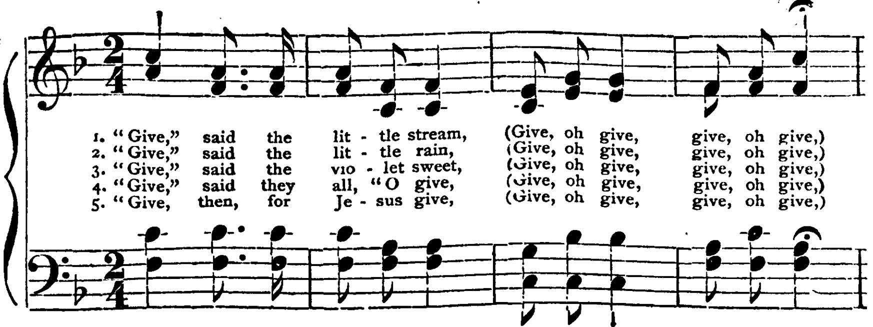
We will close with a specimen of the puzzles in letters:

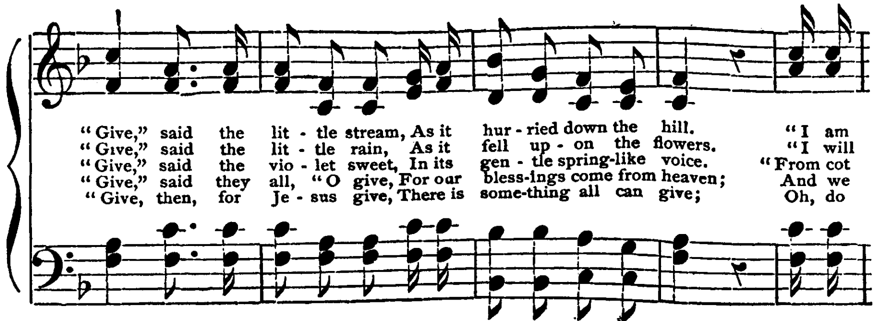
C C
S I

"The season is backward." (The C's on is backward.)

GIVING.

By Wm. B. Bradbury.





small, I know, but wher - e - ver I go, The fields grow greener still."
raise the droop - ing heads a - gain, And freshen the sum-mer bowers."
and hall they will hear my call, They will find me and rejoice."
fain would give, yes, would only live, To give as God has given."
as the streams and the blos-soms do. And for God and others live."

CHORUS.

Sing-ing, sing-ing all the day, Give a - way, oh, give a - way,

Sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, Give, oh, give a - way.

The Home.

BABY-CULTURE.

BY FAITH ROCHESTER.

Here is a "Little Book for Mothers," which I have secured from the publisher, J. L. Hammet, Brattle-St., Boston. It cost twelve and a half cents, and is meant to accompany Fröbel's first gift for babies. This gift consists of six colored rubber balls; of the three primary colors, red, blue and yellow, and three secondary colors, purple, green and orange.

I am sorry there are so many people who seem to suppose that the mere maternal instinct is a sufficient guide for a mother in her important duties. This little book truly says, "Love is not wisdom: but love must act according to wisdom, in order to succeed." Mothers and nurses, however tender and kind-hearted, may, and often do weary and vex the nerves of children, in well-meant efforts to amuse, and weary themselves the while. Fröbel's exercises, founded on observations of *intelligent sensibility*, are intended to amuse without wearying; and the child is educated thereby, and is not puzzled or vexed."

Only very thoughtless persons will laugh at the idea of a *baby's* "education"! Education means drawing out,—development and discipline. The new-born babe has not even the use of its senses—these are to be "drawn out" gradually and tenderly, so as never to weary or confuse. Most of us, grown up people, have senses imperfectly developed; and we little know what delights we lose because our senses are so uncultivated; in the realm of art, for instance, and in music! The senses, properly educated, are blessed ministers to the soul's advantage. What a pity that, from their earliest efforts, they do not have reasonable and suitable culture! Let me quote again from this little book for mothers:

"Fröbel devoted long years of his rich, eminent life to the careful study of these little ones, and of the best means of developing them harmoniously, with pleasure to themselves; at the same time preserving the individuality of each, which he sacredly respected. Fröbel realized the influence, on the whole after life, of the tone and bent given to their earlier years; and he sought, by all his numerous games and exercises, not only to develop duly each muscle of the body, every power of the mind, but also to inculcate love and service to others, reverence and modesty, free obedience and mutual helpfulness, as the greatest happiness as well as the greatest good. The child is not made the prominent point, the centre of all things, but sees himself as part of the whole; he becomes conscious of persons and things in their relations to each other and to himself; and escapes the terrible self-consciousness which so injures and disfigures 'fast young America' of both sexes."

Poor Young America! My heart aches daily when I see how persistently this self-consciousness is *drilled into* children who are naturally sweet and modest. Beginning with the baby, its mistaken friends amuse it by nodding to it and "noticing" it in a flattering way, talking to it the most exaggerated praise and condolence. The tones come to be understood long before any words are comprehended, and these have their pernicious influence. Tones of cheerfulness and love are best for baby-culture. I know some warm-hearted but unthinking lovers of children, who usually begin a conversation with a child, with questions and talk about the child itself. They make some start and outcry at the child's appearance, calculated to heighten its sense of its own importance; and then exclaim, "Why, who is this? Let's see! your name is—what is your name?" This subject being disposed of, then follows a string of questions, beginning perhaps with a question that (I think) ought never to be asked a child—"Are you a good little baby?"—and so on, It is such a pity!

Children need intelligent sympathy—not pity, nor flattery. Just commendation is wholesome, and encouragement is indispensable. Too many little ones are either disheartened by neglect and by criticisms that are not tenderly given; or they acquire an undue estimate of their abilities from overpraise. They are observed and admired openly, and so this desire to attract attention and create an impression is cultivated even in little babies. If, instead of this thoughtless cruelty, we can only "be converted and become as little children" in spirit, we shall enter heartily into the enjoyments, wishes and needs of the little ones we train, and treat them with "love that is according to wisdom." We shall not play to them, and talk to them—but

with them; interesting them in things outside of themselves.

In this little book are described many simple plays for infants, from the time when they first begin to notice and grasp playthings till the time when they are able to begin combining and constructing things, as play. But mothers are cautioned to remember that Fröbel only "gives these songs and movements as *hints* and *suggestions*, to be infinitely varied by their own ingenuity, and adapted to the wants and tastes of each child."

It is impossible to give here these simple plays in detail, but it would be well for every mother to possess a copy of this little book. To follow its instructions mechanically would spoil all. The spirit of Fröbel's instructions, not merely the letter, is what we ought to catch. He says that much quiet is necessary for the nerves of the child during the first year, and that we should avoid confusing it by presenting too many playthings; that accuracy and precision of movement rest and soothe the child; that when the little one (old enough to roll the ball on the table) drops its ball, it should be bent down to pick it up, that it may early be accustomed to bear the consequences of its own actions; that very early children should, if possible, have playmates of their own age, and learn to bear with and help each other.

I do not know who edited this tiny book, but it was surely some person of loving heart and clear understanding. She (it must be a woman) says in closing: "It is difficult to make a statement which shall not, at first glance, seem formal, of what should be so spontaneous, life-full, varied, *yet not lawless or disorderly*, as the development of their little ones. If mothers realize that well-directed play would be to them as the sun and fresh air to plants, unconsciously unfolding and feeding them, saving them from the fatigue and *ennui* and confusion too often resulting from our present methods, they would study reverently the counsels of this good man, who devoted his life to children."

Elsewhere she says—and I think our national experiment has proceeded far enough now to enable intelligent people to appreciate the remark:—"Organized play for the child, and organized work for the man, not anarchy and license, are what we need for the development of that true liberty which all crave." Fröbel's first principle is "the fulfilment of duty at as early an age as possible,—that fulfilment a pleasure through love of others."

The idea is not uncommon that if children are not interfered with, if they are let alone as much as possible during the first half dozen years of life—they will come out about right; that nature will pull them safely through the perils of childhood. But a little experience soon shows any observing person that average children tend to mischief as easily "as the sparks to fly upward." The baby of a week old will fasten its gaze upon the lamp and seriously injure its organs of sight, if left to its own inclination, when the lamp is improperly placed. The little one old enough to creep into mischief, knows no better than to grasp a glittering knife with whetted edge. A child will call for "more, more," when wearied out with foolish and exciting stories. As we would take a child's hand to lead it, in its first attempt at walking, so we should gently guide its outreaching faculties, saving it from self-injury through ignorance, and doing what we can to prevent the growth in its own nature of the evils it inherits.

But the earlier you can begin the proper culture of a human being, the less *un*doing and *re*forming will have to be done. I am told that the charming little book by Miss Youmans—*First Lessons in Botany*—comes too late to accomplish its intended mission: "to develop the observing faculties of children." It is found that "half the children are intellectually demoralized at seven years of age." The Kindergarten is needed to prepare the way. The observing faculties begin to develop even in infancy, and they cry out for help whenever a child asks, "What is it?" "Why is it?" "How is it done?" If, at this early stage, they are neglected or improperly nourished, no after training can fully atone for this neglect. All hail, then, to the Kindergarten!—*Christian Mirror.*

A NEGLECTED BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

The question of profitable employment for women is one that occupies many thoughtful minds just now. "In what way can I earn money?" says the woman who, wishing to stand on her own feet, and not to be dependent upon any one else—father, brother, or friend—looks about in the busy world to find her special niche. Many doors stand open, needing only the resolute touch and the skilled hand of labor to make entrance both pleasant and desirable. Type-setting, gardening, shopkeeping, correspondence, engraving—a host of things that are as well done by women as by men—have now fallen in her way, so that the old occupations of sewing and teaching no longer stand alone. The woman who can do any one thing really well need not fear that she will not find plenty of it to do.

There is an art of spending, however, as well as an art of earning, and it is a fact that many of our sex remain children all their lives in this peculiar art. As a

branch of their education, it was neglected. Merchants and clerks have reason to shrink from the lady-buyer who enters the store, uncertain what she wants, has piece after piece of goods pulled down, while she balances, in her undecided way, the relative merits of material and price, and perhaps leaves the shop, after wasting time and trying patience, only to return next day and repeat the process. Then, too, there is the lady who, going out with a certain end in view, is seduced from it by the first pretty thing she sees—a thing which, perhaps, like poor little Rosamond's purple jar, will prove an aggravation and a disappointment for weeks to come, Yet, as it often and very properly falls to the mistress of a house to purchase the supplies for the family, its food, its dress, its articles of comfort or luxury, nothing is more evident than that she should have the benefit of a special training for this part of her profession. To know how to combine simplicity with elegance and beauty with usefulness in such a way that shopping shall be a pleasure and not a trouble, is a knowledge well worth having.

Every mother should begin when her girls are little, and give them weekly or monthly some stated sum, no matter if a very small one, wherewith to buy certain necessary things for themselves. Their own ribbons and collars and toilet-trifles—as they grow older, their gloves and shoes, and other articles of dress, they should be encouraged to purchase for themselves—their mother at first helping their decisions, but gradually leaving them to their own judgment. They should be taught never, under any temptation, to stoop to that vulgar and unprincipled thing—cheapening or "beating down" the price of an article. If they have a fixed quarterly or monthly sum to cover their expenditure and induce a habit of calculation, they will learn the lesson for want of which so many mourn in sackcloth and ashes—the lesson of living within their means.

We have indicated a branch of education which is as necessary as a knowledge of French or algebra, and far more frequently overlooked. Closely connected with it is the art of systematic giving, never to be learned by one who does not know how to spend.

RUFFLES AND TUCKS.

It occurred to me the other day, as I passed along the street, how rare a thing it has become to see a mother abroad with her own little ones. "She has no time," may be the reply, "to range about in that aimless way." But what is she doing with her time? Is it any more aimfully spent if she uses it to prepare little Miss to mince abroad alone in such fantastic guise as plain old grandma epitomized the other day, when she saw her grandchild thus prepared, and said:

"Now, daughter, just tie a string to her, and she will be all ready to travel with the hand-organ."

It may be that a force is at work, which for ages has accomplished what the most earnest preaching against specific follies has failed to do. If Fashion has a mischief, it has no less at times a mission. The windows of the cheap shops are now full of coarse, flimsy materials loaded with machine work in every respect as profuse as the richer fabrics they imitate. These caricatures may lead to the sorely needed discovery that excessive elaboration is vulgar, and that may prove the happy beginning of the end.

Hasten the day when we have learned to put away from the sewing-machine what our foolishness makes "the worser part of it," and let it be to us all the perfect gift that it is!

Finally, let us insist that whatever in the domestic economy ought to be subordinate, it is "the fine sewing." Never let husband, or children, or dinner, or house, give way to it. If you cannot afford to hire one girl and the sewing too, then hire the sewing and do the work. At least make the fair trial. If all were to make this beginning, the great army of workers for bread would soon find it out, and the result would be much greater certainty and economy in this branch of work than at present exists.

Not only to the younger wives, but to mothers who have growing and grown-up daughters, does the word come. Do not let these young fair ones make "loads of sewing" an excuse for crooking their spines and dwarfing their minds, while you and Biddy do the work. Don't let there be a Biddy in such a case.

CASTE IN THE KITCHEN.

The ladies who are attacking and defending the housewifely character of Englishwomen seem to us to miss, purposely, one grand element in the question, and that is the extreme dislike felt by English servants for notable housewives. They can hardly be induced to endure them. The Frenchwoman of the middle class, whose economical skill is held up to such admiration, exerts it in no slight degree at the expense of her domestics, who are well treated in some ways—talked to, for example, as if they were human beings like their employers—but are governed, not to say driven, in a style which English servants in the more civilized districts have decided not to endure. French servants do not mind it,

or at least do not rebel against it, think scolding part of the bargain, expect or rather enjoy an incessant interference, which is compensated by their consequent position as humble friends, look upon meanness as rather a virtue than a vice, and are, if not eager to learn, at least penetrated with the idea that they ought to be. English servants are of a different type. Their pride is their knowledge of their work, their foible, impatience of interference. and their most confirmed habit a reticence or artificiality in the presence of superiors which of itself almost prohibits the humble-friend relation so frequently met with in France, and in Italy almost universal. An Italian man-servant in particular is the best servant in the world, provided he is treated as a sort of child of the house, and one of the worst if he is not. English housewives in almost every grade of the middle-class purchase household peace at the cost of abstaining from any personal share in the executive details of the household economy. The better the cook, the less she will tolerate her mistress being constantly in the kitchen; the more active the housemaid. the less will she bear to be "follered about and drove." Many excellent servants dislike even to be much talked to, the restraint which English manners compel them to put upon their speech, voices, and manner speedily becoming irksome. It is one of the strangest facts in our civilization, and one which throws a great light on many educational failures, that the British servant never adopts the conventional manner permanently; never sees that the low voice and the civil "way" and the restrained temper are distinctly in themselves better things than the clanging tongue and rough manner and habit of unrestraint universal among our semi-civilized population. The low voice of the dining-room is laid aside in the kitchen, the civil way becomes brutal frankness at home, and once out of doors, the restrained temper gives way to a chronic fury. We back a servant, educated, trained, disciplined to mildness as no gentleman or lady is disciplined, to be more outrageously violent than any other human being. This dislike of interference, which has its good side, being, as it is, a form of the English desire for personal independence, is constantly, as all our comic literature bears witness, pushed to most ridiculous lengths, till the mistress is almost asked what she does out of her own apartments, and the struggle always ends in one of two alternatives. The mistress may have bad servants, and make herself and everybody else miserable by licking them into shape—losing them at the end of the process—or she may search for good servants, and having found them, let them pretty much alone, content to give the machine a touch when it seems to be getting out of gear. The latter alternative is adopted by all who understand England and are not too closely pressed for money; details are let alone; the kitchen is visited once a day; and the mistress, instead of presenting herself till dinner-time in the guise of a slatternly nurse, as so many Frenchwomen and Italians do, is as neat through the day as if she expected a host of admirers to call. She pays a good deal for her comparative leisure, it is true, sometimes in money, sometimes in a kind of orderly discomfort—the slightest break in the routine putting everybody out—very often in a badly supplied table. This last constant complaint of Englishmen, who write to the papers about it whenever they get a chance in the most downright earnest, must have some foundation. but it does not, we imagine, proceed from the housewife's inability to cook or teach cooking. There is no conceivable reason why a lady should cook a bit better than a tolerably attentive servant, and it is not teaching so much as careful direction that a decent servant wants and very often does not get, not because her mistress does not know how to direct, but because she does not care. Women, as a rule, do not care about eating, rather deride individual peculiarities of taste in eating; and men, who, as a rule, do care a little too much, are, by the English system of independence, precluded from direct interference with the kitchen. They must either put up with food they dislike, or improve it through lectures to their wives, which if they have any sense or geniality, they will try to avoid.

It is not a knowledge of cookery, or of dressmaking, which is wanted of Englishwomen, but administrative skill; and this English society takes the most elaborate pains to destroy. The habit of economy, that is, of fitting ends to pecuniary means, is hardly possible to those who can possess no property; and were not the instinct corrected by the thrift peculiar to the sex, the tendency to regard all things that interest them as important things, all Englishwomen would be wasteful. Dressmaking, the easiest of all acquirements, is rarely learned except under pecuniary pressure, and the art is for that reason shirked, lest people should think that the women who have acquired it had no money to buy dresses. The independence of the kitchen, again, prevents girls from acquiring household knowledge, servants objecting strongly to "too many mistresses," while the peculiar caste pride of the country, a pride which, bad as it often is and deeply as it injures society, has its justifications, rebels against placing girls in habitual contact with the kitchen. English girls are really, though not formally, as com-

pletely secluded as if they were bred in convents, and the attempt to teach them practical housekeeping interferes, or is supposed to interfere, with that seclusion. All that can be taught them is a certain theory of administration, and this is taught, and in, we should say, the majority of instances is taught exceedingly well. The celerity with which "young housekeepers," as ignorant as rabbits, learn to wield the modest sceptre of an ordinary house, is almost a marvel, more especially where, as in thousands of the best governed houses in England—say, for one example, the majority of parsonages—the means to be expended are so very limited. No French woman can surpass the clergyman's wife, who on three hundred a year keeps up an establishment in which nothing offends through want of refinement, and in which, though there may be half-a-dozen children, there is never a symptom of scurry or confusion. Where the deficiencies of which "A French Lady" complained exist, they are usually due far more to want of will than want of power, and would not be corrected by any chance in our system of education. There are extravagant women, and careless women, and slatternly women all over the world; but in England the tendency is always towards decent, regular, though somewhat expensive, household administrations.

The real evil with which in this, as in every other matter, we in this country have to contend, is not the ignorance of the middle class, whether of cooking or of dress, so much as the depth of the chasm between classes which every day and every step in culture seems only to increase. The old familiarity of intercourse between employers and servants, which the reformers want to revive, was based upon a substantial equality of deficiencies which has long since disappeared. The cook in a moderate house was, as far as education and ideas and refinement went, little more than an edition of her mistress on thicker paper, the maid was a slightly more flaunty repetition of the daughter of the house. Now, while cook and maid have scarcely improved except in a few departments of positive knowledge, such as reading and writing, mother and daughter have begun to experience that refining effect of hereditary culture, which in England, more than in any country in the world, walls off those who obtain it. Our people, who are neither ladies nor gentlemen by nature, are in that respect far below the French, the Italians, or the Irish, and the depth of the impression made by culture, the change it creates even in external attributes, in voice, temper, manners, and daily habits, is therefore marked to exaggeration, so marked as to produce between the cultivated and the uncultivated a mutual recoil so excessive as to involve very often suspicion and even hostility. The kindly intercourse which would make it possible for educated women to be the immediate and constant instructors of those they employ has become impossible without an unendurable restraint on both sides, and will remain impossible until years of education, perhaps generations of education, have exercised their civilizing influence upon the masses. It is a bad thing that it should be so, but we must pay the penalty of ages of neglect; and one of them is, that English wives and daughters cannot live among and therefore educate servants, as can the women of lands where the social chasms are less deep.—*London Spectator.*

THE ETHICS OF DRESS.

Certain immutable laws underlie all human fashions, changing not with the perpetual flux and sheen of outward life. These laws, of grace, of symmetry, of propriety, are the oracles of our highest culture and our finest instincts. They are natural laws as well, and the things of Nature conform to them. Willows droop, and elm boughs curve accordantly—no humblest flower that blows but recognizes their behest in the shaping and the painting of its cup.

But we are not obedient as the flowers. Acknowledging the law, we forget it. Especially is this true in matters of dress. Fashion twitches this way and that, pulls lines out of their rightful sweep and meaning, overloads, deforms, disguises, and our eyes become demoralized. Hardly do we endure before we embrace; we become a part of all which at first we hated, and the higher law is forgotten.

Wherefore it is to be wished that as, each season, our journals record the caprices of Dame Fashion, some cooler voice in the background might be provided, which should repeat and re-repeat the old code—so easily laid aside, so important to remember. Or, to use another figure, that amid the arbitrary changes and glitter of society, a wise hand should be found to seize and hold up the standard—as valid now as in the days of classic Greece, the standard of correct taste—if haply a few here and there might behold and follow.

This code, worthy to be engraved on tables of brass, runs somewhat after this wise:—

Imprimis. The first instinct about a new fashion is the true one. Don't wait till your eye has lost its accuracy and your judgment its edge. Subject the thing at once to the general rule, and bow to the decision.

2d. What suits one person does not suit another. Know thyself.

3d. Dress should supplement good points and correct bad ones. Thick and thin, long and short, are not all to be subjected to one Procrustean style.

4th. Colors should be harmonious, should be *massed*—should be becoming. *Id est*, many little points or blotches of color sprinkled over a costume produce a disagreeably pied and speckled effect, as of a monstrous robin's egg or a plum-pudding. One tint should prevail, relieved by a contrasting tint. No amount of fashionable *prestige* can make an unbecoming color becoming. "Nile green" will turn some people into oranges, though twenty Empresses ordain its adoption.

5th. Lines should be continuous, graceful, and feminine. It is better to look like a woman (if you happen to be one) than like anything else—even a fashion-plate!

6th. Ornament must be subordinate. Nature, with all her profusion, never forgets this fundamental law.

7th. Above all things, be neat. Dainty precision and freshness is essential to a woman as a flower.

8th. Individuality is the rarest and the cheapest thing in the world.

9th, and lastly, "Stylish" is of all the words in the English language the most deadly. It has slain its thousands.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

ACCURATE WAYS AND MEASURES IN COOKING.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

Young housekeepers often complain that, notwithstanding their most earnest efforts to work in strict accordance with given rules or receipts, their failures are more frequent than their successes. They admit that sometimes their work proves satisfactory, but ask, "Why should it not always be so?"

The difference in the results of their various trials can only be attributed to the method and accuracy, or to the haste and carelessness with which their labor is performed. Unless there was some fault in the materials, some difference in the quality, arising from change between the successive trials, or the oven and fire were not properly regulated, there can be no reason for the failure, except the fact that the receipts and rules were not always strictly followed.

"But," say they, "we used to see our mothers throw the materials together, apparently, without thought, and we have seen others set about the work of making cake, pies, or bread, with such an easy, *nonchalant* air, that to our inexperienced eyes, it was perfectly marvellous that any good results could possibly follow; yet the article would come from the oven in all respects perfect. Time after time we have seen this done, and the work always blessed with a satisfactory termination; but if we attempt that mode of labor, the most disastrous and mortifying consequences are sure to rise up against us. Why is this?"

Simply because you are attempting to walk before you have learned to creep, and naturally get some sore falls by the premature attempt. It is only when accustomed to this labor by long years of constant practice, so that it is done almost by instinct, that any one should venture to deviate from strict observance of well-established rules. But there are very few, comparatively, of the most accomplished and mature housekeepers, who attempt this free and easy way of cooking; or if, in some emergency requiring haste, they are driven to it, they will assure you that they seldom succeed so perfectly as they would have done had they weighed and measured with their usual care and precision. Occasionally we find a few "natural born" cooks, with "a law unto themselves," just as we find persons who have a "natural gift" for dressmaking and millinery, whose work, performed instinctively, equals any French modiste's. But such cases are rare, and, we are inclined to think, undesirable, except for one's own ease. Where there are young girls about, either in the family, or among friends, who may be obliged to look to you for instruction, you would find it very difficult and embarrassing, had you that gift, to attempt to teach or put in words anything which you are able to make so entirely by intuition that, even in your own mind, you find yourself at a loss how to frame a definite rule, or receipt, for doing that which your hands perform independently of your head. Let some of these "gifted ones" attempt to write out a receipt which a beginner could easily follow, and they would make much more awkward work of it than you do in your efforts to work without a definite rule.

"But even when we do proceed in exact accordance with the receipts, we often fail."

Are you sure you are *exact?* We think not. It requires some little experience to be able to weigh and measure correctly, and we have often noticed that it is a lack of this experience which causes failure in most young housekeepers. If it lacks "only a little" of being full weight, or is "only a little" too much, they are very likely to say, "Oh, it's quite near enough—such slight difference can't matter—and I am in a hurry."

"Only a little thing" has done much harm in almost every department of life—a mischief that is often irremediable. If there is "only a little" too much flour your bread or cake will be solid—not heavy, perhaps, but lacking that light, tender

state which is so desirable. Or, if only a little less than the proper measure is used, it will "fall" from the crust and come upon your table flat and sodden.

A pair of scales are not always to be found in every family, and therefore the just weight cannot be secured. It is, therefore, very desirable to have always at hand a table of correct measures. Indeed when the table is perfect it is much more convenient and easier to prepare the proper proportions by measuring than by weighing, only one must use care and judgment to allow for an extraordinary moisture in the articles as it would affect a measure more than scales. It is always better to put flour, meal, sugar, etc., near the fire to dry before measuring.

A table of measures, plainly printed in good-sized type, should be hung over the table or on the wall in every kitchen.

Some weeks since we gave a measure table for solids, but, by some mistake, the table for liquids was omitted, and as we think in some respects, it is the most convenient of the two, we close with a table of *Liquid measure:* Sixteen large tablespoonfuls make half a pint; eight ditto, one gill, four ditto, half a gill; two gills, half a pint; two pints, one quart; four quarts, one gallon. A common sized tumbler holds half a pint. A common sized wine-glass holds half a gill. Twenty-five drops make one teaspoonful.

These three last measures are not sufficiently reliable to be safely used in cakes, or anything demanding particular care.

GLYCERINE.

When, amidst the smoke and dust of the laboratory, Scheele first separated glycerine from its combinations, and gave it a distinct existence and a name, he doubtless had little thought of the extensive applications that it would meet, and still less could he suppose that it would find its way to the toilette-tables of delicate ladies, or become a boon to suffering infants. It is not many years since it was thrown away as worthless, it being a waste product in the manufacture of certain pharmaceutical preparations; or, if it did chance to be saved, it was kept merely by curious chemists, who retailed it at almost fabulous prices. Now it is a regular article of commerce; it is prepared of great purity and at moderate cost, and being an indispensable article on the toilette-table, every lady ought to understand its peculiarities and the best methods of using it.

Glycerine is prepared from fat, of which it forms a prominent constituent. At first sight this might create a feeling of disgust; but when we trace the chemical processes through which it passes, we shall find that it is purified as with fire, and there is no more room for disgust at the idea of glycerine being prepared from fat than there is at the idea of luscious strawberries, delicate peaches, and refreshing grapes being produced from the contents of the garbage wagon. In both cases the resulting product is sublimed and purified, and bears no more resemblance to the source that furnished it than aquafortis bears to the air we breathe; and yet we know that both aquafortis and air are composed of the same elements.

The prominent characteristics that render glycerine valuable for toilette purposes are its neutrality, its fixedness, and its strong affinity for water. By neutrality we mean the fact that it is neither acid nor alkaline. It exerts no corroding action on any animal tissue, and when properly prepared it may be applied to the most delicate parts without producing pain or injury. Its name signifies "the sweet base," and it has a very sweet and pleasant taste. Moreover, it is so far nutritious that a German chemist supported himself upon it alone for several days. It has no specific action upon the system, and seems to act merely as a not very powerful form of nutriment; so that when applied to the lips, or when used where young children have access to it, no fear need be entertained in regard to its effects. By its fixedness is meant the fact that it does not evaporate or dry up. So marked is this feature that it is used extensively by microscopists for the purpose of preserving moist preparations, and we have in our possession a slide which was put up a dozen years ago, and which is perfect to this day, although it never was very well sealed up. The glycerine is, in this case, kept between two thin plates of glass, one of which is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and in all this long time the glycerine has not dried up to any perceptible degree. No more convincing proof could be given of the non-volatility of glycerine. This property renders it of peculiar value as an application to the hair, which it keeps moist and healthy, thus preventing, in a large measure, that torment to ladies—brittleness of the hair, which causes it to break off at all sorts of lengths, and present a "fuzzy" or "towsy" appearance. As a means of keeping the skin moist glycerine is unequalled, and there is no better preventive of chapped hands, and no better application to hands that are chapped. It renders the skin soft, flexible, clear, and white, and is said, though with how much truth we do not know, to prevent freckles. We somewhat doubt this point, but would advise a trial, as what sometimes fails in certain cases may succeed in others. As an article for use in the nursery glycerine is invaluable. It is altogether the best application for

chafed surfaces, though many ladies have been disappointed in its use from not having followed certain directions which will be hereafter noted. It never becomes rancid, like oil, nor does it turn sour, like vegetable or sugary solutions. This is due in a large measure to the fact that it does not absorb anything from the air, nor does it even permit the access of air to anything immersed in it. This is not the case with water, which readily dissolves a considerable percentage of air, and thus conveys it to whatever may be covered with it. This peculiarity of glycerine has caused it to be quite extensively used in the preservation of fruits and vegetables—a point that will doubtless interest ladies, though it does not concern the toilette-table. Another application of glycerine, which falls in the same category, is its value when mixed with cements. We all know the difficulty of causing labels and similar objects to stick to glass or highly varnished articles when the latter are exposed to the continued drying action of a very warm room. The gum or paste dries up and cracks off, thus producing very serious annoyance. One or two drops of glycerine in a small bottle of mucilage will entirely prevent this result. We must beware, however, of adding too much glycerine, or the cement will fail to harden at all.

The property which has caused most annoyance in the use of glycerine is its strong affinity for water. Although glycerine has a pleasant, sweetish taste, yet the first sensation that is felt when it is applied to the tongue is one of pain and burning. This is caused by the fact that the glycerine absorbs all the moisture from the surface that it touches, and thus dries it up and parches the nerves. Ignorant of this fact, nurses and mothers have applied pure glycerine to the chafed skin of infants, and produced great pain. The glycerine ought to have been first mixed with an equal bulk of water, or at least with so much as would remove its burning action on the sense of taste. This being done, it may be applied to the most tender surfaces without producing injury, and as it does not dry up, virtually maintains the parts in a constantly moist condition, excluding the air and promoting the healing process. We may hint to the ladies that a small quantity poured into the shaving cups of their husbands, brothers, or friends will prove a pleasant addition, preventing entirely any possibility of the lather drying or hardening.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PANSY MATS.

These mats imitate the shape and brilliant shaded purple and yellow tints of the pansies, and are really beautiful. The materials required for a pair of them are—of single zephyr—one-quarter ounce of white, one-quarter ounce of black, half an ounce of the brightest yellow, and one ounce of richly shaded purple. They are very easily made.

Commence with the white; make a chain of six, and join it; into that crochet twelve long crochet stitches, with one chain-stitch between each; fasten it, and make three chain-stitches for the next row. Do this at every row. *Third row.*—Make two long crochet stitches into every loop of the second row. *Fourth row.*—Two long crochet stitches, with one chain between, and alternate with one long into every loop (not stitch.) *Fifth row.*—Two long crochet, alternate with two separate stitches of long crochet with one chain between each. *Sixth row.*—Two long crochet stitches, with three separate stitches of long crochet chain between each. *Seventh row.*—Commence with the black. Two long crochet stitches into every loop of the white. *Eighth row.*—Commence with the yellow, and crochet two long crochet into every loop. *Ninth, and last row.*—Commence with the shaded purple, and crochet the same as the last two rows.

Thread a long needle with fine black thread, and catch down the fullness so as to give the effect of pansies.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Broiled Pork-Steak.—The tenderloin is by far the nicest part, but any lean, white meat is very good. Split the steak, so as to allow its cooking through without burning or drying, and broil it slowly. When ready to turn over dip it into a gravy of hot water, butter, pepper, and salt, which should be kept hot on a dish; after this baste and turn it frequently. It takes about twenty minutes to broil a good-sized piece thoroughly. If it is not convenient to cook it on a gridiron, baking it in a dripping-pan, and basting it often, is almost as good.

Chicken Salad.—The chickens should be well fatted ones of a medium size (not overgrown), and the flesh delicate and white. Cook them in the morning, using the water they were boiled in for soup, omitting all seasoning until the fowls have been taken out. When entirely cold, cut in pieces the size you wish (having previously removed the skin), and place in a cool, dry cellar until wanted. If the meat inclines to dry, throw over it a clean cloth slightly dampened in cold water. Having selected the finest, whitest heads of celery, cut it the size desired. The best "fancy cooks" do not mince it, but have both the celery and chicken in pieces about an inch

long and half as thick. When ready, put the celery between clean, sweet cloths to make it perfectly dry, and then prepare your dressing as follows: To a pair of chickens allow three quarters of a bottle of the freshest, sweetest salad-oil you can find, two scant table-spoonfuls of the best Durham mustard, the yolks of two raw eggs, and of ten or twelve hard-boiled ones. To prepare the hard-boiled eggs put them in a saucepan of cold water over a hot fire, and let them boil as hard as they can for ten minutes; longer will not hurt them; cool them by plunging them into cold water, and remove the shells. Break the raw eggs, dropping the yolks into a large dish, and stir the same way for about ten minutes; then slowly add the mustard; mix it in well; then add a teaspoonful of the best vinegar, and when this is incorporated, add the oil a drop at a time, stirring it all the while, and always the same way. Into the hard-boiled yolks, which have been well smoothed and mashed, mix lightly about a teacupful of vinegar, and pour slowly into the first preparation, mixing as lightly as possible with a fork. Season the chicken and celery with salt and pepper to taste, and pour on the dressing. It should not be allowed to stand long after mixing. In cold weather, if set where it is too cold, the ingredients of the mixture will separate and ruin it. Chickens or turkeys fattened on mush-and-milk, and kept in a dark and not too cold place while fattening, make the nicest, whitest meat imaginable.

RICE MERINGUE.—One cupful of carefully sorted rice, boiled in water until it is soft; when done, drain it so as to remove all the water; cool it, and add one quart of new milk, the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, three table-spoonfuls of white sugar, and a little nutmeg; pour into a baking-dish, and bake about half an hour. Let it get cold; beat the whites of the eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavor with lemon or vanilla, drop or spread it over the pudding and slightly brown it in the oven.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Bake sponge-cake batter in a flat, square pan, so that it will be about an inch in thickness when done. Let it cool and cut in pieces about three inches square. Slice and butter it, and lay the pieces back as they were before you split them. Make custard with four eggs and a quart of new milk, flavor and sweeten to taste; it is very nice if you use almond flavor in the cake and lemon or vanilla in the custard. Lay the slices in a baking-dish so that when the custard is poured over them it will be nearly full. Bake half an hour.

PUFF OMELET.—Beat well the whites of three and the yolks of six eggs until they are light. Mix together a teacupful of new milk or cream, a tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste; pour this on the yolks and whites that have been beaten together. In a pan melt a piece of butter; when it is hot, pour in the mixture and set the pan in a hot oven; when it seems to thicken up, pour in the three whites saved out, and which have been beaten light; return it to the oven and let it brown. Slip it out on a dish so that the top part may remain up.

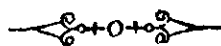
TO BOIL EGGS.—A very nice way of boiling eggs is to put them in a saucepan of cold water, place it on a hot part of the stove, and take them out when the water boils. It is said they are more delicate than when put right into boiling water. If they are not sufficiently cooked by the time the water boils, they can be left in a minute or so longer.

RYE BATTER-CAKES.—Warm two tumblers of sweet milk containing a tea-spoonful of salt; two eggs well beaten; stir into rye-meal, beginning with a pint, and add more, till of proper consistency for dropping upon the griddle; add a teaspoonful of soda, sifted with the meal; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar also. Rye and corn-meal cakes should be made thin; flour-cakes moderately stiff.

SHORT-CAKE.—Four cups of sifted flour; one tea-cupful of cream; one pint of milk; even table-spoonful of butter; teaspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, sifted with flour. Roll as soft as possible; cut small, thick cakes with a form, and bake on griddle.

DISHES WITH WHITE OF EGG—CALEDONIAN CREAM.—Two ounces of raspberry-jam or jelly, two ounces of red currant jelly, two ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, and the whites of two eggs; put into a bowl, and beat with a spoon for three-quarters of an hour. This makes a very pretty dish. CREAM-CAKE.—The whites of three eggs, one drop of essence of lemon, and as much powdered sugar as will thicken it; whisk the whites to a dry froth, then add the powdered sugar a tea-spoonful at at a time, till the egg is as thick as very thick batter. Wet a sheet of white paper, place it on a tin, and drop the egg and sugar on it in lumps about the shape and size of a walnut. Set them in a cool oven, and as soon as the sugar is hardened take them out. With a broad-bladed knife take them off the paper, place the flat parts of two together, and put them on a sieve in a very cool oven to dry.

Literary Notices.



"LIGHT." By Jacob Abbott. With numerous engravings. New York: Harper Bros. For sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This is the second volume of a series of scientific works for the young, which are so far from being intended simply to amuse children that they comprise the result of modern investigations and discoveries, and are, perhaps, the best text-books that could be found on their specific subjects. The first volume is on "Heat," and those who have already mastered that, will be prepared without any recommendation from us to welcome this. They are written in the form of stories, and the facts are given in a simple, comprehensive style. Either as gift-books for intelligent boys over fourteen, or as school-books for younger children, they will form a valuable addition to many libraries.

PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY. A Society Novel. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Toronto: Canadian News and Publishing Company. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This "little commonplace history," as it is described in the author's preface, for fear we should think we are going to have "salmon and green peas" when the viands prepared are "beef-steak and tomatoes," abounds in discussions of the questions of the day. Not only is the theory of easy divorce dealt a well-nigh fatal blow; extravagance, frivolity, and heartlessness, in fashionable forms, receive unexpected home thrusts. We make one extract:—

The Fergusons were disposed to make themselves most amiable to Mrs. Follingsbee; and, with this intent, Miss Letitia started the subject of her Parisian experiences, as being probably one where she would feel herself especially at home. Mrs. Follingsbee of course expanded in rapturous description, and was quite clever and interesting.

"You must feel quite a difference between that country and this, in regard to facilities of living," said Miss Letitia.

"Ah, indeed! do I not?" said Mrs. Follingsbee, casting up her eyes. "Life here in America is in a state of perfect disorganization."

"We are a young people here, madam," said John. "We haven't had time to organize the smaller conveniences of life."

"Yes, that's what I mean," said Mrs. Follingsbee. "Now, you men don't feel it so very much; but it bears hard on us poor women. Life here in America is perfect slavery to women,—a perfect dead grind. You see there's no career at all for a married woman in this country, as there is in France. Marriage there opens a brilliant prospect before a girl; it introduces her to the world; it gives her wings. In America, it is clipping her wings, chaining her down, shutting her up,—no more gayety, no more admiration; nothing but cradles and cribs, and bibs and tuckers, little narrowing, wearing, domestic cares, hard, vulgar domestic slaveries; and so our women lose their bloom and health and freshness, and are moped to death."

"I can't see the thing in that light, Mrs. Follingsbee," said old Mrs. Ferguson. "I don't understand this modern talk. I am sure, for one, I can say I have had all the career I wanted ever since I married. You know, dear, when one begins to have children, one's heart goes into them: we find nothing hard that we do for the dear little things. I've heard that the Parisian ladies never nurse their own babies. From my very heart, I pity them."

"Oh, my dear madam!" said Mrs. Follingsbee, "why insist upon it that a cultivated, intelligent woman shall waste some of the most beautiful years of her life in a mere animal function, that, after all, any healthy peasant can perform better than she? The French are a philosophical nation; and in Paris, you see, this thing is all systematic: it's altogether better for the child. It's taken to the country, and put to nurse with a good strong woman, who makes that her only business. She just lives to be a good animal, you see, and so is a better one than a more intellectual being can be; thus she gives the child a

strong constitution, which is the main thing."

"Yes," said Miss Letitia; "I was told, when in Paris, that this system is universal. The dressmaker who works at so much a day, sends her child out to nurse as certainly as the women of rank and fashion. There are no babies, as a rule, in French households."

"And you see how good this is for the mother," said Mrs. Follingsbee. "The first year or two of a child's life it is nothing but a little animal; and one person can do for it about as well as another: and all this time, while it is growing physically, the mother has for art, for self-cultivation, for society, and for literature. Of course she keeps her eye on her child, avd visits it often enough to know that all goes right with it."

"Yes," said Miss Letitia; "and the same philosophical spirit regulates the education of the child throughout. An American gentleman, who wished to live in Paris, told me that, having searched all over it, he could not accommodate his family, including himself and wife and two children, without taking two of the suites that are usually let to one family. The reason, he inferred, was the perfection of the system which keeps the French family reduced in numbers. The babies are out at nurse, sometimes till two, and sometimes till three years of age; and, at seven or eight, the girl goes into a pension, and the boy into a college, till they are ready to be taken out,—the girl to be married, and the boy to enter a profession; so the leisure of parents for literature, art, and society is persevved."

"It seems to me the most perfectly dreary, dreadful way of living I ever heard of," said Mrs. Ferguson, with unwonted energy. "How I pity people who know so little of real happiness!"

"Yet the French are dotingly fond of children," said Mrs. Follingsbee. "It's a national peculiarity; you can see it in all their literature. Don't you remember Victor Hugo's exquisite description of a mother's teelings for a little child in 'Notre Dame de Paris'? I never read anything more affecting; it's perfectly subduing."

"They can't love their children as I did mine," said Mrs. Ferguson: "it's impossible; and, if that's what's called organizing society, I hope our society in America never will be organized. It can't be that the children are well taken care of on that system. I always attended to everything for my babies *myself;* because I felt God had put them into my hands perfectly helpless; and, if there is anything difficult or disagreeable in the case, how can I expect to *hire* a woman for money to be faithful in what I cannot do for love?"

"But don't you think, dear madam, that this system of personal devotion to children may be carried too far?" said Mrs. Follingsbee. "Perhaps in France they may go to an extreme; but don't our American women, as a rule, sacrifice themselves too much to their families?"

"*Sacrifice!*" said Mrs. Ferguson. "How can we? Our children are our new life. We live in them a thousand times more than we could in ourselves. No, I think a mother that doesn't take care of her own baby misses the greatest happiness a woman can know. A baby isn't a mere animal; and it is a great and solemn thing to see the coming of an immortal soul into it from day to day. My very happiest hours have been spent with my babies in my arms."

"There may be women constituted so as to enjoy it," said Mrs. Follingsbee; "but you must allow that there is a vast difference among women."

"There certainly is," said Mrs. Ferguson, as she rose with a frigid courtesy, and shortened the call. "My dear girls," said the old lady to her daughters, when they returned home, "I disapprove of that woman. I am very sorry that pretty little Mrs. Seymour has so bad a friend and adviser. Why, the woman talks like a Feejee islander! Baby a mere animal, to be sure! it puts me out of temper to hear such talk. The woman talks as if she had never heard of such a thing as love in her life, and don't know what it means."

"O, well, mamma!" said Rose, "you know we are old-fashioned folks, and not up to modern improvements."

"Well," said Miss Letitia, "I should think that poor little weird child of Mrs. Follingsbee's with the great red bow on her back, had been brought up on this system. Yesterday afternoon I saw her in the garden, with that maid of hers, apparently enjoying a free fight. They looked like a pair of goblins,—an old and a young one. I never saw anything like it."

"What a pity!" said Rose; "for she's a smart, bright, little thing; and it's cunning to hear her talk French."

"Well," said Mrs. Ferguson, straightening her back, and sitting up with a grand air: "I am one of eight children that my mother nursed herself at her own breast, and lived to a good honorable old age after it. People called her a handsome woman at sixty; she could ride and walk and dance with the best; and nobody kept up a keener interest in reading or general literature. Her conversation was sought by the most eminent men of the day as something remarkable. She was always with her children; we always knew we had her to run to at any moment; and we were the first thing with her. She lived a happy, loving, useful life; and her children rose up and blessed her."

"As we do you, dear mamma," said Rose, kissing her; "so dón't be oratorical, darling mammy; because we are all of your mind here."

Little Sunshine's Holiday. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With illustrations by Frölich. 16mo., cloth, 90 cents. New York: Harper Bros. For sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This is the first of a series of books to be written or selected by Mrs. Craik for girls between eight and eighteen. It has the merit of being literally true, and will chiefly fascinate those little girls who have nursery pets already. From her English home, little three-year-old Sunny goes to visit a minister's family in the Highlands. We give the following extract as an example of the simple, animated style in which every little incident is recorded:—

Now, anybody, not an inhabitant, coming through the glen, was an object of interest in this lonely place. But a photographer! Maurice's papa caught at the idea enthusiastically.

"Have him in, by all means. Let us see his pictures. Let us have ourselves done in a general group."

"And the children, begged their mamma. "Austin Thomas has never been properly taken, and baby not at all. I must have a portrait of baby."

"Also," suggested somebody, "we might as well take a portrait of the mountains. They'll sit for it quiet enough; which is more than can be said for the children, probably."

It certainly was. Never had the photographer a more hard-working morning. No blame to the weather, which (alas, for the salmon-fishers!) was perfect as ever; but the difficulty of catching the sitters, and arranging them, and keeping them steady, was enormous.

First, the servants all wished to be taken; some separately, and then in a general group, which was arranged beside the kitchen door, the scullery being converted into a "dark room" for the occasion. One after the other, the maids disappeared, and re-appeared full-dressed, in the most wonderful crinolines and chignons, but looking not half so picturesque as a Highland farm-girl, who, in her woollen striped petticoat and short gown, with her dark red hair knotted up behind, sat on the wall of the yard, contemplating the proceedings.

The children ran hither and thither highly delighted, except Franky and Austin Thomas, who were made to suffer a good deal, the latter being put into a stiff white piqué frock, braided with black braid, which looked exactly as if some one had mistaken him for a sheet of letter-paper and begun to write upon him; while Franky, dressed in his Sunday's best, with his hair combed and face clean, was in an aggravating position for his ordinary week-day amusements. He consoled himself by running in and out among the servants, finally sticking himself in the centre of the group, and being depicted there, as natural as life.

A very grand picture it was, the men-servants being in front — Highlandmen always seem to consider themselves superior beings, and are seen lounging about and talking, while the women are shearing, or digging, or hoeing potatoes. The maids stood in a row behind, bolt upright, smiling as hard as they could, and little Franky occupied the foreground, placed between the gardener's knees. A very successful photograph, and worthy of going down to posterity, as doubtless it will.

Now for the children. The baby, passive in an embroidered muslin frock, came out, of course, as a white mass with something resembling a face at the top; but Austin Thomas was a difficult subject. He wouldn't sit still, no, not for a minute, but kept wriggling about on the kitchen chair that was brought for him, and looked so miserable in his stiff frock, that his expression was just as if he was going to be whipped, and didn't like it at all.

In vain Franky, who always patronized and protected his next youngest brother in the tenderest way, began consoling him, "Never mind, sonnie"—that was Franky's pet name for Austin—"they shan't hurt you. I'll take care they don't hurt you."

Still, the great black thing, with the round glass eye fixed upon him, was too much for Austin's feelings. He wriggled and wriggled, and never would his likeness have been taken at all—at least, that morning—if somebody had not suggested "a piece." Off flew Mary the cook, and brought the largest "piece"—bread with lots of jam upon it—that ever little Scotchman revelled in. Austin took it, and, being with great difficulty made to understand that he must pause in eating now and then, the photographer seized the happy moment, and took him between his mouthfuls, with Franky keeping guard over him the while, lest anybody did him any harm. And a very good picture it is, though neither boy is quite handsome enough, of course. No photographs ever are.

Little Sunshine, meanwhile, had been deeply interested in the whole matter. She was quite an old hand at it, having herself sat for her photograph several times.

"Would you like to see my likenesses?" she kept asking anybody or everybody; and brought down the whole string of them, describing them one by one: "Sunny in her mamma's arms, when she was a little baby, very cross:" "Sunny just going to cry;" "Sunny in a boat;" "Sunny sitting on a chair;" "Sunny with her shoes and stockings off, kicking over a basket;" and lastly (the little show-woman always came to this with a scream of delight), "That's my papa and mamma, Sunny's own papa and mamma, both together!"

Though, then, she had not been in the least afraid of the camera, but, when the great glass eye looked at her, looked steadily at it back, still she did not seem to like it now. She crept beside her mamma and her Lizzie, looking on with curiosity, but keeping a long way off, till the groups were done.

There were a few more taken, in one of which Sunny stood in the door-way in her Lizzie's arms. And her papa and mamma, who meanwhile had taken a good long walk up the hill-road, came back in time to figure, in two rows of black dots on either side of a shady road, which were supposed to be portraits of the whole party. The mountains opposite sat for their likenesses which must have been a comfort to the photographer, as they at least could not "move." But, on the whole, the honest man made a good morning's work, and benefited considerably thereby.

Which was more than the household did. For, as was natural, the cook being dressed so beautifully, the dinner was left pretty much to dress itself. Franky and Austin Thomas suffered so much from having on their best clothes that they did not get over it for ever so long. And Sunny, too, upset by these irregular proceedings, when taking a long-promised afternoon walk with her papa, was as cross as such a generally good little girl could be; insisted on being carried the whole way, and carried only by her mamma. And though, as mamma often says, "She wouldn't sell her for her weight in gold," she is a pretty considerable weight to carry on a warm afternoon.

Still the day had passed pleasantly away, the photographs were all done, to remain as memorials of the holiday, long after it was ended. In years to come, when the children are all men and women, they may discover them in some nook or other, and try to summon up faint recollections of the time. Oh! if Little Sunshine might never cry except to be carried in mamma's arms! and Austin Thomas find no sorer affliction in life than sitting to be photographed in stiff white clothes! But that cannot be. They must all bear their burdens, as their parents did. May God take care of them when we can do it no more!

Is Alcohol a Necessary of Life? By Henry Munroe, M.D., F.L.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Histology at the Hull and East Riding School of Medicine, &c. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

As an example of the author's vigorous style, the following extract will interest our readers:—

Our enemies being judges, it is now an established fact that abstinence from strong drink is physiologically right. Medical men, neither teetotalers nor advocating teetotalism, tell us that men, women, and children can maintain their health through long periods without having recourse to alcohol. Eminent physiologists and microscopists affirm that alcohol does not act as food, does not nourish the tissues, but cuts short the life of rapidly-growing cells or causes them to live more slowly. It also stimulates the blood-discs to an increased and unnatural contraction, which hurries them on to the last stage of development—that is, induces their premature decay and death. The experiments of Dr. Böcker on the blood with spirits, wines, and beers, concur in proving that alcohol poisons the blood and arrests the development, as well as hastens the decay, of the red corpuscles. Who has not noticed the ill-fed, half-starved appearance of the spirit-drinker, his pale, blue lips, anæmic countenance, actually starving his body with the very drink he takes to warm himself? Not only the blood-discs, but also the *liquor sanguinis*, suffers deterioration from the constant intermixture of alcohol, and renders the blood unfit to perform the necessary operations of life.

It is a popular error to suppose that alcohol gives warmth to the body; on the contrary, it lowers the temperature some few degrees, as may be attested by the application of the thermometer. Dr. W. B. Richardson, F.R.S., in his fourth report to the British Association, "On the Action of Methyl Compounds," says:—"Alcohols taken into the body did not enter into any combination which changed their composition, but passed out of the body, chemically, as they entered it, and the evolution and the time of their evolution was the mere matter of so much expenditure of force, caloric, to raise them and carry them off. Intoxicated animals recovered, more or less quickly, according to the temperature in which they were placed. All alcoholic bodies are depressants, and although at first, by calling injuriously

into play the natural force, they seem to excite, and are therefore called stimulants, they themselves supply no force at any time, but take up force, by which means they lead to exhaustion and paralysis of power. In other words, the calorific force which should be expended on the nutrition and sensation of the body is expended on alcohol." Thus, it is easily explained how persons, drinking spirituous liquors in a warm room, may not experience the feeling of intoxication, yet, on suddenly exposing themselves to the cold air, as in returning home late at night, from the variation of the temperature, fall down insensibly drunk. Sailors who visit the frozen regions of Greenland and Davis's Straits, know by experience, when having to journey some distance on the ice, how dangerous is the practice of taking spirituous liquors. The effect of the alcohol and the cold is to produce in them an unconquerable desire for sleep, which, if indulged in, would most assuredly end in the sleep of death. If a sailor has unwisely partaken of drink and become sleepy, his more sober companions have the unenviable task of dragging him along, knowing that to leave him would prove fatal. Hot soups, tea, and coffee, and not spirituous liquors, are the best restoratives to cold in these frozen regions.

Quotations innumerable might be given from the works of our most eminent physicians, exposing the folly and danger attendant upon the daily use of intoxicating drinks as a necessary of life. Dr. Bence Jones, F.R.S., in his lectures "On Pathology and Therapeutics," lately published, says: "To no organs of the body is more alcohol taken than to the kidneys and liver, aud in no organs are the mechanical results of its chemical actions more manifest and the consequences of the altered structure more apparent: the increased oxidation, the increased flow of blood, the altered nutrition are identical in kind with the first actions of inflammation; and when the series of actions are repeated over and over again for years, the result is the same as might have been produced in a shorter time by an ordinary inflammation when no alcohol whatever has been taken." Dr. Christison states that three-fourths of all the cases of Bright's disease of the kidneys which he saw were produced by the habitual, long-continued abuse of drink. Very great occasional excess did not act so strongly as long-continued smaller excesses.

That alcohol, in a diluted form, in the shape of beer, wines, or spirits, has the power of interfering with the ordinary processes of digestion, I cannot have a doubt. From numerous experiments made by means of gastric juice on different kinds of food, out of the body as well as in, I have also come to the conclusion, that alcohol has the power of diminishing the efficacy of gastric juice as a solvent for food. Many years ago, after I had been an abstainer from all alcoholic drinks for six months, I partook of half-a-pint of Allsopp's bitter ale at dinner. In less than an hour afterwards I felt tired, exhausted in mind and body, inactive,, rather feverish, and inclined to sleep, with increased fulness at the pit of the stomach, such as I had not experienced during my term of alcoholic abstinence. This fulness of the stomach, accompanied with slight difficulty of breathing, from pressure on the diaphragm, did not abate for three or four hours after taking the meal; nor did I again feel hungry that day, although I took my usual amount of exercise. For four days I continued to take the ale at dinner, but always experienced afterwards the same fulness at the pit of the stomach, and other symptoms of arrested digestion. At the end of the fifth day, happily for me, a fit of the gout supervening, caused my experiment to be suspended, and negatived the idea that Allsopp's bitter ale was, in any way, a promoter of digestion.

After a similar abstinence, I partook, daily, of an ounce of spirits of wine, diluted with three ounces of water at dinner. I again experienced the same feelings of distress at the pit of the stomach—inactivity, sleepiness, etc., arising, I have no doubt, from suspended digestion.

After a similar abstinence, I partook of three or four glasses of wine at dinner, and suffered again from the same symptoms. I have also partaken of almost every variety of food, accompanied with a half to a pint of bitter ale, and have always experienced the same feelings of arrested digestion. For eight years I suffered from repeated attacks of gout, arising, I believe, from indigestion, occasioned by the use of alcoholic beverages; but for some years, under total and persistent abstinence, I have never suffered from any symptoms of imperfect digestion, and my old enemy, the gout, has entirely retreated.

It is now many years since I left off taking it in any form; and my own experience tells me that I can work more cheerfully, breathe more freely, and enjoy life more happily without it than I ever could with it. This is not only my own experience, but that of almost all who have tried the experiment of the two ways of living; but so powerful are the inducements, arising from appetite, custom, and fashion, to partake of intoxicating beverages, that it is difficult to convince the public to believe those scientific truths which proclaim that alcohol is a poison and not a food.

Notices.

SIR HUGH ALLAN OF RAVENSCRAG.

We give as a frontispiece to this number a woodcut from an excellent photograph by Inglis, of Sir Hugh Allan, who was created on the 24th July last by Her Majesty's Letters Patent, a Knight of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Royal favors are not bestowed, as a rule, in acknowledgment of personal worth, which it would be a very difficult thing to adjudicate upon, but for service rendered, —and certainly for material service rendered to Her Majesty's dominions, few have a better claim to distinction than the Knight of Ravenscrag. Disinterested goodness will receive its reward where it looks for it; but we learn this lesson from the life of Mr. Allan, that he who develops and concentrates the powers that are within him upon an honorable aim, cannot fail to serve his people while he improves his own position. Few if any have taken a larger part in making Canada the fourth maritime nation in the world, than he who in doing so has grown to be, perhaps, the largest owner of steamships in the world. Our sea-king was born at Saltcoats, Ayrshire, Scotland, on the 29th Sept., 1810, and is now a hearty and strong man of 60. He was the son of Captain Alexander Allan, a ship-master who traded for 30 years between the Clyde and Montreal, and in 1824, Captain Allan's family removed to Greenock, and in the Spring of 1825, Hugh, at the age of only 14 years, was entered as a clerk to the eminent and extensive shipping firm of Messrs. Allan, Kerr & Co., of that place. In the spring of 1826 Hugh was sent out to this country. He arrived at Montreal on Sunday the 21st May, 1826, and during the four succeeding years he was clerk in the drygoods establishment of Messrs. Wm. Kerr & Co., St. Paul street, and for some months in 1830 he travelled in the United States and Upper Canada, returning to Scotland, where he spent a year in connection with the shipping, and came back to Montreal in May 1831, and entered as clerk with Messrs James Millar & Co., then engaged as shipbuilders, shipping and commission merchants. It was here that Mr. Hugh Allan, then in his 21st year, entered upon the pursuit of the business most congenial to him, and after four years' clerkship, he was admitted (1825) a partner of the firm, which after 1839 was continued in the name of Edmonstone & Allan. During the troubles in Canada in 1827-38, Mr Allan turned out and served as a volunteer and attained the rank of Captain. His firm during 1841 were employed by the Governor-General to build several gunboats for the Lakes, and they afterwards built sailing-ships, barges, and the most powerful tug-boats on the St. Lawrence. Mr. Allan, on the 13th September, 1844, was married to Matilda, second daughter of John Smith, Esq., Montreal. About the year 1845, Messrs. Edmonstone & Allan discontinued the shipbuilding business, and confined themselves to the management of their vessels until 1851, when the proposals for a line of screw steamers between the St. Lawrence and Great Britain were negotiated. The further history of Mr. Allan from 1851 to this date is so identified with the progress of the Allan Line of steamships that they cannot well be separated.

Mr. Hugh Allan, in addition to the management of the Ocean Steamship Line, has been the active promoter and president of nearly every company of importance which has been organized in Lower Canada, and which, while being a profitable investment, has also been a great public improvement. In this way, Mr. Allan has been the means of developing the trade, capabilities and resources of Canada to a degree that is really wonderful, and which, at first glance, one can hardly realize.

Ravenscrag, the name of Sir Hugh's palatial residence, is beautifully situated with extensive grounds on the slope of the Mountain, and commands a splendid view of Montreal and the surrounding country. He has also a fine residence and estate on the shores of Lake Memphremagog.

DR. HELLMUTH.

There will appear in the October number of the New Dominion Monthly an excellent likeness of the Coadjutor Bishop of Huron, with a sketch of his life and the patriotic services he has rendered to the cause of education in Canada.

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