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TECUMSEH.

New Dominion Monthly.

DECEMBER, 1876.

BROWNIE—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FESTINALENTE, AUTHOR OF "HIC JACET," "THE STORY OF RUTH,"
"THE HOLY GRAIL," ETC.

The world had always used the child so hardly. It gave to her the shady, wintry side of everything; started her in life with a drunken father and a feeble-minded, sickly mother; brought her up in abject poverty; scantily clothed and fed her. Brownie often knew what it was to be very cold and very hungry. After a time such incidents appeared to be mere trifles in her estimation. The world helped her to this happy frame of mind, by its persistent heaping of burdens upon her slight back. Heavily weighted though she was, she contrived at last to grow up, as if by great effort attaining to medium height. Upon the world she turned a face as bright as a sunbeam, an eager little face, which even at its brightest, never lost that expression to be seen only on the faces of those who have been hungering all their lives. Not only for food, ah! no! Brownie had an insatiable love of knowledge, and was never content with herself. She had many odd friends, some of them foreigners, who were gratified with the intense interest Brownie showed in trying to learn to speak to them in their own languages. Perhaps she owed much

of her high standard of perfection to the influence of a poor cripple who kept a secondhand bookstall, and who, living as he did in one of the most miserable of London streets, yet made for himself a pure and beautiful world amongst his books. He too knew well what it meant to be hungry and very cold. What of that? Are there not thousands who suffer from want,—are there not thousands to whom the thought of Christmas brings only a shuddering dread of bitter cold and of wintry winds? Glad tidings! Absurd in the extreme to connect Christmas with such words! To the poor it brings deeper suffering; and only the few can "learn to suffer and be strong."

Wintry skies, driving sleet and rain, this was the outside world. In her humble home Brownie had passed through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" as far as mortal can go, and yet remain mortal. Her father died, and her mother, trembling with dread that for this journey she must prepare to bear her own burden, passed away one night to that unknown bourne, without a farewell word to Brownie. Brownie was left alone. The hard-working city missionary found

her some time afterwards, nearly starving, and thought that he did a good deed when he represented her case to the rector, and through his instrumentality found Brownie a situation as nursery-governess in a good family.

That fact was accomplished, and in that position poor Brownie still lived on the wintry side of life. How much she suffered need not be recorded, for she decided that it was *too* much for mortal to endure. She had a very independent spirit; she left her situation, took a room for herself in a country town, and managed to earn a subsistence as daily governess to Dr. Gibbs's children.

She was happier there; she began to notice that the sun shone, and that the river sparkled, and that the birds sang in the trees. Color came to her cheeks, mingling red with the dark complexion which had fastened the name of Brownie to her, as the most appropriate. Her bargain with Dr. Gibbs included three meals every day. Brownie found that it cost her very little to live. She began to put by money, and when winter came bought warm clothing,—bought a dress of russet brown and a neckerchief of crimson, and a spray of crimson leaves for her hat.

At last came Christmas week; and Mrs. Gibbs ordered her children to come and help dress the church with holly berries and evergreens. Where the children went, as long as daylight lasted Brownie was expected to be, and so she too was soon busied in the church. From the Park house, came the Squire's daughters and their friends, who with the townfolk generally felt that the dressing of the church was *the* event of the year, and that it was necessary each year to eclipse the work of the last.

Brownie sat upon the ground before the pulpit. The evergreens were strewed around her; two children sat at her feet, stringing holly berries; but Brownie's clever fingers were weaving beautiful designs wherewith to deck the

pulpit. At the poor cripple's bookstall she had pored over some old missals of illuminated pages, and in some old book had read of the mediæval work of the monks. The remembrance of these works gave impetus to her fingers, force and beauty to her artistic designs. Every now and then a crowd of admiring and astonished visitors surrounded her, annoying her by pert questions or rough handling of her work. Brownie began to dislike the Park people, thinking them both idle and impertinent. Yet amongst them was one young man, quiet and reserved, who held himself so haughtily aloof from every one, that Brownie sagely considered that he must be a tutor, probably held at a distance by his employers, and therefore lonely like herself, with no one with whom to converse. After wandering all over the church, he passed the place where she was at work and paused an instant. Brownie looked up, smiled kindly and spoke. He passed on without a word. Brownie was very much hurt; a few tears fell upon the design she was weaving; she rubbed her hands across her eyes—tears were foolish things and on no account to be permitted.

Her work was finished,—the children triumphantly heralded the news. The workers gathered round to wonder and admire, and Mrs. Gibbs was to be heard taking the credit of it all to herself as part owner of Brownie's talents. Yet as the pile of designs was not put up, and the designer alone knew the way it should be done, it was found a necessity to appeal to her personally. Brownie standing on one side with a crimson flush in her cheeks, and a merry appreciation of the scene in her eyes, came forward to explain. Yet the party was too stupid or too careless to understand her directions, and Brownie was just going to give the matter up as hopeless, when the quiet man joined the group; with much courtesy begging to receive her commands, and with sympathetic intelligence obeying them.

It grew dark, but Mr. Douglas ordered lights to be brought,—dim candles it is true, but by their light the masterpiece of the design showed some of its beauty.

Mrs. Gibbs went home with her children unseen by Brownie, who, however, expected no more, since her engagement with her pupils depended on daylight alone; at dusk she was her own mistress and revelled in her freedom.

Standing now behind the admiring group of Park visitors, trying to judge in how far she had been able to carry out her intention, she saw Mr. Douglas knock in the last nail, and approach her.

"You are an artist," he said, after a thoughtful look at the pulpit. "Your design is beautiful."

Brownie felt that at last his eyes left her work, and rested upon herself. Her thoughts had been intent on what she feared was failure, and she looked keenly into his face to read if there was the insincerity written there which did not appear in his voice. Her eyes brightened with pleasure as she saw both truth and sympathy in his expression, and she began rapidly to detail how far from being original was the design he admired. Ere long she had described the bookstall, and its crippled owner, and had told of the old missal which had dwelt so vividly in her memory. She had an interested listener, and it seemed one who had made some study of the subject. The conversation grew more interesting every minute, and had not arrived even at a climax when the dimly-lighted church was locked, and the house reached where Brownie lived.

"I daresay," said Brownie thoughtfully, pausing with her hand on the latch, "that you hardly ever get a meal in comfort, if it is as bad to be a tutor as a governess. Will you have tea with me?"

Mr. Douglas was only too much charmed to do so. Brownie did not

see the smile of surprise that came into his face when she mentioned the word "tutor."

The room she ushered him into was very small; but a cheerful fire burned in the grate, for fuel was cheap in this country place, and the woman of the house loved Brownie and tried to make her comfortable. Tea was laid upon a small deal table, and to the usual fare of bread and butter, Brownie added the luxury of eggs; and having boiled these and put the tea to draw upon the hob, she seated herself at the table and hospitably pressed her guest to eat. Never was there a more charming tea-maker than Brownie, nor a more appreciative guest than Mr. Douglas; and between them both, the meal was prolonged unconscionably. Then when it was done, and the landlady had cleared the table, Brownie got out a tiny work-basket, and kept her deft little fingers busy all the time she talked. It was nine o'clock before Mr. Douglas could tear himself away from this busy little hostess, who, frank, and generous and modest, made the evening as pleasant as she could to a fellow-sufferer.

As Mr. Douglas went home through the Park, he lingered even under the wintry sky. A glimpse of a better, nobler life had been afforded him; he had seen one of the poor of the earth generous and hospitable, he had seen that happiness did not depend entirely on the possession of money. That was a grand thought and remained with him.

In the drawing-room were ladies in silks and laces, and gentlemen who devoted themselves to their amusement. He turned from their society with his accustomed unsociableness, refusing all efforts on their part to draw him within the merry circle now bent on self-amusement. The book to which he devoted his attention repeated to him over and over again the occurrences of that day; and like a man awaking from a dream he saw in all its reality, the difference between himself as he

was before he saw Brownie, and himself with the impression of her strong, unselfish individuality upon him. But at night, in his dreams her face came back to him—pathetic now, as it looked when the tear-drops fell upon the holly leaves—tear-drops he had even counted as he stood shyly behind her, awaking to the idea that all women could not be judged *en masse*, and that he had drifted into behaving like a boor.

Brownie found all the ladies in the church when she arrived the next day; and they greeted her appearance with a shout. The Park ladies made up their minds to find in Brownie an artist *protégée*. They could make themselves important by patronizing her, and so they at once began by overwhelming her with congratulations on the beauty of her design.

“You *must* devise something for the altar?” cried one.

“Justitia is making a wreath for the Communion rails,” said another; “do you like it.”

“What do you advise us to take for a motto? ‘Peace and goodwill?’”

“We had *that* last year,” grumbled Clara.

Brownie took in the scene with quick little glances, but she was not going to give up her independence, or submit to patronage. Nor would she advise or take the position of responsibility the ladies desired she should. She would design something for the altar, and would wreath the Communion rails; the ladies might manage the rest of the work as they liked. “Very independent, and rather rude,” said Justitia with a gloomy look at the heavy wreath of cypress and holly branches which she had thought an elegant device for the Communion rails. Brownie called her pupils,—she could not neglect them even for her work, and they were her most efficient helpers. They patiently threaded holly berries, and could string the glossy leaves just as she wanted them done. They were proud of Brownie’s

beautiful work, and quite satisfied to be allowed to help her. As they worked Brownie told them stories of the saints; the children began to believe the colored windows instinct with life. When the afternoon grew dusk, candles were brought again, and the children shrank with awe from every shadow. The font gloomed heavily upon the aisle. The sculptured angels shadowed grew to sphinxes. The cherubim half climbed a pillar, and held forth their trumpets with threatening gestures. The holly, as it lay upon the dense cedar on the floor, made all the aisle a tarn; it looked like still water. The children would always think with dread of dusk, only made more weird by a few dim candles, in their country church. People lay buried there,—it was peopled by phantom figures; even Justitia, moving wearily as she dragged her heavy wreath after her, caught some grace from her surroundings.

The clock in the tower struck five.

“Children, come home.” Mrs. Gibbs stood on the verge of the shadowed cherubim and beckoned, and her children got up to go, trembling with a dread they could not fathom. Her sharp reproof for tardiness made them follow quickly; Brownie pitied them in the depths of her kindly heart. Just then a quiet voice spoke from the shadows, and her face lighted up.

“Can you give me something to do for you?”

“Have you come at last?” said Brownie, in a motherly tone. “I am so glad.”

The speaker emerged from the shadows, and stood to examine Brownie’s work, and then pleasantly undertook to put it up for her. But first there was much he could do to help; Brownie did not notice how cleverly he concealed himself from the Park people; how he managed to retire to the shadows, so that none of them connected him with the work she was doing.

“We are just going,” said Justitia,

bustling up; "some few ladies have not finished and will stay. *You will* of course. How beautiful that cross is! I must say you *are* clever. Have you seen Mr. Douglas?"

"He was here a minute ago," said honest Brownie, looking puzzled. "Must *he* go home now?"

Miss Justitia did not understand. "*Must*," she ejaculated. "I expect we shall find him waiting for us at the entrance to the church."

Brownie was left alone again. Very tired, and half inclined to be "eerie." She let her work fall, and silently watched the Park visitors group themselves at the door. She heard some calls for Mr. Douglas, and then an answering cry of, "He has gone home long ago." Brownie sighed and bent over her work again. The world in its earliest lessons to her had shown her that she was one of the strong ones, called to bear and endure, yet it is a lesson one has to learn over again, just as often as nature rebels against its hardness.

"What a sigh!" said Mr. Douglas, seating himself beside her, with a candle in his hand. "A sigh—and—is it possible, tears?"

"I will not confess to tears," said Brownie, "because I disapprove of them so much."

"You were unkind enough to believe I had gone away," he said, setting to work heartily. Brownie soon grew bright again; and the conversation went on as briskly as ever. How was it so much of it fell upon the discussion of riches and poverty?—a topic on which Mr. Douglass held laudable opinions, which he aired to Brownie's admiring ears.

"I am convinced money does not make happiness," he affirmed, just as though he had not thrown it wildly to the winds during his term at Oxford. But that was ten years ago!

A few days later was Christmas day. The fame of the church decorations had

been noised abroad, and the building was full of people. As usual, on Christmas day, the Squire's pew was full, and as Brownie entered the church there was a slight stir amongst the Park visitors, which caused universal notice to fall on her. She was unconscious of this. The organ was pealing, the morning sun cast the lights of the colored saints in rainbow glories around the ivied pillars of the church, and the mediæval designs for pulpit and altar were streaked with sunshine. To Brownie, all the world this bright Christmas morning glowed with sunshine, and the eager, hungry look died out of her face, giving place to the serenity of happiness.

At the church door the Squire detained her, and his daughters made her promise to spend the afternoon and evening with them. Brownie went home to don her only silk gown and enliven its blackness with holly berries. Then she strolled slowly through the park, hardly surprised to find that Mr. Douglas awaited her in the avenue.

"I hoped you would come early," said he. "Let us sit down."

There was a rustic seat, and they sat down side by side, too happy to know that the day was cold.

"Poverty and riches," said Mr. Douglas, dreamily, clasping close in his, Brownie's hand. "The happy man is the rich one after all. Yesterday you promised to be my wife; are you not afraid to trust your happiness in a poor man's hands?"

"Not when the poor man is yourself," smiled Brownie, little thinking how intense his love for her was; how deliberately he had chosen poverty with her, as preferable to riches without her.

"I have a gift for you," he said—"a trust from my dead mother. She told me to give this necklet to the woman I should love. I thought before I knew you that her legacy would never be needed."

Blind little Brownie, as she pored over the beautiful turquoise and pearls,

never to notice the coronet stamped on every link of the chain !

Mr. Douglas fastened it round her neck, with many a loving word and wish ; and it then being time to go to the house, took Brownie a circuitous route to it, telling her meanwhile just as much as he chose her to know of his family and himself.

Three weeks later, a postman left a letter at a house in Portland Square :

TO SIR HENRY DOUGLAS.

DEAR FATHER,—Your advice was so directly opposed to my own wish:, that I disregarded it altogether. I am surprised that you should misunderstand such a beautiful character as my Brownie's and believe it mercenary. She married me knowing me to be poor. I rather like poverty.

Your loving son,

JAMES DOUGLAS.

The old gentleman who received this epistle, nearly went into a fit from intense rage. He called for pen and ink, and scrawled an answer :

TO JAMES DOUGLAS.

Abide by your wife and your poverty. Never attempt to extract a penny from me.

HENRY DOUGLAS.

James was not a rash man,—he chose poverty deliberately ; still he had not anticipated that his father would on that account be inimical to him. He had always lived on very happy terms with his father, and he had hoped that even when married the friendly relationship would be as close as ever, since he had shown his father that he did not mean to be dependent on him for a livelihood.

He often thought of the lonely old man who lived in such solitary state at Portland Square ; that thought was the only shadow that fell on the perfect bliss of that first year of his married life. Certainly, it was a pleasant thing to be poor, with such a charming little wife as Brownie. A man is rich or poor relatively to his wishes and expenses. James wisely left the expenditure of his salary to Brownie, who

found it ample enough to supply every comfort she believed to be necessary to life. She did not know that the World generally would be distressed to have its married daughters begin their household duties with the dire necessity for seeing that every penny was used to the best advantage. "Where ignorance is bliss," saith the old adage, "it is folly to be wise." Brownie revelled in the enjoyment she felt in the tiny home, all their own ; housekeeping came to her like a fairy gift, and she never wearied of its exigencies. James suddenly awoke from his share in this happy existence with a shock. Their little son was two months old before the thought occurred to him that there was a great change in Brownie. The starving process endured for so long a time in her youth, had sapped the well-springs of her life ; James saw with blank horror, the horror of despair, that there was a look in Brownie's face the hand of Death alone lays there. He saw, too, that the duties she loved so well were beginning to tell upon her slight strength, and that the step that used to rush up and down stairs like a bird on the wing, now lingered as if kept back by the breath that panted its way so painfully through her lips. Yet to all his enquiries, she would make a laughing answer,—she had not an idea that she had more than a passing weakness to fight against. James did not wait to see her grow worse ; he went straight to his old physician, Dr. Hall, and poured forth his trouble into his sympathizing ears.

"You ought to go and tell this story to your father," said Dr. Hall, as he rose to accompany James to see Brownie.

"It is the duty of every man to make his own way in the world," said James with readiness. "I intend to do so."

"But," said Dr. Hall, "life is very complex ; your father ages fast for want of young folks at his fireside ; it is giving more to him to make him genial

and happy, as it is your duty by him to do, than he could give you by the mere act of giving money, for which he has no possible use."

"We do not think alike on the subject," said James briefly.

"You place a higher value on money," said Dr. Hall, "than I do; there are things no money can buy for you. Some day you will bitterly regret that you let a few hasty words separate you from your father."

James kept moodily silent, but his face brightened as he ushered the physician into his house. There sat Brownie on the floor beside her baby, who was laughing up in her face, while she worked and talked to it by turns.

"What do you think of her?" asked James of the physician.

"She is young, bright and very happy; these things are in her favor," answered the doctor; "but left in that neighborhood she will die. Take her to France, winter at Mentone."

"As well say, fly with her to the moon," answered James moodily. "I am a poor man."

"Oh! very well! If you love your pride better than your wife," answered the physician shrugging his shoulders. "I was going to add that she must be fed a great deal—game, fruit, etc."

The physician drove away, and managed to call upon Sir Henry and deliver to him a piece of his mind. No matter what he said.

It is enough to know that this bright clever little wife of the man he had known for so many years, had quite won his heart. But Sir Henry was by no means an easy man to manage, and he had thoroughly convinced himself that Brownie was a designing woman who had married for money. How to convince him to the contrary was so difficult a task that the physician grew red in the face at the attempt. Presently he laid his hand upon Sir Henry's arm, and said impressively:

"You are a shareholder in the bank your son is in."

"What of that?"

"Use your influence with the manager, and get James out of the way for a few days and I have a plan."

The two old gentlemen put their heads together in a discreet manner to whisper. The plan was disclosed.

James had been sent away on business of importance, and Brownie was left alone in a thoughtful mood. Her small face was very thin and pinched, and she let her knitting fall upon her lap, while she closed her eyes in the dusk. It was near Christmas, and the small parlor looked cosy and neat, and a bright fire blazed in the fireplace. Out of doors the rain and wind made night dismal. There came a thundering knock at the door, and the small maid opened it, and ushered in a gentleman.

"Mrs. Douglas, I presume," said he, bowing; "I also am a Douglas, but a wanderer, who has come to you hoping to find a home for a few days."

It was very embarrassing for poor Brownie, who blundered out that James was not at home, nor would she look anyway at ease with the visitor until he took out a card signed with the physician's name, and "Be kind to my friend for my sake," on it. Brownie became genial at once.

"Dr. Hall has been so good to us," she said coloring. "Do sit down while I see about some tea for you. I am very sorry James is not at home."

"He is in business, Dr. Hall tells me," said the old gentleman, taking an easy chair by the fire, with his keen eyes bent on Brownie.

"Yes," said Brownie, with pride, standing on the rug before the fire, "he went into business when we married."

She opened a door which showed a light streaming from a bright little kitchen, and left the doors open, while with the assistance of the maid, she set the table for tea. Then the gas was

lighted, the curtains were drawn, and turning to her guest Brownie invited him to come to tea.

He obeyed with quiet pleasure; it was a very pleasant change to him to have a lady make his tea, and he soon began to enjoy himself very much. Brownie talked in her usual merry way, giving him quite unconsciously pictures of what her life had been, and what it was.

"And now," said Brownie, when tea was over, "I must show you my little son—" and she took a sleeping infant from its cradle.

"Oh!" said the old gentleman turning very red. "Dear me!"

He put on his spectacles and peered at it, and started violently when Brownie said,

"Henry Douglas!"

"Eh! what?"

"He is called after his grandfather, because James says he is so like him, he has remarkably blue eyes,—the Douglas eyes, James calls them. I see you have them too."

The old man took the infant in his arms and bent his head over it. When he gave it back to Brownie there was a bank note for how much she never knew lying on its breast. She held it back with a scornful, proud gesture, and her eyes flashed.

"You mean to be kind, I am sure," she said, "but anything baby needs we can well afford to buy for him. At present I cannot think of anything really necessary we have not got."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Douglas. But he noticed that the glow of anger remained on Brownie's cheek for some time, and he found it difficult to win her back to friendly relations with him again.

He sat back in his chair, and relapsed into silence. Brownie began to play with her baby, who cooed and smiled at her in the prettiest manner possible. The firelight lent its most genial glow to the beauty of the scene, flickering

lovingly on mother and babe. The old man sat and watched, and his thoughts went back to the past, thirty years ago, when James had been an infant, and he had talked with his wife, of how they should bring him up to develop all his wonderful talents. The wife had died,—oh! so very soon after that time, and now his home was very lonely; and for James! Did the terrible shadow of Death creep over the bright and beautiful picture he was looking at? Would his hearth too be desolate?

How long he thought he did not know, but presently he turned round and saw that Brownie was holding the boy for him to kiss "good-night."

Only three days until Christmas, and two of those Mr. Douglas intended to spend with Brownie. When those days came to an end, he bitterly regretted that he had to leave her at all; for Brownie had unconsciously won her way into his heart, and he had forgotten that he had ever believed her to be mercenary. She was so genial and kind to him, as a relative and Dr. Hall's friend, that he had a good opportunity for learning her beautiful character, and it was even a reverential love that he felt for her, won by the simple nobility of her nature.

"We shall meet again soon," said he, when he took his leave of Brownie, which was on the day before Christmas. In the next street a carriage waited; an old lady of brisk appearance was impatiently looking out of the window. Sir Henry walked up to the carriage and got in.

"A thousand thanks to you, madam," said he, "for so kindly volunteering to come to my assistance."

"Oh! you know, my godson James is a favorite of mine, and I love to spend money," replied Miss Hall.

"The purse-strings are untied," replied Sir Henry, smiling, "and you will find no bottom to the purse itself."

It seemed at this juncture necessary to shake hands, and it would have been

hard to find two more happy-looking people than they were.

Some people in the world are very fond of "scenes;" they like things done in an extraordinary way; it does not content them to drift along like the rest of the world, nor do they think the quietest way of doing this the most meritorious. And yet nothing happened as Sir Henry had decided it should, ere he would stoop to ask his son to come to him, and bring his wife and child to make him a cheerful home for the rest of his days. He did not to the full realize how critical Brownie's condition of health was, nor could he see how different she was from her old self. He put aside, in his plans, the agony of mind endured by James, who, to the full, realized the change in his wife's appearance.

James had returned. He entered his house with a heavy step, and an attempt at a smile on his face. The bank manager had coolly given him his dismissal, saying that he was not needed any more. A man with a sick wife, and no situation, is not often a cheerful man. James looked very much as he felt—nonplussed. Brownie had bought some sprays of holly and evergreen, and was making a pretty little wreath for the mirror.

"Ah! James," she said, springing up to welcome him, "I always connect holly with you. How happy we have been ever since that wonderful evening in the church!"

James, silently as was his habit at times, held her at arm's length and looked at her; and then he clasped her closely in his arms, with the agony in his heart, tearing away all delusive hopes that for his little Brownie the earth would have abiding place.

"One would think you had not seen me for a year," laughed Brownie, panting as she spoke so rapidly. "I have had such a charming visitor while you were out."

James listened without hearing much of what she said; he was brooding in his heart of hearts, and fighting a battle with himself. There was but one chance for Brownie,—Dr. Hall had told him as much. Which was dearest to him, Brownie or his pride?

Brownie retired to rest early; it was striking ten when James buttoned on his overcoat, and went out into the driving sleet and rain. On the table he left a note, saying he should probably not return to-night.

Out into the bitter night, passing over Westminster Bridge, where the Big Ben fills the air with his deep voice; staying one moment to watch a barge drift slowly past upon the bosom of the sluggish river. On again, with misery in his heart, and an eager eye which noted as it went the shivering, crouching forms more desolate still than himself. Past Charing Cross, and on again, towards the splendid house of Portland Place, stopping once to search in his pockets for a silver coin which he had walked the distance from home to save. But on the ground, clinging for support to some railings, was an emaciated woman, her poor garments sodden, her face upturned to the sky, which poured its cruel fury on her head, and in her arms an old-faced babe, which bore with serenity a misery too deep for words to describe. Both of them human, with suffering for their daily portion and heritage. James put the coin in her hand, and bade her seek a shelter, and then walked on again. He stopped at the door of a mansion, and a powdered footman opened the door.

"Is Sir Henry at home?"

"He is in the library, sir."

James staggered in, too much worn and excited to remember that his clothes were dripping with sleet and rain.

"Father, I have come to appeal to your humanity," said he; but a mist came before his eyes, and through it loomed the beautiful head of his father.

“I know all you want to say,” said his kindly voice.” Take off your coat, and sit by the fire.”

James sat down, the dimness cleared away from his vision, and he saw that his father was rubbing his eyes vigorously with his pocket-handkerchief. As if by instinct, father and son clasped hands.

“And now,” said Dr. Hall, standing on the rug between them, with his face beaming, “I suppose, Sir Henry, you will kill the fatted calf. An old parable hath these words: ‘His father went to meet him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.’”

“The spirit is the same, for a hand-clasp means to us what an embrace meant in the days of old.”

The merry Christmas day which followed, was only one of many on which Sir Henry laid himself out to make happy for Brownie. But all the luxuries he heaped upon her did not spoil her character in the least. She had learned her lesson so well that she had made herself independent of riches, as far as her happiness was concerned. She had learned that it is a greater thing to *be* noble than to possess material things.

SONNET.

THE FUTURE.

The hours to days roll on, the days to years,
 And years outreaching to that future which
 Hastes not, nor tarries for our smiles or tears,
 But with due pace approaches poor and rich.
 And yet, O faithless and unwise, we fret
 Because it comes so slow, and dream it hides
 For us within its heart some treasure set,
 From which too long our soul divides.
 We weep in bitterness of hope deferred,
 And beat upon the future's fast-locked door.
 Time opes, we cross the shadow portal o'er.
 Alas! the waiting air is stirr'd,
 But not by pæans from the unseen shore;
 Only by dirges of the nevermore.

EROL GERVASE.

OLD CANADIAN REMINISCENCES.

My old friend, who was likewise my host on that occasion, had already passed the allotted span of threescore and ten. His venerable locks were silvery white and hanging down in patriarchal curls over his bent shoulders. His face, though yet animated, and evincing much of the benignant, generous, mirth-loving soul within, was marked with many a line of care; for old Solomon Templeton had seen and felt hardships in the most literal and direst sense, although, thank God, by dint of a robust constitution, a naturally light, gleesome heart, and the faculty of indomitable perseverance, he had been enabled to overcome every adversity, and was now able to sit under his own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest him or make him afraid.

The "ingle" or fireside at which we sat was one of those wide, open ones which constitute the most peculiarly enlivening feature of a Canadian farmer's kitchen. Logs of good green and dry maple were emitting a most genial heat and blaze, cheering, comforting and refreshing. The good dame, a loving, matronly old lady of sixty-six, had taken her seat opposite us, and, spectacles on nose, was prudently improving the conversational hour by knitting. The house itself was a substantial, stone structure, large, roomy and plainly but comfortably furnished, with not a few pleasing attempts at ornamentation; for old Solomon was now well-to-do in the world. His two sons, able-bodied men of thirty-two and thirty-five respectively, were now both married and settled in houses of their own erected at different angles of the farm; they had rented the four hundred acre farm from their father and were working it on shares.

Our dainty, frugal meal over, we were

seated, as already said, around the cheerful ingle, and our conversation wandering back over past scenes and reflections in which we all alike felt a common interest, my old friend at length yielded to a pressing request on my part, and gave the following history of his early struggles in Canada:—

"Forty-two years ago," said he, "we—that is my wife here and I—accompanied by my poor aged and widowed father, approached Quebec after a voyage of nine weeks on the Atlantic; but alas! not to land, as we had so long and so fondly hoped. In those days, sir, but little interest was taken in sanitary arrangements; certainly not the precautions which are now so common. Our ship was crowded with emigrants, most of whom, like ourselves, had not been properly advised as to the course we ought to pursue. To make a long story short, cholera, the fearful, malignant, black pestilence, broke out amongst us, and for many days we had a wild panic on board. But it is astonishing what the human mind is capable of enduring through usage. The horrible fear that first overpowered us all, soon gave way to a quiet, serene calmness, at times, as I often thought, amounting to indifference, as hour by hour, and day by day, we saw our passenger companions dying around us and carried up at midnight to be wound in the long canvas sheets and buried in the deep. Thank God, we ourselves escaped the contagion, and something like joy filled our hearts as we began to approach the ancient capital, but 'Quarantine! Quarantine!' was now the cry that reached us from those on shore, and back to quarantine we were sent for sixty days.

"You will excuse me, sir," continued

the old man, as he approached this part of his tale, for the tears began to flow freely down his aged cheeks, "you will excuse me, sir, if the recollections of that experience still affect me sadly; for my lonesome, aged, and sainted father there found his grave, and oh! sir, such a grave! and such a burial! He had been attacked before we were a week on the island, and, knowing the rough, coarse usage to which all the other unfortunate victims had been subjected, we sought at first to conceal his case from the surgeons and treat him ourselves—for we had all been supplied with remedies of one kind or another. But his symptoms became more alarming; we had to apply for aid, and no sooner did the doctor arrive than the poor, pleading patient was immediately carried out of our sight into the hospital. This was perhaps right, sir,—indeed I have no doubt, for several reasons, but it was; but it seemed hard, sir, that hands willing to minister to his comfort should be denied access to him. We were not allowed to see him again, nor could even our enquiries after his welfare be satisfactorily answered. The doctor was too busy, and his assistants knew not nor seemed to care to whom we had reference when we made our appeal to them. At length, after ten days of agonizing suspense which I could no longer control, I one day became almost insolent in my behavior, and watching an opportunity, rushed into the hospital, determined to see my father dead or alive, even should I be forced to use personal violence. Fortunately for me, the epidemic had by this time spread so rapidly that all on the island, both in and out of hospital, seemed to wander about in a state of semi-despair. Even the attendants inside were so much affected that my conduct passed unnoticed, or at least unheeded, and I was allowed to roam about at will among the dead and dying. 'Father! father!' was of course my first cry; but it was drowned in the moanings and howling

around. The destroying angel had been so active that day that the dead bodies were removed immediately from their rough couches and piled in tiers, one tier over another, on the hospital floor. I searched every bench, but alas! my poor father was not there. With a throbbing heart I turned to the pile of corpses behind me, and, God forgive me, sir, but I hope neither you nor I shall ever again see the sight that there met my gaze. There was my poor father in the midst of the heap, his head, neck and shoulders protruding somewhat beyond the range of the others, and oh! sir, would that it were untrue! would that I could believe it untrue! but there was still life in his body! Consciousness indeed had fled, and possibly too, all hopes of recovery had fled with it. We will put the most charitable construction upon it and say that he was removed as incurable to make room for some more hopeful case; but, at all events, there lay my father, with life still in his body! Heaven forgive me, sir, but I then prayed earnestly for his death, and left the sickening place too much overpowered by emotion to render him any assistance even should such assistance have availed him anything. I heard afterwards that like a large number of others, his body was buried in a rude box in which there were also two more.

"I need not dwell upon the many other harrowing scenes of quarantine life. Suffice it that, at the end of about sixty days, and after we had washed and rewashed every article of clothing we had with us, permission was given us to set foot in the capital. We did not remain there long; for our purse, scant at the first, was now very nearly empty, and we pressed forward for our destination—this county, where I have remained ever since. Poverty and distress make fast friends, sir. The practical sympathy arising among those who, in direst circumstances, enjoy a common lot, is generally sincere and

lasting. Six of us had thus become endeared to one another through misfortune, and determined to cast our Canadian lots together. We got past the locks and through the St. Lawrence in the usual way, by means of horses, tugs and the kinds of boats that were then common; and finally, after excessive fatigue, hardship and exposure, reached this place, as I have already said, about forty-two years ago, with just six sterling shillings in my pocket. We had also two trunks, containing all our worldly goods, viz., a few pairs of coarse blankets and a change or two of wearing apparel. Having no acquaintance in the place, which was at that time almost a wilderness, except one who, to our great sorrow, we found had left eighteen months before for a distant part of the province, there was nothing for it but to apply at once to Squire D., the owner of all this tract of country, and ascertain his terms, advice, &c. We found him a kindly-disposed old gentleman, willing to give us every assistance. Our first exploit, therefore, was to select our farms. And here let me say that with all the Scotchman's proverbial shrewdness, he sometimes makes very grave blunders with great deliberation. I am a Scotchman myself; we were all Scotchmen, and felt not a little pride in the name. So with wise-like and very demure shakings of the head and supercilious elevation of the eyebrows, we walked through and through that forest with the air of men who knew all about the business and could not easily be misled. We noticed that what land had been already taken up was occupied mostly by Pennsylvanian Dutchmen, who, from a lack of that keen business penetration—as we thought—that we possessed, had invariably selected hardwood lands, where the trees were mostly beech and maple, and comparatively small. 'How blind,' thought we, 'to overlook these splendid tracts of heavy pine!'

"We made our selections in accord-

ance with these views, taking each one hundred acres of the heaviest timbered pine land we could get. The Squire indeed advised us otherwise, but we thought selfishness had a good deal to do with his advice, and gave no heed to it. The terms were, on the whole, fair. We were to pay twelve dollars an acre for the land, as we could, the Squire in the meantime furnishing us with all we needed to work it—an axe, a cow, a yoke of oxen, a plough, and some provisions to supply our immediate necessities. All these were of course marked against us, to be paid up at some future time.

"And now Canadian bush life began in real earnest. Bitterly, bitterly did we regret our large investments in pine, when we came to discover that each separate tree was as a white elephant on our hands, its trunk in hundreds of cases staring me to this very day. The first year, after erecting a log cabin, the chinks and cracks filled in with clay, I cleared a small space of about two acres and planted it nearly all in potatoes, which grew remarkably well. My poor wife helped me nobly through all these times, and but for her assistance, many a time would I have given up in despair. Month after month has she taken her place in the logging field, from morning till night, lifting sometimes so vehemently that, as she herself has often expressed it 'the sparks flew frae her een.' For a season or two, little by little, our circumstances were at least improving, but, sir, darker seasons followed. I have said that we had to depend upon the Squire for any pressing necessity. We began to count up, however, my wife and I, and found that with flour now, meat again, and other sundries, his bill against us was rapidly enlarging, and the interest too—8 per cent.—was beginning to have a very formidable appearance in our eyes; so we determined one season that, come what would, we should endeavor to do without the Squire's assistance any longer

“Communicating our resolve to our neighbors—for, sir, neighbors were neighbors in those days, worthy of the name,—they commended it and determined to do likewise. Well, we carried it out to the letter,—sometimes indeed under great disadvantage; but nevertheless we survived it all; and although I cannot say I would wish my dear ones to repeat the same experience to the same extent, still I cannot feel that I myself, nor indeed my good dame, is much the worse for it. One winter, I well remember, it would indeed have gone hard with us were it not for mashed turnips, which we had served up three times daily for months. Another season we really relished, as far superior to cold water in lieu of tea, a kind of coffee made by masking beech-leaves in hot water. And what of our cattle in those times? Well, as a rule, the oxen fared tolerably. Them we *had* to feed, or but little work could be effected the following season. But poor ‘Bossy’ had often indeed a poor life of it. So long as food lasted, of course she got a share, but a spare one, with the rest; but often has it given out,—or at least diminished to such an extent that no more could be spared for her, or the oxen would suffer. On the first occasion of this kind, I had made up my mind to kill ‘Bossy’ rather than starve her, and was going to put my resolution into practice, when one of my neighbor Dutchmen stopped me and let me into his plan of treating the animals. This was to gather all the green leaves I could get in the woods,—anything in fact that could by any possibility preserve the vital spark in ‘Bossy’ until the arrival of spring. I confess that at first I grieved to see one of God’s creatures unable to stand on her feet through sheer starvation; but in time I even got accustomed, perhaps hardened to it. Our usual employment then, as early in spring as the snow would permit, was to assemble first at one neighbor’s house, then at another’s; get his cow, now

utterly exhausted and worn to skin and bone, on a kind of rude platform made of poles or rails; carry her out to a spot in the woods from which we had cleared away the snow; there lay her down, and let her eat around her as best she could without rising (for of her own strength she could neither rise nor stand). In the course of a few hours we would remove her in a similar manner to another spot, and this round of operations among different neighbors and cows, would often constitute our occupation for perhaps a fortnight. Some of the animals, in the course of three or four days, would be able to keep their feet; others took one, sometimes two weeks; but, ultimately they all managed to take care of themselves, and, strange as it may seem, I have never yet seen one case resulting in death.

“I have spoken of neighbors and their sociality in those days. Yes, sir, poverty and adversity have their sweet and sunny sides, and one of the brightest of these to me now in looking back, is the open, frank, honest, unassuming hospitality of everybody for everybody else. Why I had for a length of time the only wheelbarrow in the settlement. By law and all principles of justice it was mine, for I made it with my own hands, out of my own material, and at my own expense; but by common consent that wheelbarrow, just as soon as finished, became common property; and when I myself wished at any time to use it, I had, like the rest, to wander all through the section in search of it. So on with almost everything—even food scarcely excepted. We had nothing, sir, of the stiff, cool, formalities of modern times in those days. When one of us killed a sheep or a pig, a piece of it was sent as regularly to all the rest as to our own tables. We had nothing hidden from one another. All our affairs and means and plans, everything in fact, was open to all. We had a common calling, common hardships, a common end and

we held all things in common. The sorrow or joy of one was participated in by all the rest, and an injury inflicted upon any in the settlement was as speedily avenged or remedied by the others as if it had been done to all promiscuously. As we kept prospering little by little, raising grain for sale and for gristing, we used to set out in bands of three or four to the nearest mill—eleven miles distant—often with a bushel and a half each of grain on our backs, which we exchanged for little over half the quantity of flour. Often too have we been in deadly fear of the bears and wolves—although, thank God, no human life amongst us was lost in resisting them. Once, I saw a large bear come deliberately to my pig-pen and carry away a porker of about a hundred pounds weight, before my eyes. I had learned before then not to interfere too rashly in a case of the kind, for when bears go that length in open daylight they are extremely hungry and equally dangerous to molest. And, sir, we had our jovial and jolly times too in those seasons. As we became somewhat better off we used to drive away with our ox-teams to Norwich and its neighborhood for apples for home use, and the ‘Paring Bees’ with their accompanying amusements were samples of real, warm-hearted pleasure. The lasses would behave themselves with all decorum until the amount of paring for the evening was about over, and then the peelings would be kept flying in showers for hours about our devoted heads—the whole generally ending with a lively dance ere the hearty ‘good-bye’ was said for the evening. There were, it is true, large quantities of liquor used in those times, and yet, somehow

or other, with, as I am told, much less of it in use at present, we had not nearly so much intoxication amongst us. We worked hard, and this seems to have perspired all the bad effects out of our bodies. And we were a church-going people too, sir. Our beloved pastor, now in his rest, occupied his humble pulpit in yon old log building for upwards of thirty years. He was indeed ‘a man to all the country dear,’ and passing rich at no fixed salary at all, but such as his Master saw fit to put into the hearts of his hearers to bestow; and he was happy doing good amongst us.

“ ‘Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

* * * * *

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He chid each fault, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.’

“ We grieved for our minister with no common grief, and although we can now sit in our fine pews; although we are all what is called well off—perhaps rich—in the world, owing no man but owing much, and, with God’s blessing, enjoying all the comforts of life in an unstinted measure; although we are all thankful that our time of hard and severe service is over, thankful for the friendships and privileges of all kinds that we are permitted still to retain—yet, sir, our old hearts and thoughts often carry us back to those times that are now gone forever,—times of fond, true happiness when all were as brothers and sisters, and no envy, suspicion or malice had place in any one of us towards another.”

IN TRUST.

BY FLORENCE GREY.

CHAPTER I.

In a handsome chamber of a country house, one Christmas eve, a young boy lay dying. The short winter day was already drawing to a close, and the shadows were fast gathering in the valley around,—in unison, it would seem, with the short day of this young life which the night of a darker valley was swiftly overtaking.

It was the first time that Death had entered the family, and parents and children alike were bewildered and awed in their grief. The father, in agony which no tears relieved, held his child's blonde head against his bosom, and supported him in those often recurring paroxysms, which, although they now came much less frequently than before, were ever struggled against with less and less power. The mother, pale and speechless, went restlessly and noiselessly in and out of the room, while the younger children, who had been called in to kiss their little Willie in a last farewell, had returned to the nursery, where they were gradually checking the fresh outburst of their passionate young sobs. Poor little play-fellow! They could not realize the significance of the presence of Death, and only vaguely felt the might of his awful shadow in the darkening of the joyous season which in all former years had brought them so much delight.

In the death-chamber, the pallid face of the boy grew yet whiter. It sharpened and set itself. The end was near; but the anxious watchers who noted every change in the dear face suddenly observed another movement, an effort to rally, in the little sufferer. He

slightly turned, and raised his weary eyes once more to his father's face appealingly, as if he desired to make some request. The father bent instantly down, the child's pale lips moved, and the faint voice, though almost spent, found strength to utter one more word.

"Morna!"

"Morna!" repeated the father in almost inarticulate tones. "He calls for Morna! bring her quickly!"

Way was made among the mourners for her who now entered the room; Morna, the eldest child, the dear daughter of the house, a tall, graceful, young girl of sixteen, just rounding, and maturing, and blooming into womanhood. With eyes red from weeping, feeling almost crushed beneath the sudden weight of sorrow which had fallen on her, and which she had not dreamed could ever be hers in life, she again approached the bedside.

Only three days ago she had returned with her usual pleasant anticipations from her boarding-school, to spend her well-earned holidays in the home-circle which always received her with so warm a welcome; where she was looked up to as a superior being, followed and idolized by the little fellows who at their governess's side regarded boarding schools and cities as the profoundest mysteries. Pleasant mysteries, too, they thought, since from their depths Morna always came to them so good, and kind, and wise, and sweet. But this year there were to be no merry Christmas doings. The house was solemn, and sad, and hushed, for the first time since Morna could remember; and alas! the beloved circle was to be

broken, and one link missing forever more. One of the little golden-haired ten-year-old twin-brothers, who had been her pleased and happy playthings last vacation, was suddenly smitten down before her. The gentlest, the most winning, the weakest and fairest of the two, was leaving them all, and setting out alone on the long, dark journey into that Unknown whose vagueness terrified her, the attempt to define whose immensity was anguish.

"Oh, why is there death in the world?" thought the young girl, whom death had never been near before. She advanced eagerly and tremulously to her father's side, a sad gleam of something like joy passing through her at Willie's summons,—knelt, and controlling her voice as well as she was able, said tenderly, though heart-brokenly,

"Yes, dear Willie, here I am. What does my darling want with Morna?"

The child made one more effort, looked wistfully at her with his heavy blue eyes, and again his white lips moved. Morna must bend her head very low to hear; her ear must almost touch the mouth that will, must speak—this once again.

The words came, like a command, with the imperiousness with which the dying speak, and Morna alone heard them.

"Teach Harry to pray!"

The father, jealously and painfully watchful, his ear strained to hear the utterance of any desire of his boy, caught only the last word.

"Pray! pray!" he repeated, chokingly.

The old clergyman came instantly forward, but before the close of his earnest and tender petition, peace, that last peace of all, had descended upon the beloved.

Morna rose from her knees, tearless and almost calm. Her grief for the moment was lightened by the thought that she had been chosen for the sweet

duty of bearing out their dear one's last uttered wish. A bond seemed to have been formed between her and the dead, a bond too holy to be spoken of, at least for awhile, and with the tremulous words repeating themselves over and over again in her brain, she withdrew quietly to her room. Life had brought to this young girl few sad moments, fewer still solemn ones; but here was a supreme instant which wrote itself so strongly on her soul that no event of fate or fortune should ever be able in the future to efface its imprint. A young soul had been committed to her keeping, given her "in trust," as she said to herself, and oh, how faithfully she meant to keep that trust! What inspiration of the young Willie's was it that, on the threshold of that infinite unknown, brought his spirit back to leave that charge upon her? As children of God-fearing parents, he and Harry, like the others, had been taught their prayers—those prayers of infancy, "Our Father," and "Now I lay me down to sleep." Had the dying child already seen behind the veil, and did he know whereof he spoke? Wonderful mystery of death, and wonderful mystery of life! Thoughts which she could not utter, and longings which she could not shape, seemed forever moving her as she sat in her chamber in silent communings with herself. She grew older in resolves, stronger and graver, and fancied life had taken on its final coloring for her. She told neither father nor mother of Willie's injunction, much less Harry himself, a little romping roguish fellow, whose tears for his lost twin brother were soon dried in childhood's sun, which shines so resplendently even in the darkest sky. But she was more tender to him even than her wont, more tender to all the little ones, who crowded round her when she took her mother's place now of an evening in the nursery.

"Now, Morna will hear Harry's

prayers," she would say, and not he only, but the eight-year-old, and the six and the four, all came to her knee. This was all she attempted to do as yet.

"When Harry is old enough to understand," she thought, "I will begin my precious and sacred task."

It seemed so natural in these sad and quiet hours to lead a noble life; self-sacrifice looked so easy of accomplishment; and the young girl's imagination leaping down a vista of years, beheld them devoted to the service of another, in guiding him, guarding him, saving him.

II.

The short holidays drew to a close, and Morna in her deep mourning and sweet new dignity born of sorrow, returned to the busy world of school. Here she was a star. Quick, intelligent, and diligent in her studies, she pleased her teachers; affectionate and winning in her manners, she was a universal favorite among her school-mates, and she soon found herself more firmly than ever settled in her old position of brightest luminary in the school sky. Deserving of this position as teachers and friends thought her, she herself yet had a dim consciousness that she worked to obtain it. Her strongest need was of love, liking, admiration, and though she was naturally both brilliant and lovable, she still often won attention by striving for it.

In a vague way she took herself to task for all her faults; but the urgent routine of studies soon demanded all her attention, and with a new term her ambition overcame all other aims. The midsummer examinations were a long way off, but not too far for her and her mates to see the glitter of the prize medals. Insensibly the serious feelings of last Christmas faded,—not that she forgot her darling brother, or could speak of him without tears, but her energies were absorbed in the race she

was running for the foremost prize. School naturally had other dreams than the dreams of home,—what wonder that an ardent, impressionable girl should live the life of the world in which she found herself?

Before the close of the term, however, she obtained one moment's clearer though bitter insight into the workings of her nature, and a poignant reminder of her self-renouncing resolves.

One day an *émeute* occurred in a class presided over by one of the subordinate teachers, Miss Peters, called irreverently "Peter" by her pupils. It was one of those foolish pranks in which the most dignified of school-girls sometimes indulge, harmless and stupid in itself, had it not showed a decided want of respect for the teacher, who, faithful and zealous in the discharge of her duties, was still by no means a favorite.

"Peter" controlled her temper, and turning to Morna, whom she regarded as the ringleader of the disturbance, said calmly and coldly,

"If you were not the vainest girl in this school, Miss Dartnell, you would be heartily ashamed of yourself for this unladylike conduct. But you are much too vain to think that you can ever be in the wrong!"

Poor star, to have her radiance dimmed in presence of all her satellites by such a poor little earthly blot as that! To be accused of so contemptible a thing as vanity before the whole class! Morna blushed violently, but remained silent, conscious that the shaft had struck only too near home.

Her fellow-pupils were not silent, however, at least when they left the classroom, and they uttered their indignation against the unpopular Peter in the plainest terms. Even Mrs. Graves, the gentle lady-principal, took her governess to task when the affair reached her ears.

"My dear Miss Peters," said she, "I am quite astonished that you should have formed such an opinion of our dear Morna."

"I have long studied Miss Dartnell," returned that decided lady, "and I have come to the conclusion that vanity is her strongest motive power, or the love of admiration which arises from it. I believe she would sacrifice herself or any one else to be admired and to shine."

"Oh, no, my dear, I don't agree with you. Morna's brilliant talents will of course always place her in the front rank, but I believe her to be a girl of the highest principle. A long conversation that I had with her on her return to us, after her sad loss at Christmas, convinced me of it. She has in her, besides, the true missionary spirit—the abasement of self, and an enthusiastic absorption in others."

"Morna is deeply impressionable," returned the obstinate Miss Peters, "and she is influenced by the emotion of the hour. I believe, though, that in the main she does mean to do right, but not because it is right, but thus to gain approbation. If she ever goes off as a missionary, it will not be for the benefit of the heathen half as much as to hear the hand-clapping behind her back and the voices of her friends crying, 'Behold the noble sacrifice!'"

But Mrs. Graves remained unconvinced, and Morna missed the opportunity of laying bare to her gentle counsels and older experience the conflict that had been going on in her heart. When examination was over she meant to begin to fit herself for her life of devotion to another, but now her energies must all be bent upon her ambitious task.

Closing day brought the well-earned triumph. Her examinations were flawless, applause constantly greeted her, and when the list of the names of prize-holders was read, her name headed them. "Miss Morna Dartnell, Gold Medal!" How delightful it was to hear it, to feel that she was first, to stand foremost, above everybody, as she always meant to do, and hear herself praised and applauded! "*Hyperion*—walking on

high"—the phrase in the old text-book of mythology, haunted her. Friends pressed around her, and the parents of half a dozen of her school-fellows, who had begged her to visit them during vacation, repeated their daughters' invitations. What churlish mind could find a word of blame for the young girl who stood there triumphing in well-deserved congratulations, brilliant and beaming, pleasing and pleased?

A long summer of idleness was before her, and surely now she had leisure to go back to those serious and earnest resolutions of last Christmas, the most noble she had ever made, which called to her reproachfully. But already those scenes seemed to have taken place in a far-off past. And there was so much to do this vacation, visiting, practising, reading, riding, boating,—there was no breathing time at all. So much pleasure as there was in the world, where everybody was so kind! For Morna was just at that sweetly blossoming age upon which the whole world smiles—an age which seems like that of the buds unfolding on the rose-trees in dewy mornings of June.

She was scarcely at home at all ere she had to hurry off to school again to resume her studies for a final year. Here all was unchanged except that the plain-spoken Peter had removed to another sphere of action, and there came from the outside but few pricks to Morna's conscience. New text-books, but only the old ambition of mastering them; more advanced thoughts and feelings, but not reaching beyond release from school, the final examinations and again the highest honors; but Morna went forth, not for a little holiday of rest and relaxation, but to take up, be it for victory or discomfiture, the long battle of life.

A young lady's existence, what is it? What is it in the midst of such society as that in which the family of Judge Dartnell moved? Their beautiful home, though situated in that placid vale,

stood on the high road to a city not far distant, and not only the first among the country gentry but a particular circle in town claimed them as an integral part of themselves. Prosperous, cultivated people, to whom the respectable conventional old ruts were sacred, what was there to do but tread in them as gracefully and becomingly as might be? Morna found the path all trodden for her, and as pleasant as it was smooth in those early days of her blooming young womanhood. She was in constant social demand, and all the hours that were not occupied with parties and pleasure and racketing, were filled with her embroidery frame, the new literature, music and dress. She read more and talked better, her accomplishments had a somewhat wider basis, and she was altogether more brilliant than the ordinary specimens of young ladies, her friends; but to how much more did the whole sum of her existence amount? So little that in the general balancing it would hardly count. True that sometimes she had secret longings for something higher, a deep enthusiasm for heroic achievements, and that some history of self-renunciation thrilled her with impulses towards like deeds; but one is judged by deeds not thrillings. She was vaguely conscious of a reserved fund of power in herself which was never called into action; conscious, too, of a vague unrest as of duty unfulfilled, and a haunting thought that sometime must come a terrible hour when a soul would be demanded of her. For with all her pre-occupation she did not forget. But though her thoughts might go back, her life could not to the little brother's deathbed, to take up again the charge she had that day tacitly accepted, and which was laid upon her again and again in the same solemn, tremulous accents, "Teach Harry to pray!"

For the present to be the brilliant Miss Dartnell, and queen of society, was such an eminently satisfactory thing.

III.

Months passed into years, the years too fled, and Harry himself was not moving forward in the race of life as smoothly as might have been wished.

"Really I don't know what I am going to do with that boy," exclaimed Judge Dartnell one evening, laying down his spectacles with a letter which he had been reading, and pushing back his chair impatiently. "Here is another long list of complaints from Dr. Horner, and I am beginning to be heartily tired of their constant arrival."

Mrs. Dartnell leaned anxiously across the table with frightened eyes, and exclaimed,

"Oh, Judge, I hope he has not gone out with the Doctor's horse again!" For a clandestine saddling of the Doctor's carriage horse, followed by a very rapid ride and a very broken leg, was one of Harry's exploits of last term.

The Judge slightly smiled, and shook his head.

"Continual neglect of his lessons—disgraceful backwardness in the three r's—an example of idleness and insubordination to the whole school—and some pounds of gunpowder discovered in his trunk. The boy is a dunce, my dear, and destined to remain one, I am afraid!"

Mrs. Dartnell shuddered at mention of the gunpowder, but said nothing.

"Yes, a dunce," repeated the Judge, "and if he won't take an education, why he will have to get on without one. I'll have no more of this idling, at any rate. Harry is fifteen now, and old enough to know the value of time. He shall come home at once. The only thing to do with a boy of that kind is to set him at a trade, put his nose right down to the grindstone, and let him work off his exuberant energy in honest sweat."

Mrs. Dartnell did not attempt to gainsay the conclusion, and in a very few days the youthful culprit stood be-

fore them. He was a big, manly boy, developing well in all muscular directions, and with a pair of roguish, bright blue eyes and a saucy smile which sometimes distracted attention from the strong mark of stubborn self-will between the brows, quite remarkable in one so young. "When Harry Dartnell says he'll do a thing, he does it!" was a dictum in Dr. Horner's school—a characteristic of determined pluck which might yet serve him in as good stead as book-learning, particularly since his bias seemed to be towards the animal rather than the intellectual. His father looked at him frowningly, though he sighed to himself withal, What a handsome lad it was!

"Well, sir," said he, sternly, "and so you have determined to be a dunce!"

Harry's eyes flashed, and he responded at once,

"Old Horner's a sneak!"

"Old Horner does his duty, sir, just as I am determined to do mine! A boy who won't learn his book must learn a trade, and I have sent for you from school to put you down to one. But you must help me to decide what that trade shall be, as I certainly don't want to put you to another distasteful task, my boy. So try and give me an idea of the direction in which your tastes lie,—in other words, tell me what you like best."

"Horses, sir!" promptly answered master Harry, involuntarily feeling for a whip cord in his pocket.

"Hum! What else?"

"A gun, sir!"

"A gun, indeed! and what next, pray?"

"Why, lots of game to shoot at, of course, sir!"

"Pish!" exclaimed the Judge, losing his temper and walking off. He considered the boy an incorrigible trifler, and without further delay chose his lot in life for him, according to his own judgment. In a week's time Harry was articled to one of the best business

firms in the city, the senior partner in which was one of his father's oldest friends, and bound apprentice for a term of three years.

But though Judge Dartnell acted with so much seeming sternness and decision in Master Harry's affairs, his heart was sore within him, and he had many secret doubts as to what course should be pursued regarding him. That a son of his should show himself averse to the attainments of the scholar not only keenly mortified him, but was an interruption to his plans in life as unexpected as it was puzzling. What was to become of this *mauvais sujet*, this ugly duckling among the one-patterned brood? That he would develop into a good business man even, was almost too much to hope for. Letters arrived frequently, written in a very slipshod, school-boy hand, short and with a generally defiant tone not calculated to allay distrust. These, Morna always answered at length. She had a growing sense of uneasiness towards this brother whom she always set apart in her thoughts from everybody else, whom she petted and protected, and whose little material comforts she would attend to at any personal inconvenience. In return, Harry considered "old Morna the best girl going," and a sister to be proud of, though he never subscribed to the opinion current in the family that she could influence him when even father's and mother's counsels were as the sighing of the wind.

"If I had been what little Willie deemed me, and had endeavored to lead Harry's thoughts to higher things, probably I would not have succeeded," she said to her conscience. "But how could I teach him what I did not myself know?" She looked forward anxiously to seeing him in the city, whither she was going for a long visit.

Soon after her arrival she sought him in his boarding-house, in his own most characteristically furnished apartment; and as she came in, in her pretty dress

and her pretty belongings, crisp and graceful and wafting delicate odors. Harry met her with quite a grand manner and performed the duties of a host with great ease.

"Much honored by a call from such a swell!" said he, making an exaggerated bow. Morna had an uneasy feeling as she looked at him that the boy was forever gone. He had shot up tall and straight, and he looked so old, actually with a shading of down on his lip! This was almost a man already.

Looking around the apartment, after questions and answers of home news, her eye fell on some showy volumes, reds and greens and yellows, a dozen or two on table and brackets, and she involuntarily exclaimed,

"Why, Harry, do you read such trash?"

"Trash!" says Harry. "Let me tell you that you find more life in one of those dime novels than between the two covers of any other book you ever get hold of!"

"Life?" said Morna, in a peculiar tone.

"Well, the kind of life that suits me best," says Harry, defiantly. "A bold buccaneer, you know, or a pirate of the Spanish main, or best of all, Kit Carson on the plains, with a dozen scalps hanging at his belt, and a bowie in his boot! That's the life worth living for! The long swinging gallop across the prairies, whir-r-r! pop goes a Pawnee! On again—you dash among a herd of buffaloes—ha! hooray!" said Harry; waving his arms. He had risen in his enthusiasm, and was in the midst of the carnage, with flashing eyes and distended nostril.

Morna felt too sad to smile.

"Do you not like your work?" she asked gently.

"Oh, I don't intend to stick long to the shop, you know," said Harry, carelessly, sitting down again. "I am going to strike out for myself one of these days."

She felt herself almost shrinking away from the strong, decided, young fellow taking his life into his own hands. Her heart yearned over him, but she said to herself that she was powerless. The world just now was not the same world that it had been a few years ago, and while Harry only looked forward to the day when he would be his own master, Morna was getting sadly tired of her dominion over self. Weary and a little travel-stained on this journey of life, she sat by the way-side waiting. Who could be glad to be setting out on so empty a path?

IV.

Upon this path, however, towards the close of the winter, came a figure sauntering towards her, who seemed to promise renewed interest in the journey; and Morna, half-curious, half-eager, stepped down a little pace to meet him. Mr. Philip Delamere was one of those pleasant results of the smiles of Fortune not too frequently met with in a world where the buffets of that goddess are at least as numerous as her favors. Of a singularly handsome presence, possessing abundant wealth, cultured in every direction, he lounged on his prosperous, indolent way, and the only trouble that ever beset him was how to evade the traps set by anxious chaperones and mothers of marriageable daughters against his cherished freedom.

Morna's vanity was first touched by the evident interest with which he again and again met her. To come, and see, and conquer, like Cæsar, had ever been the imperial rôle that pleased her, and now instinctively she put forth all her strongest tactics of war. Through all these years of homage and suitors she had carried a cold and unmoved heart, but should it ever be stirred and take fire it might perhaps burn with the more consuming heat at last. In these final winter days, when the snows were gradually melting, and birds had already

begun singing with sweet thoughts of spring, her listlessness was fast vanishing, and all her languid hues were beginning to take color and to glow in the charmed presence of Mr. Philip Delamere.

How Harry was passing his time she scarcely knew, and she was quite startled one evening at finding him among the guests at a large party given by one of her friends. That he should be deemed old enough to mingle in such scenes was a sudden shock to her, and she followed his closely cropped blonde head as it went dipping here and there about the room, with uneasy eyes. He seemed to have a numerous acquaintance, and to be bent on improving it. Her attention, however, was demanded elsewhere, and it was not until late in the evening that her uneasiness deepened into apprehensions that took a distinct form; for glancing casually in at the door of a little refreshment room, she beheld Harry in the act of raising a glass of wine to his lips. To excuse herself from her companion and join her brother was the work of a moment; but no words came in which to address him, and she only looked up with the beseeching glance of a criminal suing for mercy.

With the easy gesture of a man of the world, the lad offered her his arm, and with some careless observation, led her out. The hall at the moment had few promenaders, and they slowly moved down it. Morna's heart was beating with fear and tenderness. She had a wild wish that she could take the boy in her arms and bear him away to some distant solitude, where she might shield him, and save him, and win him back to those days of childhood when his young nature could have been so easily moulded. But while she sought for words of warning that would not seem too abrupt, he himself broke the silence.

"I'm glad to see you alone for a minute, Morna," said he in a patronizing way that was altogether a new experience, "because, aw! look here, you

know, I want to give you a piece of advice. Of course girls don't understand these things like us fellows, but I know that you are dancing too often with Philip Delamere. He doesn't play fair, you see, because he goes about boasting behind your backs that he isn't a marrying man. Ask any fellow you like!"

They had reached the end of the hall, and this startling speech was delivered while Harry stood over his sister and pulled the tassel of her fan.

"You needn't be vexed, you know," he resumed easily. "It's all right, I daresay, only I know the world, and you don't, and I tell you I'd just as soon see you hanging on the arm of a big vampire!"—that vague personage having evidently a distinct existence in Harry's mind.

The blood had mounted to Morna's cheek and brow at that first astounding utterance of Philip Delamere's name, but she was both too humiliated and too pained to attempt any kind of reply. That her's and Harry's positions should be reversed, and where she meant to give she should receive a rebuke, was perhaps only the beginning of some strange retribution. Mechanically she obeyed the guiding of her brother's arm—that hard young arm so ruthlessly brushing aside the flimsy veil of her fancy!—and re-entered the ball-room. But any pleasure to be found there was over for that night. She hastened away, eager to be alone, to question herself, to reflect on some mode of action by which to serve Harry and herself.

Did she then require to be saved? A sickening doubt had come upon her, forced by Harry's rough and matter-of-fact words. Perhaps her position not only with regard to him but to others also was to be reversed,—where she had reigned was she now to serve? That veil of fancy brushed aside had shown her in plain and unmistakable characters an interest all too deep in Mr.

Delamere's attentions, if they were only a pastime for his leisure hours. In an agony of wounded love and pride, she cried out that she must escape. "If he loves me he will follow," she thought, but at once she must leave the city and return to her parents' home, before others besides her own heart should see that she had given it unsought. The tender and quiet country unfolding into beauty in the sunshine of spring, seemed to beckon her to its shelter. Like a weary child returning to its mother, she longed to lay her head in its broad lap, and rest, and weep. And Harry? And the many temptations that were assailing him? Poor Morna only shuddered and fled.

The apple-trees were white with perfumed bloom, and all the birds mated, when tidings came of the boy. The parlor-door opened one day on the group of home-faces, and he coolly walked in, bringing them himself.

"I've cut the shop," he announced. He appeared exceedingly defiant, and the troubled old Judge would never believe that any tenderness lay behind that bold front.

"I'm not going to roll kegs of nails about a warehouse any longer for any man," said he, "and the short of it is, I'm off West!"

It was the young eagle declaring itself in the dovecot. Aghast, his parents demanded whither, and for what purpose?

"Oh, Kansas, or Colorado, or Nevada, I'm not particular. But that's the country for a man—you can breathe out there. I know a dozen fellows who are going, and I mean to start on Monday, with Jimmy Carew. He is going in for cattle-raising."

When the first stupor of surprise had worn off his auditors, his father took him aside, and kindly and firmly reasoned with him over the ruinous folly of his course. The arguments of the elder were unanswerable, but Harry moodily stuck to his one position. He

had not come for permission to depart, but like the prodigal to demand his portion. The father, however, showed himself equally determined, and thinking to put a certain stop to his son's headlong career, he also made his stand.

"You don't touch one cent of mine, for any such escapade, depend upon that, sir. When you have finished your apprenticeship—and you have not long to wait for that now—I mean to set you up in business and to do as much for you as I shall for your brothers, though your way is neither mine nor theirs. But for the present, sir, go back to your work, and keep your hand at the plough like a man."

Harry's purpose, however, was not to be shaken.

"You see I am *determined* to go!" said he on his return to his mother and sisters, and planting himself against the wall. "Turning on the water-works won't keep me either. Don't now, mamma!" For his mother was weeping bitterly. Harry felt a tender and protecting love for this gentle parent, but of course a man must always do as he liked.

"You can't go without money," said Morna, speaking as in a dream.

"Oh, I can borrow enough to take me out, and I don't mind after that," answered Harry, recklessly.

All the reasoning and entreaties and difficulties in the world could not, it seemed, move him a hair's breadth. He would go if he walked all the way for that matter, and refusing to prolong his short and uncomfortable visit, he began making his farewells. The Judge with unbending sternness only shook his son's hand, but his mother pulled him aside, and put a purse into it.

"Morna is in her room," whispered she.

Morna had another purse ready for him, but all she said was,

"How I wish I were going with you!"

"You're a tip-top sister," said Harry, stooping to kiss her. "But you always

have been that, Morna, and I'd like to know before I go that Delamere hasn't been treating you badly."

"Nobody has been treating me badly, dear," said she, and Harry nodded, and kissed her again, and sprang away.

Such a stillness seemed to fall upon the valley! Spring passed into summer, and summer with its ripening heats and long days filled with the sun and birds and Southern breezes, moved softly on. Not even the coming and going of Philip Delamere disturbed the quiet. His movements were as leisurely as those of nature herself, and when he came sauntering up the avenue to the cool shades of Judge Dartnell's balcony, his figure was in admirable tone with the prospect.

"The summer is so lazy, it just suits me," he confesses to the lady whom he finds sitting there, and forming a graceful picture behind the trailing vine.

"The summer is getting her harvests ready," returns Morna.

"Ah, but that is such a serious view to take of it," deprecated the other. Harvests have too severe a moral for Mr. Delamere's philosophy. And for Miss Dartnell's also, as he fain hopes.

And was it so? Were wasted years as little to her as to him? Was her life also but the basking and idling through the sunshine of a summer's day?

Morna, for all her graceful ease, her badinage, her happy rendering of the every day requirements of existence, seemed to herself to be moving under a feverish enchantment. Harry's departure, which had awakened all her consciousness of broken faith, whose burden indeed she had carried, like a dead albatross, through all the years, had not suffered it to be lulled into apathy again. His wanderings, his temptations, were always before her, and the dead voice of a little child was struggling to be heard above the tones of Philip Delamere's well-modulated bass. A little longer struggling of the

dead voice, a little further progress in the path which she has trod so far, then will come the day of days when her love and her hopes shall reach their blessed fruition, and then somehow into the charmed circle of which Philip Delamere is the great enchanter, Harry also must come, and be a respectable member of society, and conscience shall be stilled, and everybody live happily forevermore. She perhaps did not arrange her scheme in so many measured words; she only waited and hoped, and loved and suffered.

Vain waiting! All the wild daisies in the valley had blossomed, and their seeds were scattered, when she began slowly teaching herself to believe that it was vain. Though she had plucked every daisy there, from every one would have come the answer of the flower Fate: "He loves me not!" There was no terrible moment in which farewells were spoken; it was only that his visits became gradually less frequent, and then ceased altogether—only the sickening delay of waiting for a voice that was never heard, a touch that never came, a presence that ceased to bless.

Had she been able to see the struggle that had taken place in Mr. Delamere's head before he felt himself constrained to fly from temptation, her humiliation might have been less. It was a struggle between the rival claims of his affection and regard for her and his affection and regard for himself. The latter triumphed. His bachelor freedom should never be enslaved by marriage chains. The pleasure he experienced in Morna's brilliant and sympathetic presence was growing fatally dear,—he felt that he was just barely escaping with his life, and as for her, she loved him of course, but—she would get over it. Thus he assured himself, and went away for his autumn shooting.

V.

She never quite got over it for all that, inasmuch as her vanity had re-

ceived a fatal wound, and inasmuch as the woman who came forth from the fires of suffering was a nobler woman than she who entered them. Though she might sing the song of Shekla's tearful heroine, her life did not end in that feminine plaint. She did not die for her love's sake, for now that reserved force which she had always vaguely felt within her, asserted itself. She had lived for her own pleasure and vanity all these years, and since it was to this plight they had brought her, she began to feel a wholesome scorn of herself. And in these bitter hours once more came back, but more vividly than ever before, the memory of those other sad hours of early girlhood, when she was brought face to face with death. She heard as if it had been but yesterday that solemn command, and shuddered that it had not been obeyed.

Was it too late to seek to obey it? Every moment that was lost now seemed to carry a soul further down a dark abyss beyond her desponding reach. Only one thought and one hope took possession of her, and they prompted her to immediate action. In obeying them she trusted even yet to redeem her youth.

Feeling like a living example of all the trite old sermons she had been heedlessly listening to since she could remember, she sought her mother with a confession that had never before passed her lips.

"I have a strange, strange story to tell you," she said, drawing her into her chamber, and sitting down at her feet. "I know I am a great girl to come and confess," trying to smile, "but I must tell you everything just as I did when I was a little one."

She did not spare herself, and when she had concluded, it seemed as if the albatross fell from her neck.

"My child, it was so holy a trust," said the mother, softly.

Morna could not feel more rebuked.

"And have I not my punishment?"

she whispered softly. "If Philip had cared for me I might never have gone back to the spirit of Willie's wish, though I might have been forced to try and obey the letter."

What does the heart know of itself or of life until it has been half-broken, crushed, set bleeding? "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

"If there is not some more dreadful punishment in store for me—" resumed Morna. "Mother, you will understand that with all this, I cannot rest. I must go out to Harry's wide West, and try and find him. I *must* go!"

And Mrs. Dartnell did not dissuade her daughter from her determination, or even regard it as Quixotic, though there was no late news of their young adventurer and his wanderings. On the contrary, she instantly set herself to work to gain the Judge's acquiescence and assistance in the scheme, which he, sore at heart and looking aged and troubled since the boy's departure, gladly gave, and furthermore announced his intention of accompanying Morna.

Father and daughter then soon set their faces westward. By diligent enquiry in the city among the relatives of some of Harry's fellow-adventurers, they had succeeded in gaining later tidings of him than any they themselves possessed, and they took this information, slender as it was, to guide them in their search. The new scenes and the strange country through which they passed, would at another time have afforded much interest and study to Morna, but she was now too preoccupied to care to observe. She felt herself breathing another atmosphere, and she involuntarily drew in deep breaths of it, half-conscious that it was filling her with renewed vigor, but the noise of the railway train, heard incessantly night and day, was the most vivid thing present to her, for over the many hundred miles that lie between East and West it rushed to one perpetual succession of sounds, and

they bore this burden: Shall I be too late? shall I be too late? The terrible haunting fear of finding Harry dead overpowered all others. Anything less, she felt that she could have strength and patience and love enough to combat.

And a tender mercy was vouchsafed her. For, after many false starts and many fruitless directions, they at last obtained absolute and certain information of his whereabouts, and found themselves actually on his traces. They had left the line of railroad many leagues to the northward, and were travelling by such modes of conveyance as they could procure—by stage, or waggon, or even on horseback. Judge Dartnell's patience was perfect, and Morna's powers of endurance seemingly endless, but their sense of physical relief was little less than of mental when they finally saw before them the scattered collection of houses and cabins, the so-called "city" of a mining district in which Harry was at that moment dwelling.

It was Christmas-eve, and just eight years since Morna had taken him "in trust."

The "city," advanced beyond the mere requirements of the miners, contained quite a comfortable hotel, to which they at once drove. The landlord, a fat and sharp-eyed person in the black broad-cloth morning dress of the country, stood on the steps and welcomed them as if they had been personal friends. Morna, on her father's arm, paused in the doorway, and put the same formula of words that she had put so many times already, for her father's somewhat haughty address not being always favorably regarded, she frequently took upon herself to make the necessary enquiries.

"My father and I are looking for my young brother, Harry Dartnell. Do you know or have you heard of any one of that name?" and this time she added, "We think we have traced him to this place."

"Yes, maum, I do so!" promptly re-

plied the fat landlord, with great emphasis. "Henry H. Dartnell was in my ranche this afternoon, and I rather conclude you'll find him up to Sweeny's at this identical moment. Come far, sir? I'm from the States myself."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Morna, looking for one instant into her father's face. "Oh, thank you! But are you sure? Is he tall? fair? He resembles my father."

"Yes, maum. Strong family likeness, I reckon, though Henry's complexion's a leetle spoiled, *you* bet. Yes, sir, I know Henry. Promisin' young man as ever stepped. Run away from home to sow his wild oats, I conclude; it'll do him a right smart of good to see *you*, maum. Walk right up to the ladies' parlor."

"We're much obliged to you for your information, sir," said Judge Dartnell, unexpectedly putting out his hand. "Can you direct us to this Sweeny's?"

The landlord skipped down to the side-walk, and pointed mountain-wards.

"Central Town, miner's old camp, maum. Rather late for Sweeny's though, I reckon, and guess you'd better have an escort."

He re-entered the house, and returned in a moment with two large and powerfully built men, whom he pushed towards them like a pair of great stupid school-boys.

"Pleasant walk, sir; supper between nine and ten."

The men went forward in silence, and as mechanically as if it were their ordinary nightly occupation to escort to Sweeny's white-headed old gentlemen and beautiful young ladies in the pursuit of errant relatives, and Morna and her father followed. They had grown so accustomed, in their journeyings, to strange and novel situations that they too walked almost mechanically along the quiet street. Darkness had come early among the mountains, but the sky in the south still softly glowed, and cast a brightness on the great peaks above

them, where alone in all the landscape there was snow. The warm and mellow atmosphere, the tropic forms of vegetation, the absence of all signs of preparation for the approaching feast, the mysterious presence of the mountains, so near, so distant, with their ghostly gleaming caps, made up a scene so unlike all their former experiences, it was hard to believe that this was Christmas eve.

After a long walk up gentle slopes, they found themselves among a group of low-built huts or cabins, before one of which their conductors stopped, and noiselessly opened the door,—opened it upon such a scene as the pen of Western genius has faithfully depicted. A long, low room, reeking with spirituous fumes, gambling tables here and there, and a set of rough, eager, brutalized men. The opening of the door had evidently passed unheeded, and some dispute which appeared to have taken place was quickly ripening into something more furious. Almost in a moment the room was in uproar; there was the flash of deadly weapons, the utterance of infuriated speech, and a scuffle began.

Morna, standing, pale enough but fearless, between her father and their landlord's night-watch, seemed to have sight and hearing but for the form and voice of her brother, whom she beheld quite close to her, a tall, bronzed, athletic young fellow, with a blonde moustache and a tuft on his chin, but now with a wild and savage light in his bright eyes that she had never seen there. The general *mêlée* was concentrating in a duel between him and a desperate and picturesque-looking rough in a scarlet jersey. But before the fatal shots had time to be fired, a clear, high cry resounded through the room like the note

of a silver flute heard above bestial voices, and Morna had broken away from her father's grasp and rushed forward. Harry felt his arm seized, his pistol-bullet lodged in a beam overhead, and instead of the dark sinister countenance of the most noted desperado of a dozen camps, he saw before him the sweet fair face of his sister Morna!

That night took place mutual confessions. Harry, slowly recovering from the surprise of the presence of his father and sister in that rough mountain encampment, heard the story of the latter with deeper emotion than he had ever betrayed in all his life. He seemed to be listening to the voice of the dead.

"Well, you came along just in time," he acknowledged. "I was going to the dogs pretty fast, you bet your boots, and I guess I'd have been there about this time, if you hadn't switched me on to another line to-night."

"And I may stay with you, dear, since you refuse to leave your beloved West? Our father has the kindest intentions towards us both."

And then Judge Dartnell put his head beside those two younger ones, and discussed ways and plans for the future. Next day they took their departure for the plains, to the mingled regret and approval of the fat landlord, and the Judge only set out on his lonely journey eastward some weeks later, after he had seen son and daughter settled in their new home.

Rancheros they call themselves, and frequent letters arrive telling of their welfare and prosperity. Harry would never have graced gown or robe, but he makes a splendid ranchman, and in aiding in developing his strong and firm character, Morna finds her best happiness as she has found peace.

RICHARD COBDEN.

BY T. C. B. FRASER, NAPANEE.

The subject of this sketch, who has been fitly characterized as "the Apostle of Free Trade," was born at Dunford, near Midhurst, Sussex, in 1804. His father, who owned a small farm, which he cultivated himself, died while Richard was yet young, leaving his family in indigent circumstances. After his father's death he entered the wholesale warehouse of his uncle, where he soon exhibited marked aptness for business. During his apprenticeship he displayed great assiduity and fidelity. In a short time he became a partner in a Manchester calico-printing firm. Here his presence quickly manifested itself by the superior quality and the fine taste displayed in the calicoes printed by the firm. In 1834 and 1835 he travelled in Turkey, Greece, and Egypt, and also visited the United States. The result of his travels appeared in two pamphlets, entitled respectively, "England, Ireland, and America," and "Russia." The latter was intended to be an antidote against the "Russophobia" which prevailed at that time. In these pamphlets, he ridiculed the workings of diplomacy, and boldly maintained that England should avoid war and extend her commerce. In 1837, on free trade principles, he contested the borough of Stockport, and was defeated; and in 1838, in the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, he carried a motion to petition Parliament for the repeal of all duties on corn.

It will be well for us here to refer to the subject of the Corn Laws, the name popularly ascribed to certain statutory enactments which had for their object a restriction of the trade in bread stuffs. The English Corn Laws date back to

the year 1360, in the reign of Edward III. Prior to this time, there seems to have been a general rule carried into effect by the Crown against the exportation of any grain. For some years several modifications were made, and for some time the price at which exportation might begin was merely changed, generally enlarging it. After the restoration of Charles II., England and Scotland became to each other as foreign nations. The English duties restricted the importation of grain from Scotland; and in 1663 the Scotch Parliament retaliated by imposing heavy duties on the importation of English and all other foreign grain. Had not the union of 1707 made the countries one again, England and Scotland would probably have kept up a corn-law contest against each other similar to the French Provinces. The agricultural interest had continued powerfully to modify this branch of legislation, and an act was passed in 1670, which virtually prohibited importation, until the home price had reached 53s. 4d., and laying a heavy duty on it above that point. This law, however, had little effect on the landed interest, for Britain generally produced more corn than its population required. At the Revolution a sum was paid to the producer, for what he exported, so that if the price in the foreign market might not induce him to send corn abroad, the bounty in addition to that price might tempt him to do so. For nearly a century the various enactments in this department were of a shifting nature. In 1773 Burke's Act removed the bounty, and prohibited exportation when the price reached 44s., and permitted importation at a nominal duty of

6d. at a price of 48s. During the French Revolution it was professed that the main object of this kind of legislation was to have constantly at hand a sufficient supply of grain for their own wants, and to render them entirely independent of foreign nations for the people's food. The price at which importation might begin was raised in 1804, and was again raised in 1814, when the bounty was abandoned as worthless. During these changes there was a powerful party who defended the Corn Laws. About 1840 the best term known was the "sliding scale." The object of this invention had been to reduce the import duty as the price of grain increased, for the object of virtually prohibiting the importation when the price was low, and encouraging it when the price was high, in order that at famine-prices grain might come in duty free. The crops of the year 1832, and of the three following years, were abundant, and all classes enjoyed the invaluable blessing of cheap food. This was succeeded by a poor harvest and by high prices; wheat rose from 35s. 4d. at the close of 1835, to 53s. at the close of 1837, and to 81s. 6d. in January, 1839. Laborer's wages increased slightly, but nothing in comparison with the increased cost of living. Still, in view of the prevailing distress, and with the sure prospect of greater distress, the landed interest vigorously and successfully opposed all relaxation of the Corn Laws, so that foreign wheat could be imported free for the supply of starving thousands among the lower classes; denying that the Corn Laws had anything to do with the mitigation of poor crops at home, or with the prevention of suffering caused by the restrictive prices of food. They affirmed that if the Corn Laws were repealed, half of the country shopkeepers would be ruined; that many factories and mills would be closed; great numbers would be thrown out of employment; capital would be withdrawn; anarchy and ruin would over-

spread the country. These assertions, though without the least foundation of truth, had great influence upon farm laborers, small shopkeepers, and stranger still, upon many educated men, and upon Parliament.

The condition of affairs was terrible. Early in 1839 about 200 delegates met in London, from Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, and from all the leading manufacturing towns, to press their principles upon the legislature. Petitions were presented bearing 2,000,000 signatures for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. Charles Villiers volunteered to act as their leader in the House of Commons. On the 19th February he moved that the House resolve itself into a committee of enquiry on the Corn Laws, and again on the 12th March, he moved that evidence be taken at the bar of the House in regard to the same question. The former motion was lost by 342 to 195; the latter by 361 to 172; the cabinet being divided, and Earl Russel speaking and voting against it. The delegates had offered to enlighten the House, but their offer was declined; it was now determined to attempt on a grand scale the political education of the nation. As soon as the delegates returned from their unsuccessful mission, the "Anti-Corn-Law League," the most complete and effective political organization of any age, was formed in Manchester, on March 20, 1839.

The manufacturing towns immediately supported the League, and furnished sufficient funds to sustain a staff of lecturers, to publish millions of pamphlets and tracts, to maintain a newspaper, and in this manner to arouse the minds of the nation to the urgency of the case. The sum of £5,000 was first demanded and promptly raised; next £50,000, then £100,000; and shortly before the League principles triumphed by the Free-Trade legislation of 1846, a quarter of a million of money was asked for, of which £60,000 were sub-

scribed in an hour and a half at a meeting held in Manchester, and £90,000 more within a month; the whole would have been supplied if it had been required.

The Protectionist party, thinking to help their cause in like manner, at a meeting held in the Duke of Somerset's house on February 17, 1844, founded "The Agricultural Protection Society of Great Britain." They possessed inexhaustible wealth, and used money freely, but the movement collapsed, for its exertions really helped the cause of free-trade by stimulating discussion, and thus leading the people to work out the question for themselves. Ebenezer Elliott, "the Corn Law Rhymer," sent forth his famous *Corn-Law Rhymes*, which found their way into every homestead and house in the land. Richard Cobden, John Bright, George Thompson, William Johnson Fox and others travelled over the country, lectured, held meetings, debated with opponents, and created a healthy public opinion, which was intended to be brought to bear upon Parliament. This course was pursued for nearly seven years, amid much reproach, frequently at personal danger, and always at sacrifice of their private and commercial interests. Says a recent writer: "But the work was imperative, and called for the best patriots whom the country could furnish. The League was founded in self-sacrifice. Its leaders were not idle men of fashion, or professional politicians, or mere agitators and adventurers on the way to place and power. They were busy merchants and manufacturers, whose counting-houses, ware-houses, mills and factories were more valuable than any offices under the Crown. Splendid as were their pecuniary donations, their sacrifice of time and toil was a far heavier tax."

In the general election of 1841, Mr. Cobden was elected for the borough of Stockport (the same constituency that rejected him in 1837). During the de-

bate on the question of the address, in reply to the royal speech, Mr. Cobden made his first speech in Parliament, on August 25, 1841. * He intended, he said, to support the address, because he stood there, not as a party man, but as a simple free-trader, and because the address expressed hostility to the taxes on food. These taxes were paid chiefly by the working classes; for while the nobleman paid but a half-penny in every hundred pounds of his income as a bread tax, the man earning ten shillings a week paid twenty per cent. Honorable gentlemen laughed at this, and he repeated it. He told them further, that a conference of six hundred and fifty ministers of religion, of all denominations, had just been held in Manchester; that they had narrated the social deterioration of their flocks, the abandonment of religious and educational institutions, and the misery they had witnessed among the poor; that they had adopted a petition for the abolition of the bread-tax; and that they, and fifteen hundred other ministers had agreed to pray every Sunday from their pulpits, that God would turn the hearts of the rulers of England to do justice. Some honorable gentlemen again laughed at this; most of them were half amused and half offended at this unusual style of address, and tried to put the speaker down; but they were mistaken in their man. Cobden was from that time a power in the House, and the type of a vast impersonal power in the country. Mr. Cobden asserted in this speech (and his subsequent career abundantly vindicated the assertion) that he belonged to no political party, but would support any party that would go further in repealing the restrictions on food. By majorities of ninety-one in the Commons, and of seventy-two in the Lords, it was declared that nothing could be done while the Government

* The National and Domestic History of England. By W. H. S. Aubrey.

did not possess the confidence of the House or of the country. Thus the Melbourne Administration came to an end.

Sir Robert Peel was sent for, and the Queen gave him her entire confidence in the task entrusted to him of forming a new cabinet. It was generally supposed that he and his colleagues favored the idea of a sliding scale, as opposed to a fixed duty on corn; however, the session of 1841 terminated without any definite proposal, and still the distress continued. The newspapers of the time narrate the most terrible scenes of the suffering and destitution that prevailed. It was reported that one quarter of the population in Carlisle was in a state bordering on starvation, actually certain to die of famine unless aided by extraordinary means. In Stockport, more than half the master spinners had failed before the end of 1842; 3,000 dwelling houses were closed. "One provision dealer used to throw away outside scraps of bacon, but now respectable customers of twenty years standing bought them in pennyworths to moisten their potatoes." In the House of Commons, on July 8, 1842, Mr. Cobden said:—"I know at this time a place where one hundred wedding rings were pawned in one week to provide the owners with bread. Men and women have subsisted only upon boiled nettles; and in the neighborhood with which I was originally connected in business, Burnley, the starving people dug up the putrid carcase of a cow, rather than die of hunger. I know by that groan that gentlemen do not believe it. I wrote to a trusty man, a school-master, to ask if the report were true, and he sent me not only his own attestation, but that of many of his neighbors. The multitude dug it up, carried part of it away for food, and the farmer was obliged immediately to bury the remainder in order to get rid of effluvia. Another case occurred in which the carcase of a dead calf was carried away for food.

You may well cry 'oh! oh!' and groan. If you believe these statements, why do you sit here and refuse to apply a remedy? From these individual cases you may picture the condition of the whole mass of your suffering fellow-creatures." In the House of Lords, on July 11th, 1842, Lord Brougham, in moving the appointment of a select committee to enquire into the distress of the midland counties, spoke as follows:—"There are found every day such occurrences as seven, eight, or ten persons in one cottage, who are for days without a morsel of food of any kind. In some cases the destitute have remained on their bed of straw for two successive days because under the impression that in a recumbent posture the pangs of hunger will be less severely felt than in an erect posture. Those who are able to crawl about live on matter which ought not to be eaten. I have been informed by some ministers of religion that it is not an uncommon thing, but one of frequent occurrence, that men of their congregations are taken from their chapels fainting from illness and weakness brought on by want of proper sustenance. . . . Be assured there is no exaggeration whatever in the accounts that have reached you of the prevailing misery, and that it is quite as severe as the petitioners have described, and as I have had the sorrow now to represent." These are but examples of the widespread misery that existed. Looking back at that time we wonder that relief was so long in coming.

The League maintained an energetic warfare against the duties on corn in any form. Lecturers had visited thirty-six out of forty English counties. "The League" newspaper had a circulation of nearly 20,000 copies weekly. At a meeting of the League in Manchester, on August 25, 1842, Mr. Cobden said:—"With regard to our further treaties, as we are rather a political body, I should most certainly recommend that

we pay a visit as soon as the harvest is over, to the agricultural districts. We shall be very unwelcome visitors, but no matter about that. Low prices of corn are coming upon them; high rents contemporaneously with low prices, will make them ready listeners to our lectures. Let us show them that with a repeal of the Corn Laws, though they might no longer obtain high prices for their produce, the landowners would not have the power of extorting from them their present enormous rents when corn had jumped down to 40s. a quarter. Let us teach these things, and let us do it in the spirit of kindness and conciliation." Crowded meetings were held at the theatres in London for above two years. In a leading article in the *Times* of November 18, 1843, occurred the following:—"The League is a great fact. It would be foolish, nay, rash, to deny its importance. It is a great fact that there should have been created in the homesteads of our manufacturers a confederacy devoted to the agitation of our political question; persevering at it year after year, shrinking from no trouble, dismayed by no danger, making light of every obstacle. It is a great fact that at one meeting at Manchester, more than forty manufacturers should subscribe on the spot each at least £100, some £300, some £500, for the advancement of a measure which, right or wrong, just or unjust, expedient or injurious, they at least believe it to be their duty or their interest, or both, to advance in every possible way. These are facts important and worthy of consideration. No moralist can disregard them; no politician can sneer at them; no statesman can undervalue them. He who collects opinions must chronicle them. He who frames laws must to some extent consult them.

. Experience set at naught; advice derided, warnings neglected,—these brought the League into existence, these gave it power, and motion, and vital energy; these gave it

an easy and unresisted ingress into the very sanctuaries of our domestic life. A new power has arisen in the State; and maids and matrons flock to theatres, as though it were but a new 'translation from the French.'

In the House on March 12, 1844, Mr. Cobden moved "for a select committee, to enquire into the effects of protective duties on imports upon the interests of the tenant-farmers and farm laborers of this country." In doing this he said that if his motion were carried, he should be prepared to bring important evidence forward, showing the effects of "Protection," as it is called, on the agriculturists, by the examination of farmers themselves. After an animated debate the motion was lost by 224 to 133. In the session of 1845 Mr. Cobden again moved for a committee of enquiry; but his motion was refused by a majority of 92 in a House of 334. The ladies had had their sympathy stirred, and Covent Garden Theatre was fitted up for a mammoth bazaar, at which the sales amounted to the magnificent sum of £25,000, besides having enough articles left for another bazaar at Manchester. It was opened for twenty-one days in May, 1845, and during that time 125,000 people paid for admission. About this time Sir Robert Peel's views were undergoing a change, and he was coming over to the side of Free Trade. Numerous Cabinet meetings had been held during the months of October and November. Early in December dissensions were known to exist, and on the eleventh the announcement was made that the Ministry had resigned; but in a few days the Peel ministry was restored. Parliament was opened by the Queen, on January 19, 1846. On January 27, the Premier, in a speech which lasted four hours, announced the Ministerial policy respecting corn, to a crowded House. This was, that all agricultural produce which served as cattle food, such as buckwheat and Indian corn, should be

admitted duty free; a merely nominal duty was to be imposed on all Colonial grain. As for other grain, all protection was to cease in three years, that time being allowed for farmers to accommodate themselves to the change; in the meantime the duties were to be largely reduced. Twelve nights were occupied with the first reading of the Corn Duties' Bill, and it was carried by a majority of 97 in a House of 527. During this debate Sir Robert Peel made one of his most eloquent speeches:—"This night is to decide between the policy of continued relaxation of restriction, or to the return to restraint and prohibition. This night you will select the motto which is to indicate the commercial policy of England. Shall it be 'Advance' or 'Recede' ? which is the better motto for this great empire ? Is this the country to stand shivering on the brink of exposure to the healthful breezes of competition ? Most earnestly, from a deep conviction, founded not upon the limited experience of three years alone, but upon the experience of the results of every relaxation of restriction and prohibition, I counsel you to set the example of liberty to other countries. . . . Act thus, and you will have done whatever human sagacity can do for the promotion of commercial prosperity." On the following evening Mr. Bright, in referring to this patriotic speech, said to the "thorough-paced" Tories:—"You say the Hon. baronet is a traitor. It would ill become me to attempt his defence after the speech which he delivered last night,—a speech, I will venture to say, more powerful and more to be admired than any speech which has been delivered within the memory of any man in the House. I watched the Right Hon. baronet as he went home last night, and, for the first time, I envied him his feelings. That speech has circulated by scores of thousands throughout the kingdom and throughout the world; and wherever a man is to be

found who loves justice, and wherever there is a laborer whom you have trampled under foot, that speech will bring joy to the heart of the one, and hope to the breast of the other."

Four more nights were occupied on the second reading, and upon the third reading the debate was adjourned three times. Ultimately, the Bill was sent to the Lords by a majority of 327 to 229, and the measure became law on June 26th. The greatest rejoicing prevailed all over the country. The League triumphed not by the influence of money, but by the economic truths they taught, and faithful to its promises, dissolved its organization at a meeting held in Manchester. The results of the repeal are well known. Poor lands are more largely cultivated than ever. Shopkeepers and manufacturers have increased their business. A great stimulus has been given to trade, and corn dealing has settled down to an ordinary branch of commerce, which is engaged in by a largely increased number of merchants.

Mr. Cobden was rewarded for his services by a national testimonial of £80,000. After accomplishing his great work, he again visited the continent, and while he was there, he was elected both for Stockport and the West Riding of Yorkshire. He chose the latter constituency, which he represented till 1857, when Lord Palmerston appealed to the country to support him in his Chinese policy. Mr. Cobden vigorously opposed the Ministry, and would not venture a contest in the West Riding of Yorkshire, but ran for Huddersfield and was defeated. He had labored earnestly to extend Free-Trade principles, for financial and parliamentary reform, and zealously declared his national and international peace views, and it was due to this feeling with regard to war that he was rejected at the general election of 1857. On account of failing health he retired from politics, and visited America. During his absence, the

Derby administration was defeated on April 1, 1859, Parliament was dissolved, and a new one was summoned for May 31st. Mr. Cobden was returned for Rochdale. Lord Palmerston became Premier, and offered Mr. Cobden a seat in the Cabinet; but he declined to enter the Ministry, as he had strenuously opposed Lord Palmerston's foreign policy. After his election for Rochdale, the state of his health did not permit him to take an active part in parliamentary proceedings, but in 1850 to 1869 he took a chief part in arranging and con-

cluding a Commercial Treaty with France. On April 2, 1865, Richard Cobden passed away to his reward. A recent historian, in summing up the character of this eminent statesman, says: "The noble Free-Trader lived for his race, with generous aspirations, and without ostentation unconsciously became a philanthropist, which is 'the highest style of man;' the deeds of him who gave his prime to cheapen the poor man's loaf, and to promote the peace of the world, will be registered among the most durable records of the human heart."



THE SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.

BY G. H. F.

When the traveller through Nova Scotia enters Lunenburg County he cannot but be struck with the great difference in the appearance and manners of the inhabitants from those in the county he had just left—their quiet, plodding aspect, their scrupulously clean houses, the oxen yoked by the horns stumbling along with comfortable loads in carts or double waggons, which perhaps are swarming with well-favored children and portly parents, all engaging for the nonce in the pleasurable occupation of blueberrying.

The general family relations which seem to exist in all the settlements betoken a Dutch colony of happy, prosperous people. The stages, the only modes of public conveyance, jog along at the moderate pace of five miles an hour, more or less, often causing attacks of "sea-sickness" on the part of their occupants unaccustomed to this mode of conveyance, and who explain that they are not used to riding with their faces turned rearward. The road is narrow, and lined on either side by strips of blueberry, blackberry, raspberry bushes and strawberry plants, back of which on either side is the deep, dark forest. Every now and then, however, the road runs for a distance along the seashore; glimpses of the ocean's wide expanse are caught, displaying to the eye beautiful bays, and rocky or verdure covered islands, the scene being varied at each turn of the coach's lazy wheels, while the cool, invigorating salt breeze refreshes and strengthens the weakest or laziest constitution.

The towns are old-fashioned and quiet, and none could be better for those

who travel for pleasure or health to rest a few weeks at. Lunenburg, the county town, celebrated the centennial year of its foundation over twenty years ago, and its character is pithily described by the following conversation which a clergyman relates as having taken place between two of the German residents of the county. One of these Jacob (pronounced Jokkub) by name, living some eight or ten miles from Lunenburg, having brought his load of cordwood in early in the morning, met an acquaintance, Honikle, perhaps a later riser, going to town as he was leaving it.

"Good morning Jokkub; pin to Lunin-pug?"

"Yah, Honikle."

"Vel, how is Lunin-pug?"

"Vel, Lunin-pug is Lunin-pug still."

"Yah, and Lunin-pug will be Lunin-pug so long as Lunin-pug is———
Lunin-pug."

And so "Lunin-pug" still is.

In olden times the south shore of Nova Scotia was the haunt of many a pirate, privateer and robber by other name. When the English and French contested for the possession of the Western Continent, Nova Scotia saw many hard-fought battles, and the year now being celebrated in Philadelphia brought many ills to the people on the south shore. But the inhabitants bravely did their part, and in the war of 1812 fitted out several ships whose crews fought, conquered and robbed as nobly as those of the United States. One of the former, the "Sir John Sherbrooke," in 1813, pursued the "Young Teaser," an American privateer of some fame, commanded by a deserter from the

British service, to near Chester Bay, where the fog enveloped both vessels, and when it lifted the "Teaser" was out of sight of its pursuer, but was instead fairly in view of four English vessels, the seventy-four "La Hague," the frigates "Orpheus" and "Castor," and the brig "Manly." Being closely pursued by the "Orpheus," the "Teaser" tried to hide itself amongst the three hundred and sixty-five islands said to nestle in Chester Basin; but the wind fell, and as the ships lay still and lifeless, the chase was continued by boats sent off from the "La Hague" and the "Orpheus." The "Teaser's" renegade captain, not daring to face the punishment which surely awaited him if captured, set fire to the magazine, blew up his vessel, and died with most of his men.

This brings me to Chester, one of the prettiest villages in America. Situated on a gentle slope, and facing the three hundred and sixty-five islands in the Basin at its feet, without a railway within miles, a steamer but once in seven days, just often enough to make it the event of the week, and two good and well patronized hotels, I can imagine no more comfortable place to reside in for the summer months.

At Chester I was shown the island where Captain Kidd's treasure was hid. There it was, only a mile or so away, and of course I had to visit it. We set sail; the we being a companion, myself, the boatman a (sturdy blacksmith) and his diminutive son. The wind was high and squally; at one time when sheltered by an island we hardly stirred, but the sheltering point passed, the wind struck the boat and we fairly leapt from wave to wave. There was not much time to admire scenery, but Quaker Island with but two trees called respectively Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, is too striking an object to be missed, and Mount Aspotogon rearing its lofty head above all other eminences makes us think of how small we are, more espe-

cially as the boatman's face looks anxious and the water rough.

In a few minutes we are over, and are shown several big holes made by the treasure-hunters in their search for Captain Kidd's gold.

They were dug and walled in scientifically as is the pit to a coal mine, but the engines for pumping have all been taken away. The works are in ruins, and several of the pits filled with mud and water. One had been sunk to a depth of 130 feet, ten feet deeper than the money was supposed to have been buried; but it was merely intended as a well to draw off the water from the other works,—and with these exceptions and several huge mounds and deep pits, these are all that remains of several years' work.

When the last century was ninety-nine years old the search began, and has been resumed at intervals ever since. That year a Mr. McGinnis is said, when visiting the island, to have seen a block on the branch of an oak tree, and immediately beneath there was a small patch of red clover—an evidence that the earth had at some previous time been disturbed. There had been a tradition that under a certain oak tree in the Chester Basin, Captain Kidd had buried his treasure, amounting to £3,000,000. McGinnis returned home in haste, and the prize being large enough to stand a division, called upon two neighbors, Ball and Vaughan, to assist him. They dug down, and at each successive ten feet, it is said, found layers of flagstones and squared logs till they reached ninety feet. More help was required, and they all went for it, the situation being too embarrassing for one to remain near so much money alone. On their return there was forty feet of water in the hole.

Company after company was formed to prosecute the search, and over £20,000 is supposed to have been sunk in digging pits on the island. But they were not all entirely unsuccessful,—they found evidences. Some days the stock

would be about a thousand above par, but nobody would sell; the next, salable for a good square meal, but no one would buy. On one occasion it was reported that the boring auger had reached wood at a depth of about 120 feet, pierced it and suddenly dropped several inches; it then worked loosely as if chinking the coin. Doubtless the managers of the works almost felt it running through their fingers,—and so it was metaphorically. Notice was given that the treasure would be raised the next day. Men who for months had lived on expectation now felt themselves rich. They congratulated each other frantically on the satisfactory end to their work, and the little town on the mainland opposite was in an uproar. Men who had lost money in previous ventures now could not blame themselves too severely for not having tried Dame Fortune once again, and timid hesitators regretted that timidity which prevented them from stretching forth their hands and grasping the fortune within their reach, and which was on the morrow to be carried off by others before their very eyes. The total number of hours spent in sleep that evening in Chester was not very large, and immediately after dawn the work was resumed. *But* the pit bottom was filled with soft mud, and the work had to be begun anew. Another shaft was sunk, and a gallery extended from it to reach the place where the money had been felt; but as soon as the workman stretched out his hand to the treasure a sudden rush of water from the sea drove him suddenly back, and he had a very narrow escape for his life. This rush of water left no doubt that a drain had been made by human hands from the sea, and a coffer dam was built outside and the well pumped out. But the result was always the same, for no sooner was the treasure within reach than some unforeseen but easily explained event happened, making the whole work useless, and necessitating

new plans and labors, and so up to the present the much-coveted treasure has not been found and the works are now neglected. Halifax, Yarmouth, St. John and Toronto have been the heaviest losers in the speculation, and the only gold yet seen on the island I am inclined to believe was the \$2.50 American coin that I gave our gallant boatman that safely carried us to the island and back. He appeared astonished at a coin of that character, and desired to go to his neighbors for "change" before returning that necessary article.

The history of Captain Kidd, according to the best authorities, certainly does not give any encouragement to any to continue the search, and if all the evidences of buried treasure exist any where except in disordered imaginations or the minds of speculators, they must have been placed there by some less noted person. William Kidd, commonly known as a celebrated pirate, was born in England or Scotland, and is said by some to have been the son of John Kidd, a Nonconformist minister of Greenock. He became known as a bold and skilful shipmaster, and for a time sailed from the port of New York. He gained some celebrity as a privateersman for his success in capturing French vessels, in the West Indies, and in 1691 received £150 from New York city for his great services in guarding the colony against piratical depredations. His reputation was so good, that he was appointed captain of the "Adventure Galley," a new ship of 287 tons and 34 guns which had been bought by a company organized in England for the ostensible purpose of suppressing piracy, by the Earl of Bellamont. In 1695, the same year, the Admiralty gave him a commission to act against the French, and in the following year one was given him under the Great Seal, to proceed against the pirates. But unfortunately one-tenth of any booty obtained was to

go to the King, the rest to be divided amongst the shareholders, the captain and the crew, the latter receiving no regular pay. This arrangement made every man and officer anxious for "prizes," and it can easily be understood that some friendly vessels under these circumstances might be mistaken for pirates or enemies.

He sailed from Plymouth, in April 1696 and succeeded in capturing a French vessel off Newfoundland. He brought it to New York, and in September set sail with a crew of 154 men for Madagascar, then one of the chief piratical rendezvous. He arrived in January 1697, and soon after rumors began to spread that he had turned pirate, and before the year closed, orders were sent to all the English colonies to apprehend him if he should arrive at any of them. There appears to be no reason to suppose that he was personally guilty of any excesses, but the greed of gain seems to have induced his men to claim the King and company's portion of the prize money, and be not over particular as to the nature of the vessels they seized; and from contemporary documents it appears that not only Kidd from the first had considerable doubts as to how the experiment would turn out, but others also, high in authority.

His first engagement on the Indian Ocean was about six months after his arrival. He was attacked by two Portuguese ships, fought them all day, and finally beat them off. He continued his cruise till November 1697, his crew, whose only pay was from their prize money, which was very small, becoming more dissatisfied daily. It was as much as he could do to prevent them capturing a richly laden English ship. A Moorish vessel and legal prize which fell in their way satisfied them for a time, after which in the early portion of 1698, they fell in with a Bengal merchant ship, the "Quidah," and captured it without bloodshed. He then sailed to St. Mary's, Madagascar, and sunk his first

prize, and all but fourteen of his men deserted to a pirate ship he desired to capture, and threatened to turn the pirate's guns against him. They plundered him of much of his ammunition, and left him in the harbor with the two ships. He sunk the "Adventure Galley" and sailed to Anguilla, in the West Indies, in the "Quidah." Here to his dismay he found that he had been proclaimed a pirate, and more of his men deserting him, he sailed for New York in the sloop "San Antonio." He sailed up the American coast to Oyster Bay, there taking on board a New York lawyer, James Emott, whom he landed on the Rhode Island coast and sent to Bellamont, who had become the governor of the colonies and was stationed at Boston, to ascertain how he would be received. While Emott was on his embassy Kidd improved his time by burying goods and treasure on Gardiner's Island. Bellamont gave evasive answers to Emott, and advised Kidd to come to Boston, which the latter did,—only to be examined, arrested and sent to England, where after a most unjust trial for the murder of William Moor, one of his crew, and piracy, in which he was allowed no counsel, nor delay to send for papers said to substantiate his innocence, he was hung at Execution Dock with nine of his associates. His execution has since been considered a political necessity, and he a scapegoat to suffer the punishment of Bellamont and others high in authority. After Kidd's death, Bellamont sent a vessel in search of the "Quidah Merchant," but soon heard that it had been stripped and burnt by Kidd's mutineers. He then sent in search of and recovered the valuables buried in Gardiner's Island, which with those found in Kidd's possession when arrested amounted to 1,111 oz. troy of gold, 2,353 oz. troy of silver, 17 oz. jewels (69 stones), and sugar, merchandise, &c., valued in all at about £14,000. Since his death his adventures have been perpetuated in every quarter of

the globe by a ballad in which he is made to tell his own story with much more falsehood than truth, but withal, in a manner not without interest.

" My name was Robert Kidd
 As I sailed, as I sailed.
 My name was Robert Kidd ;
 God's laws I did forbid,
 And so wickedly I did,
 As I sailed, as I sailed."
 " My father taught me well,
 As I sailed, as I sailed ;
 My father taught me well
 To shun the gates of hell,

But yet I did rebel,
 As I sailed, as I sailed."

" He put a Bible in my hand,
 As I sailed, as I sailed,
 He put a Bible in my hand,
 And I sunk it in the sand
 Before I left the strand,
 As I sailed, as I sailed."

* * * * *
 " To execution dock,
 I must go, I must go.
 To execution dock,
 While thousands round me flock,
 To see me on the block,
 I must go, I must go."

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“COALS OF FIRE.”

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARIE.

The soft rays of the evening sun shone thro' the open door,
 And shed a flood of golden light across the kitchen floor ;
 They rested on young Ettie's brow, and on her nut-brown hair,
 And lingered round her rosy cheek, to kiss the dimples there.
 The nimble fingers swiftly flew along the even seam,
 A glad smile rested on her lips, as in some happy dream ;
 And ever and anon, some soft yet joyous strain would rise,
 Like to the songs the gay birds sing beneath the summer skies.
 The task was ended now, the work was laid aside,
 And swiftly down the grassy slope the active maiden hied ;
 She paused beside the water's edge, with eager glance around,
 Then stooped to pluck the blossoms sweet that decked the verdant ground.

It was a quiet, lovely scene, the little silvery bay,
 Within its frame of brightest green, like some grand mirror lay,
 Reflecting on its bosom fair the forests broad and high,
 And fleecy clouds that slowly sailed across the azure sky.
 In the far distance, craggy rocks and mountains high and steep
 Lifted their dark and beetling brows, and frowned into the deep ;
 While Huron brought her boundless wealth of waters to their feet,
 In softer mood to gambol there, with murmurs low and sweet.

A long, faint whistle broke the hush ; responsive to the sound,
 The young girl started from her seat upon the flowery mound.
 Looking along the western shore, her father's boat she spied,
 Floating, like some huge white-winged bird, upon the limpid tide.
 The grey-haired man was not alone, a young and powerful hand
 Guided the vessel on its way, and brought it to the land.
 A light form sprang upon the shore the old man's steps to stay ;
 An eager, manly voice was heard, in words both kind and gay.
 And well did Ettie know that voice, so cheery in its tone,—
 Pleasant to any listening ear, but music to her own.
 A happy group was met that eve, beneath the humble shed
 Where the old fisherman so long his peaceful life had led.
 The brave young sailor, Harry Lane, with bright and fearless eye,
 And darkly clustering locks that clung around his forehead high,
 Had long since won his Ettie's love ; and when the summer flowers
 Had drooped beneath the chilling winds that search the leafy bowers,
 When beech and maple gleamed with gold, and glowed like living fire,
 And all the other forest trees had donned their gay attire,
 He was to leave the gallant ship, so long his summer home,
 To leave his wild and roving life upon the dark wave's foam,
 To claim the hand of her he loved, and pass his life away
 As farmer and as fisherman, beside the Silver Bay.

The autumn leaves had lost their blushing beauty and their pride,
 Poor, tender, twinkling things, that swayed and rustled side by side ;
 Chased by the fierce, relentless winds, in little heaps they lay
 Beneath the homes where they had clung the livelong summer day.
 The trees moaned in their loneliness, and stretched their arms on high,
 As though complaining in their grief to the cold wintry sky.
 Responsive to the mute appeal, the snow made haste to fall,
 And covered dead and living both with its soft, stainless pall.
 The little waves of Silver Bay had lost their limpid light,
 And wandering snowflakes drowned themselves in waters dark as night.
 Deep was the gloom which rested on the cottage on the shore,
 Where cheeks grew pale, and tears were seen in eyes that laughed no more ;
 For the young sailor had not come to claim his promised bride,
 And Rumor said his curly head lay 'neath the waters wide.

The "Camberwell," with Harry Lane as mate, one lovely day,
 Had left her port in gallant style, upon her northward way.
 The autumn hours were well nigh spent, the year was waning fast,
 The ship had tempted many a gale, felt many a stormy blast ;
 But this trip closed her summer's work,—alas ! it was her last.
 Soft was the air, and mild, as in the leafy month of June,
 Gay sunbeams danced upon the waves where storms should ride so soon ;
 Bright Summer, long since out of sight, had turned her face once more,
 And cast some of her fairest gifts e'en at stern Winter's door ;
 The sky put on a tender blue, a soft and hazy light
 Slept in the meadows and the vales, and bathed the mountain's height ;
 And far as eye could reach around, broad Huron's placid breast

Scarce ruffled by a passing breeze, told of a dreamless rest.
 Ah ! treacherous lake ! the mariner who trusts thee, perhaps, too late,
 Finds that thy softest moods but serve to lure him to his fate ;
 And many a wreck now strewn along thy rude and rugged shore
 Tells mournful tales of treasures lost, of brave men seen no more.
 The gallant steamship sped along, the little town of C——
 Soon dwindled to a tiny speck amid the misty sea ;
 The lighthouse on the treacherous sands seemed hastening to retire,
 And carry off its lofty dome where glowed the nightly fire.
 Now little islands loomed up high, and sank again to rest,
 All brown and sere, like tarnished gems, on some proud beauty's breast.
 Then the great Manitoulin spread its kindly, sheltering arms,
 And led on, safe from baffling storms and many wild alarms,
 Into the broad, blue, watery waste, Superior's mighty deep,
 Encircled by her bulwarks strong of mountains wild and steep.
 Still onward, till the further shore burst on the sailor's eyes,
 With frowning steep and rugged peak raised proudly towards the skies.
 Thus, safely passed her outward trip, and reached her distant goal,
 The ship turned on her homeward way ; young Harry's inmost soul
 Rejoiced that every passing hour was bringing him more near
 To home and friends and greeting smiles from those he held most dear.
 He little dreamed that by his side a living peril stood,
 Which threatened more of deadly ill than stormy wind or flood.
 His Ettie's love had once been sought by other heart than his,—
 Another's hand had vainly tried to grasp his promised bliss ;
 And in the soul thus baffled grew a fierce and fearful hate,
 Which watched with envious, evil eye the frank and fearless mate.
 The steward of the boat it was who nursed this fancied wrong—
 A man of smooth and handsome face, but passions deep and strong ;
 And even in his lightest hours he never quite forgot
 How vain his efforts all had proved to win the prize he sought.

<p>The night was dark, the waves rose high, The wind howled at the wintry sky ; The cold rain lashed the watery way, And mingled with the dashing spray. Now madly rushed the "Camberwell" O'er darksome deep, on frowning swell ; Now struggled, quivering, hour by hour. A plaything in the tempest's power. The brave crew battled for their life, And strove to guide her, mid the strife Of warring elements,—in vain ; She sank, and rose, and sank again, Still drifting t'wards the dreaded strand, Where rocks kept guard around the land. The young mate firmly stood his ground. Though casting troubled glances round ; While close beside him hovered still The crafty steward, Reuben Hill,</p>	<p>Who followed him from place to place, With gleaming eye and ashen face. What fiend was whispering in his ear Of safe and deadly vengeance near ? What evil spirit filled his soul, And moved him, when a heavy roll Sent strong men reeling to the deck, To seize his rival by the neck And hurl him o'er the vessel's side, To struggle with the seething tide ?</p> <p>The grey light of a wintry sky Crept o'er the waters sullenly, Just as the storm-tossed "Camberwell," Borne onward by a mighty swell, Rushed on the hidden rocks beneath, And threatened all with instant death ! But looming on the startled eye A long low coast they can descry,</p>
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Beneath the rocky highland spread
Where Cabot rears his shaggy head.

Wearied and wounded, on the land,
The worn-out, shivering creatures stand.
The mate alone was missing now,—
A sad look passed from brow to brow;
For Harry was so brave and true,
He was beloved by all the crew.
Now in a lone and sheltered nook
Some rest the ship-wrecked sailors
took,

And feasted on a scanty store
Of biscuits drifted on the shore.
A few long dreary hours they passed,
And then the weather cleared at last.
Refreshed by needed food and sleep,
They turned their back upon the deep,
And hoped to find their homes once
more,

By toilsome journey on the shore,—
All save the steward, Reuben Hill;
He lay beside the watchfire still.
Scarce had he reached the sheltering
land,

Save for another's helping hand,
And fearful wounds on face and form
Told of his struggles with the storm.
A heavy torpor held his brain,
His weary shipmates tried in vain
To bring again life's vital breath,—
He seemed to have been claimed by
Death.

Then sadly each had turned aside,
Striving the kindly tear to hide,
And pressed along the homeward way;
For many a dreary night and day,
Hunger, and cold, and toil to face,
Ere they should reach a resting place.

The sun had hasted to his rest
Behind old Huron's heaving breast,
And chill winds stole along the shore,
When Hill awoke to life once more.
Now countless gems shone clear and
bright

Upon the radiant brow of Night;
Far to the North, the frost king's bow
Hung o'er the realms of endless snow,
And shot his arrows wide and far,
As aiming at some distant star.

A slight smoke rising from the land
Told of a watchfire on the sand,—
It was the embers, smouldering still,
Beside the resting-place of Hill.
A wanderer, passing near the place,
Pressed to the spot with eager haste,
And gazed with interest around
On storm-waifs strewn along the ground;
Planks, boxes, barrels, drifted high,
And left upon the beach to dry;
With other relics of the boat
Which never more might proudly float.
Young Harry Lane, for it was he,
Gazed on these ruins mournfully,
Then piled some wood upon the fire;
The flickering flame rose broader,
higher,
Lit up the sick man's resting-place
And showed his sunken, pallid face.
Harry beheld with mute surprise;
A fierce light shot up in his eyes.
This was the man whose causeless
hate

Had doomed him to a cruel fate!
This was the hand, so feeble now,
That hurled him from the vessel's
prow!

Ah! Vengeance had pursued the foe,
Had aimed its shaft, and laid him low;
Now let him for the deed atone,
And find the mercy he has shown!
Then gentler thoughts assumed control,
And shed their balm on Harry's soul:
The Providence that saved his life,
And led him through the watery strife,
To safety on the shelving beach,
Beyond the greedy billows' reach,
Might to his grateful spirit speak,
And teach him pity for the weak.
He thought upon the holy Word
He oft had in his childhood heard,
Which bids us loving mercy show,
When needed, to our deadliest foe,—
And how his boyish lips had said
At morn and eve beside his bed,
Or at his sainted mother's knee,
"As I forgive, forgive Thou me."
The echo of his childish prayer
Came sweetly to his spirit there,
And moved his hand to gentle deed
To this his enemy in need.

<p>The sick man, waked to anguish now, Knew not, at first who bathed his brow, Who kept the cheery fire aglow, And shielded him from wind and snow. He tossed and writhed in restless pain, As seeking something, but in vain ; Muttered of stormy wind and wave, Called on some mighty hand to save, As fever filled his brain with fire, And racked his frame with ruthless ire ; While fiends seemed ever hovering nigh,</p>	<p>Bringing his guilt before his eye, Screamed in his ear his victim's name, And kept alive the fever flame. Nature, at length, could bear no more, And kindly sleep drew nigh, To smoothe the burning pillow o'er And close the weary eye ; 'Twas not the rest that chases pain And soothes the struggling breath, But heavy stupor of the brain, The forerunner of death.</p>
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Yet ere his spirit passed away, a few short hours were given
 His deep repentance here to show, and find some hope of heaven.
 He might have shrunk from sovereign love, nor dared to raise a thought
 To the pure throne of God above, and life by Jesus bought ;
 But when he saw how love could reign in a poor human breast,
 As Harry strove to ease his pain, and bring his spirit rest,
 His hardened heart began to melt in sorrow and in shame,
 And thus his spirit passed away, calling on Jesus' name.

The Christmas fire was burning bright upon the cottage hearth,
 Where sat the old man and his child, without a thought of mirth ;
 A shadow rested on their home ; sweet Ettie's nut-brown head
 Drooped sadly on her folded hands, for was not Harry dead ?

Oh ! none but those whose hearts have mourn'd
 The loved of happier years—
 And to the one dear memory turned
 With grief too deep for tears—
 Whose eyes have looked into the grave
 Where lay their treasure low ;
 The good, the beautiful, the brave,
 None, none but they can know
 The chilling sense of hopelessness
 Of light and gladness fled
 That crushes down the aching heart
 With that one sad word, dead !

But hark ! a foot is at the door, a voice sounds cheerily,
 A light step bounds upon the floor : Harry ! 'tis he ! 'tis he !
 And now t'were vain to follow on and tell of Christmas cheer,
 The wedding day when all went well, and sun shone bright and clear ;
 How the young couple settled down to life at Silver Bay,
 And never, all their lives, forgot *that* happy Christmas day.
 But one thing more, within the Book held sacred in their home,
 (Prized still more highly than before since Harry ceased to roam)
 A lock of jet-black hair is seen, and if you should enquire,
 You'll find it marks a little verse that speaks of "*coals of fire.*"

Young Folks.

A CHRISTMAS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

BY EROL GERVAISE, AUTHOR OF "BOILED AND MADE BEAUTIFUL," &c.

Twenty-five years! It does seem a long time, does it not? *When we are young!* that is *very* young. Why, when I was your age, little reader, to look *forward* twenty-five years would have seemed to me preposterous; but the days and years rolled on for all that, and the time came to me as it will to you and to all of us, if we live, however far off it may seem now. We were all going to grandmamma's for the day; grown people and children, from mamma down to the little three-year-old sister whom we still called "Baby," as there was no younger occupant of the nursery to displace her right to the title.

For weeks before we had done little but talk of the event, for Victoria, who lived with grandmamma, had told us in confidence that the invitation was coming, and also that magnificent preparations were in progress for the occasion itself.

Grandmamma lived in a large house at the other end of the town, a house that would be considered large even in these days, and that, at the time of which I write, was so much more spacious than any of its neighbors that it generally went by the name of "the Big House." I was quite afraid of it myself, at least of certain dark passages upstairs and of some underground apartments which were used as additional cellarage and places of storage for all sorts of rubbish and lumber. But an invitation to spend the day there was always hailed with delight both by me and my sisters. We never went for the day without being

specially invited, for grandmamma kept us all, mamma and papa included, at a respectful distance, and would not have considered the fact of our relationship any excuse for our taking liberties.

We had been to church in the morning, had returned home, and now were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the sleigh which was first to drive grandmamma and her family home, and then come back for us.

"Listen! There are the bells. Those are grandmamma's bells." We knew the sound, even before we saw the horses' heads.

It was a great roomy sleigh, with movable cushions of blue-black cloth that never seemed to wear out or grow so shabby as to require renewing like the velvet and damask upholstery of the present day conveyances; and it had buffalo robes, real buffalo robes in abundance, and a couple of grand wolf skins fringed with splendid tails hanging over the backs of the seats.

Uncle Frederick, who was driving, was something of a jockey. He had a very handsome private turn-out of his own, upon which we children looked with longing admiration, as we saw it frequently careering through the streets, the horses decorated with silver bells and silver-mounted harness, and arranged in tandem or sometimes four in hand, and the magnificent robes fluttering in the wind.

I never remember being in this sleigh but once; but Victoria, who lived with grandmamma, and Susan, who was a

favorite, had several times enjoyed that distinction. Well, the sleigh that now arrived for us was grandmamma's own—her family sleigh, selected by grand-papa, who had been dead a good many years, for the general use of his family. Uncle Frederick helped mamma in first, and settled the baby comfortably on her lap, and then my sisters and myself. He was in very good humor, which was not always the case, and tucked the buffaloes carefully round us, and told me facetiously not to be frightened if he tumbled me out into a great snow-bank, and then snapping his long driving whip at the horses' sides we set off at a rapid gallop. I wish you could have seen us that day. If you and your mamma and sisters went out for a drive in these days you would have fur *jackets*, and *caps* and *clouds*, all of the most stylish description; and dresses of cloth or velveteen, and I don't know how many pretty contrivances for your neck and hands and head, every one of them quite different from ours. Indeed I am sure if we saw ourselves now as we looked then we would laugh heartily. But we thought ourselves vastly fine then, and in the height of fashion.

Mamma was in her great brown beaver bonnet, her heavily embroidered black lace veil, fully a yard long, her brown silk cloak, lined throughout with grey and white rabbit skin, and reaching quite to her feet; a long boa of chin-chilla wound about her neck, and one hand—the other was supporting the baby—thrust into a muff of such dimensions that it would have made two or three muffs of the present day. My sisters Maria and Harriet were dressed precisely alike. Mamma used to buy a piece of cloth, or a large quantity, at once, and make suits alike for the children who were companions in age; and on this occasion Maria and Harriet appeared in frocks of black silk, with pelisses of grey silk, edged around the cape and sleeves with white rabbit skin. They had grey squirrel boas around

their necks, grey beaver bonnets on their heads, with long green veils, and knitted woollen mittens on their hands.

I was next to Susan, and generally speaking we were dressed alike; but grandmamma in a liberal mood had a short time before made over to my mother for Susan's benefit a certain red silk which had become old fashioned and was also stained in several places, and out of this a handsome pelisse and hood had been made for Susan, and she wore them now for the first time.

I must confess to being slightly jealous of Susan's grandeur. I had had hopes myself that the silk would have sufficed for a hood and pelisse for me also, for grandmamma was a very large woman, and her dress looked immense when mamma first spread it out and turned it over in every direction for her own and our inspection, and mamma and Susan both exclaimed, "Why, there will be enough for Bessie, too;" but the stains made a vast difference, and reluctantly I saw the whole available material put into Susan's two garments.

Well, Susan deserved it, for she liked her grandmamma far better than I did; and very nice she looked in the old lady's finery; and as if to compensate for my disappointment, Aunt Bessie, after whom I was named, sent me quite unexpectedly several yards of "Saxony" for a dress. You never see Saxony now—I wonder why. It was a very pretty material, something like mousseline de laine, and wore so well. The piece that Aunt Bessie sent me had a drab ground and little red and green spots dotted over it. The dress was made low-necked and short-sleeved, as children's dresses always were in those days;—a silly custom which I have often wondered our wise mothers sanctioned, and which I am happy to say is disappearing now in a great measure amongst sensible people.

My pelisse was only merino, but it too had a rabbit skin edging around it, and my little hood of dark blue quilted

silk was trimmed all around with soft white down. My ruff also was of down, and my mittens of knitted wool like my sisters.

I am not going to describe the baby's outer costume minutely. She was so muffled in grown-up garments that all her own little individuality was lost until we arrived at grandmamma's, and the grown-up garments were removed, and a little dumpling figure was disclosed, clad in a frock of bright red Salisbury flannel and a pinafore of white diaper.

The drive to grandmamma's seemed quite a short one, for anxious as we were to reach our destination and to feel that the party had actually begun, we were yet unwilling for the drive to cease.

It was so delightful to sit there snugly ensconced in that grand old sleigh, with its broad, cushioned seats and ample robes and sleek, swift-footed steeds; to hear the jingle of the bells as the horses' heads nodded up and down, up and down, bowing to every one, as we said, *because they were so polite*; and to chatter freely amongst ourselves, and to laugh outright without being snubbed by Uncle Frederick, or told, as he was in the habit of telling us, that "children should be seen and not heard."

He was in his most amiable mood to-day, and did the agreeable to mamma, and flashed back small jokes at us during the whole drive.

Arrived at grandmamma's, we all got out and were received at the hall door by Victoria, following closely on the heels of the servant, and conducted upstairs to the drawing-room, where grandmamma, my two aunts, Uncle Charles and some gentlemen guests were assembled. Usually grandmamma dined in the evening, but on this occasion she had graciously decided to alter her hour to two o'clock, so as to permit us young people to have the rare honor of dining with her.

When we had kissed grandmamma and our other relations, shaken hands with the gentlemen, and wished and

been wished a merry Christmas all round, we were taken to a bedroom where we laid aside our things, and mamma and Aunt Matilda gave some finishing touches to our toilette, and where mamma herself assumed a very grand cap of white lace, satin ribbons and flowers which she had had made especially for the day.

By this time the dinner bell had begun to ring, and presently we were all filing down to the dining-room, the ladies and gentlemen arm in arm, the children hand in hand, and grandmamma and Uncle Charles bringing up the rear. How shall I attempt to tell you of that dinner of long ago!

Of course people have great juicy sirloins at their Christmas dinners now, and great fat turkeys and plethoric plum puddings fairly bursting with plums and bristling all over with almonds; but I cannot believe they ever have *such* a sirloin, and *such* a turkey, and *such* a plum pudding as we had.

We must have sat over the dinner fully two hours and eaten like youthful gluttons, for whenever mamma remonstrated on the capacity of our appetites, grandmamma, whose forbearance and hospitality on this occasion fairly astonished us, good-naturedly silenced her maternal protests with the emphatic rejoinder that Christmas came but once a year, and that the children were to eat just as much as they liked. Besides the great sirloin and the turkey and plum-pudding, there were custards and mince pies and other delicacies, too numerous to mention, as the advertisements say; and the whole was concluded with a grand dessert of raisins, almonds, figs, apples and grapes. Yes grapes! Fancy grapes at Christmas twenty-five years ago in a backwoods Canadian town! Truly Victoria had not exaggerated when she had described the repast beforehand as certain to be "perfectly splendid."

The grapes had been grown in grandmamma's own garden and kept fresh

by a process very uncommon then in country places, though common enough now, I daresay, in which paper and sawdust figured extensively. There was one thing, however, about this grand dinner which, though I thought it then quite a matter of course, and quite right and natural too, I have since learned to look upon as a fatal error, and which I hope, dear children, your parents will never sanction at their Christmas feasts. Instead of having tea and coffee for the grown people to drink, and milk or broma or pure cold water for the little ones, grandmamma's guests were supplied with ale and wine and liquors of all sorts, and even with champagne. Everyone drank, young and old, the grown people freely and the younger ones in little sips; trying hard to persuade themselves that it was nice, but disliking it for the most part, and feeling as if it burnt their throats when they swallowed it. Even dear little baby who sat at table with her elders for the first time was made taste the sweet "punch" from Uncle Charlie's glass, every one laughing when the little creature swallowed it greedily and asked for "more." Papa was away that Christmas, and his health was drunk by all the company, coupled with a wish for his prosperity and his safe return; and I remember how the tears stood in mamma's eyes as she lifted her glass to her lips and joined in the toast.

We children and all the ladies left the room at a signal from grandmamma shortly after this, but my uncles and the other gentlemen remained behind, drinking, as was the custom, very freely indeed, and becoming rather too noisy in their mirth. But no one thought anything of it. It was the custom in good society then, and though I could point now to some broken lives and some dishonored graves as the direct result of this practice, if any one had lifted up a warning voice at that Christmas dinner, and bid the guests beware, who would have heeded? Not one, I suppose.

But you will say I am beginning to preach instead of telling a story. "What about the presents?" I think I hear you say. "We have heard nothing yet of the Christmas gifts, or of the tree, or of *Santa Claus*."

Well, don't be *very* much disappointed, but I am obliged to tell you the truth,—there was no Christmas tree. There were presents, and I will tell you all about them just now; but Christmas trees were far less common in Canada twenty-years ago than they are now, and Santa Claus on the Christmas that I am telling you about, did not appear in the shape of a benignant, pink-faced, ample-pocketed old gentleman, as he perhaps will at your Christmas tree this year, but remained an invisible, unseen benefactor, who stuffed stockings and heaped plates without once gratifying the curiosity of the little ones by so much as a peep at his face. We had all received our gifts at home before ever we came to Grandmamma's. We had found them in our stockings, and on chairs beside our beds when we woke up in the morning at a very early hour, as I think most people do wake up on Christmas morning. I had, for toys, a glass peacock, the most beautiful thing of the kind I had ever dreamed of. Its body was the shape and color of a real peacock, and its crest and tail were of spun glass, as fine as the finest thread; and it shone with the loveliest changing colors when the light fell upon it. I was almost afraid to touch it, it was so beautiful, and, as mamma had warned me, so *brittle*. There was also a Dutch doll, *cost, one penny*, Susan's gift, and dressed by herself in the closest imitation of Baby's Salisbury flannel costume, and a crockery dog, the joint offering of Harriet and Maria. Then, for use, there was the Saxony frock, Aunt Bessie's gift, which though it had been made under my very eyes in the nursery, by Mrs. Cheeps, the nurse, and tried on at each stage of its progress to ensure a perfect fit,

I was yet told to consider a strictly Christmas gift, and as such I accordingly did consider it. Also there was the white down ruff which I have told you I wore round my neck during the drive, and a pair of scissors from mamma, a gift I had long coveted, and papa had sent Susan and myself a pair each of very pretty mocassins—he was in the far West amongst the Indians—made of untanned skins and embroidered with porcupine quills, dyed in colors of blue and red and green.

Susan's gifts were, besides the red silk pelisse and hood and the ruff and mocassins like mine, a worked reticule from Harriet and Maria—they had gone into partnership in all their gifts—a Bible from mamma, and a Jew's harp from me. I had chosen the latter gift not because it was appropriate, for Susan was not musical, nor likely to acquire skill in playing the instrument, but because its price suited my purse.

Harriet and Maria had sundry articles of clothing given them; and Maria, who sang, and Harriet, who drew, had respectively a piece of music and a box of colors.

Then we had all united to present mamma with a new Prayer Book, for which we had sent to Bytown, now Ottawa, by Uncle Charles, who often drove there, and in which Harriet, as being the best penwoman of the family, had written on the fly leaf:

To Dear Mamma,
From her affectionate children.

Christmas. 18—.

Apples and cakes, some bulls' eyes and peppermints made up the complement of our stockings. Victoria showed us her gifts when we came. They were more in number and handsomer than ours. She was Aunt Bessie's daughter, but spent almost all her time with grandmamma, who made a great pet of her. Grandmamma herself and each of my aunts and uncles had given her something pretty or useful. But what

took my fancy most of all was a little brooch of Venetian gold, with small pearls all round it. It had been Aunt Bessie's own, but now she had sent it to Victoria, and it elicited a great deal of admiration from all of us. Aunt Bessie herself was to have joined the Christmas party, but she was not very strong, and it was thought that the long cold drive from Bytown, where she then lived, would be too much for her; so she did not come.

Victoria had presented me with a little green morocco box, and I in turn had purchased for her a penny edition of John Gilpin's famous ride. My gifts, except to mamma, had not exceeded a penny in price, as my allowance of pocket-money was limited. I have the little box yet, but where Victoria is her childish gifts cannot follow her.

We did not think then, as we played together, that one would be taken and the other left before very, very long.

She and I were soon rambling off by ourselves with grandmamma's parting injunction, to be sure and not get into mischief, ringing in our ears.

I am sorry to say that, notwithstanding, we *did* get into mischief; but it would make my story too long if I were to tell you *all* about that. Grandmamma forgave us, and it was really very good of her, for certainly we *were* naughty, slipping into her dairy when we found the key in the door; not to drink her cream—we were not such thieves as that—but letting Tabby in, who helped herself to whatever she pleased.

We had a splendid time in the evening, and afterwards played blind man's buff and other games in the large old hall; then snapdragon and apples; and then home in the grand old sleigh, behind those sleek, swift horses that seemed to fly rather than gallop, as Uncle Frederick cracked his whip at their ears and urged them on with his peculiar chirrup.

Oh, the mad, exultant feeling of that

drive! How we laughed and shouted as we shot past the lighted houses, and could scarcely be repressed by mamma's warning us that we would waken the baby! Oh, how the moonlight seemed to flood the sky! How it poured down upon the crystals of the snow, making them sparkle with shifting colors like the pendants of grandmamma's chan-

deliers. I wonder was there ever a light like the moon's light; and yet we read of the City that had "no need" of it, nor of the sun to shine into it: "for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Dear children, may He, the Lamb of God, bring you and me, and all we love, to *that* City.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

Easy Presents to be Made by Little Girls of Six or Seven.

A SCENT-CASE FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

For these scent-cases it will be necessary to buy an ounce of sachet powder (heliotrope, mille fleur, violet, or Florentine orris-root). Cut out two layers of thin cotton wadding three inches square, sprinkle the powder between them, and tack the edges together. Make a little bag of blue or crimson silk of the same size, run it round the edges, leaving one end open; tack the scented wadding smoothly in, and sew the open end over and over. Trim around the case with a narrow plaited ribbon, and catch it through in four or five places with tiny ribbon bows of the same color.

PRETTY KETTLE-HOLDERS.

Cut some bits of an old blanket or quilt, or other thick material, into pieces eight inches square, and tack them together with strong stitches. Cover them with a case of scarlet flannel of the same size, and sew a red worsted cord round the edges, leaving a loop in one corner to hang the holder by. The loop must not be very long.

Ask sister to draw you the shape of a tea-kettle on paper; lay this down on a piece of black cloth and cut the cloth neatly after the pattern. Put this black cloth tea-kettle on the middle of the red flannel square, and hem it down nicely. If you have learned to do marking letters, you might work the words "Polly put the" in black worsted above the kettle, and the word "on" below it. This would puzzle people; and when they found that it meant "Polly put the kettle on," they would laugh.

SPECTACLE-WIPERS.

These are easy presents, and very nice ones. You must cut out of soft chamois leather, two perfectly round pieces an inch and a half across, and bind the edges neatly with narrow ribbon of any color you like. Fasten the circles together at the side with a small bow. This is all, but you will find that grandpapa will like it very much. It takes almost no room in his pocket, and is always at hand when he wishes to wipe his glasses, which he is sure to do several times a day.

A SHAVING-PAPER CASE.

This is a nice thing to make for papas and grown-up brothers.

For a pattern take a grape leaf, lay it down on card-board, draw round its edges with pencil, and cut the paper in the same shape. Buy half-a-dozen sheets of tissue-paper, red, blue, white, green and yellow; fold them over four or eight times, according to size, lay your card-board pattern down over them and cut the shape round with sharp scissors. It is on these soft sheets of thin paper that the razor is to be wiped clean. Make the cover of the same form, in green silk, or cloth, or Japanese canvas. Overcast the edge, or bind it with ribbon, and imitate the veins of the leaf with long stitches of green sewing-silk. The tissue-paper grape-leaves are inserted between the outside leaf-covers. There must be a loop of ribbon at the stem end of the leaf to hang it up by.

LEAF PEN-WIPERS.

The directions for making a shaving-paper case will enable you also to make a leaf pen-wiper, except that you now require a smaller leaf for your pattern (say an oak or a maple leaf), and you put leaves of black cloth instead of tissue-paper between the two outside leaves. These outside leaves should be of the color of the leaf whose pattern is chosen—red or yellow for maple, and brown for an oak, unless you prefer green.

WASH-STAND FRILLS.

The materials for these pretty, useful things, are a yard and a quarter of plain or figured white muslin, a yard and an eighth of tape, and a yard of ribbon two inches wide, of any color you prefer. Cut the muslin into two breadths, sew them together, and make a hem two inches wide on both edges. Run a thread all across one end, half an inch below the hem; into this put the tape, and draw up the frill, leaving a knot in the tape at each end. The ruffle is to

be nailed to the wall through these knots, above the wash-stand, where the wall-paper is in danger of being spattered when persons are washing. Make two pretty bows of the ribbon and pin them over the tape-ends. You can draw up the lower part of the muslin piece also, if you wish, so as to make the top and bottom just alike. These frills are easy things to make, and they look very neat and pretty when they are on the wall.

A BAG FOR PAPA'S SLIPPERS.

This bag may be made of merino or cloth or Java canvas (embroidered), or crochet-work lined with cloth of a bright color. Let it be of an oblong shape, just large enough to allow the slipper to go in and out easily; and put a ribbon or cord loop at each of the top corners, so that it may be hung conveniently for every-day use.

GARTERS.

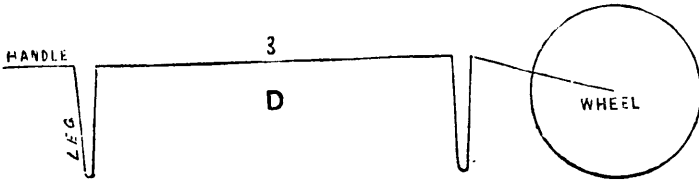
For little girls who can knit, there are few things nicer to make than a pair of garters. They are prettiest of bright scarlet or blue yarn. Set up one stitch on the needles, widen till you get to twenty, and knit regularly till the garter is twelve inches long. Slip ten of the stitches off on a third needle, and knit for twenty rows on the remaining ten, then take up the left-behind stitches and knit twenty rows on them, which forms a loop. Slip all the stitches again off on one needle, knit twenty rows and bind off. These garters are also pretty knit with fine white tidy-cotton, bound all round with narrow red ribbon. Many persons prefer them to any other kind.

PEN-WIPER MADE OF BABY'S SHOE.

Take a baby's shoe of red kid. Then cut out four round pieces of black cloth, each three inches in diameter; pink the edges, fold and fasten them together as described in paragraph headed "Bead Pen-wipers," and push the pointed ends into the toe part of the shoe, so that the pinked edges of the cloth may project

at the top. One pair of baby's shoes (price forty cents) will make two of these pen-wipers. Papa would be glad to have one on his library-table.

Here are diagrams which show the parts of the wheelbarrow needle-book. A is the bottom. Cut it out in pasteboard, and as each part is double you

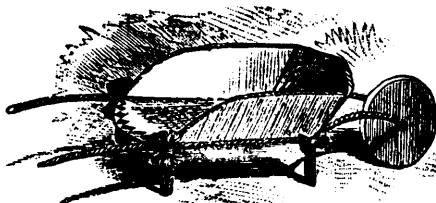


Plan of handle, legs and wheel.

Now we pass to our second division : *Things which can be Made by Girls from Ten to Fourteen who are expert with their needles.*

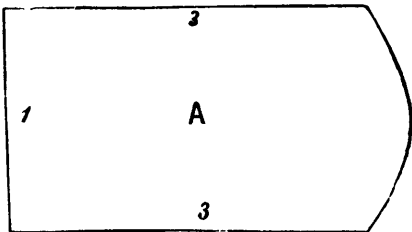
A WHEELBARROW NEEDLE-BOOK AND PIN-CUSHION.

The needle-book from which this illustration is copied was made of lead-colored merino. By-the-by, girls, we would recommend you to save all the



Wheelbarrow Needle-book.

scraps of prettily colored merino, flannel and silk that may happen to fall in your way. They are sure to prove useful. And, another hint, lay aside all the old

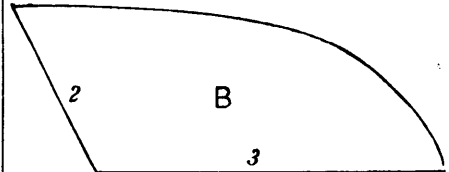


Plan of bottom.

postal-cards, instead of tossing them into the waste basket. You will find them much better for lining purposes than stiff paper.

must cut out two of each. Cover both parts smoothly with merino, turn the edges in, basting them down firmly; lay them together and overseam them all round. B is the shape for the sides. They must be covered exactly like the bottom; only, as there are two sides to a wheelbarrow, you will require four pieces of pasteboard. C is the back. When the parts are all covered, join them together, being guided by the figures on the diagrams : 1 to 1, 2 to 2, etc.

For the wheels, cut two rounds of pasteboard an inch in diameter and cover them like the others, making an awl-hole in the middle of each for the wire on which the wheels are hung.



Plan of sides.

This wire must be covered wire, of the kind which milliners use in bonnets. Half a yard will be needed, and it must be bent as in the diagram D.

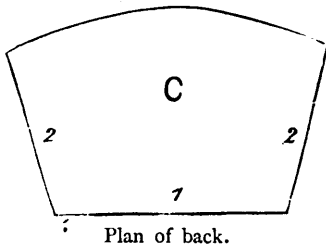
First allow an inch for the handle. Then bend the wire down and up for the front leg. Next extend it the length of the barrow, stitching it firmly into place. At the corner, bend down and up again for one back leg, allow two inches for the wheel, thread the wheel upon it, bend the second back leg, and return along the other side of

the barrow, forming leg and handle as before.

Lastly, cut out three small leaves of flannel, button-hole them round the edges or point with a scissors, and fasten them on the back at 1. The pins are stuck in across the front between the rounds of pasteboard, and a thimble-case and small pair of scissors may form the load of the wheelbarrow, which will then be complete.

SAND-BAG CASES.

A useful footstool for grand-mamma, especially in sickness, or when she drives out on a cold day, is a bag, twelve inches square, filled with sand. This can be heated in the oven, and will retain its warmth for hours. Make



Plan of back.

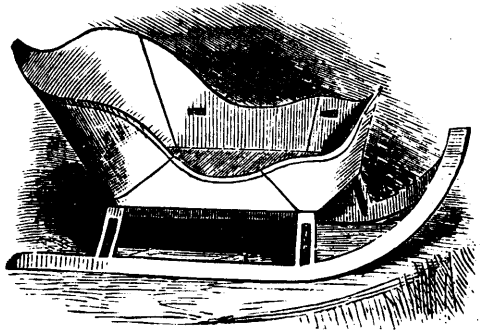
it of strong unbleached sheeting. Then make a slip-cover of bright-colored rep or merino, bordered with fringe or a ruffling of the same; or you may embroider a canvas cover, if you please. One side of this case should be left open, so that the bag of sand (or salt) can easily be slipped out when it is to be heated, and secured in its place again by means of loops and buttons, when it is taken out of the oven.

A DOLL'S SLEIGH.

The material of the sleigh is very thick white card-board. Below is a diagram of it before it is put together.

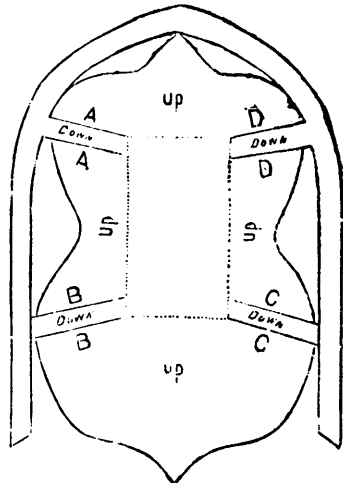
The *black* lines indicate the place where the cardboard is to be cut through. The *dotted* lines show where the pen-knife must only half cut through the

board, so that it may bend easily. The parts marked *up* are all to be turned in one direction. They make the back, front and sides of the sleigh body. The parts marked *down* must be turned in



A Doll's Sleigh.

the opposite direction, to form the runners. Lap the corners marked respectively AA, BB, CC, DD, a little, and fasten them with a small brass manuscript clip, such as you can buy at any stationer's shop; or, if you like, take the clamps from an old hoop petticoat. If the runners do not stand firmly, stay them with pasteboard, which can be neatly pasted on.



Plan of Doll's Sleigh.

The sleigh will be prettier if you paint bands of bright color around it

with a camel's-hair pencil and water paints. You can easily put a little cushioned seat inside, if you wish.

BEAD PEN-WIPERS.

These are made of black broadcloth. Cut eighteen small circles, a little larger than a silver dollar. Overcast the edge of each with long stitches of sewing-silk, and upon each stitch thread eight beads of any color you like. Blue, green and opal beads are preferable to gilt or silver, because these tarnish. When the circles are trimmed, bend each into half, and then into half again (see diagram), and fasten all together at the points, so as to form a ball with the beaded edges outside. You will find this pretty pen-wiper precisely

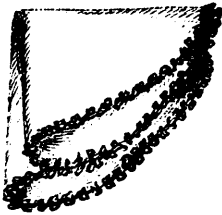


Diagram showing how to fold each of the circular pieces of pen-wiper.

the thing to lay on papa's writing-table as a Christmas surprise.

BRUSH-AND-COMB BAGS OF WHITE DIMITY.

The materials required for these bags are half a yard of dimity or pique, and a white cotton cord and tassel. Cut the stuff into two pieces, nine inches wide. One should be eleven inches long and the other fifteen. Shape one end of the longer piece into a point like the flap of a pocket-book. Sew the two pieces together with a strong seam, leaving the end with a flap open, and trim all round with the cord, passing it across so as to leave a tassel on either side, and form a double loop by which to hang the bag. An embroidered monogram or initials in scarlet will add to the prettiness of the effect, and the whole can be thrown

into the common wash and done up as often as desired, which is an advantage always in the case of articles used on journeys.

Other useful fancy articles can be made of white dimity: a set of table-mats, round or oval, of four or six different sizes, each scalloped around the edge with linen floss or colored worsted; or wash-stand-mats or tray-covers, scalloped in the same way; or square, flat cases for papa's cuffs.

LITTLE GLASS-LINED HANGING BASKETS.

When goblets or wine glasses break at the stem, as they usually do, the tops can be put to use for hanging-baskets, as shown in the picture.

Crochet a cover to fit the glass, in silk or worsted, with long crochet stitch, and a little looped or pointed border. This will not be a difficult thing to do for any of you who are practised in simple crochet. Make a small scalloped circle for the bottom, and fasten on three ball-tassels of the worsted. Hang with cords, or with balls strung on cord. Then fill the glass with water or wet moss, and stick in tiny ferns or flowers, and you will have a very pretty effect at small trouble and almost no expense.

WASH-STAND MATS.

Almost the most useful things in crochet are mats for wash-stands, and any girl who understands common and long crochet can make them. Two balls of white tidy cotton, No. 8, will make a set. There should be a large round mat for the wash-bowl to stand upon, a small one for the little pitcher, one smaller yet for the mug, and two, either round or oval, for the soap-dish and brush-tray. Set up a chain of five stitches, loop it, and crochet round, widening enough to keep it flat. When the mat is large enough, finish with a border of loops, in three rows of long crochet, arranged in groups with a dividing loop. The first row should

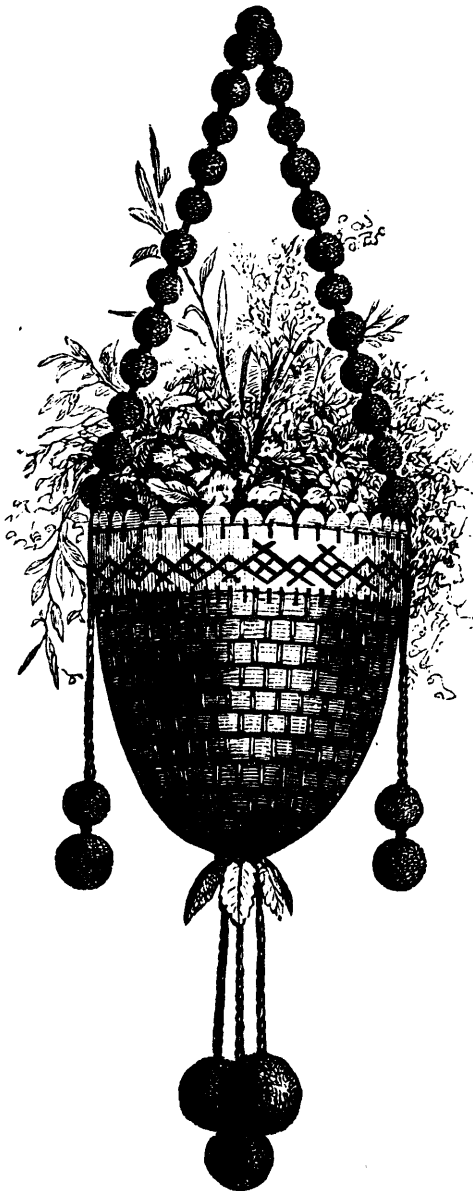
have three stitches in a group, the second four, and the third five. The mats must be "done up," whitened, and starched stiff.

cellent and useful presents. They are improved by being crocheted over lamp-wicking, which makes them doubly thick. The set consists of two large oval mats for the meat-platters, and four smaller ones for vegetable dishes. An initial embroidered in scarlet cotton in the middle of each mat, makes them prettier. They should be starched very stiff.

MADEIRA-NUT SCENT-CASES.

For these bright little affairs two large fair Madeira-nuts or English walnuts are required. Halve them carefully by forcing the points of your scissors into the soft end. Scrape the inside perfectly clean, heat a hair-pin red-hot in a candle-blaze or gas jet, and with it bore two small holes opposite each other at each end of the shell; varnish with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, then set them in a warm place till perfectly dry. Make a bright-colored silk bag three inches and a half square, with a hem at one end and a place for a drawing-string. Sew on the nuts, at equal distances, a little way above the unhemmed end; run a thread round that edge, draw it up tight, and finish with a little bow. Form the other end into a bag by running a narrow ribbon into a drawing-hem. Last of all, set a tiny bow at the top of each shell, and fill the bag with cotton-wool sprinkled thickly with sachet powder.

A tiny glove or bon-bon case can be made by using two half shells of a Madeira-nut, treated in a similar manner, piercing them with holes in the middle as well as top, and tying them together with very narrow colored ribbon. Of course they hold only a very small pair of gloves. They are pretty objects to hang upon a Christmas-tree.



Glass-lined Hanging Basket.

TABLE-MATS.

Table-mats, crocheted in a similar manner, of white tidy-cotton, make ex-

MADEIRA-SHELL BOATS.

These are very pretty for Christmas-trees, and they delight little folks. Take a half-shell, glue a slender mast in



Madeira-Nut Scent-Case.

it, and put in a sail of gilt or silver paper. They will sail nicely.

BUREAU MATS AND COVERS.

Three-quarters of a yard of white Java canvas will make four of these mats. Cut it into halves, and one of these halves into three small squares. Leave a margin all round to be ravelled out for a fringe, and work just above this margin a simple border pattern in worsted of any color you please—blue, rose, or crimson. The three smaller mats will hold the pincushion and toilet bottles, and the long one is laid across the front of the bureau, to receive brushes, combs and hair-pins.

If you wish, you can easily make a cover to match, for laying over the top of a pincushion. This may have the additional ornament of a monogram, or initials, embroidered in the centre. Pretty border and initial patterns can be bought at a low price, if you have no designs at hand.

GLOVE PEN-WIPERS.

Cut a paper pattern of a tiny glove

and of a little gauntlet-cuff to correspond. Cut the glove pattern out in thick cloth, and the gauntlet-cuff in thinner cloth, and line the latter with bright silk. Stitch the cuff to the glove with silk of the same color as the lining, and also make three rows of stitches on the back of the glove to imitate those in real gloves. Lastly cut out three or four pieces of cloth like the gauntlet, over-hand or point the edges with a scissors, and fasten them to the glove in under the gauntlet, to form the pen-wiper. This is a tidy little affair for a portfolio or travelling case.

A PARASOL PEN-WIPER.

A very pretty pen-wiper can be made in the form of a closed parasol. Sharpen a thin wooden lead pencil that has an ivory tip. Cut a circle of silk, and another, somewhat smaller, of thin black cloth. Point or scallop the edges all around, pierce a hole in the centre of each circle and run the point of the pencil through, leaving the silk circle on top. By a little ingenuity you can now crease, fold and secure these circles close to the handle, so that the whole will look precisely like a closed parasol; by experimenting first with a piece of paper you can best get the size of the circle required to suit your pencil.

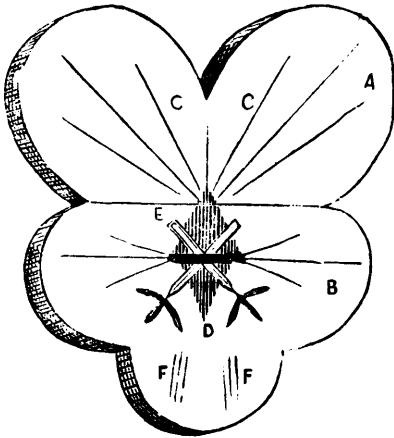
A PANSY PINCUSHION.

For this pincushion you will require a small bit of bright yellow silk, and another bit of deep purple velvet or silk. Cut the shape in pasteboard twice over, and cover each side with the silk, the upper half (A) being the purple, and the lower (B) the yellow. The purple silk must be lapped under a good way, so that the stitches may not part and show the seam. Over-seam the edges together, leaving a small open space, and stuff the cushion full of worsted, ramming down to make it as hard and firm as possible. The outside is ornamented with stitches of black and yellow silks, which can be varied to taste. In the illustration, cc

are long stitches in yellow floss; D is a diamond-shaped group of black stitches crossed at E with white floss, and FF are long black stitches, three on each side. Some people add a tiny black velvet tip to the lower leaf of the pansy. There is an opportunity of displaying taste in the arrangement of these

turn the lower third of this lined strip up to form a bag, and sew the edges together firmly. The embroidered end folds over to form a flap like a pocket-book, and must have two small buttons and loops to fasten it down.

SPECTACLE-CASES.



Pansy Pincushion.

stitches. Better than to follow any description would be to take a real pansy, study it well, and arrange the stitches to imitate the flower as closely as possible.

WORK-CASES.

The materials for these work-cases are: a piece of yellow or gray Japanese canvas, twelve inches long and seven broad; a bit of silk of the same size and color for lining, and six skeins of worsted, of any shade which you happen to fancy,

Work a border down both sides of the canvas and across one end, leaving space to turn the edge of the material neatly in. This border may be as simple as you please. Four rows of cross-stitch in blue or cherry will answer for little girls not versed in embroidery. When the border is done, baste on the lining, turn the edges neatly in, and sew over and over. Then

These are nice presents to make for grandpapas and grandmamas. Cut out a piece of cardboard a little longer than the spectacles are when shut up, and of the shape which you see in the picture. Then cut another piece an inch shorter than the other and one-third wider. At the lower end of this second piece, cut three slits an inch and a half long, lap them, baste firmly, and trim off so as to make the end fit to the bottom of the back piece. Cover both pieces with kid, velvet, silk chamois leather, or Java canvas, and ornament with floss silk, beads, or embroidery braid. Lastly, sew the two pieces together at sides and bottom, stitch a fine cord round the edge, and your case is done. The front-piece, being a little wider, will stand out from the back just enough to allow the spectacles to slide in and out easily. For grandma, it may be well to have a long loop of ribbon attached to each top corner of the case so that she may hang it from her belt.

ARTICLES IN BIRCH BARK.

For those of you who have spent your summer in the country, and brought home a store of birch bark, there are numberless pretty things to make. Handkerchief-cases, scissor-cases, glove-cases, spectacle-cases, wall-baskets, watch-pockets, toilet-boxes, table-mats, portfolios, book-marks, napkin-rings, needle-cases,—I cannot enumerate half. The rules for making one apply to nearly all. The shape of the article chosen is cut out in stiff pasteboard; the bark made very thin and smooth, is cut to match and divided into long narrow strips of equal

width, attached to each other at one end, which is left uncut for a short distance. These strips are braided in and out with ribbon of any chosen shade, each end of the ribbon being carefully fastened down. When the braiding is thus secured to the pattern, the whole is lined with silk, and the

are sewed into the cork head. Wind red or yellow sewing-silk round the body at regular intervals to form ornamental stripes, as seen in the picture. For the wings, cut out four pieces of pasteboard, two of white paper and two of gilt paper. Put each feather between two pieces of paste-board, and glue



Spectacle-case.

edges are trimmed with plaited ribbon or narrow silk cord. The glove and *mouchoir* cases are made square, and the corners are bent over to the middle and tied with ribbons. A little scent-bag is laid in each. Birch bark articles can also be made by simply covering the card-board pattern with a plain piece of bark and binding the edges with ribbon or velvet.

THE CIRCLE-FLY.

For this amusing toy, the following materials are needed: Four feathers, a long cork, half a yard of wire, two square inches of gilt paper, two black beads, some red or yellow sewing-silk, a couple of bits of card-board, a wooden spool, four round pieces of tin with a hole in the middle, a piece of red sealing-wax, and a small quantity of gum arabic.

The body of the circle-fly is made of the cork, and it is into this that the long wire is fastened. The horns are short bits of wire fastened securely into the head, and tipped with sealing-wax. The black beads form the eyes; they

with thick melted gum arabic. When perfectly dry, cover each pasteboard on one side with gilt paper. When this is dry, cover the other side of each with white paper. After the wings are for the second time perfectly dry, sew over the edges of the paste-board part of the wings with colored silk, which will both ornament and strengthen them.

To fasten the wings, run a wire not quite two inches long into the cork body, slip on each end one of the round pieces of tin, and bend the wire so that it stands perpendicular to the body. The bend must be half an inch high. Now give the wire another bend, making it parallel to the body, run it through the pasteboard part of the wing, put another round piece of tin on the outer side, and fasten by bending the wire over the



The Circle-Fly.

tin. Whittle the wooden spool down till it is quite thin, run the wire through its middle and bend as in the picture, to form a handle. The wire must end by a round bend to hold the spool in place.

As its name suggests, the circle-fly flies only in a circle, but it flies so fast that it will amuse a nursery full of little folks for a long time.

OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

(American Tract Society.)

(*Concluded*).

It was so unlike Dan to molest very small fellows, or to notice teasing with anything but good-humored retorts, that the boys all detected earnest anger in his mood, and to one boy it proved a temptation. He was a boy of Dan's own age and size, who liked him well enough, but who liked teasing better. It was fun to him to see good-humored Dan Sheppard in such a frame of mind; and he couldn't miss a chance to try how a joke would take on him in that unusual mood.

He leaned against the gate-post in a languid attitude and called out loudly, "Here's your first-class candy-and-pie-maker, cashier and counter-jumper."

No one present had ever seen Dan angrier than at that moment.

"In dead earnest, aren't you?" said the boy at the gate-post, smilingly, as he saw Dan advancing. "Couldn't take a joke, could you?"

"You'll run, will you?" said Dan, as he reached the gate-post and his foe stood beyond it.

"Why, yes, I'll run," said Phil, entering into the spirit of the thing. "Will you catch me? Tag!" Saying which he leaped, touched Dan on the arm and leaped away again, all before Dan could rally to do his part.

A cheer for Phil went up from the crowd in the yard, and Dan bent every thought and energy towards a settlement with him.

Phil led him a chase down the street and up again on the other side. He dodged behind trees and made grimaces at him around them; then darted in every direction of the compass, with Dan darting after, always encouraged by the cry, "Hurrah for

Phil Bartlett!" that kept going up from the crowd. He even entered the school-yard gate and ran round and round the yard in circles.

But something was the matter with Dan's feet—they could not overtake to-day. And something was the matter with his fingers—when they could reach, they slipped and could not grasp. There was too much anger in his sport. He was not cool enough to win.

It happened somehow that they came into collision. They misunderstood each other's intentions, and stupidly bumped together. Now the crowd was wild in its applause.

"Will you run again, or fight it out?" said Dan, holding Phil in his grip.

"Oh, you're still in earnest, are you?" said Phil. "Come on, then," and he gave Dan a blow with his fist.

The boys considered the fight that followed nothing worse than a wrestling match; but it left black and blue spots on both champions' bodies, and sore feelings in their hearts. They knew, though the lookers-on did not know, how much wrath there was in each blow.

In deference to custom, it could not end till one had the other down. It lasted long, and then they both went down together, and rolled in a heap for several moments—but at length Phil came out uppermost. Yes, Dan, as the crown of his humiliations, lay on his back pinned down by Phil Bartlett's knee. Never in all his boyhood had he had such a shameful encounter.

He tried to carry it off lightly. He walked with Phil and his supporters as far as they went on his way, attempt-

ing to be free and easy, and to treat the matter jovially; but when they had left him alone he treated it most seriously.

This was Thursday; and this very afternoon there was to be a preparatory lecture for Communion Sunday, and before the lecture a meeting at the pastor's at which he had meant to be present and apply for admission to the church.

Now it could not be. There was an end of that. He was in no condition to talk with any one about joining the church. Perhaps he had never been fit to join the church. What was the matter with him? He wasn't himself. What made it such hard work for him to be civil and good-natured, and to laugh heartily and take a joke? "All this trouble about business," he answered. But if he had answered honestly, and owned that it was the barrier of unworthy thought, which he had put between himself and God, the first steps would have been taken towards breaking the barrier down.

Dan would have received all the benefit from this experience that his Heavenly Father had intended him to receive, if only in the beginning of it he had given God his cares to keep, and thought no ill of Him.

He stopped at his father's chair a moment as he hurried off to school, and said, "I have concluded to wait three months, father, until the next communion." Mr. Sheppard was surprised and disappointed; but his mother understood it.

She said nothing about it to him. She had spoken no word about the trouble in his spiritual affairs since it began, and apparently had taken no notice; but she had been deep in the secrets of his heart, through her sympathy, all the time.

The next day he came home from school without Jack, and Joey was with cousin Louisa in the kitchen; so they had the sitting-room to themselves.

"I'm so glad you can go to school again, Dan," she said as he threw his books on the table. "There's no loss without some gain."

"I can't say I'm glad," said Dan. "There isn't much fun in studying when you think what a tight place father's in for money."

"It is not your fault," said his mother, "nor anything you can help. So what is the use of making yourself miserable over it? Take the good that comes to you and be thankful for it, and don't worry over evil that you can't help."

"But what is going to be done?" said Dan. "That's a question some one has got to settle."

"God will settle it," said his mother. "No one else can."

"I don't believe in folding our hands and expecting God to take care of us, when we're able to take care of ourselves," said Dan.

"Neither do I," said his mother. "We are not doing that. We have tried our very best to take care of ourselves, and have failed; and it is just the time for God's care to come to us."

"It doesn't come," said Dan.

"Dan," said she, "you have only the faith and patience of a child. By-and-by you will learn to put all the affairs you can't manage into God's hands, and to wait quietly for his management of them. I have learned how to do that; and I know from what the Bible says, and from my own experience, that he is at this very moment working out plans for our good. When we learn what he has been doing, we will be ashamed if we have doubted him. It is easy to believe in him after he has made all his ways plain; but I wish you could learn to trust in him when his ways are dark."

"Mother," said Dan, "I suppose it seems very wicked to say it, but common-sense does seem to me more reasonable than faith."

"Faith is common-sense," said his mother.

"Now look at the thing," said Dan. "We have got to have more money than we can raise just to live decently. The only chance of getting it was through me. I've lost my place, and can't get another. Nothing short of a miracle is going to help us out. That

is the case; and you say I ought to believe and wait patiently. What am I to believe in and wait for? a miracle?"

"In the first place," said his mother, "you don't know that you were our only chance. There may be chances that you are not able to see. In the second place, there are plenty of people in town and out of town who know that you want a situation; and how can you tell that some of their clerks won't fail and a vacancy occur to make room for you. In the third place if you don't get a situation, and no help comes to us from any other source, I shall know that God is in that way taking care of us in the best way; that it is all part of his plan, and that good will come out of it to our souls—good that we shall be able to see some time; for God does give us the satisfaction of seeing the object of most of his plans, even in this life. Just as long as we do our best, God does his best for us. Try and believe that, Dan dear; it would be such a gain to you in the outset of your Christian life. I believe I have known every thought and feeling you have had lately; I have been through so many such experiences myself. I have felt as if I must teach you out of my experience, and yet I am afraid you will have to learn through your own, as so many of us have done.

"God likes to have us trust him before we have tried him. No tribute of love is so dear to him as faith. The best proof of love is faith; and it is a beautiful thought that God wants our love and its proofs, just as you and I want each other's love with proofs. It gives us a certain dignity which we have a right to be proud of, that God loves us enough to care for our poor little love in return.

"Now, dear, you have declared yourself a lover of God. You have been so moved by the facts of his condescension and kindness, that you have resolved to be a follower of the God who came to suffer as a man for love of you. It is a little thing to do, in proof of your new, fresh love, to trust him in such a small matter as this. You will

find that if you do, all the irritability and discontent and rebellious feelings will go away, and you will be your mother's own boy again."

Dan rolled off the lounge to his mother's knee, and looked up in her face with a happy smile.

"Here I am," he said, "yours devotedly. Do you recognize your own boy again, dear mother?"

His mother tumbled up his hair, and rubbed his cheeks, and kissed him.

"Here is one for success," she said. "Now you've begun again."

"Fairly taken a new start," said Dan. "How small you made me feel, didn't you?"

He rose, pinched her chin, and kissed her for "Good-bye," and walked upstairs to his room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

When he had locked out disturbing influences, he gave himself up to thought, solemn and softening thoughts. By-and-by down came his head in his arms on the back of a chair, and he forgot that there was any other person in the universe but the one Friend who was with him and to whom he talked.

He had to say to this Friend that he saw how he alone had been to blame for the mistakes of the past weeks; to own that he had cherished ill thoughts of Him, of which he was ashamed now that his eyes were opened; to ask forgiveness, and to beg permission to begin anew, and grace to prove his penitence by better deeds.

When Dan lifted his head it seemed strange to him just for a moment to see no one in the room, so real had been his fellowship with God. If he could have continued to walk in the way where his feet stood then, he might always have felt the presence of the Comforter as of some one he could see. But he he was only a very human boy, and many days were before him when through his own misdeeds it should seem as if his Friend was far away.

Now, so comfortable did he feel in His presence, so at home with God, so conscious of having no concealments nor misunderstandings, that he was glad to sit there with Him, and renew his protestations of love and promises of devotion, and to look forward towards obstacles and difficulties which he should delight in overcoming for His sake.

It was wonderful how different Dan looked from this day; how quickly his old smiles chased the sad lines out of his face, and how naturally he whistled and laughed and sang again.

The little things looked after themselves. No effort was necessary for him to take allusions to his profession of pie-making and candy-making as jokes, and to treat them accordingly. He made as much fun as any one of his late occupations, when the subject came up.

But Dan had a few real fights with larger things. He had begun to feel the responsibility of the family which some elder brothers share with their fathers very early, and his thoughts naturally turned towards the state of their finances. He naturally said to himself that something must be done, and realized that a power more powerful than their greatest efforts was against their doing anything. Then he had to put down the thought that came next—to wrestle sometimes with the feeling that it was not a merciful power which opposed their efforts. He had to say over and over to himself, "God is kind. God is thoughtful. God loves us and cares for us in everything he does." And he grew strong in the faith by degrees, so that he found it possible to believe in the silver linings of their clouds when clouds were darkest.

The weeks went on, bringing no change in the family fortunes, showing no prospect of better days; and there began to be closer economy at the parsonage. Many little things that had been considered the necessities of life were now numbered among the luxuries to be dispensed with. Mr. Sheppard wore anxious looks, and mamma had thoughtful moods.

Dan continued to ask in his morning and evening prayers for the help they needed; but he had almost ceased to hope that it would come in any manner they desired, when suddenly it came.

Though it came suddenly, it had been a long time on its way. It started towards them when Joey first interested Mr. Alabaster in the parsonage. Certainly he was greatly interested in the parsonage now. He had, as cousin Louisa said, taken a wonderful fancy to the family.

Every Sunday evening for many weeks Joey had had the pleasure of bowing to Mr. Alabaster, or gripping his hand in the church aisle. He was a regular night attendant of religious service, and Joey considered him a character half reformed. If he could have prevailed upon him to get up early enough to come to morning service too, he would have been quite satisfied with his missionary efforts in his behalf.

The next remarkable thing reported of Mr. Alabaster was, that he had attended a meeting of the church trustees, and made a speech. Joey himself saw him when he came out, talking fast, and motioning with his head and hands as if he meant what he said.

"I've made a church-goer and a trustee of him," thought Joey proudly. "Maybe I'll have him a deacon next."

A few days later, Mr. Sheppard received a call from two members of his church, who, after enquiring for the health of the family and expressing their opinion of the weather, paused, looked each at the other, then at Mr. Sheppard, and said they were happy to inform him that the subject of his salary had been under consideration, and it had been resolved that the church had not set a proper value on his services. He was probably aware, said they, that they had a new pew-holder, a man of means, who was willing to contribute largely; and through his liberality they had been enabled to raise the salary three hundred dollars.

No bad news could have stunned Mr. Sheppard more than these glad tidings did for a moment; but he

quickly rallied, and expressed his thanks sufficiently.

It seemed like Christmas all the day, as one member of the family told the news to another, and they talked it over together.

"It's all Mr. Alabaster," said Dan, throwing his cap at the ceiling, and leaping over the backs of a chair or two. But his first thought had been, "It is all God;" and his first outspoken words had been thanks to Him.

"What did you tell me, mother?" said Dan, looking at her with big, shining eyes. "Faith has more than had its reward, hasn't it?"

"What a beautiful answer to our hopes and prayers!" said his mother. "But then, Dan, the answer would have been just as beautiful if it had been denial instead of granting. Let us try and be strong for the times when we are answered with denial."

"I ought to have learned how," said Dan. "I'm an ungrateful fellow, if I haven't."

They gave Mr. Alabaster all the credit; but it was not until cousin Louisa bestirred herself that they discovered through what difficulties he had brought them their good fortune.

He had been received as a pewholder with open arms; for he was a man whose business energy, personal popularity, wealth, and liberality made him a valuable member of any society. But no sooner had his contribution to the salary begun to be discussed than Mr. Alabaster and the church clashed. He had not been in the habit for years of attending church regularly, and consecrating any of his money to religious uses. Now that he had made up his mind to it, he wished to know something about those uses. He was then told that there were members of the congregation who felt it hard to raise their present subscriptions, and his money would be a glad relief to them; when he very quickly informed them that his money should relieve Mr. Sheppard or no one. He proceeded to plead Mr. Sheppard's cause; and as soon as he had taken it up there were others who took it up too—others

who had long felt its urgency, but who were timid souls, only waiting for a leader. With Mr. Alabaster for a leader they accomplished the change in the fortunes of the parsonage.

CHAPTER XXX.

Cousin Louisa and mamma were in the kitchen when Mr. Sheppard came out to tell them the news, and while mamma dropped the pan she was putting in the oven, spilling its contents recklessly, to have her arms free for embracing and such demonstrations, cousin Louisa never left off paring potatoes for an instant; but her hands trembled so that the knife cut little holes in the wrong places, and her lips jerked into smiles at the corners.

When the potatoes were over the fire boiling, she walked up the stairs to her room, and allowed herself the luxury of a peep at something which she kept concealed in a little locked box. It was money. There were two bills, a five-dollar bill and a ten-dollar bill, and this is their story:

One day when she had been thinking over all the ways of earning money and dolefully realizing that they were ways beyond her reach, she went out into the kitchen corner and sat down by the fire. It was then and there that her idea came to her.

She seldom desired anything as much as she desired a professional career for Dan. Cousin Louisa disapproved of partiality. It was a fault with which she had no patience. She would not have acknowledged that Dan was her favorite; but still she knew that the best dreams she dreamed were always for him, that the best plans she laid were laid for him, and that her best hopes were hopes for his prosperity. It was many years since she had set her heart on anything as she had set it now on Dan's becoming a pulpit orator. She often stole a glance at him as he sat studying, or as he went off to school, just because it gave her pleasure to see him with his

books; and she could not help rejoicing in the misfortunes which brought him back to his books. But in his future she could discover nothing fairer than the rest discovered; for Mr. Alabaster had not fulfilled her hopes.

As she sat there in the kitchen corner, desperate and dismal over her own inability, something brought to her mind the recollection of a talent she used to have when she was at school—her one talent. Her fingers never could coax tunes from a piano, nor learn to manage lines so that they would make pictures. Her voice had no song in it, and in fancy-work she was a failure. But such ideas as were in her brain she had been able to express in written language. There came back to her, as vividly as if she heard for the first time, some of the girls' remarks and prophecies. They used to call her a genius, and declare that she would turn out an author. She remembered how the laugh used to go around on Friday afternoons when the spicy parts of her compositions were read aloud by the teacher, and how the handkerchiefs came out for the sentimental parts.

Vanity was not one of cousin Louisa's failings, and after the composition days were over she had wrapped her talent in a napkin and remembered it no more. Now, for the first time, her thoughts turned back to it with a fond feeling of ownership, and a hope.

She blushed a little over her boldness. The idea that came to her seemed one she had no right to welcome. She looked around the kitchen and saw her account-book—for she kept the kitchen accounts—hanging from a nail. There was a pencil fastened to it by a string. She looked at the book and pencil a moment, took them down, and hesitated—frightened by her presumption—then she opened the book and wrote, "A Cry from a Country Parson." She put a bold dash under her title, and began. Her heart was full. The ideas came tumbling fast over each other, and the pencil was only too slow for the story it had to tell.

There in the kitchen corner, between the stove and the chimney, cousin Louisa set up as an author, according to the prophecies. No one came to disturb her. She had two quiet hours, and when the shadows began to darken her corner, she had said all she had to say.

She looked guiltily around the room after the last period. She felt like nothing short of a thief, with such a secret as she owned. For a day or two, while she was managing to get her article copied and sent away, it seemed as if every one who looked at her looked sharply.

She went to market, and always brought the morning mail, which fortunately was the New York mail, so that the answer to her letter would be a secret with her and the postman.

When it came, and she took it in her hands, she hoped and feared so much from it, that she felt as if she held Dan's future, for good or for bad; and she tore off the envelope with nervous fingers, and saw what was within with dizzy eyes.

But dizzy as they were they saw. It was a check, a nest-egg for Dan; a little solid foundation for the great air-castle she was building. A tear oozed out, to be immediately blinked away, and thanks went up from the gladness that filled her heart.

She had happy hours after that, rearing plans while she worked on the nest-egg in the locked box upstairs; and she took so many sly peeps at it, that every spot on its surface, down to the eyes, mouths, and noses of the faces in the corners, grew familiar and dear.

Now she began to watch and wait for another suggestion. It was so long in coming that at length she feared it would never come. Weeks went by, and one day a child's story began to shape itself in her thoughts, and she knew she could tell it in words.

So she went upstairs and locked her door. Her room was cold. She took a green comforter from the bed and pinned it around her, and a blue flannel sack from the closet and wrapped her head in it; for she ap-

preciated the value of health and the folly of imprudence. So arrayed, she told her little story in rhyme, as freshly and prettily as if she had been a fresh and pretty damsel.

The rhymes were accepted, and she had fifteen dollars, and looked forward hopefully to more rhymes and more dollars.

She had intended to let her fund grow until some emergency in Dan's school-days should demand it. But now that the salary was raised, and the school-days were provided for, she decided to dedicate the fund to college-days.

Little suspecting the surprise that cousin Louisa was keeping for him in those distant days, Dan still looked towards them with bright anticipations.

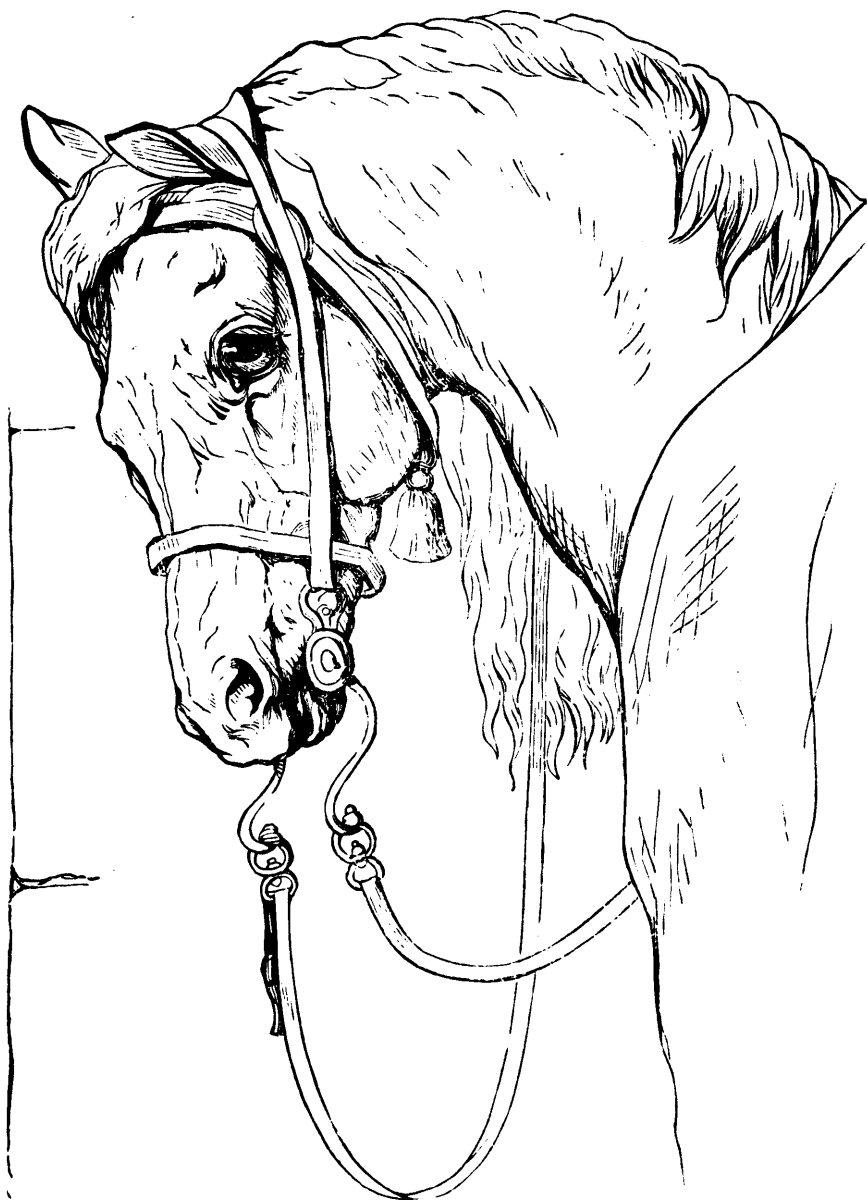
Mr. Alabaster came to the parsonage often in the evenings, and talked about "our minister and our merchant," meaning Dan and Jack; for all Jack's thoughts were of business, as Dan's of books. "This one shall bring us fame," said Mr. Alabaster, "and this one dollars." It was impossible not to infer from his general remarks that he meant to take a substantial interest in Dan's education. Then Dan had plans laid for teaching and helping himself. And a small fund was to accumulate yearly from the salary.

So some of his difficulties he left behind him, and some he was not afraid to meet as they should come, while others he could calmly trust to God.

THE END.



DRAWING LESSON.



From Sir Edwin Landseer's painting. In outline by Mr. Harrison Weir, as a drawing lesson for the young.

—*Infant's Magazine.*

THE BARNYARD CONSPIRACY.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL.

It was just three weeks before Christmas, and the night was one of the finest of the season—cold, clear, and very frosty. The earth's Christmas mantle was so pure and spotless that the moon, who, as everyone knows, is as amiable and good-natured as she is lovely, was so pleased that she threw over it a veil of silvery radiance that made it quite a bridal dress. The cunning little stars danced merrily and winked their diamond eyes at one another in the most knowing manner, and all around was harmony and beauty. But, alas! where will not discord make an entrance? In our barnyard, excitement and confusion reigned supreme, not without cause, however, as you will learn. The fowls had just found out that one, if not more, of their number was to be killed to furnish the Christmas dinner. No wonder, then, that their voices were raised in indignation. A meeting of all the members had been called, and they were all congregated, with the exception of the Turkey Gobbler, who was too proud and haughty to attend in an obscure corner. When the clamor had reached its height, Madam Goose arose and addressed the meeting. Now, I daresay that some of my little friends have heard that the goose is the stupidest of birds, but such is not the case; it is only her indifference and indolence that cause such an opinion to be entertained as to her want of intellect; if she chooses to make an exertion, she can prove herself one of the cleverest of her kind, as in the present case. The air of dignity and composure with which the venerable lady began to speak, caused a lull:

“Dear friends and fellow-victims in prospective, you all know the cause of

our meeting together to-night. We are a down-trodden and ill-treated race, we barn-yard birds, and all doomed, at one time or another, to fall victims to man's appetite. Why they like to kill and eat such poor innocents I never *could* understand; but they *do* it, and that's enough, and we are here to try and devise some scheme by which the barbarous deed may be averted this year. Now, if you will be quiet and make no noise, perhaps we may think of a plan.”

“No noise, indeed!” exclaimed a saucy young duck, who was dangerously plump and handsome. “It is very easy for *you* to be quiet, you old goose, when you know you're as tough as leather!” There was a quarrel between the families, you know, and indeed, if the truth must be told, none of the occupants of our barnyard were on very friendly terms.

Madam Goose treated this rudeness with silent contempt, and continued: “The more I consider it, the more hopeless I fear it is to prevent the murderous act altogether, but it is not impossible to save *ourselves*,” and she looked meaningly at Sir Gobbler, who was strutting around in haughty solitude, and throwing occasional disdainful glances upon the others.

“What do you mean?” snapped a fine large hen. “Perhaps, if you were young and tender, you'd manifest a little more concern about the subject, and not waste so much time!”

Madam Goose answered with dignity, “Before I lay my plan before you, I must beg you to reserve your taunts for a more fitting occasion. Age is honorable, and it is the wisdom that comes with it that enables me to offer you the present piece of advice. But first, let

me hear if anyone else has an opinion to give." Then arose another clamor. Everyone had something to say, but, as is usually the case in such disorderly assemblies, nothing of any consequence was arrived at.

"I would gladly die for the good of my race," said a scraggy old gander, with a sigh of resignation, "were I but sure their choice would fall on me."

"Oh, don't be alarmed!" sneered a young chicken. "Men don't care for bones and feathers!"

"I have an opinion to offer," said a young turkey, at which the ducks quacked their contempt, and the rooster, a great fellow with a pair of feather trousers on his legs, uttered a derisive "cock-a-doodle-do." Miss Turkey glanced scornfully around, and then proceeded: "You have all observed the arrogance and despotism exhibited by Sir Turkey Gobbler, who wishes to be lord of this barnyard. Now, notwithstanding he is a near relation of mine, I detest him as much as any of you can, and think, if instead of trying to ward off the fatal calamity, which is simply impossible, as our esteemed friend has said, here she bowed to Madam Goose with mock courtesy, "we endeavor to make the cook's choice fall upon him, we will save ourselves in the only way open to us."

"Just my idea exactly," said Madam Goose, "though I certainly expected some opposition from *you*."

"The turkeys are not the first family of good standing in which there have been private feuds!" said the young lady, haughtily.

"Enough of your airs!" cried Baron Drake, who was the roughest and most ill-bred of the company. "How are you going to manage it? They are just as likely to choose you, Miss Conceit, as your noble kinsman yonder!"

"Don't be afraid we'll trust to *your* sharp wits to help us out of the difficulty," she answered, sarcastically, though she turned pale with terror at

what he had said. A pause ensued after those angry speeches; at length it was broken by a youthful pullet, who said:

"Let us eat up all the food and starve him, so then he'll die!"

The others gazed at her in contemptuous pity, until Madam Goose, who was really kind-hearted, explained, "Oh, my dear, they wouldn't eat him if he *died*. They must have the pleasure of *killing* him. No, the only way to accomplish the desired end is this—every morning at feeding-time, we must all refrain from eating, so that he, being allowed to satisfy his noted gluttony will grow so fat that by Christmas he will be in such good condition that the cook will be sure to select him."

This proposition was received with the greatest delight. The one point upon which they all agreed, was the detestation of the Turkey Gobbler. If any of them did object to being deprived of their breakfast, they said nothing. Madam Goose asked those who were not pleased with her plan to signify their dissent by retiring. No one moved, whereupon Speckle Hen, who was a good writer, was requested to scratch in a part of the barnyard where it was well known his lordship never went, a statement of their resolution. She did so, and it was signed by Madam Goose, Miss Turkey, Speckle Hen and Baron Drake, on behalf of their respective families.

The next morning, true to their promise, not one of them touched a grain of food. It was amusing to see the manner in which the young ones were pulled back by their elders, when they, forgetting, rushed forward, and to notice the extraordinary self-denial with which every choice morsel was laid in the tyrant's reach, who, if he had not been as stupid as he was proud and conceited, would have suspected something was wrong; instead of which, the silly old fellow, after having gobbled up every particle in a manner that justified his name, strutted off in triumph, thinking he had gained an unusually brilliant

victory. This performance was repeated every day, the fowls restraining their appetites in the most creditable manner, though I wouldn't say that they didn't "drop in" to see their neighbors more frequently than usual.

At last the eventful day arrived. Oh, with what trembling hearts did the poor birds watch the cook as she critically looked from one to the other while she scattered their grain! After watching them for some time, she called out to the housemaid: "Wirra, sure, Mary Ann, there's none av thim fit to look at but the ould gobbler! What's the matter at all, at all, that the ithers are such rakes! I wanted a pair av ducks an' a chicken besides, but faix, we'll have to do with the ould fellow alone! Come

along an' help me git hould av him!" Then followed an exciting chase all around the barnyard, but it did not last long, for the doomed and deluded turkey was so plump that he was quite unable to run, so he was soon captured and carried off to his fate. A universal sigh of relief followed the disappearance of the murderers and their victim, and then they all retired to recover from their shock and terror in seclusion. The day after Christmas, they had a royal feast on the bones of their unhappy companion, after which Madam Goose addressed them with much earnestness, closing her speech with this precept, "Always remember, my dear friends, that pride must have a fall."

HOLIDAY GAMES.

THE RHYMING GAME.

One person thinks of a word, and gives a word that will rhyme with it. The players, while endeavoring to guess the word, think of those that will rhyme with the one given, and instead of speaking define them. Then the first person must be quick in guessing what is meant by the description, and answers whether it is right or not, giving the definition to the question. Here are two examples:

"I have a word that rhymes with bun."

"Is it what many people call sport or merriment?"

"No, it is not fun."

"Is it a troublesome creditor?"

"No, it is not a dun."

"Is it a kind of firearm?"

"No, it is not a gun."

"Is it a religious woman who lives in retirement?"

"No, it is not a nun."

"Is it the act of moving very swiftly, or what one does when in great haste?"

"No, it is not to run."

"Is it a quibble or play upon words?"

"No, it is not a pun."

"Is it a word that we often use to denote that a thing is finished?"

"No, it is not done."

"Is it a weight?"

"No, it is not a ton."

"Well, is it that luminary that shines by day, and brightens everything it shines upon?"

"Yes, it is the sun."

The one who guesses the word will then, perhaps say—

"I've thought of a word that rhymes with sane."

"Is it a native of Denmark?"

"No, it is not a Dane."

"Is it used by an old gentleman?"

"No, it is not a cane."

THE MODERN GIANT

is another amusing shadow game. A large sheet should be stretched across some open door; folding doors are better, as they give more space. The room in which the spectators are seated should be darkened; but in the room back of the curtain, where the giant exhibits, should be placed on the floor a large lamp with a reflector, either of polished tin or a looking-glass. Any one standing between the light and curtain appears immense in all his proportions, as his reflection is cast upon the sheet. Let the person acting as the giant first open his hands and spread his fingers wide, and let them appear at the bottom of the curtain, and gradually rise till the shadow of his whole body is exhibited between the light and the curtain. He will seem to rise from the cellar; then let him jump over the light, to the rear of the reflector, and it will seem as if he jumped upwards through the ceiling. Articles of furniture can be called down from above, by simply passing them over the light. Dolls can be used with great effect. The giant can appear to swallow or otherwise demolish them, and many other amusing scenes can be contrived. Care should be taken to keep the profile on the curtain as distinct as possible.

THE SCISSORS GAME.

Fasten a line across a room, at one end, just above the heads of people; and to the line fasten by threads, to hang down below the shoulders, any articles you fancy—such as the less expensive presents that are generally hung on Christmas trees. One of the party should play the piano. Another is then

blindfolded, and being placed at a distance of six or eight paces from the line, is armed with a pair of small scissors. He advances with outstretched hand and snips once. If he cuts the thread, the article suspended by it is his. Six articles should be hung up at a time, and each person should advance six times, making only one snip at each advance. The articles should be concealed in paper bags, or rather in paper tied up at the corners, so that it may not be known what the prizes are. It is more amusing if some are blanks. The music should play as each person advances—louder as he approaches the line—dying away if he misses, and triumphant if he succeeds. After one is blindfolded he should be turned round several times, and moved about before he is led up to the starting place.

PIANO KALEIDOSCOPE

is a game that will keep a group of little ones enchanted and happy for a whole evening. The lid of the piano is raised and folded over so as to form, with the help of the piano cover, a long triangular passage. The children stand at one end of this peeping in; the other is brightly lit by a gas branch or a couple of candles, and mother holds up at the opening a series of gay objects, such as flowers, lamp-mats, bead-baskets, which, triply reflected in the polished wood, make a series of beautiful effects, like those of a kaleidoscope.

GAME OF STATUES.

Everybody is a statue, excepting two who enact a showman and a would-be purchaser. The showman must be the "funny one" of the family. He describes the statues, turns them round, gives the prices, indicates their best points, regrets that this one's nose was a little injured in packing, and that one got dirty on the voyage and hasn't had its face washed yet; the statues meantime standing perfectly still, with im-

movable faces. Any one who moves or laughs is punished by a forfeit.

MENAGERIE

is another nice game, especially if there happens to be a family gathering or a little party. The older people arrange themselves as audience, one person acts as showman, the rest are put out of the room and enter one by one. The showman states that he has the finest collection of beasts ever seen; brought together at vast expense from every quarter of the globe, and including every animal that went into Noah's ark. What would the gentleman (or lady) like to see? The visitor is pretty sure to choose some out-of-the-way creature like a crocodile or gorilla in hopes of posing the showman, who prolongs the conversation a little, and manages to extract a sketch of the animal and his ways. After which he draws aside the curtain, behind which a looking-glass is hidden! Well managed, this game can be made very amusing.

MUSICAL FRIGHT

is noisier. A row of chairs—one less in number than the persons playing—is ranged down the middle of the room. Some one plays the piano while the children join hands and run about the room in a circle. Suddenly the music stops and the players run for the chairs. One person of course fails to secure any, and is counted out of the game. After each turn a chair is withdrawn till only one chair and two players are left; the one who gets that is declared winner.

BLACK ART.

In this there must be two confederates who know the secret. One goes out of the room while the rest choose some object to be guessed. The person out then re-enters, and is asked: "Is it this?" "Is it that?" till finally the right article is named, and immediately, to the surprise of all he answers, "Yes." The apparent witchcraft lies in the fact that confederate No. 2 names first some black object and then the thing chosen.



P U Z Z L E S .

A WOMAN'S INGENUITY.

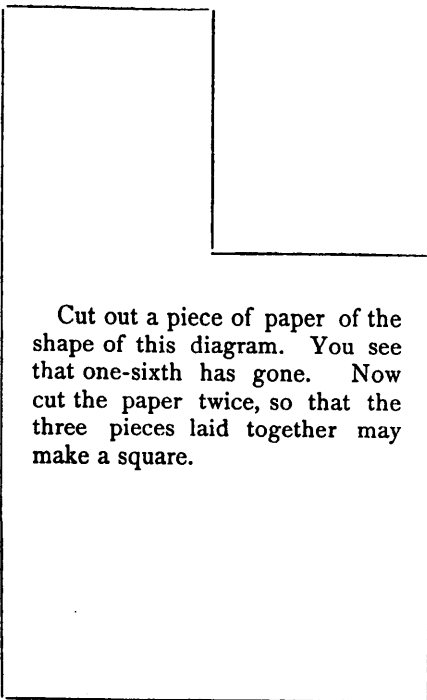
A Dublin chamber-maid is said to have got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven separate bedrooms:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----

"Now," said she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom and wait a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for you as soon as I have shown the others to their rooms." Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she puts the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where you will remember she had left the twelfth gentleman alone with the first, and said, "I've accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare, so if one of you will step into No. 11 you will find it empty." Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course there is a hole in the saucepan somewhere, but we leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is,

with just a warning to think twice before declaring as to which, if any, of the travellers was the "odd man out."

GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE.



Cut out a piece of paper of the shape of this diagram. You see that one-sixth has gone. Now cut the paper twice, so that the three pieces laid together may make a square.

A N S W E R S T O P U Z Z L E S .

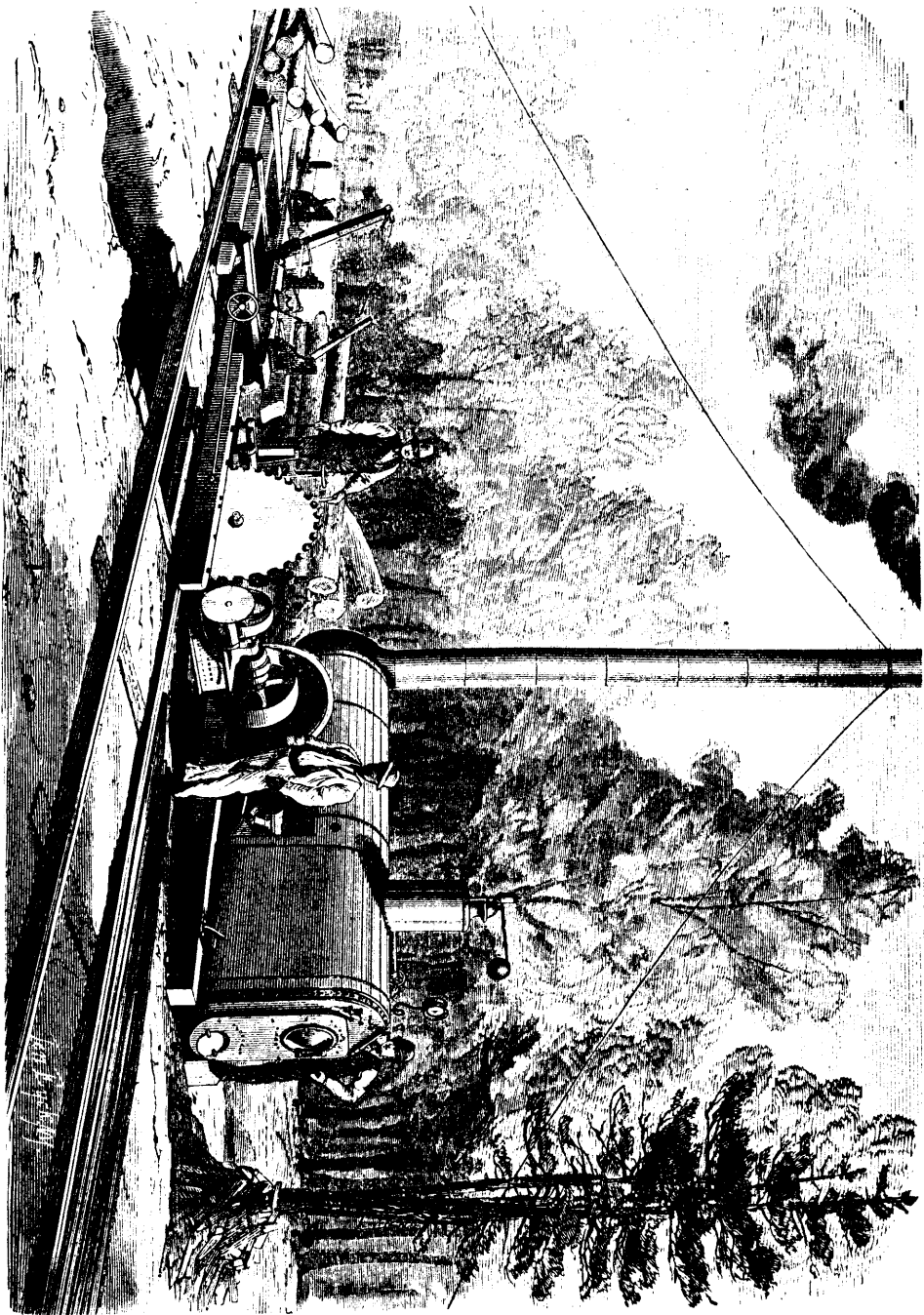
ENIGMA.

D e a r t h .
 e a r t h .
 D e a r .
 D e a t h . (King of Terrors)
 T h r e a d .

HIEROGLYPHS.

1. Thunder and Lightning.
2. Inexplicable Mystery.
3. Catacombs.

The DOMINION GOVERNMENT patronizes these Engines, Saw Mills and Portable Grist Mills in settling the Great Northwest.



Specially complimented by His R. H. Prince Arthur, at the Canadian Provincial Exhibition, London, Ontario, September, 1869.

Particularly noticed and complimented by the Governor of Chili, on the opening of the Santiago Exposition, 1875, who watched with interest its quick operations.

This Mill has Revolutionized Ship Building in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, superseding whip sawing in most of their ship yards. Over two HUNDRED in successful operation.

The 20 H. P. Patent Direct Action Saw Mill is the most portable mill in the world, and for its weight and price cannot be equalled for efficiency, durability and economy.

The Engine and Boiler are so constructed, and of such a weight, that they can be readily loaded on trucks, when changing the position of the Mill from one part of the pinery to another, and without disconnecting either; so that it does not require a skilful machinist to put the Engine in operation again. The saw-mandrel, feed and gig works, &c., &c., are arranged in a very compact form, and are placed in an iron frame, which can also be loaded and moved without taking apart; so that when resetting the Mill, all that is necessary is to frame the foundation-timbers, previously used, in the ground, set the Mill on them—coupling the Engine shaft and saw-mandrel; lay the track; place the carriage on it, and the Mill is then ready to start; the whole operation not taking more than from one to two days. The Mill is so conveniently arranged that three men can successfully work it.

The boiler is supplied with saw-dust grates, by means of which it will make plenty of steam, burning pine saw-dust, and refuse edgings alone. It is also covered with hair felting, and lagged with wood or sheet-iron, which keeps the heat from radiating, and supplies the place of brickwork. This Mill uses up to 56 inch saw and will cut practically from six to ten thousand feet of lumber per day, or one thousand feet of one-inch pine lumber in a single hour.

The 25-horse power is similar in every respect, but is larger. The boiler also is return tubular to build in brick. Will drive any size saw up to 66 inch. Capacity 8 to 12 thousand feet of lumber per day, or 2,000 feet in a single hour.

All our boilers are made of best English thornycroft plate, Lowmoor heads, and tested to 120 pounds cold water pressure before shipment.

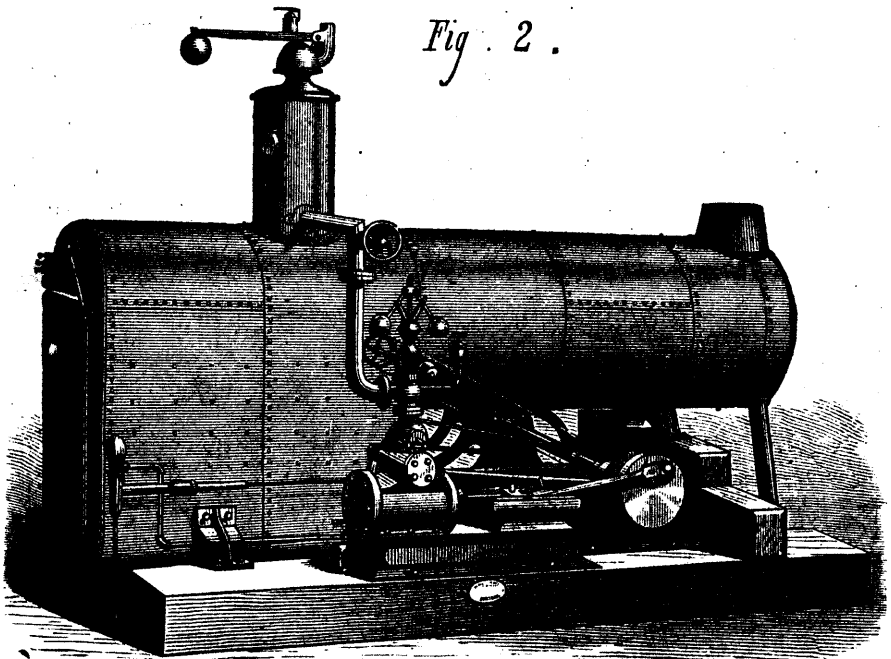


Fig. 2.

Messrs. WATEROUS & Co.,

GENTS,—With very indifferent logs we have sawed 1,200 feet inch boards in an hour; and in three hours have with ease sawed 30 logs. My mill is your 20 H. P. Patent Direct Action.

Yours truly,

R. T. SQUARREY.

Messrs. WATEROUS & Co.,

GENTS,—After running your 20 H. P. Portable Steam Saw Mill for two years, we have much pleasure in expressing our entire satisfaction. The *simplicity* of the machinery and labor-saving, which are the principal features of any mill, we think is the best we have ever seen.

Yours, etc.,

DICK & BANNING.

WATEROUS & Co., Brantford.

DEAR SIR,—The 25-Horse Power Direct Action Saw Mill you put up for me about 18 months ago, has proved a *perfect success in every respect*. It has been running at least 14 months, and has *cost me nothing for repairs*. I cut *practically* every day one thousand feet of pine boards per hour, and can do more with any thing like *sizeable logs*. It is acknowledged to be the best Mill of this class in this vicinity.

I am, respectfully yours,

W. M. PLATT.

C. H. WATEROUS & Co.,

GENTLEMEN,—I can still endorse my certificate of my mill after using it for 14 years. I find it still capable of doing as good business as ever.

Yours truly,

W. MERRILL.

**WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS,
BRANTFORD, ONT.**

The Home.

—♦♦♦—

NOTHING TO DO.

—
BY ROSA.
—

“Mamma, I am tired of doing nothing in particular; it is so frightfully dull here, I wish I could go to school again;” and the speaker finished with a yawn, that certainly expressed the weariness she felt.

“I can sympathize with you, Winnie,” said her Aunt Mary, sarcastically. “I have watched you this whole day, and really you have done nothing but yawn and grumble; I don’t know what makes you so cross lately.”

Winnie was hurrying out of the room to hide the tears that would come, when her mother stopped her, putting her arms around her and kissing her, “Never mind, Aunt Mary, Winnie is not always cross, and she does not intend to waste her time. I know my Winnie has grand ambitions and intends to make something of herself. Does she not, darling?” she said, softly stroking Winnie’s curly hair.

Winnie could not answer, for sympathy brought such a flood of tears she was glad to get to her own room to have a good cry, and to fight out the problem of “nothing to do.”

Winnie had all her life been going to school,—the last year at a boarding-school; and now that the schools were opening again, and most of her girlfriends had gone somewhere to school, Winnie began to realize the life before her. She felt restless and unsettled. What should she do all winter? There was nothing to look forward to, and, girl-like, what was life without some-

thing bright and pleasant to look forward to in the dim future? Beyond an occasional sleighing-party, there was no pleasure that she knew of. She supposed she would study a little, and practise and draw, but she was not fond enough of either to work much alone. She wanted to settle down in earnest to something great and noble.

Winnie was an active, energetic girl, full of good impulses and wishes, and perhaps she had never been quite so miserable as she was this dreary, wet evening in September, as she stood drumming on the window pane. If she could only set to work to do some great thing worth doing! There was no need to help much in the house, she thought; her aunt and mamma, and the servant seemed to get along quite easily—besides, that was not what she wanted to do at all. She almost wished she could go away and earn her own living, but she knew her father would not allow that. If she could only paint some wonderful picture, or write a book, or originate something; but from all her bright ideas she turned discontentedly away—“She could not,—what was the use of trying? She was not made for anything wonderful.” Poor Winnie went to bed comfortless. The return of the fine weather, the next day, helped to dissipate the blues in a measure, but the longing was there, and Winnie’s usually merry face wore a clouded look, that her father said reminded him of November.

She asked her mother once to tell her

of something to do. "Do! Why, dear, there is so much to be done, that I never know when I am through. There is a lot of sewing to be done this week; you might help at that a little."

But that was not what Winnie wanted, though she did help. Her mother did not understand, she thought, and she did not ask her again.

Two or three weeks afterwards, their minister died suddenly, and in his stead came another, a young man, only lately married. His wife was one of those earnest, lovable Christians whose hearts seem overflowing with love to God.

Winnie fell in love with her at once, and they soon became fast friends. At last Winnie had found one who could really sympathize with her in her longings and disappointments, and willingly did Mrs. Wilmot listen to her; her heart yearned over the bright, impulsive, high-spirited girl.

They had gone for a walk to the woods to gather autumn leaves, and had seated themselves on the slope of a hill overlooking the village. It was one of the lovely, lovely autumn days that Canada is so richly endowed with—a soft haziness only seeming to throw out the rich coloring of the trees. The village seemed surrounded with a halo of glory, as maple vied with maple to heighten the brilliancy.

"Why, Winnie, that is just the way I felt; I was never really happy, though I had everything to make me one of the happiest girls in Canada, but I was always restless, and dissatisfied with myself and my life. Now," she said, looking round at the lovely country, "now, I cannot be too thankful for every mercy God has given me. Dear Winnie, 'the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.' Have you found the secret yet, Winnie?"

"No," said Winnie, her face flushing and the tears rising to her eyes, "I don't know anything about it."

"This is the secret, Winnie, the con-

stant, abiding feeling of God's love for, and care of you; the sweet surety that you are safe in His everlasting love; and then, the pleasure of living and working for Him. Oh! Winnie, how can we love God enough for His wonderful love to us?" she said, clasping her hands.

There was no doubt of her happiness,—she knew the secret well. She seemed to forget Winnie for a moment, and then she noticed her bowed head. "Dear child," she said, throwing her arms around her, "Dear Winnie, you love to work for your dear mother, don't you?"

"Oh! yes," sobbed Winnie, "but that is different; I cannot help loving her."

"But don't you think if you could love God in the same way, you would be perfectly happy in working for Him?"

"Yes, but I don't know God, and He seems so far off."

"Dear Winnie, He is not far off; He is right here; He knows all your trouble; He is longing to have you tell Him, just as you have told me, everything that is in your heart. Dear Winnie, you little know how God loves you. Will you not let Him help you? Trust Him with your heart and life, and He will comfort you with a lasting comfort."

They sat still a few minutes, and then walked slowly home. "Good-night, darling, may God give you His peace," Mrs. Wilmot whispered earnestly, as she kissed Winnie good-bye.

Winnie went straight to her room; she felt in a mist. Could it be true that God could care for her in that way? She had always intended being a Christian sometime, but this was something new, something that filled her with a vague happiness she had never felt before. To tell God all her thoughts, all her feelings—how could she? She had always said her prayers, but this was so different. She did not know how to speak to God about such things. She was in real distress, when the thought

flashed upon her, "Why God already knew about her, He knew all her thoughts and longings;" and the comfort that came with the thought made her go down on her knees to thank God again and again for the happiness that was hers, to know and feel that God did indeed love her so that He had redeemed her with the blood of His dear Son. She went down to tea with such a happy face that her father said she must have some wonderful secret to make her look so happy. Yes, she had, that most blessed of all secrets, the secret of the Lord. But she did not fully understand it yet. Mrs. Wilmot had said something about her finding happiness in serving the Lord. What should she do for Him? For Winnie's whole nature was to be working. She studied her Bible all the time she could get, and though she did not all at once find exactly all she wanted, she found this, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly." "Meek and lowly," Winnie thought, "that is just what I want, to be like Jesus." She went round the house with such a sweet changed air, that everyone wondered what had come over Winnie, to make her so much nicer and kinder than she used to be." She could not do too much for her mother and little sister. But even now she did not get the full meaning of that verse, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." She felt happy in loving God, and trying to serve Him, but she was constantly wishing for something greater to do; the only difference being, that now she wanted to do it for God, and before it was for herself. She did not see that "they also serve who only stand and wait;" that God accepts the sacrifice of little things as readily as larger offerings. Mrs. Wilmot was away visiting her mother, and Winnie had no one to talk to. Winnie had her new lesson of meekness sorely tried sometimes by her Aunt Mary, who seemed to become more and more irritable every day; but if she was some-

times surprised into a hasty answer, she was always so sorry for it, and so willing to do anything to show her sorrow, that her mother watched her with a wonder that grew to be a longing.

To Winnie's great joy, Mrs. Wilmot came back sooner than was expected. Winnie of course went to see her immediately, and though she did not intend to tell any of her little troubles just then, Mrs. Wilmot's loving, sympathetic manner brought it all out—her discouragements, her happiness, and her longings to have something great to do.

"Dear Winnie, can you not leave all that in God's hands? If He wants you to do some great thing for Him, He will give it you in His own good time. But is there nothing that you can give to Him now, no little sacrifice that you can make for His sake? He says you must "take up your cross daily, and follow Him," and He went about doing good all those years before He was called upon to do His last great work of dying for us. Ask Him, dear Winnie, to show you what He wishes you to do for Him, and remember, you are just where God wants you to be."

Winnie went home very thoughtfully. Was it indeed the truth, that she had been wishing for great things, and leaving the very work that God had given her to do? She saw it all now. "Oh, God," she prayed earnestly, "show me what thou wouldst have me to do;" and as she walked down the village street, she gave herself entirely to God, to work in her, to will and to do of His good pleasure. She went into the house with a quiet joy that was different from, and yet allied to her former happiness. This was peace, a deep, settled peace, that could never be taken from her.

Thus Winnie found her life work in loving and serving God with all her heart, soul and strength. Everything, whether small or great, was done for the glory of God, and in a short time she

had the inexpressible happiness of seeing her dear mother happy in the love of God. When, three years afterwards, a dear friend took her away to brighten his home in the city, she felt that indeed God had led her by a way she knew not.

HARD TIMES.

BY M.

Undoubtedly these are hard times ; but as the old saying is, "there is no use crying over spilled milk," and there's just as little use in bewailing what we cannot help ; let us rather try how we can so curtail our expenses as to bring our expenditure down to within our income.

With many people, the first step towards retrenchment is removing the children from school. Now, this may be all very well in some cases, but generally it is not the best plan. If you are so situated that you can instruct them yourself, or if you have an elder daughter who can, then the change will not only be a benefit to your pocket, but, perhaps, even to the children themselves, by the deeper, truer knowledge you will gain of their character and disposition. Even then, however, it would be well to think of the teacher from whom you remove them. It may be that she requires the additional money even more than you. Another way is to dismiss servants, and though that in many cases is not only necessary, but commendable, still I would say, enquire into the history of your servant first, and if, as is most likely, you find that the hard times are felt in her home as well as yours, think over your intention, and endeavor to find some other way of lightening your expenses.

Bringing home the family washing is

frequently done, as a means of saving, and if you have been in the habit of sending your clothes to a laundry, it is a very good way ; the loss of a few families' washing will not amount to much there, while you can give work for a day or two each week to some deserving charwoman. But if your washing is being done by some poor creature who has hard work to fill the hungry mouths of her little ones, do not take it away. Look carefully into the different items of your house-keeping till you find out where the real extravagances lie, and cut them off root and branch.

I would also ask you to continue giving out the whole, or part of your sewing, for the same reason as I do to keep on your servants. Most likely your seamstress needs the money as much, or even more than yourself.

Let us then try to discover ways in which we can retrench without doing an injury to others. And remember, that as the hard times are pressing sore on all, so my different modes of economizing will in some thing or other suit nearly all. The formerly wealthy man, whose home is a palace of luxury, is this year crippled in means, and is hard pushed to avoid insolvency. With care he may keep afloat till the better times come, but he must save. To such I would say, sell those fine horses that cost you so much to feed,

and you will be the richer by some hundreds of dollars, your wife and daughters the richer by increased health from increased exercise. "What of the coachman?" you say. If he is trustworthy, retain his services in some other capacity, or send him home and give him partial wages. The great saving in the one thing of horses, will enable you to act generously towards your old servant. Look carefully to your dress, and buy nothing but what is absolutely necessary; do not waste your money on ribbons, flowers, feathers, laces, when it is required for so many other purposes. Look to your table and be careful to cut off all extravagance there. You will soon be satisfied to do without pastry or confectionery, and it will be much better for you. A table laid with snowy linen, polished silver (if you possess it), and transparent glassware, costs nothing, yet adds greatly to the enjoyableness of the meal. See then that your economy does not reach far enough to destroy the look of your table. Do not let it interfere either with that genial flow of conversation which is so good a preventive of indigestion; but let it banish the rich plum pudding, the frosted cakes, the *Russes*, jellies, ice-creams—all in fact, that is not only unnecessary, but sometimes unhealthy—and let them be replaced by the plainer home-made dessert which costs so little, yet can be made so nutritious and tasty.

Wines, ales, liquors of all kinds, ought never to have had a place on your table; but if you have been so untrue to your own best interests as to use them, let this be your time to banish them forever. You will save far more than you think by doing so, and will be far more likely to tide over your present difficulties. Then when prosperity comes, buy back your horses if you wish, spend some of your surplus money on the many harmless extravagances which you had to give up; but as you value your soul's eternal welfare, never recall the tempting decan-

ters to their old place on your table.

A cigar seems a trifle, and a common clay pipe, filled with ill-flavored tobacco, still less; yet, dear readers, do you know they both cost money? Money which you can ill spare in times like these; money which would be much better employed in feeding your hungry little one, or in protecting their poor little "half frozen toes" from the cold.

Clubs are forever tugging at the purse-strings of a certain set,—to how great an extent the members only know. By some the expense can be easily borne, but to others it is galling, and to them I say: "Give it up till better times; your true friends will think none the worse of you."

Entertain more sparingly, more plainly, or (if very strict economy is needed) not at all. Better to bend to the storm like the sapling, and rise after it has blown over, than to withstand it like the oak, and be laid prostrate never to rise again.

There are many other ways by which those who are in earnest can lessen their expenses; scarce any two families will do so in exactly the same way, for what would suit one, would not the other. The hints I have given may be of use to some of the many to whom they are sent; but there is one thing which will do for all, and if I could only know that it has influenced even one family, I should be content. It is this; no matter what your station may be, no matter in what particular way you choose to save, let all share in it alike. Sons, do not leave all the saving to your fathers; nor daughters to your mothers; take each your share of the burden, carrying it bravely so long as needful. Don't be afraid of it, it is not nearly so heavy as you imagine, and you will feel yourselves well repaid by the closer companionship, the increased love and affection, and the strengthening of your own character, which will attend your honest and united efforts to economize.

PICTURE-FRAMES AND BOOK-SHELVES.

Pictures, which are like eyes to the face of a wall, are often foregone for lack of suitable frames for them; but picture-frames in various styles may easily be made at home. The passe-partout, which is the most generally useful, is manufactured as follows: Have a piece of glass the exact size of your picture. Take a piece of tinted drawing paper of similar dimensions, cut in it an oval (or square) through which the picture may be seen, and about half an inch from the edge of this oval draw a second oval, and then follow the line lightly with a sharp knife, so as to cut half-way through the thickness of the paper. This sounds easier than it is: the ovals must be accurately drawn with mathematical instruments, or at least with the aid of two pins connected by a string somewhat longer than the distance between the pins (the foci of the ellipse). The pencil is moved round inside the string, thus describing an ellipse or oval. In using the knife, particular care must be taken to secure a perfectly even and unwavering line; the appearance of the frame mainly depends upon this.

Now press inward the rim of drawing paper or card-board within the cut, thus giving the surface an appearance of solidity. It will look well to describe a third concentric oval outside the cut, and paint it with gold-paint; but it must be done with absolute evenness and neatness, or it will be much worse than nothing. Having thus completed the face of the frame, take a piece of pasteboard at least one-tenth of an inch thick, and of the same size as the glass, and roughly cut in it an aperture about three-quarters of an inch larger all round than that through which the picture is seen. Paste the drawing paper

or card-board on this, and lay the whole over the picture. Put the glass in its place on the top, and bind it to the frame by strips of leather-paper, cut with a straight edge on the side which laps over the glass, so as to form an even rim for the picture, and wide enough to take a good hold on the back of the frame. Cover the back with a sheet of thick brown paper, first taking care to paste on the pasteboard, at the top sides of the frame behind, two looped pieces of tape through which small brass rings are passed to hang the picture by. When the brown paper is pasted over these tapes they will hold very strongly. If the picture is intended to hang slanting forward from the wall, the tapes and rings must be so arranged as to come out a little less than half-way down the length of the frame.

This is the simplest recipe for passe-partout frames; there are many ways of adding to their prettiness, but the main rule for success is to be neat and accurate in all the operations, and to be careful not to get anything upside down, or wrong side before, and not to be in a hurry, but let the paste or glue dry before proceeding to the next step. By practice and care you may in time turn out frames as good or better than those in the shops.

Frames may also be made of brown leather cut in the shape of ivy leaves, oak-leaves, etc. Expensive tools are sold for making leather work to resemble oak-carvings; but for these simple leaves the only tools required are a sharp penknife, a piece of smooth board, and the handle of a tooth-brush ground down to a point, and used for shaping and "veining" the leaves before cutting them out. The leather,

which can be bought for a trifle at the saddlers', is called basil leather. Bind your glass to the picture with strips of brown paper, cut out and shape your leaves to resemble nature as closely as possible, and glue them round the rim of the glass, lapping them over one another, and letting them curl upward here and there. Varnish with copal varnish diluted with turpentine. If you have imitated oak leaves, you may add real oak-apples and acorns, varnishing them the same as the leather.

Another kind of frame is made by first strongly gluing the glass to the picture with brown paper strips, etc., and then rolling up some very stout brown paper, pressing it out flat, till it is an inch or two inches wide (according as you wish the frame to be). Glue it firmly into shape, and then glue tin-foil over it. When all is dry, glue it to the glass, cutting the corners aslant, so that they may fit to one another. Finish off with a narrow strip of red or black velvet, glued round the junction of the glass and frame.

By this time you ought to have used up all your glue, and would perhaps like a gilded frame by way of variety. Take any plain old wooden frame, and having put some boiled linseed oil in a saucer, expose it to the air for two or three days. Then mix with it some yellow ochre ground in oil, and you will have some oil goldsize, which, however, you might as well have bought ready-made. Now give the frame a coat of white paint, and three days afterward another. When both are quite hardened, rub down smooth with the finest quality of glass-paper. Then you may apply the gold-size, and let it "set" for twenty-four hours, and after that it is ready for the gold-leaf. The best way to put this on is as follows: Take a piece of tissue-paper two inches square, and rub one side of it lightly with white wax. Get a straight-edged knife and cut the gold in pieces just the breadth of the frame—say, an inch wide. Put the waxed side

of the paper on the gold-leaf, lift it up, and lay it on the frame; rub lightly on the paper with the finger, and the gold will adhere to the frame. Let each piece lap over the previous one about an eighth of an inch, so that the joinings may not show. When the frame is covered, pat over it with cotton-wool. Set it away for a few hours, then brush off the superfluous gold, and your week's labor is over.

If you desire ornamental book-shelves, get the carpenter to make you a plain set of deal, planed very smooth, and either ebonize and gild them, or else French-polish them as follows: Rub down the wood with No. 0 sand-paper until it feels satiny. Remove any dust that may have settled on it with a warm dry cloth; make a ball of cotton-wool covered with a bit of soft rag; on this pour a few drops of French-polish (shellac dissolved with heat in spirits of alcohol to about the thickness of cream). Now envelop the ball in another bit of soft linen rag, on which put one drop of *raw* linseed-oil. With this rub on the wood with circular sweeps, never stopping except to replenish the rubber with French-polish: it should never be allowed to get dry. Keep at work until the wood shows a polish, then put a few drops of spirits of wine on your rubber, and go over it again, till it appears quite bright and *unsmearly*. This gets rid of the dull spots caused by the oil, and insures a very thin coat of polish. Now take a rest of twenty-four hours—you will find it no less beneficial to yourself than to your work. When you begin again, rub with two-thirds French-polish to one-third methylated spirits of wine, and do not leave off, except for meals and sleep, till the surface of the wood is as bright as plate-glass. The harder and firmer your rubber is, the better; but it must, at any rate, be perfectly smooth. It must never be allowed to stick to the wood, and the drop of raw linseed-oil must be repeated as often as may be necessary to prevent this. So much for

polishing plain wood: if the wood be stained, it must be varnished before polishing, according to the directions already given for cabinets, etc.

A pretty hanging shelf for collections of shells or minerals can be made of glass and ribbon. Let the glazier cut three oblong pieces of glass for the shelves, and bore a small hole through each corner. Bind each shelf with ribbon, and pass ribbon from one hole to the other, at both ends of the shelf, so that the glass may be held in a sort of

sliding. Pass ribbons backward and forward through the holes of the next shelf, so as to go both under and over. The third shelf is similarly treated, the three being separated by such distance as you may desire. Lastly, catch the four ends of ribbon, two at each end, together under a rosette, and hang the whole by the rosette to a hook in the wall, and put bows beneath each hole in the lower shelf. Now arrange your shells and minerals at your leisure.—MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in *Bazaar*.

HOME HINTS.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A SCOLD.

I had not seen Mrs. — for a week, and supposed her either sick or away from home, when she drove up to my gate one morning, with all her children in the carriage, and stopped to exchange salutations. She really looked less bright and blooming than usual, and I said, "You have been ill." "There it is again," exclaimed she, laughing; everybody sees the want of oxygen in my blood. The truth is, I have been sewing steadily for a week, upon the children's dresses, and have not allowed myself a breath of fresh air, which I have always deemed essential to my health, and on which I am now convinced my good nature depends entirely. At the end of three days of unbroken sedentary employment, I begin always to falter, and can hardly eat or sleep; but on this occasion I held on to my work, and finished article after article, till my head was in such a whirl I could hardly count the garments as I laid them away. But yesterday I became

desperate; I scolded poor Bridget for some slight mistake, till she looked at me in unutterable amazement. I ordered every child out of the house, even baby Benny here, because I couldn't bear the sound of a footfall within it; and when my husband came at night and told me I looked really ill and nervous, it was the last feather that broke the camel's back—I was sure it was only a courteous way of saying I looked cross and ugly, and I burst into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing, and went to bed like a naughty child, at eight o'clock.

"This morning I locked up the unfinished pile of sewing. We have a dinner basket there in the carriage, and are off for the woods. The children say they are in pursuit of fun, but I am after oxygen."—*Iowa State Register*.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

As to simple home amusements. There are so many—do you use them? Let each child have his or her own

bottle of mucilage, and a book in which he can paste pictures, if he is old enough—scraps of paper if a little tot. At this season, too, there are the children's gardens. No flowers will give so much delight as those your little daughter has tended so lovingly. Somehow your little boy's vegetables thrive, in spite of the various experiments he tries,—perhaps it is that the soil is kept "stirred;" while baby knows her own little plot, which loving hands have filled with the dear old-fashioned favorites warranted to bloom. But above all, give your children the pleasure of cultivated society. You do your little girl great injustice in supposing that she cannot appreciate whatever talent, whatever powers of pleasing, you may have; and as to your boy, my heart grows full to overflowing at the thought of what you risk, of what you lose when you let your little son, for want of higher and better companionship, spend his time with uncultivated, superstitious and bigoted servants.

Almost all mothers can play a few tunes on the piano, and this can be made the source of great pleasure to the children, especially if a regular hour each day is devoted to it. What tender little compliments will be your reward when you sing your old favorites, and whatever others may think of the voice, worn and weakened by time and trouble, you are the star singer of the little home company.—*Hope Ledyard.*

STORE-ROOM AND LARDER.

A store-room, to be complete, should be filled with shelves subdivided into compartments to keep the contents separate. On the upper shelves may be placed glass, china, lamps, &c., that are not in daily use. On the middle shelves grocery, haberdashery, and similar stores; and on the lower shelf and floor heavy goods that do not often require moving. Good ventilation is necessary to the sound keeping of many goods. In fine weather the window of a store-

room should be opened daily and closed before evening mists gather.

Amongst the stores that it is most desirable to have at hand is a supply of such domestic medicines as ordinary emergencies may require. To these should be added a bundle of old linen, tapes, bandages, &c. The utmost danger has frequently arisen from the want of such resources when accidents have occurred.

In conclusion there is only one caution to observe. It is contained in the old saying that "plenty makes waste." The best safeguard against this error, is a pair of scales and a complete set of weights. Without these, guess-work, and rule-of-thumb are apt to prevail, by the practice of which buying wholesale and serving retail becomes decidedly unprofitable. Every article given from the store-room should be weighed with the same accuracy as is observed in dealing at a shop.

Larders.—It is not so easy to supply the deficiency of a larder as of a store-room. Almost any spare room may at a trifling outlay, be converted into a store-room, whereas, if the construction of a larder be not included in the building-plan, the after addition of it is seldom successful. The best situation for a larder is on the shady side of a house, where, although screened from the sun, good ventilation prevails. The window should be made to let down from the top, as well as to be raised from the bottom. In ordinary weather the window should be left open a few inches, both above and below, day and night. The only precaution necessary to prevent intruders in the form of cats, mice, birds, &c., is a covering on the outside composed of wire gauze or perforated zinc. During summer the addition of some coarse muslin over the window will effectually exclude "blow-flies"—those destructive agents to meat whilst "hanging."

The flooring of a larder should consist of stone, and the walls should be

lime-whited at least once a year. Shelves should be placed on all sides save one, and in the ceiling over this open space large iron hooks should be placed. These are for joints that are getting tender for cooking.

Nails, hooks and pegs should be placed on all available space for any articles that may be kept in a larder. By hanging up such things the shelves are kept clear for more important articles, and orderly arrangement is insured.

One of the things which require a cool corner in a larder is a covered earthenware pan to contain bread "in cut." The pan should be wiped out with a clean cloth daily, and two or three times a week it is necessary to dry it at the fire in order to prevent the disagreeable mouldy taste which affects bread when kept in a damp place. Bread not in cut should not be placed in the pan, lest the small pieces should get hidden beneath the uncut loaves. It is better to have no pan than to allow this arrangement. Next to the bread pan a flour tub may be appropriately placed. This, as the name implies, should be made of wood and fitted with a cover.

Another article that requires a shady corner in a larder is a ham pan, wherein it is profitable to keep a piece of meat in pickle. A piece of silver side or brisket of beef, a leg of pork, or a thin, streaky piece, are useful resources when an unexpected addition to the family dinner table occurs. If it be a pickle made of salt, saltpetre and moist sugar, it should be periodically boiled, skimmed, and refreshed previous to use. The pan containing the pickle should also be frequently scalded.

Under the shelves, baskets or ham-pers should be kept, containing vegetables in daily use, such as potatoes, carrots, onions, celery, &c. ; and in the window a cook's bouquet may stand, consisting of cucumbers, celery, parsley, or water-cress, according to the season of the year. The latter keep better in water than when left on flag-stones.

A pantry to be complete should be provided with basins, dishes and bowls distinct from the kind in ordinary use. Many servants have a habit of setting joints on the same dishes as those on which they appeared at table. The joint should be removed to another dish, and the meat turned upside downwards. The gravy from the original dish should be poured into a cup or basin. This gravy is useful for making *rechauffés*. Willow-pattern dishes are the most serviceable for pantry use.

There is also another precaution to be observed in setting aside stock or gravies, namely, *to put nothing of the kind into a larder until the liquid is perfectly cold*. It is a common practice with cooks to strain off the stock the last thing at night, and to place it on the pantry shelf, where, with closed window and door it is liable before morning, especially in warm weather, to taint all other provisions. The mistress of a household should visit her larder daily, and give no orders about dinner, except on the spot where the provisions are collected together. She should distinctly point out each article to be made use of in the preparation of the meals; by so doing the interrogatories to which a housekeeper is liable are obviated, and the incessant rat-tat, followed by cook's appearance, with the usual "Oh, if you please, ma'am, we've got no such and such a thing," is thus put an end to. In many houses the jingling of the housekeeper's keys never ceases till dinner time, when the mistress declares, and doubtless with reason, that she is quite worn out with the fatigues of the morning.—*Practical Housekeeping*.

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

All children love flowers, and experience has taught me how large an amount of actual happiness may be secured to our darlings, by giving them in abundance these dear little floral pets to love, cultivate, and enjoy to their heart's content. One of my own little

girls began at three years old to take care of the plants that adorned her play-room. Having neither sister nor brother she made companions of her flowers, flitting about among the taller plants like a very butterfly, talking to her pets, and handling them with such gentle and loving care as was beautiful to behold. First I gave her half-a-dozen in tiny pots, promising her more as soon as I found her capable of caring for them. There was a monthly rose, fuschia, carnation-pink, heliotrope, pansy, and a scarlet geranium, all in bloom when she took charge of them in September. So successful was this her first attempt at window-gardening, that they all continued to unfold a wealth of blossoms even amid the snows of December; and with half-a-dozen others that I had carefully nursed for the same purpose, they helped to adorn the Christmas-tree that made glad the heart of my little one and her friends during the cheery holiday season.

She had watered the plants herself, picked off the withered leaves, turned the pots around in the windows to promote a symmetrical growth, and occasionally lightened the earth about the roots. Of course, I instructed her how to do all this at first, but she did the work with her own dear little hands, and with very little supervision after the first week; and a year later I found her almost equal to the entire care of my larger collection of house-plants, scattered over many rooms of a large dwelling. The work was healthful and pleasant, not a task but a very joy of which my dainty little gardener never wearied, and which served to while off many an hour when I was busy at my desk or about household duties. It was thus a double help, and so many a busy mother will find it by trying the experiment with her own wee darlings. Children need something besides play to make them happy, and they delight above all things in "helping mother." Give them light, easy work to do, show them how at first,

and then leave them to exercise their own powers of mind and body. If they make mistakes, as of course they will, show them how to correct their own work, and then let them try again, both in the care of plants and other household duties. The effort to be helpful makes glad their little hearts, and cultivates patience, industry, order, and above all care for the comfort and happiness of others.—*Fanny Roper Fudge, in Christian Weekly.*

OUR PARLORS.

Under this title we find an excellent little sketch in *Arthur's Home Magazine*, and reproduce it here. The fashion of having a "fine room" which may not be used by the members of the family, lest the pretty things in it should be injured or soiled, is one which thoroughly deserves the sarcasm which gleams in every sentence of Mrs. Bell's story. What home is worth the having that cannot be used in its every part?

"Now, pa, don't go in there, with your old, dirty clothes on. I've just got it cleaned, and I don't want the carpet soiled and the room all mussed up for nothing!"

"Pa," as Mrs. Fowler called her husband, stopped on the threshold, and looked for a moment across upon the forbidden ground; then, with a sigh, turned away, passed out and took a seat on a wooden chair in one corner of the old, dingy kitchen.

He had spent nearly a quarter of an hour brushing and cleaning up before he dared venture to even go into the sitting-room, and thought he would just step into the parlor and try that new easy-chair he brought from town last week, and hear Jennie play on the piano he had sacrificed so much to buy for her. He seldom if ever heard it any nearer than the kitchen, and there he sat now, thinking and wondering. He toiled and worked hard all day on his broad acres, and for what? To earn a corner of the poorest room in his own house, and a

wooden chair to sit upon! He used to enjoy himself when they had but one room, and all sat together of an evening. But the wife and daughter had outgrown and outlived those old primitive ways, and those old-fashioned days, and the consequence was, the parlor was too nice for "pa" to enter, unless, indeed, when the stove had to be moved, or the whitewashing done, or the carpet taken up and dragged out once every year. And he sometimes found himself wondering if there was not a bit of reason in the question little four-year-old Freddy asked him one day.

"Pa, will they have nice rosy carpets, and soft chairs, and lace curtains up in Heaven?"

"I hope not, child. Why do you ask?"

"Because I was thinking, papa, maybe they wouldn't let you and me in, you know."

But how many homes there are all over our land, where the proper head of the family, the one whose money buys all the fine things, the one who toils to earn them, rarely is permitted to enjoy them. How often do the dear, tired feet walk across the velvet roses on the new carpet, to purchase which they have, perhaps, plodded many a mile, uphill and down, behind the plough?

How many times a year, in such households, does the weary head, over which the silver threads are beginning to creep, lean back, in quiet, restful peace, against the cushions of those easy-chairs? and yet, there they stand for—somebody.

Perhaps the buying of them made some of those same silver threads steal in among the dark locks, for the brow was wrinkled in deep, earnest thought for weeks, planning how to afford the means to buy just those same easy-chairs. But wife and daughter said "*must*," and so they were purchased.

Oh, dear women! don't shut up your parlors. Don't, after you have cleaned, and repapered, and put up your prettiest pictures, and brackets, and ornaments, and have stood back

and looked all around, and thought how such a painting would look to Mr. So-and-so, or such a piece of furniture would set Mrs. Not-over-wise raging with envy. Don't, I say, give a satisfied nod, and then go round to each window and slam shut the blinds, and close up every chink where the least ray of sunlight can peep in, and go off in the little, heated back room and sit down, tired and warm, and exhausted, and imagine you have done your duty. No, don't do it, dear, whoever you are, wherever your home is; but open the windows—don't be afraid of a little sunshine. Of course, nobody wants her best carpet all faded out by the glaring, noonday sun. To enjoy the sunshine, it isn't necessary to broil in it, but let in enough once in a while to take away that gloomy, chilly, parlor-y atmosphere that is so often found in this one best (oftener worst) room in the house. Let in a laughing sunbeam once in awhile, and see how much prettier the roses on the carpet will blush, and how the pale photograph faces will brighten in their walnut frames, and almost seem to nod a pleasant "thank you" for the cheering ray of out-door beauty. And when you arrange your rooms, instead of trying to excite emulation in those who come and sit, perhaps ten minutes with you twice a year—ruffled, and puffed, and furbeled, and crimped, and curled, and kid-gloved—think lovingly of the dear ones at home, and of their comfort and happiness. Think, "Now I'll put this easy-chair here by this pleasantest window, where the rose-bush grows, for father will like to sit here after he comes in at evening, and this footstool for little Jennie at his feet; and this pretty picture of little Nellie, who went to Heaven a two-year baby, shall hang right here, low down, where grandma can see it, for she was grandma's pet; and the stand and the bracket that Charlie made shall be here in this corner, for though they are a little rough, yet the dear boy-hands made them for mamma's birth-

day present." And so weave love into every nook and corner, and you'll never want to shut it all up—your best room, your parlor—and only open it to outsiders. You will enjoy it best then with your own loved ones around you, for they will appreciate your thoughtfulness, and pay you in the home endearments that are better than fashion, better than glitter, better than anything outside of the four walls made dear and sacred by sweet home ties.

Literary Notices.

DANIEL DERONDA. By George Elliot.
Books IV—VIII.

Some months since, we gave extracts from the first three parts of this work, which has deservedly attracted so much attention. The book is now complete, and, as a whole, has received a great deal of admiration and criticism. The heir, brought up as the nephew of an English baronet, is led to take a great interest in the future of the Jewish nation, by intercourse with a wonderful old man named Mordecai. He then discovers his Jewish parentage, and devotes his life to seeking the welfare of his people. Throughout the book he is represented as exerting a strange, magnetic influence over the beautiful Gwendolen, who seeks advice from him on every possible occasion, and desires to win his approval. Deronda is deeply interested in her, but his love is drawn out towards Mirah, the Jewess, whom he finally marries. We continue our series of extracts :

GWENDOLEN'S MARRIAGE.

"A wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores."

—SHAKESPEARE.

On the day when Gwendolen Harleth was married and became Mrs. Grandcourt, the morning was clear and bright, and while the sun was low a slight frost crisped the leaves. The bridal party was worth seeing, and half Pennicote turned out to see it, lining the pathway up to

the church. An old friend of the Rector's performed the marriage ceremony, the Rector himself acting as father, to the great advantage of the procession.

Gwendolen, in fact, never showed more elasticity in her bearing, more lustre in her long brown glance; she had the brilliancy of strong excitement, which will sometimes come even from pain. It was not pain, however, that she was feeling; she had wrought herself up to much the same condition as that in which she stood at the gambling table when Deronda was looking at her, and she began to lose. There was enjoyment in it; whatever uneasiness a growing conscience had created was disregarded as an ailment might have been amidst the gratification of that ambitious vanity and desire for luxury within her which it would take a great deal of slow poisoning to kill. This morning she could not have said truly that she repented her acceptance of Grandcourt, or that any fears in hazy perspective could hinder the glowing effects of the immediate scene in which she was the central object. That she was doing something wrong—that a punishment might be hanging over her—that the woman to whom she had given a promise and broken it was thinking of her in bitterness and misery with a just reproach—that Deronda, with his way of looking into things, very likely despised her for marrying Grandcourt, as he had despised her for gambling—above all, that the cord which united her with this lover, and which she had hitherto held by the hand, was now being flung over her neck: all this yeasty mingling of dimly understood facts with vague but deep impressions, and with images half real, half fantastic, had been disturbing her during the weeks of her engagement. Was that agitating experience nullified this morning? No; it was surmounted and thrust down with a sort of exulting defiance as she felt herself standing at the game of life with many eyes upon her, daring everything to win much—or if to lose, still with *celar* and a sense of importance. But this morning a losing destiny for herself did not press upon her as a fear: she

thought that she was entering on a fuller power of managing circumstance—with all the official strength of marriage, which some women made so poor a use of. That intoxication of youthful egotism, out of which she had been shaken by trouble, humiliation, and a new sense of culpability, had returned upon her under the newly fed strength of the old fumes. She did not in the least present the ideal of the tearful, tremulous bride. Poor Gwendolen, whom some had judged much too forward and instructed in the world's ways!—with her erect head and elastic footstep she was walking amidst illusions; and yet, too, there was an under-consciousness in her that she was a little intoxicated.

There was a railway journey of some fifty miles before the new husband and wife reached the station near Ryelands. The sky had veiled itself since the morning, and it was hardly more than twilight when they entered the park gates; but still Gwendolen, looking out of the carriage window as they drove rapidly along, could see the grand outlines and the nearer beauties of the scene—the long winding drive bordered with evergreens backed by huge gray stems; then the opening of wide grassy spaces and undulations studded with dark clumps; till at last came a wide level where the white house could be seen, with a hanging wood for a background, and the rising and sinking balustrade of a terrace in front.

Gwendolen had been at her liveliest during the journey, chatting incessantly, ignoring any change in their mutual position since yesterday; and Grandcourt had been rather ecstatically quiescent, while she turned his gentle seizure of her hand into a grasp of his hand by both hers, with an increased vivacity, as of a kitten that will not sit quiet to be petted. She was really getting somewhat febrile in her excitement; and now in this drive through the park her usual susceptibility to changes of light and scenery helped to make her heart palpitate newly. Was it at the novelty simply, or the almost incredible fulfilment about to be given to her girlish dreams of being "somebody"—walking through her own furlong of corridors and under her own ceilings of an out-of-sight loftiness, where her own painted Spring was shedding painted flowers, and her own foreshortened Zephyrs were blowing their trumpets over her; while her own servants, lackeys in clothing, but men in bulk and shape, were as naught in her presence, and revered the propriety of her insolence to them;—being in short the heroine of an admired play without the pains of art? Was it alone the closeness of this fulfilment which made her heart flutter? or was it some dim forecast, the insistent penetration of suppressed experience, mixing the expectation of a triumph with the dread of a crisis? Hers was one of the natures in which exultation inevitably carries an infusion of dread ready to curdle and declare itself.

She fell silent in spite of herself as they approached the gates, and when her husband said, "Here we are at home!" and for the first time kissed her on the lips, she hardly knew of it:

it was no more than the passive acceptance of a greeting in the midst of an absorbing show. Was not all her hurrying life of the last three months a show, in which her consciousness was a wondering spectator? After the half-willful excitement of the day, a numbness had come over her personality.

But there was a brilliant light in the hall—warmth, matting, carpets, full-length portraits, Olympian statues, assiduous servants. Not many servants, however: only a few from Diploiw in addition to those constantly in charge of the house; and Gwendolen's new maid, who had come with her, was taken under guidance by the housekeeper. Gwendolen felt herself being led by Grandcourt along a subtly scented corridor, then into an anteroom, where she saw an open doorway sending out a rich glow of light and color.

"These are our dens," said Grandcourt. "You will like to be quiet here till dinner. We shall dine early."

He pressed her hand to his lips and moved away, more in love than he had ever expected to be.

Gwendolen, yielding up her hat and mantle, threw herself into a chair by the glowing hearth, and saw herself repeated in glass panels with all her faint green satin surroundings. The housekeeper had passed into this boudoir from the adjoining dressing-room, and seemed disposed to linger, Gwendolen thought, in order to look at the new mistress of Ryelands, who, however, being impatient for solitude, said to her, "Will you tell Hudson when she has put out my dress to leave everything? I shall not want her again, unless I ring."

The housekeeper, coming forward, said, "Here is a packet, madam, which I was ordered to give into nobody's hands but yours, when you were alone. The person who brought it said it was a present particularly ordered by Mr. Grandcourt; but he was not to know of its arrival till he saw you wear it. Excuse me, madam: I felt it right to obey orders."

Gwendolen took the packet, and let it lie on her lap till she heard the doors close. It came into her mind that the packet might contain the diamonds which Grandcourt had spoken of as being deposited somewhere, and to be given to her on her marriage. In this moment of confused feeling and creeping luxurious languor she was glad of this diversion—glad of such an event as having her own diamonds to try on.

Within all the sealed paper coverings was a box, but within the box there *was* a jewel-case; and now she felt no doubt that she had the diamonds. But on opening the case, in the same instant that she saw their gleam she saw a letter lying above them. She knew the handwriting of the address. It was as if an adder had lain on them. Her heart gave a leap which seemed to have spent all her strength; and as she opened the bit of thin paper, it shook with the trembling of her hands. But it was legible as print, and thrust its words upon her.

"These diamonds, which were once given with ardent love to Lydia Glasher, she passes

on to you. You have broken your word to her, that you might possess what was hers. Perhaps you think of being happy, as she once was, and of having beautiful children such as hers, who will thrust hers aside. God is too just for that. The man you have married has a withered heart. His best young love was mine; you could not take that from me when you took the rest. It is dead; but I am the grave in which your chance of happiness is buried as well as mine. You had your warning. You have chosen to injure me and my children. He had meant to marry me. He would have married me at last, if you had not broken your word. You will have your punishment. I desire it with all my soul.

"Will you give him this letter to 'set him against me and ruin us more—me and my children? Shall you like to stand before your husband with these diamonds on you, and these words of mine in his thoughts and yours? Will he think you have any right to complain when he has made you miserable? You took him with your eyes open. The willing wrong you have done me will be your curse."

It seemed at first as if Gwendolen's eyes were spell-bound in reading the horrible words of the letter over and over again as a doom of penance; but suddenly a new spasm of terror made her lean forward and stretch out the paper toward the fire, lest accusation and proof at once should meet all eyes. It flew like a feather from her trembling fingers and was caught up in the great draught of flame. In her movement the casket fell on the floor and the diamonds rolled out. She took no notice, but fell back in her chair again helpless. She could not see the reflections of herself then: they were like so many women petrified white; but coming near herself, you might have seen the tremor in her lips and hands. She sat so for a long while, knowing little more than that she was feeling ill, and that those written words kept repeating themselves in her.

Truly here were poisoned gems, and the poison had entered into this poor young creature.

After that long while, there was a tap at the door, and Grandcourt entered, dressed for dinner. The sight of him brought a new nervous shock, and Gwendolen screamed again and again with hysterical violence. He had expected to see her dressed and smiling, ready to be led down. He saw her pallid, shrieking, as it seemed with terror, the jewels scattered around her on the floor. Was it a fit of madness?

In some form or other the Furies had crossed his threshold.

MIRAH SINGING.

"Would it be disagreeable to you to sing now?" said Deronda, with a more deferential gentleness than he had ever been conscious of before.

"Oh, I shall like it," said Mirah. "My voice has come back a little with rest."

Perhaps her ease of manner was due to something more than the simplicity of her nature. The circumstances of her life had made her think of everything she did as work demanded from her, in which affectation had nothing to do; and she had begun her work before self-consciousness was born.

She immediately rose and went to the piano—a somewhat worn instrument that seemed to get the better of its infirmities under the firm touch of her small fingers as she preluded. Deronda placed himself where he could see her while she sang; and she took everything as quietly as if she had been a child going to breakfast.

Imagine her—it is always good to imagine a human creature in whom bodily loveliness seems as properly one with the entire being as the bodily loveliness of those wondrous transparent orbs of life that we find in the sea—imagine her with her dark hair brushed from her temples, but yet showing certain tiny rings there which had cunningly found their own way back, the mass of it hanging behind just to the nape of the little neck in curly fibres, such as renew themselves at their own will after being bathed into straightness like that of water-grasses. Then see the perfect cameo her profile makes, cut in a dusky shell where by some happy fortune there pierced a gem-like darkness for the eye and eye-brow; the delicate nostrils defined enough to be ready for sensitive movements, the finished ear, the firm curves of the chin and neck entering into the expression of a refinement which was not feebleness.

She sang Beethoven's "Per pietà non dirmi addio," with a subdued but searching pathos which had that essential of perfect singing, the making one oblivious of art or manner, and only possessing one with the song. It was the sort of voice that gives the impression of being meant, like a bird's wooing, for an audience near and beloved. Deronda began by looking at her, but felt himself presently covering his eyes with his hand, wanting to seclude the melody in darkness; then he refrained from what might seem oddity, and was ready to meet the look of mute appeal which she turned toward him at the end.

MORDECAI.

One of the shop windows he paused before was that of a second-hand book-shop, where, on a narrow table outside, the literature of the ages was represented in judicious mixture, from the immortal verse of Homer to the mortal prose of the railway novel. That the mixture was judicious was apparent from Deronda's finding in it something that he wanted, namely, that wonderful bit of autobiography, the life of the Polish Jew, Salomon Maimon, which, as he could easily slip it into his pocket, he took from its place, and entered the shop to pay for, expecting to see behind the counter a grimy personage showing that *nonchalance* about sales which seems to belong universally to the second-hand book business. In most other trades you find generous men who are anxious to sell you

their wares for your own welfare; but even a Jew will not urge Simpson's Euclid on you with an affectionate assurance that you will have pleasure in reading it, and that he wishes he had twenty more of the article, so much is it in request. One is led to fear that a second-hand bookseller may belong to that unhappy class of men who have no belief in the good of what they get their living by, yet keep conscience enough to be morose rather than unctuous in their vocation.

But instead of the ordinary tradesman, he saw, on the dark background of books in the long narrow shop, a figure that was somewhat startling in its unusualness. A man in thread-bare clothing, whose age was difficult to guess—from the dead yellowish flatness of the flesh, something like an old ivory carving—was seated on a stool against some book-shelves that projected beyond the short counter, doing nothing more remarkable than reading the yesterday's *Times*; but when he let the paper rest on his lap and looked at the incoming customer, the thought glanced through Deronda that precisely such a physiognomy as that might possibly have been seen in a prophet of the Exile, or in some New Hebrew poet of the mediæval time. It was a finely typical Jewish face, wrought into intensity of expression apparently by a strenuous eager experience in which all the satisfaction had been indirect and far off, and perhaps by some bodily suffering also, which involved that absence of ease in the present. The features were clear cut, not large; the brow not high, but broad, and fully defined by the crisp black hair. It might never have been a particularly handsome face, but it must always have been forcible; and now with its dark, far-off gaze, and yellow pallor in relief on the gloom of the backward shop, one might have imagined one's self coming upon it in some past prison of the Inquisition, which a mob had suddenly burst open; while the look fixed on an incidental customer seemed eager and questioning enough to have been turned on one who might have been a messenger either of delivery or of death. The figure was probably familiar and unexciting enough to the inhabitants of this street; but to Deronda's mind it brought so strange a blending of the unwonted with the common, that there was a perceptible interval of mutual observation before he asked his question, "What is the price of this book?"

After taking the book and examining the fly-leaves without rising, the supposed bookseller said, "There is no mark, and Mr. Ram is not in now. I am keeping the shop while he is gone to dinner. What are you disposed to give for it?" He held the book closed on his lap with his hand on it, and looked examiningly at Deronda, over whom there came the disagreeable idea that possibly this striking personage wanted to see how much could be got out of a customer's ignorance of prices. But without further reflection he said, "Don't you know how much it is worth?"

"Not its market price. May I ask have you read it?"

"No. I have read an account of it, which makes me want to buy it."

"You are a man of learning—you are interested in Jewish history?" This was said in a deepened tone of eager enquiry.

"I am certainly interested in Jewish history," said Deronda, quietly, curiosity overcoming his dislike to the sort of inspection as well as questioning he was under.

But immediately the strange Jew rose from his sitting posture, and Deronda felt a thin hand pressing his arm tightly, while a hoarse, excited voice, not much above a loud whisper, said,

"You are perhaps of our race?"

Deronda colored deeply, not liking the grasp, and then answered, with a slight shake of the head, "No." The grasp was relaxed, the hand withdrawn, the eagerness of the face collapsed into uninterested melancholy, as if some possessing spirit which had leaped into the eyes and gestures had sunk back again to the inmost recesses of the frame; and moving further off as he held out the little book, the stranger said, in a tone of distant civility, "I believe Mr. Ram will be satisfied with half a crown, sir."

The effect of this change on Deronda—he afterward smiled when he recalled it—was oddly embarrassing and humiliating, as if some high dignitary had found him deficient and given him his *congé*. There was nothing further to be said, however: he paid his half-crown and carried off his *Salomon Maimon's Lebensgeschichte* with a mere "good-morning."

THE JEWISH CLUB.

"I have caused you some uneasiness, I fear," said Deronda, "by my slowness in fulfilling my promise. I wished to come yesterday, but I found it impossible."

"Yes, yes; I trusted you. But it is true I have been uneasy, for the spirit of my youth has been stirred within me, and this body is not strong enough to bear the beating of its wings. I am as a man bound and imprisoned through long years: behold him brought to speech of his fellow and his limbs set free: he weeps, he totters, the joy within him threatens to break and overthrow the tabernacle of flesh."

"You must not speak too much in this evening air," said Deronda, feeling Mordecai's words of reliance like so many cords binding him painfully. "Cover your mouth with the woollen scarf. We are going to the 'Hand and Banner,' I suppose, and shall be in private there?"

"No, that is my trouble that you did not come yesterday. For this is the evening of the club I spoke of, and we might not have any minutes alone until late, when all the rest are gone. Perhaps we had better seek another place. But I am used to that only. In new places the outer world presses on me and narrows the inward vision. And the people there are familiar with my face."

"I don't mind the club, if I am allowed to go in," said Deronda. "It is enough that you like this place best. If we have not enough time, I will come again. What sort of club is it?"

"It is called, 'The Philosophers.' They are few—like the cedars of Lebanon—poor men given to thought. But none so poor as I am: and sometimes visitors of higher worldly rank have been brought. We are allowed to introduce a friend who is interested in our topics. Each orders beer or some other kind of drink, in payment for the room. Most of them smoke. I have gone when I could, for there are other men of my race who come, and sometimes I have broken silence. I have pleased myself with a faint likeness between these poor philosophers and the Masters who handed down the thought of our race—the great Transmitters, who labored with their hands for scant bread, but preserved and enlarged for us the heritage of memory, and saved the soul of Israel alive as a seed among the tombs. The heart pleases itself with faint resemblances."

"I shall be very glad to go and sit among them, if that will suit you. It is a sort of meeting I should like to join in," said Deronda, not without relief in the prospect of an interval before he went through the strain of his next private conversation with Mordecai.

In three minutes they had opened the glazed door with the red curtain, and were in the little parlor, hardly much more than fifteen feet square, where the gas-light shone through a slight haze of smoke on what to Deronda was a new and striking scene. Half a dozen men of various ages, from between twenty and thirty to fifty, all shabbily dressed, most of them with clay pipes in their mouths, were listening with a look of concentrated intelligence to a man in a pepper-and-salt dress, with blonde hair, short nose, broad forehead, and general breadth, who, holding his pipe slightly uplifted in the left hand, and beating his knee with the right, was just finishing a quotation from Shelley (the comparison of the avalanche in his "Prometheus Unbound")—

"As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round."

The entrance of the new-comers broke the fixity of attention, and called for a re-arrangement of seats in the too narrow semicircle round the fire-place and the table holding the glasses, spare pipes, and tobacco. This was the soberest of clubs; but sobriety is no reason why smoking and "taking something" should be less imperiously needed as a means of getting a decent status in company and debate. Mordecai was received with welcoming voices which had a slight cadence of compassion in them, but naturally all glances passed immediately to his companion.

"I have brought a friend who is interested in our subjects," said Mordecai. "He has travelled and studied much."

"Is the gentleman anonymous? Is he a Great Unknown?" said the broad-chested quoter of Shelley, with a humorous air.

"My name is Daniel Deronda. I am unknown, but not in any sense great." The smile breaking over the stranger's grave face as he said this was so agreeable that there was a general

indistinct murmur, equivalent to a "Hear, hear," and the broad man said,

"You recommend the name, sir, and are welcome. Here, Mordecai, come to this corner against me," he added, evidently wishing to give the coziest place to the one who most needed it.

Deronda was well satisfied to get a seat on the opposite side, where his general survey of the party easily included Mordecai, who remained an eminently striking object in this group of sharply characterized figures, more than one of whom, even to Daniel's little exercised discrimination, seemed probably of Jewish descent.

In fact, pure English blood (if leech or lancet can furnish us with the precise product) did not declare itself predominantly in the party at present assembled. Miller, the broad man, an exceptional second-hand bookseller who knew the insides of books, had at least grandparents who called themselves German, and possibly far-away ancestors who denied themselves to be Jews; Buchan, the saddler, was Scotch; Pash, the watchmaker, was a small, dark, vivacious, triple-baked Jew; Gideon, the optical instrument maker, was a Jew of the red-haired, generous-featured type easily passing for Englishmen of unusually cordial manners; and Croop, the dark-eyed shoemaker, was probably more Celtic than he knew. Only three would have been discernible everywhere as Englishmen: the wood inlayer Goodwin, well built, open-faced, pleasant-voiced; the florid laboratory assistant Marrables; and Lilly, the pale, neat-faced copying clerk, whose light brown hair was set up in a small parallelogram above his well-filled forehead, and whose shirt, taken with an otherwise seedy costume, had a freshness that might be called insular, and perhaps even something narrower.

Certainly a company select of the select among poor men, being drawn together by a taste not prevalent even among the privileged heirs of learning and its institutions; and not likely to amuse any gentleman in search of crime or low comedy as the ground of interest in people whose weekly income is only divisible into shillings. Deronda, even if he had not been more than usually inclined to gravity under the influence of what was pending between him and Mordecai, would not have set himself to find food for laughter in the various shades of departure from the tone of polished society sure to be observable in the air and talk of these men who had probably snatched knowledge as most of us snatch indulgences, making the utmost of scant opportunity.

MORDECAI'S STORY.

"You will take up my life where it was broken. I feel myself back in that day when my life was broken. The bright morning sun was on the quay—it was at Trieste—the garments of men from all nations shone like jewels—the boats were pushing off—the Greek vessel that would land us at Beyrout was to start in an

hour. I was going with a merchant as his clerk and companion. I said, I shall behold the lands and people of the East, and I shall speak with a fuller vision. I breathed then as you do, without labor; I had the light step and the endurance of youth; I could fast, I could sleep on the hard ground. I had wedded poverty, and I loved my bride—for poverty to me was freedom. My heart exulted as if it had been the heart of Moses ben Maimon, strong with the strength of threescore years, and knowing the work that was to fill them. It was the first time I had been south: the soul within me felt its former sun; and standing on the quay, where the ground I stood on seemed to send forth light, and the shadows had an azure glory as of spirits become visible, I felt myself in the flood of a glorious life, wherein my own small year-counted existence seemed to melt, so that I knew it not; and a great sob arose within me as at the rush of waters that were too strong a bliss. So I stood there awaiting my companion; and I saw him not till he said, 'Ezra, I have been to the post, and there is your letter.'

"Ezra!" exclaimed Deronda, unable to contain himself.

"Ezra," repeated Mordecai, affirmatively, engrossed in memory. "I was expecting a letter; for I wrote continually to my mother. And that sound of my name was like the touch of a wand that recalled me to the body wherefrom I had been released as it were to mingle with the ocean of human existence, free from the pressure of individual bondage. I opened the letter; and the name came again as a cry that would have disturbed me in the bosom of heaven, and made me yearn to reach where that sorrow was—'Ezra, my son!'"

Mordecai paused again, his imagination arrested by the grasp of that long-passed moment. Deronda's mind was almost breathlessly suspended on what was coming. A strange possibility had suddenly presented itself. Mordecai's eyes were cast down in abstracted contemplation, and in a few moments he went on:

"She was a mother of whom it might have come—yea, might have come to be said, 'Her children arise up and call her blessed.' In her I understood the meaning of that Master who, perceiving the footsteps of his mother, rose up and said, 'The majesty of the Eternal cometh near!' And that letter was her cry from the depths of anguish and desolation—the cry of a mother robbed of her little one. I was her eldest. Death had taken four babes, one after the other. Then came late my little sister, who was more than all the rest the desire of her mother's eyes; and the letter was a piercing cry to me—'Ezra, my son, I am robbed of her. He has taken her away, and left disgrace behind. They will never come again.'"—Here Mordecai lifted his eyes suddenly, laid his hand on Deronda's arm, and said, "Mine was the lot of Israel. For the sin of the father my soul must go into exile. For the sin of the father the work was broken, and the day of fulfilment delayed. She who bore me was desolate, disgraced, destitute. I turned back. On the in-

stant I turned—her spirit, and the spirit of her fathers, who had worthy Jewish hearts, moved within me, and drew me. God, in whom dwells the universe, was within me as the strength of obedience. I turned and travelled with hardship—to save the scant money which she would need. I left the sunshine, and travelled into freezing cold. In the last stage I spent a night in exposure to cold and snow. And that was the beginning of this slow death."

Mordecai let his eyes wander again, and removed his hand. Deronda resolutely repressed the questions which urged themselves within him. While Mordecai was in this state of emotion, no other confidence must be sought than what came spontaneously: nay, he himself felt a kindred emotion which made him dread his own speech as too momentous.

"But I worked. We were destitute—everything had been seized. And she was ill: the clutch of anguish was too strong for her, and wrought with some lurking disease. At times she could not stand for the beating of her heart, and the images in her brain became as chambers of terror, where she beheld my sister reared in evil. In the dead of night I heard her crying for her child. Then I rose, and we stretched forth our arms together and prayed. We poured forth our souls in desire that Mirah might be delivered from evil."

"Mirah?" Deronda repeated, wishing to assure himself that his ears had not been deceived by a forecasting imagination. "Did you say Mirah?"

"That was my little sister's name. After we had prayed for her my mother would rest a while. It had lasted hardly four years, and in the minutes before she died, we were praying the same prayer—I aloud, she silently. Her soul went forth upon its wings."

"Have you never since heard of your sister?" said Deronda, as quietly as he could.

"Never. Never have I heard whether she was delivered according to our prayer. I know not, I know not. Who shall say where the pathways lie? The poisonous will of the wicked is strong. It poisoned my life—it is slowly stifling this breath. Death delivered my mother, and I felt it a blessedness that I was alone in the winters of suffering. But what are the winters now?—they are far off"—here Mordecai again rested his hand on Deronda's arm, and looked at him with that joy of the hectic patient which pierces us to sadness—"there is nothing to wail in the withering of my body. The work will be the better done. Once I said, the work of this beginning is mine, I am born to do it. Well, I shall do it. I shall live in you. I shall live in you."

His grasp had become convulsive in its force, and Deronda, agitated as he had never been before—the certainty that this was Mirah's brother suffusing his own strange relation to Mordecai with a new solemnity and tenderness—felt his strong young heart beating faster and his lips paling. He shrank from speech. He feared, in Mordecai's present state of exaltation (already an alarming strain on his feeble frame) to utter

a word of revelation about Mirah. He feared to make an answer below that high pitch of expectation which resembled a flash from a dying fire, making watchers fear to see it dying the faster. His dominant impulse was to do as he had once done before; he laid his firm, gentle hand on the hand that grasped him. Mordecai's, as if it had a soul of its own—for he was not distinctly willing to do what he did—relaxed its grasp, and turned upward under Deronda's. As the two palms met and pressed each other, Mordecai recovered some sense of his surroundings, and said,

"Let us go now. I cannot talk any longer."

DERONDA AND HIS MOTHER.

"Where was my grandfather's home?"

"Here in Genoa, when I was married; and his family had lived here generations ago. But my father had been in various countries."

"You must surely have lived in England?"

"My mother was English—a Jewess of Portuguese descent. My father married her in England. Certain circumstances of that marriage made all the difference in my life: through that marriage my father thwarted his own plans. My mother's sister was a singer, and afterwards she married the English partner of a merchant's house here in Genoa, and they came and lived here eleven years. My mother died when I was eight years old, and then my father allowed me to be continually with my aunt Leonora and be taught under her eyes, as if he had not minded the danger of her encouraging my wish to be a singer, as she had been. But this was it—I saw it again and again in my father: he did not guard against consequences, because he felt sure he could hinder them if he liked. Before my aunt left Genoa, I had had enough teaching to bring out the born singer and actress within me: my father did not know every thing that was done; but he knew that I was taught music and singing—he knew my inclination. That was nothing to him: he meant that I should obey his will. And he was resolved that I should marry my cousin Ephraim, the only one left of my father's family that he knew. I wanted not to marry. I thought of all plans to resist it, but at last I found that I could rule my cousin, and I consented. My father died three weeks after we were married, and then I had my way!" She uttered these words almost exultantly; but after a little pause her face changed, and she said, in a biting tone, "It has not lasted, though. My father is getting his way now."

She began to look more contemplatively again at her son, and presently said,

"You are like him—but milder—there is something of your own father in you; and he made it the labor of his life to devote himself to me: wound up his money-changing and banking, and lived to wait upon me—he went against his conscience for me. As I loved the life of my art, so he loved me. Let me look at your hand again—the hand with the ring on. It was your father's ring."

He drew his chair nearer to her and gave her his hand. We know what kind of hand it was: her own, very much smaller, was of the same type. As he felt the smaller hand holding his, as he saw nearer to him the face that held a likeness of his own, aged not by time but by intensity, the strong bent of his nature toward a reverential tenderness asserted itself above every other impression, and in his most fervent tone he said,

"Mother! take us all into your heart—the living and the dead. Forgive every thing that hurts you in the past. Take my affection."

She looked at him admiringly rather than lovingly, then kissed him on the brow, and saying, sadly, "I reject nothing, but I have nothing to give," she released his hand and sank back on her cushions. Deronda turned pale with what seems always more of a sensation than an emotion—the pain of repulsed tenderness. She noticed the expression of pain, and said, still with melodious melancholy in her tones:

"It is better so. We must part again soon, and you owe me no duties. I did not wish you to be born. I parted with you willingly. When your father died, I resolved that I would have no more ties but such as I could free myself from. I was the Alchirisi you have heard of: the name had magic wherever it was carried. Men courted me. Sir Hugo Mallinger was one who wished to marry me. He was madly in love with me. One day I asked him, 'Is there a man capable of doing something for love of me, and expecting nothing in return?' He said, 'What is it you want done?' I said, 'Take my boy and bring him up as an Englishman, and let him never know any thing about his parents.' You were little more than two years old, and were sitting on his foot. He declared that he would pay money to have such a boy. I had not meditated much on the plan beforehand, but as soon as I had spoken about it, it took possession of me as something I could not rest without doing. At first he thought I was not serious, but I convinced him, and he was never surprised at any thing. He agreed that it would be for your good, and the finest thing for you. A great singer and actress is a queen, but she gives no royalty to her son.—All that happened at Naples. And afterward I made Sir Hugo the trustee of your fortune. That is what I did; and I had a joy in doing it. My father had tyrannized over me—he cared more about a grandson to come than he did about me: I counted as nothing. You were to be such a Jew as he; you were to be what he wanted. But you were my son, and it was my turn to say what you should be. I said you should not know you were a Jew."

"And for months events have been preparing me to be glad that I am a Jew," said Deronda, his opposition roused again. The point touched the quick of his experience. "It would always have been better that I should have known the truth. I have always been rebelling against the secrecy that looked like shame. It is no shame to have Jewish parents—the shame is to disown it."

C H E S S .

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

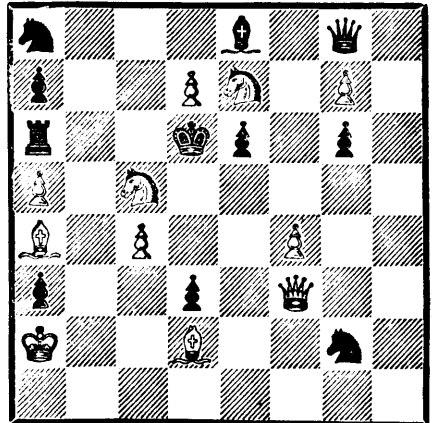
It was a stormy Christmas eve, and Arthur Thomas struggled hard against the blast which appeared to pour down Bleury street, as if all the mythical personages which may be supposed to hold high revel in the frozen regions of the north, had concentrated their icy breath to oppose him as he plodded his weary way homeward. The blast seemed to search out every way of ingress through his threadbare clothing, and howled and shrieked as if with rage, that its only effect was to make him more tightly wrap his cloak around him and start off on a trot past the Jesuit church, across St. Catherine street and farther on still, till turning to the left, he stopped at a door, and producing an icy latch key, let himself in to the comfortable hall, where he stood for a moment beside the glowing stove to thaw. He is next to be seen upstairs in the room he calls his own. Although an attic chamber, there are associations which make him love it. It is meagrely furnished, but the furniture is of a very peculiar nature. In the centre and most prominent is the bed, with the headboard carved to represent a protecting angel with widespread wings warding off danger from the one whose head is laid beneath. Here in the corner is a single chair, carved in the most remarkable manner, being covered with angels and demons engaged in conflict; there is a washstand on which the pitcher, bowl and other necessary articles are held in fantastically carved hands, representing men, birds and beasts, while guarding all is Neptune rising from the sea and majestically swaying his trident; a chest of drawers stands opposite, each drawer guarded by spirit or demon.

Throwing himself on the chair, his thoughts reverted to the time—never, he believed, to return—when he was surrounded as if by right with such articles as these, which brother Harry, a native genius, had carved at the old homestead, where as a boy he had reigned happy and supreme. He remembered the time when he had first met *her*; and thought how fervently he had loved her. He reviewed his marriage and subse-

quent struggle with the world; how he had left the old land for the new to better his fortunes, but by misfortune had been met and worsted. His wife lay in the churchyard—she who had been his support, guide and joy; and his only daughter, where was she? far away in the stranger's care. And as he thus gloomily meditated, life seemed to him to contain as many complicated elements as a game of chess.

Now his thoughts grow dim, and feverish dreams follow. He sees one of the fantastic demons on his chest of drawers drawing forth a chess-board, on which were arranged the men as in the problem he had long endeavored in vain to solve. In his lonely life, contests over the chess-board had been his only pleasure; and when almost overcome by his weary daily struggle, he would lose thought of the conflict with the world in the problem on the board before him, and

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WHITE.

THE PROBLEM.

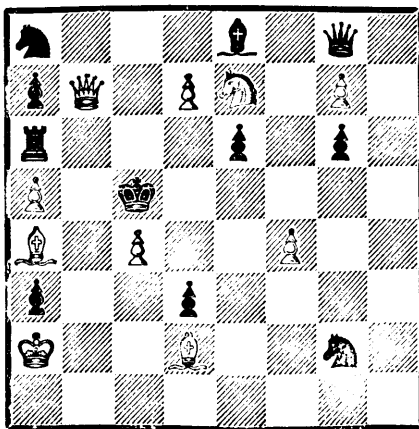
would make a decisive move with all the flourish with which in his younger days he uttered his commands to those bound to obey him. His eye would kindle and blaze as his imaginary enemy, the rival king was driven into a corner, and when

victory had come, "mate" would escape from his lips in a tone like thunder. Now his board was surrounded with all sorts of fantastic creatures, and amongst them he saw his daughter Amy, with her little round face drawn up as if for contest; his brother Harry is there too, eagerly listening to something she is saying to him, while above and around them hovers the spirit of his angel wife whispering, "Be of good cheer." On the board the men are placed in the position he remembers so well.

"White to play and mate in three moves," said the guardian angel which had flown from the headboard of his bedstead, and immediately the chess-board was covered with a seething mass of kings, queens, knights, castles, serfs, commoners, angels, demons, horses; beings of all sorts of shapes, characters, habits and manners. All were alive and all was confusion.

Afar off in England, when the leaves were turning sere, a middle-aged man said, "We must have Arthur here again, mother," and the mother, who had been weeping replied, "It was your father's last wish, my son." And then the search commenced, for the errant son's whereabouts was not known. The search continued for some time in vain, but at last a little girl was found who said that papa lived in Montreal * * * * * Papa's daughter placed the white Queen on Knight's seventh square, and the black King took the Knight on Bishop's fifth square, and the board was cleared and stood thus:

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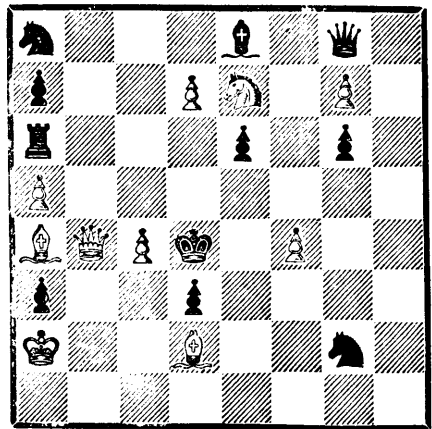
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THE ATTACK.

Then the excitement began again. He saw

a ship on the ocean where the chess-board had been and knights and ladies hauling at the ropes. Fantastic shapes were raising waves around the ship, and every moment it was threatened with destruction. Neptune himself, who had so long guarded the wash-stand, now shook his trident in rage, and raved and blustered because his efforts were in vain. But at the helm there was the spirit of his wife, guiding the vessel safely through and over the almost overwhelming waves; the child kept watch at the vessel's bow; brother Harry was throwing huge blocks of coal into the ravenous mouth of the huge furnaces necessary to keep up the action of the immense screws which propelled the ship with a giant's force, and the guardian angel watched over all. * * * The board is cleared, the white Queen has moved to the Knight's fourth square; Harry's strong voice cries "check," and the Black King advances to Queen's fifth square, and the board stands thus:

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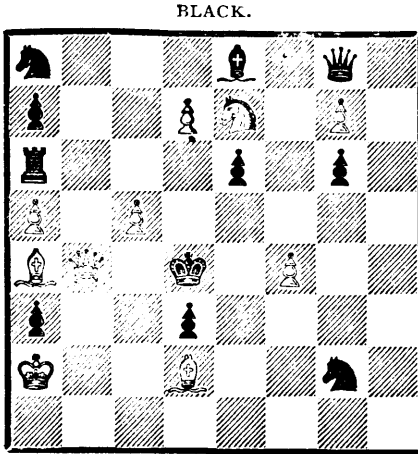
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CHECK.

Now he sees the train speeding along at a tremendous rate. Banks of snow are thrown against it; but the immense plough propelled by four engines pierces through and overturns them all. Neptune has done his worst, and sits gloomily in the baggage car; all other enemies have fled. A cariole is rapidly coming up Bleury street; the driver grumbles and says as if to himself, "A man ought to be well paid for driving any one such a cold Christmas-eve as this."

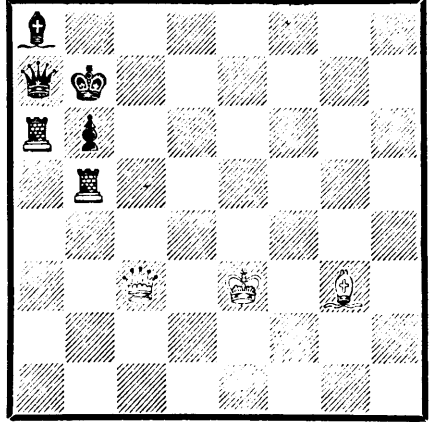
The door below opens and now the one above;

brother Harry moves the white pawn to Bishop's fifth square; papa wakes up crying "checkmate," just as his sunken cheek is met by soft juvenile lips. Is it a dream? No, this is brother Harry, and this my darling. God be praised! * * * * * and the board stood thus:



WHITE.
CHECKMATE.

PROBLEM No. 4.
From *London Illustrated News*.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

ANSWER TO PROBLEM No. 3:

- | | |
|------------|---------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1 Q to K 7 | 1 Aught |
| 2 Mates | |

CORRESPONDENCE acknowledged from W. B., Norham, O.

Notice.

TECUMSEH

Tecumseh, or the Crouching Panther, with his twin-brother Ollinachica, or the Prophet, was born in a log cabin, about 1770, on the banks of the Scista, near Chillicothe, Ohio. They were Shawanees. It is said that from his earliest years Tecumseh gave evidence of the very remarkable character which he subsequently developed. He had a high reputation for integrity. His word was inviolable. He was a temperate man, never indulging in intoxicating drinks. In all his domestic relations he was a man of singular purity.

The two brothers, about the year 1804,

conceived the project of uniting all of the Western Indians in a confederacy, to make a simultaneous attack upon the frontier settlements, so that soldiers could not be sent from one to the aid of another.

In 1807, Governor Harrison sent a message of enquiry to the chiefs in reference to these meetings. The Prophet replied, denying they had any design to rouse the tribes to another war. Still the rumor continued to spread that Tecumseh and the Prophet were marshalling the tribe for war.

Governor Harrison made such repre-

sentations to the general government, that orders were issued from Washington for the capture of Tecumseh and his brother. The execution of the order was suspended for a little time, that a new effort might be made to conciliate the tribes. The governor and the two chiefs met in council, but, after a long conference, departed without any understanding towards peace. It is probable Governor Harrison, from false information, was led to suppose there were large numbers of warriors assembling at Tippecanoe, and unless at once dispersed, he himself might be overwhelmed. Thus deceived, he decided to attack the Indians, and accordingly a battle was fought at Tippecanoe. It seems doubtful whether the governor acted wisely. After killing about forty Indians, and wounding as many more, he returned to Vincennes, leaving the Indians so exasperated by what they deemed a totally unjustifiable outrage, that they were all ready to listen to the solicitations of the British, to join them in their second war against the United States. Tecumseh was absent in the south at the time of the engagement. On his return, and in his last interview with Governor Harrison, he proposed they should both go to Washington and submit the question to the President, whether the Indians ought to surrender their lands, which the whites had purchased of certain chiefs, whom the Indians claimed had been bribed to sell lands to which they had no title. The Governor did not accede to this proposal.

In 1812, the second war commenced between the United States and Great Britain. A large council of Indian chiefs was convened at Malden, in Canada, by the British authorities, and the Indians expressed their determination to assist their new allies against the Americans.

Not many weeks after, a friendly chief, called the Crane, proposed to Gen. Harrison that he should send

an embassy to all the Indians in Canada. Gen. Harrison approved of the measure.

President Madison, much to his honor, had refused to employ the savages in the American army. It was his main object to induce all the tribes to remain neutral. A very large council, friendly and unfriendly, was convened at Brownstown, on the western bank of the Detroit River. The deputation called upon Tecumseh, in Canada, and urged him to attend the council.

He replied: "No; I have taken sides with the British, and I will suffer my bones to bleach upon this shore before I will recross that river to join in any council of neutrality." And well he kept his word, dying at the head of his warriors at the battle of Malden.

The following narrative given by Mr. Caleb Atwater, would seem to settle the question as to "*who killed Tecumseh?*"

"I was personally acquainted with the celebrated warrior. I accompanied Tecumseh, Elsquataway, Fourlegs, and Caraymanuec on their tour among the Six Nations in New York in 1809, and acted as their interpreter. In 1829, at Prairie Du Chien, the two latter Indians, both then civil chiefs of the Winnebagoes, were with the writer, who was then acting as commissioner of Indian affairs in the United States service.

"From the statement of these constant companions of Tecumseh, during nearly 20 years of his life, we proceed to state that Tecumseh lay with his warriors, at the commencement of the battle, in a forest of thick underbrush on the left of the American army. These Indians were at no period of the battle out of the thick underbrush. No officer was seen between them and the American army. Tecumseh fell at the very first fire of the Kentucky Negroes; pierced by thirty bullets, he was carried four or five miles into the thick woods, and was there buried by the warriors who told the story of his fate."

A CASE FOR THE BENEVOLENT.



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—Harper's Bazar.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE NEXT VOLUME.

Volume XX. of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY promises to be much more interesting than any which have preceded it. It will have a continued story by the author of "Donald Monroe," "Casting the Lot" &c., entitled "My Young Master." The author graphically sketches the early history of a young Irish lad of great promise, but who, unfortunately, is left at an early age to the control of a proud, imperious woman, who sacrifices him and herself to her pride. During the first portion of the tale the descriptions of child-life may to some prove uninteresting, but are of great value in showing the slight incidents which may give a tone of a life. But from the appearance of the heroine of the book, the record becomes one of the intensest interest, and the closing scenes are delineated with great power.

"The Girls Voyage" by the author of "A Girl Artist" also begins in the January number. It is the record of a voyage of two young ladies from boarding-school, round the world in a sailing vessel. The account is in the form of letters to their schoolmates, to say the least, is very spicy and interesting.

The readers of "Our Three Boys," will be glad to learn that amongst the selected articles, will be another story by the same author, entitled "Proud Little Doody," in which the hopes and wishes of child-life are well illustrated.

Amongst the shorter articles the January number will contain a timely article on "The Faith of Islam," by the author of "Quebec since Confederation" "The Quebec Act" &c., &c. Then there is "Night Line Fishing" by the author of "Partridge Shooting and Romance," and a new story by the author of "Blair Athol," entitled "Dark Days."

The volume opens with every chance that the new interest created in it will not decrease, but continue and grow, and that before the close of the volume it will be on a basis which will justify a very much greater expense than ever on it. The new feature of illustrations will be improved on, as each succeeding number is issued.

THE PRIZES.

With the publication of the names of the prize winners of the last competition, we announce a new competition, which is different from all the others, inasmuch as every competitor who sends as much as \$10 in subscriptions wins a pair of skates. We would like to distribute several thousand pairs of these skates throughout the country. All energetic young women and men, boys and girls, who skate or want to learn, should read the announcement on the advertising leaf at the front of the magazine.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

On the 28th September we offered the following prizes for the largest amount received for WITNESS subscriptions on or before November 1st:

For the	first	largest	amount	\$50.00
"	second	"	"	40.00
"	third	"	"	30.00
"	fourth	"	"	20.00
"	fifth	"	"	15.00
"	sixth	"	"	10.00
"	seventh	"	"	5.00
"	eighth	"	"	5.00
"	ninth	"	"	5.00
"	tenth	"	"	5.00
"	eleventh	"	"	5.00
"	twelfth	"	"	5.00

The competition being ended, we give the names of the successful competitors:

1st.	W. F. Newcomb,	N. S.	\$87.49
2nd.	A. Martin	Ont.	44.35
3rd.	G. W. Grant	"	35.25
4th.	G. McFarland	"	26.85
5th.	R. Phillips	"	23.05
6th.	W. Paxman	Que.	20.55
7th.	Alfred Luton	Ont.	17.75
8th.	C. M. Smith	"	17.00
9th.	A. Gandier	Que.	16.00
10th.	A. Taylor	Ont.	12.00
11th.	Mrs. J. Charles,	"	11.00
12th.	W. W. Parker,	N. S.	10.25

This list is open for correction until the 30th November.

DRESS AND HEALTH.

A BOOK FOR LADIES.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

It may be a matter of pleasure as well as of interest to ladies whose attention has been directed to this matter to learn that the reform so strongly approved of by medical men whose opinions are below quoted, requires no change in the outward apparel. The discussion on the change of woman's dress has become so associated with bloomerism and woman's rights, that to some the mere suggestion of change is regarded as tending to something unlady-like or indecent, but the changes recommended in "Dress and Health" have a tendency directly in the opposite direction. The price of this book is 30 cents, post paid.

32 BEAVER HALL, Montreal, May 4, 1876.
Messrs. John Dougall & Son,

SIRS,—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the little book on "Dress and Health."

The title indicates the nature of its contents. With very few exceptions I heartily endorse the views so ably advocated, which, resting as they do upon a sound physiological and common-sense basis, should receive the attention of every parent in the land.

To those interested in this most important subject the book will prove an invaluable storehouse of practical information, well designed to guide wisely and surely to health.

I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,
E. H. TRENHOLME, M.D.,
Professor of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children, Bishop's College, Montreal.

MONTREAL, May 8.

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your favor of 29th ult., accompanied with the book entitled "Dress and Health," I beg to say that I have read it, and consider it a sound, practical and concise work, which fully explains the effects of the present unhygienic style of ladies' dress, well worthy of careful perusal. The chapter on cutting and fitting will enable any lady to carry out the principles of reform without any difficulty.

Unless the leaders of fashion inaugurate the reform, I fear it is a hopeless effort to introduce such a change.

I remain, gentlemen, yours very truly,
E. K. PATTON.

237 ST. ANTOINE ST., Montreal, 8th May, 1876.

The book entitled "Dress and Health" contains most important advice to the ladies on the momentous question of dress, considered from a sanitary point of view.

If they will only adopt some of the practical rules thus given, they will stand less in need of physicians and prescriptions, and find life much pleasanter to themselves.

J. L. LEPROHON, M.D.,
Professor of Sanitary Science, University of Bishop's College.

May, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the little work on "Dress and Health" with much interest, and find that its teaching is based upon sound physiological rules. Nature will not allow these rules to be broken with impunity.

Mothers of large families should well consider the lessons to be learned by its perusal.

I have often been astonished in my own practice how inadequately the lower extremities are protected from sudden changes, and the serious consequences that sometimes follow such want of prudence.

Yours truly,
JAS. PERRIGO, M.D.,
Professor of Anatomy, Bishop's College.

(Translated from the French.)

MONTREAL, May 22nd, 1876.
Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

GENTLEMEN,—It is with pleasure I to-day reply to your letter of the 1st inst., in which you request my opinion as to the usefulness and worth of your little work "Dress and Health," which has lately issued from your press. Having read the greater part of this little work, I have no doubt that it will produce, in society, the most happy effects. Being essentially addressed to the ladies, it will not fail to make them reflect on their manner of dressing, and on the disastrous effects of the fashions of the day. The abuses which are described are in great part the cause of the sickness and feebleness of young people, as well as of mothers, who see with regret premature old age.

"Dress and Health" should work great reform in the dress of ladies, especially on those who will peruse it attentively. I earnestly recommend it to be read by those who desire to preserve their health and that of their daughters, and that they put into practice the wise and salutary rules laid down by the authors for the moral and physical health of woman.

I am, gentlemen, yours &c.,
J. EMERY-CODERRE, M.D.,
Professor of Midwifery.

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A ready welcome is sure to be given to any work emanating from the pen of Miss Charlesworth, and but little, therefore, is needed in the way of commendation with regard to this story. It is simply and pleasantly told, and in the telling the author has contrived to set forth some important truths in a clear and effective manner. The various characters introduced are skilfully drawn, and from the opening chapter, in which Oliver Crisp is introduced to us as he stands at his wife's death-bed with a newly born son in his arms, to the end of the narrative, the hold upon the reader's attention is well sustained.—*The Rock*.

Miss Charlesworth is known to a large circle of readers as the author of two very popular religious stories, "Ministering Children," and the "Ministry of Life." Of the former of these the enormous number of one hundred and forty-nine thousand were sold in England alone. The present is a work of the same class, setting forth Christian principle and Christian duties. The lessons taught are sound and wholesome—no slight praise when so much that is false is inculcated in popular books—and the descriptions of character, and incident are simple and natural. Those who seek for sensational adventure and exciting mysteries will not find them here, but they will find what is better, wise lessons, and pure moral. The whole book is instinct with earnest Christian sentiment.—*Canadian Monthly Magazine*.

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EPPS' COCOA.

Some time since, in a series of articles in these columns upon food, we spoke in terms of unqualified praise of Messrs. EPPS and Co.'s "Prepared Cocoa." The opinion we then expressed as to its purity and nutritious qualities has been fully endorsed by the public, as shown in its increased, and steadily increasing, consumption. We believe that Messrs. Epps' manufactories are now the largest of the kind in the three kingdoms, and the total quantity of "Prepared Cocoa" consumed at the present time approaches four millions of pounds annually. This result is not surprising. The dietetic properties of native cocoa are well known, but in the form prepared by Messrs. Epps, Homœopathic Chemists, they are rendered additionally valuable, both on account of their increased nutritive power and digestible character. We rejoice to see the high opinion we originally held to have been so generally confirmed, and we again congratulate Messrs. Epps on the sound and valuable addition they have made to our not over lengthy list of dietetic foods. — *Civil Service Gazette.*

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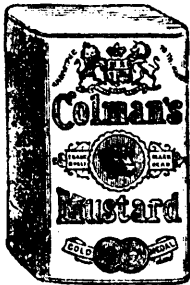
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