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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

OCT.,

1875.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

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MR. S. PLIMSOLL.

New Dominion Monthly.

OCTOBER, 1875.

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

BY D. F. H. WILKINS, B.A., BAC. APP. SCI.

The most casual and superficial observer of the ever-varying phases of city life, must have noticed that there is a certain positively useless, and even dangerous, portion of the community, this portion being a needless expense and trouble to the rest. It is from this portion that the ever-increasing class of criminals is recruited, and it is an indisputable fact that these cost far more than they produce. Now, despite all our asylums, prisons, Young Men's Christian Associations, Sisters of Charity, earnest, self-denying priests, ministers, and lay-assistants, and all benefit societies, this class grows rather than diminishes in number. For this increase there must be some adequate cause or causes, otherwise these giant efforts could not be in vain; the turning-point would long ago have been reached, and a new order of things inaugurated, in which the dangerous class, instead of being a great force in the community, would be almost unknown, or known only as rare phenomena.

Before proceeding to consider the causes referred to, it may be as well to define the meaning of the term "dangerous class" more fully. It means the

class of idle, *i. e.*, non-producing consumers, known commonly as loafers, beggars and criminals.

1. The first great cause of the existence of the dangerous class is *the continual stream of immigration to the cities and towns from the country*. While the European, whether prince or peasant, clings tenaciously to his estate or his field, and keeps it in his family for hundreds of years, we, on this side of the Atlantic, are ever ready to dispose of the property accumulated by the patient toil of our ancestors, and, turning our backs on the old homestead, to set off for the nearest town or city, in order, as we falsely suppose, to become rich. The evil wrought by this tendency cannot be over-estimated, and it will be worth while to enquire into its causes.

(1.) The first cause, undoubtedly, is that the children of farmers are very often overworked, and made mere slaves to their parents' avarice. Because hired labor costs money, and because a large family is at hand, therefore many farmers have thought it to be their duty to turn their family into beasts of burden, compelling them to toil early and late without regard to age, size, sex, or con-

stitution. Hence, often families are broken up, and the country is deprived of productive labor by their members exchanging the country for the town. Nor are they to be blamed. Every one is aware how any alternative to present affliction appears desirable, how every one can in imagination surmount every obstacle, and how all difficulties seem to vanish in this case. What more natural, then, than for the over-worked, half-instructed youth to look upon the town and the city as Elysia of bliss?

(2.) The second cause is the very honorable desire of farmers to see their children abreast of the age, and to have their sons filling positions in some one of the learned professions. Now this, while just as commendable as the first cause is vicious, is, after all, unwise. Nay, there is no necessary connection between being abreast of the age, and being a half-paid, hard-worked slave in one of the "learned professions;" indeed, in general, the judgment of the liberally-educated agriculturist is to be preferred to that of the other, and for this reason: The agriculturist has more leisure to study calmly and carefully both sides of every subject of importance, while his city *confrère* is frequently compelled to so devote his whole time to one subject that his judgment is practically useless in other matters. When will farmers understand that it is not necessary for one to be a boor in order to become a successful agriculturist, and when will they learn that the "professions" are overstocked? When will they understand that every addition to the "professions" tends to increase the vast number of idlers, who are so, simply because their professions are unable to support them? When will they understand that every one removed from the country to the town, tends to swell the ranks of the dangerous class?

(3.) The third cause is the wrong ideas prevalent in the minds of young people in the country, relative to what

is meant by "style," "gentility," "*chic*," &c. They tacitly assume that because one resides in the country, therefore he *must* remain rude and unpolished, and that one can only dress properly and act politely in towns. Now this is a great mistake. As regards manners and style, they can be acquired as well in the country as in the town; as regards their dress, &c., a first-class tailor or dressmaker will supply their wants just as readily as those of any city cousin, for this reason, that every well-made coat or dress is an advertisement for him not to be despised. At the same time it cannot be denied that the continual intercourse of mind with mind in towns and cities has a broadening effect on one. But are the inhabitants of the country denied this advantage? Can they not visit towns and cities? Cannot some of them reside temporarily there? Is there no such thing as travel?

(4.) A fourth cause is the craving for the excitement of a city life with all its trials and sorrows. Country life undoubtedly does become monotonous, and youth likes change. But are not the hints in the last paragraph, if carried out, sufficient to meet this want? Cannot a gentleman, after receiving the best education the country can afford, work during the summer, and travel in the autumn and winter? Can he not thus appropriately combine the advantages of city and country life, of foreign travel and of adherence to home?

(5.) A fifth cause is the false pictures often detailed in books of fiction, both religious and secular, of bare-headed and bare-footed country youths, stalking into merchants' warehouses and lawyers' offices, by sheer arrogance obtaining a situation and retiring in five years with honestly-obtained wealth. Now, while there is a bare possibility that such a circumstance might occur, it is likewise true that the odds against its occurring are to its occurring as nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine

hundred and ninety-nine to *one*. As a rule, young men never under-estimate their abilities, and, as a rule, professional men are not disposed to give places of honor to any Tom, Dick or Harry, merely upon his own recommendation. When there is always a surplus of applicants, and these always backed up by previous training, money and influence, it is more than useless for any raw, untrained youth to suppose that by his impudence he can carry the day against the professional apprentice. If he succeed, is it likely that his results will be as reliable and his labor as successful as those of the trained, skilled clerk or apprentice? Is it not more likely that he will be summarily dismissed, that hence every door will be closed against him, and that he will become one of the dangerous class already referred to? Many young men are told that they ought to be "ready always for anything that turns up," and only too many imagine that, without previous training, they are capable of doing anything from settling the affairs of the nation or making a geological survey, to constructing a watch or an anchor, playing the violin, or driving a locomotive.

From what has been said, it will be easily seen that not only must a very large proportion of immigrants from the country "go to the wall" when in towns or cities, but that they will also succeed in driving there a number of their otherwise successful city cousins, by their injudiciously flooding the labor market. At the same time there is no reason why a farmer's son who develops a particular talent for a particular profession should not follow that for a livelihood.

II. The second great cause of the growth of the dangerous class is *the divorce of capital from labor*. The amicable relations existing formerly between master and apprentice are things of the past. Each one endeavors to defraud the other as largely

as possible, *i.e.*, the grinding down and oppression of the former is fully met by underhanded cheating and defrauding on the part of the latter. On the large scale the manufacturer grinds down his employees, while they, in their turn, combine in co-operative unions, and endeavor to bring him to their terms by "striking." The result is that every strike forces up the prices of every manufactured article, besides throwing a number of idlers on the community. From these two results, an increase in the number and importance of the dangerous class must result. In regard to the first one, if manufactured articles cannot be bought cheaply, and if they be necessary for living, they will be acquired without buying, and this can only be done dishonestly. Can there not be more of mutual concessions, a better agreement between capitalist and laborer?

III. A third cause is *the vicious system of school education* so much in vogue. Here the word "education" must be defined; for if by it be meant the training of one's physical and mental powers for use in life, the charge is a false one; while if, on the contrary, it mean what it is generally understood to mean, *viz.*, the committal to memory of a certain number of facts and figures daily without regard to the use or meaning of these, the charge is only too true.

(1.) One cause of this is the style of text-book used. A prodigious number of comprehensive terms,—so comprehensive, indeed, that they are utterly *incomprehensible* to any one except some trained specialist—abound in many of them. Cumbersome, wordy definitions; nice metaphysical distinctions, that not even one-tenth of the teachers are aware of—complicated, incomprehensible statements, clad in all the pomp of "Johnsonese" English, are met with in only too many text-books; while clear, simple definitions, and broad, easily grasped facts are almost unknown. It is said by way of excuse for this state of

things, that the faults complained of are not intended so much to give information as to train the mind. But in this case is there no danger of beginning at the wrong end? Is there no such thing as mental digestion? Is it not better training for the mind to grasp and understand fully a few simple statements, than that a large quantity of "Johnsonese" should be crammed into one's memory?

(2.) Another cause of the failure of the present system of education to prevent the growth of the dangerous class, related to the former cause, is that a child is expected to know "something of everything." All the "ologies" are laid under contribution, and too often a programme of work is devised that would terrify the most stout-hearted adult. No account is taken of the fact that both the mind and body of the child require more rest and relaxation from toil than those of a full-grown person. The idea is entertained that there is no limit to either, and in too many school-sections the children are "crammed" "from early morn till dewy eve," till they look with distaste and disgust upon every book or pamphlet. No doubt, in some instances, incompetent teachers are responsible for this, but more often the fault must be laid at the door of ignorant, arrogant trustees. Too often men, who can hardly write their own names, and who imagine that the possession of more books than the child can carry, is an index of the amount of knowledge required, increase the number and weight of them, and compel the teacher to use every one of them. Too often the teacher complies, especially if a lady, for she knows that if dismissed from her situation nothing but ruin stares her in the face.

For the two reasons given above, the memory is by this vicious cramming system, stuffed with ill-arranged, dry facts; anything like systematic arrangement of these, leaving out everything like application of them, being abso-

lutely hopeless from their very number and complexity. Thus, reason has no part to play in education, and thus it, lying fallow, so to speak, is ready to assent to any idle whim, fancy or notion that may come before it. Instead of governing imagination, it is too often governed by it, and will hence be readily led in the wrong direction, *i.e.*, towards the dangerous class.

IV. *The frightful evil of intemperance* is perhaps the greatest cause of the existence of the dangerous class. While it seems to be on the increase amongst us, it must also be noticed that at no time more than the present did the total abstinence movement occupy so much attention or gain so much ground. Too much attention cannot be paid thereto, and it is most earnestly to be desired that the noble workers in the temperance army will be able to carry the day, so that intoxication will be a thing unknown, and even the taste of liquor a thing of the past. To do this successfully, the public mind must be so trained that it will hold in abhorrence even the cause of intoxication. It must understand that while alcohol is a stimulant, it is not nutritious; that it is merely a drug, and should be used as any other drug; that it and the other alcohols are, chemically speaking, hydrates of the organic alcohol-radicals, and are thus related to caustic potash in their constitution; that alcohols dry up and slowly consume organic matter, especially the human viscera; that alcohol taken into the system tends to choke up the blood-vessels, and to increase the fatty matter of it. Thus far for the physical effects. For the moral effects, the public mind must understand that a very large percentage of crime is due to indulgence in strong drink; that food and clothes, house and land, are bartered away for it; that it has been the ruin of thousands directly, and of millions indirectly; that each one is a responsible being, capable of causing he knows not how many to follow his

example; that what works no harm in him may be the ruin of another of different temperament. Surely if these and many other effects of alcohol (none of them beneficial) were fully understood by the public, the temperance movement would gain ground even more than it does. Were intoxication utterly unknown, and indulgence in alcoholic liquor unpractised, the dangerous class might be largely diminished.

V. A fifth cause is the *very multiplication of benefit societies*. We suffer from an *embarras de richesses* in this respect; for every association requires a constitution, an executive committee, a large membership and a large subscription-list in order for it to be really beneficial. The well-known satire, "Ginx's Baby," shows how in the thickly populated city of London, a large number of the best-intentioned people can, by forming separate associations and appointing committees of management, defeat the very intentions for which they came together by taking up time in discussing points of order, &c. Again, often the field of one society's operations clashes with that of another's, occasioning much difficulty from this cause. Further, the treasures of the petty societies will not contain as large a sum as the treasury of one large society whose membership is the same as that of all the small societies taken together, *i. e.*, presuming the same subscription to be paid. The present age is a curious one, characterized both by integration of scattered societies—whether social, political or religious—into a few well-defined large masses, and also by the converse differentiation from older societies often without sufficient reason; this latter step only tending to impede the useful work of the small differentiated societies. Too often, too, one society relegates the work of well doing to another, and so between one and all it is left undone.

Another reason why the dangerous class is not reached by the repeatedly

made, honest efforts of beneficiary societies, is that the class referred to are more frequently recruited from the ranks of the genteel poor than from those of what might be called the "known poor." At the present day more than ever. "An empty pocket's the worst of crimes;" and for a person to succeed in life, he or she must appear to be rich at all hazards,—unless, indeed, it be well known that one is wealthy, when all sorts of eccentricities may be tolerated. It is well known that nothing conduces to poverty more than the appearance of being poor, and that too often one's friends can condone for any offence except want of the "filthy lucre," which, perhaps, these very friends will assert to be "the root of all evil." In order to keep up the fictitious and factitious style rendered necessary, we must resort to all sorts of intrigues and subterfuges in order to save our credit in the world. The result must be exposure and degradation, for the person who is obliged to live in this manner can be considered already a member of the class alluded to. Now it is a notorious fact that benefit societies of all kinds have never had sufficient regard for the "respectable poor." "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat; I was naked and ye clothed me not," can be only too often said by the refined and high-cultured who are too proud to beg and too honorable to steal. Why cannot they receive some attention? While requiring a great deal more tact to assist them than the lower classes, surely it is not an impossible task; and even if impossible to man *per se*, can we not obtain aid and direction from God? Surely by making them a study, and by the help of divine providence, something may be done for them. This is a work most imperatively necessary, and much now dissipated in folly would be usefully employed in rescuing many a worthy family from what is at best a great temptation to sin.

VI. The sixth and last great cause of the increase of the dangerous class is *the accidentals by some deemed essentials of Religion*. Want of space forbids the consideration of more than two of the most prominent.

(1.) The first of the two is the purse-pride and pharisaism, so conspicuous a feature in many religious bodies. The words "a free gospel" have no meaning whatever except as a burlesque. Elegantly-carpeted and cushioned pews rented at so exorbitant a price that only the wealthiest can patronize them, exclude the poor as effectually as any Act of Parliament—aye more so. The auditorium seems as if contrived only for the rich, so that they can lounge therein in a becoming and decorous manner, leaving out the Almighty as completely as their poorer neighbors, and turning His house, if not into a den of thieves, at least into a temple of mammon and fashion. How many jealousies and heart-burnings have been caused by rented pews the last day only can show. How many refined, sensitive, highly-educated poor people have been driven from the churches by this abomination, can only be determined then. Surely it is time that God should be honored in His house rather than puny microscopic man and his whims and fashions; surely it is time that the commission to preach the gospel to all nations and individuals, both rich and poor, were thought of; surely Christendom cannot have been wrong in this matter for sixteen centuries. People ought to be aware, too, that free and open churches "pay" better than those cursed with rented pews; and that the same purse-proud congregation who cannot bear a shabby dress or a threadbare coat near them on Sunday, will at a week-night service in the lecture room or Sunday-school room, occupy adjacent seats to them, and oddly enough are not contaminated by their proximity.

(2.) A second cause is the formalism

so much in vogue amongst all Protestant denominations. Congregations find it to be very ungenteel to kneel or to stand in prayer, or to stand in singing the praises of God; they find it so extremely improper to manifest the slightest emotion in the House of Prayer, that even in those churches where a responsive liturgy is supposed to be used, the praying is done by proxy by the minister, while the choir reserve to themselves the solemn mockery of praising the Deity. It seems to be quite enough for the congregation to do, if they sluggishly patronize the Almighty, listlessly inattentive to the praises, prayers and sermons. Ought this to be called worship? Can young, energetic, emotional people be satisfied with this empty, formal round of service in which they can have no part? Was not the Wesleyan revival a protest against it, and are not the Ritualism and the Revivalism of the present day even stronger protests against the same? Is there any rule in nature or Scripture which thus excludes the young from the churches and prepares them for the dangerous class by leaving out God and His Word?

After this necessarily brief statement of the causes of so much dangerous force amongst us, the question may be asked, Is there remedial machinery "enough and to spare?" To this the affirmative answer seems proper. To stop the immigration to the towns from the country by implanting proper ideas in the minds of the youth of our country, to give them all the advantages of town-life without leaving their "old homestead" (while yet allowing those who are adapted for business, &c., to pursue it), and thus to enable the farmers to become the rightful aristocracy of the land, is the way to remove the first cause; to arbitrate between the contending forces of capital and labor, and to show each the fatal errors it is making, will remove the second; the third may be removed by employing teachers

not hearers of lessons at a remunerative salary, and electing sensible trustees; the fourth, by the long-continued, prayerful efforts of temperance men and women; the fifth, by a judicious working to the full of our benefit societies, and by the members showing themselves fully alive and respondent to their treasuries' needs; and the sixth, by the total abolition of those customs which merely recall the "age of the hunting-parsons," when religion was a disgrace. Another remedial agent of great importance, which is in the present day being used as it should with very good results, is the Sunday school, an agency needing far more space than can here be allotted thereto. When, however, all this machinery is put into force it is surely not too much to hope that instead of the constant growth of the dangerous class, it may be an institution known only in name, or at least one whose existence is, to a great extent, done away with by its former members becoming a class of skilled, profitable workmen in every branch of literature, art, and science. Therefore, bearing in mind the old saying, "remove the cause and the effects must cease," it is not too much to ask for a full and earnest trial of all the measures suggested above; and although we of this generation may never see the good results thereof, yet our successors will, and as long as they reap the fruits of our labors, we cannot be truly said to have failed.

S T A N Z A S .

BY ARCHIBALD M'KILLOP, THE BLIND POET OF MEGANTIC.

The dead are in the dreamless tomb,
 Where dust with dust is sleeping;—
 The living, in sad loneliness,
 Their tears of grief are weeping.
 Since Adam sinned, how many weep!
 Since Adam died, how many sleep!

Sin is the cause of every grief
 That rends a broken spirit;
 Since Adam fell, his children may
 No deathless life inherit!
 But all his sons and daughters must
 Be earth to earth, and dust to dust!

Sad fate of man, if this were all
 We know of Adam's story ;
 A darkening cloud of hopeless gloom
 Would rest on human glory—
 But Jesus came, the Promised One,
 To bring eternal life to man !

For in the time appointed, He
 Became an infant lowly ;
 Assumed our nature, without sin,—
 A man, yet pure and holy !
 And then, by Pilate crucified,
 The guiltless for the guilty died.

A perfect Saviour is the gift
 That God the Father gave us ;
 And while the glory we ascribe
 To Him who came to save us,
 With joy we publish all around
 The blessings of the Joyful Sound !

For Jesus, rising from the dead,
 The powers of Hell defeated—
 Became "The King of Glory," and
 The work of Grace completed ;
 And, as the Surety of our race,
 Believers shall behold His face !

Then wherefore weep, when those who die
 Have only gone before us ?
 "A few more days," and we shall join
 The same delighted chorus ;
 "All glory, power, and blessing, be
 To the Eternal One in Three !"

O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth,
 We wait Thy sovereign pleasure ;
 Give us through grace to rise above
 These sorrows without measure ;
 And then, in Thy good time, may we
 Be gathered to our friends and Thee !

MY SON'S WIFE.

BY E. T. BARTLEY.

CHAPTER VII.

Have any of my readers observed how often it is the case that, in a family where all the members have been at home together for a lengthened period, nothing of more than ordinary importance seems to occur among them; but no sooner does one of the circle take his leave of the paternal roof, even for a very short space of time, than some event of greater magnitude is certain to ensue?

As I was passing down the street one day, at the commencement of the second week of Bessie's absence, I was met at the door of her house by Mrs. Buckley, charwoman and general news-monger of the village, whom I immediately suspected of having perceived my approach, and issuing forth for the purpose of communicating the last piece of news, whatever that might be; for nothing, from the stealing of a sheep to the death of a neighbor, escaped her vigilant eyes and ears; and, as is the case with those who are thus diligent in collecting news, she was ever as intent on distributing the same.

To-day I was greeted with the words: "Good morning, Mr. Carstairs. Did you hear that there was sickness down to Mr. Langford's? Little Tommy was took bad in the night with convulsive fits, and this morning he is so low they scarcely expect him to last through the day."

Notwithstanding I was aware of the exaggerating qualities of my informant, I was uneasy on the present occasion, and knowing what a delicate child little Tommy Langford was, and that he had

before, on one or two occasions, been prostrated by like attacks, I resolved to lose no time in making a personal enquiry; so, returning home and snatching a hasty dinner, I set off for the purpose. When I reached the cottage, I was met by Mr. Langford, who relieved my fears by the intelligence that the little fellow was a great deal better, and was now enjoying a deep sleep, from which they expected him to awake refreshed and strengthened.

As I stood in the nursery, to which he led me, and regarded the pale and interesting countenance of the sleeping child, something seemed to whisper to me that the fond hopes of father and mother were doomed to ultimate disappointment, and remembering how fond the absent Bessie was of the lovely babe, and how grieved she would be did she return to find him gone forever, I said, questioningly:

"If he be not better when he wakes, you will telegraph for your niece?"

"I do not think there will be any necessity," replied Mrs. Langford. "I should be sorry to interrupt Bessie's visit, which she seems to be enjoying. The dear child so seldom has a change, and she needs a little rest very much at present."

Thus it came that the days passed on, and though Tommy continued weak and ailing, Bessie was kept intentionally ignorant of her darling's danger, to whom the only reference made in George's letters was as being "not very well," which contained no hint to Bessie of the fear which was now becoming general in the family, that little Tommy's eyes were soon to close on all of

earth and earth's things, and the little spirit to wing its flight to a new and a better country, even an heavenly. When all hope of his recovery was gone, Mrs. Langford at length consented that Bessie should be summoned home, where she arrived on the following day, to find her little charge so pale and thin she scarce knew him for the laughing, rosy child she had left a little more than two weeks before, and she experienced such a pang of bitter agony at the thought of losing forever the bright and winning presence which had cheered many an exhausted hour, and oftentimes dissipated the fits of gloom, the recurrence of which at times had been Bessie's greatest trial, that she almost accused God in her heart of cruelty in thus ruthlessly plucking from its stem the tiny floweret which had bloomed so sweetly in their midst.

As she was sitting alone by the couch where the dying child lay, having persuaded her aunt, who was worn out with fatigue, to lie down for a while, to recruit herself for the trial yet to come, Harry, whose presence in the room she had hitherto overlooked, approached her gently, and with dilated eyes and quivering lip, whispered in her ear :

"Cousin Bessie, is it true that Tommy's going to die?"

"Yes, dear Harry," answered Bessie, as she drew the child, whom, in her distress, she had before neglected to embrace, towards her; "God is going to take him away to live in Heaven."

"Can't we do something to keep God from taking him? I don't want him to go, and I think He might let him stay."

"You can do one thing, Harry dear; you can pray to God to spare him even yet. Have you asked Him to let Tommy stay?"

"No, I can only pray, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and there's nothing about Tommy in it. Tell me what to say, Cousin Bessie."

"Say 'Please God, spare little Tommy.'"

Two hours afterwards, as Bessie was crossing towards the barn, she met Harry issuing therefrom.

"Where have you been, Harry?" she asked, in astonishment.

"In the barn, Cousin Bessie."

"What were you doing?"

"Praying to God to spare little Tommy. I think he will be better now," he added, with childish faith. "Come and see, cousin."

"No, dear, Tommy is worse. I fear our prayers are not going to be answered."

"Then I don't believe there is a God," exclaimed the child, passionately; "and if there is, he is real mean."

Gently chiding the words which, at another time, might have called forth a smile, Bessie strove to administer the consolation which she herself needed more, and having obtained the article of which she had come in search, returned with Harry to the house, and to the side of the little crib, where all the family were now assembled, waiting the change which was near at hand. Before the evening had closed in the Death angel had visited the home of the Langfords, and stolen the little Benjamin from the happy circle, hitherto unbroken, to which he had been "as the light of the eyes."

Bessie had need now of her newly acquired strength. Truly it might have been said of her in the weeks which followed the death of little Tommy, "She went in the strength of the Lord God."

She had sufficient opportunity of testing the truth of the proverb that "Troubles never come singly;" for new trials of her faith and patience occurred daily. Her aunt, who had borne up bravely while Tommy's illness lasted, and who even had seemed to acquiesce with more Christian submission than the rest, in the fell stroke which bore him from their sight forever, suddenly lost the cheerfulness which she had striven for a time to maintain; and, no doubt,

owing partly to weak health, began to brood for hours together on a sorrow for which no solace could be found. Most of the household duties now devolved upon Bessie, and ere long the whole burden of the work rested on her shoulders.

As is the custom of young ladies who, as they generally give one to understand, at great personal inconvenience, consent to undertake for a season the menial offices of the kitchen, Mrs. Langford's assistant took her departure just when her services were most required; and Bessie's strength and perseverance were taxed to the utmost to fulfil the arduous duties which now devolved upon her. No substitute was to be found; her aunt's strength seemed to be failing daily; and now Bessie had an additional trial, in the querulousness of the children, whom she had hitherto considered models of good behavior, but who, as children are prone to do, finding that the elders of the family are more than usually occupied, and that they therefore do not receive the attention to which they have been accustomed, took this opportunity of proving to her that a considerable portion of the old Adam lurked in their youthful breasts, where it had lain unsuspected before; and now harmony did not always reign in the house which her uncle had once proudly said ought to be called Harmony Hall. "As thy day thy strength shall be." Bessie strove to possess her soul in patience; but often I felt cut to the heart as in my frequent visits I marked the pallid cheek and heavy eye, which told of strength and patience taxed almost beyond endurance. But also at this time I made the discovery that Bessie was walking in a strength not her own, and comforted myself on her account by recalling the beautiful and familiar words, "The trial of your faith worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." I was rejoiced to be able

to tell her one day of the expected arrival of my wife's youngest sister, who, having acquired a competency, had resolved to retire from teaching, in which she had been engaged for fifteen years; and having disposed of her school advantageously, intended inflicting on me, as she said, her presence for a time, until she had decided on a place of future residence. My communication, however, did not seem to afford much comfort, as indeed why should it? To Bessie Deborah Baxter was only a stranger, and strangers had little attraction for her at present, when a faithful friend and helper in the house was what she required; but I knew what to expect from Deborah's presence, and the future fully justified my expectations.

CHAPTER VIII.

My wife's half-sister, Deborah, could scarcely have been two years old when the tie was formed which united us. During her girlhood I had seen very little of her, and it was only within the last fifteen years, when she had begun life on her own account as a teacher in a town not very far distant from us, that I had become familiar with her, and her gracious qualities of mind and heart had won my highest affection and esteem. Since then I had always had the impression that Deborah possessed some secret in her history with which I was unacquainted. Now people possessed of a secret history are not often the most agreeable, and I must confess are not likely to become favorites with me, to whom mystery (perhaps on account of an extraneous share of Mother Eve's curiosity) has ever been wholly distasteful; but I never doubted that Deborah's secret was a good one—that whatever it was, it had been partly the means of endowing her with the soft and fragrant influences which her presence seemed to breathe wherever she went; and which had as much share in winning the

hearts of her pupils as her comprehensive acquirements and easy manner of imparting the same, had in storing their minds with useful knowledge.

Debby had now reached an age when she might be considered without injustice an old maid; but certainly there was nothing old-maidish in the still soft outlines of her face and figure, in the silky braids yet unstreaked with foreign hue, which parted on her smooth and lofty forehead; nor in the violet eyes, which still looked out on her fellows with all the innocent trustfulness and earnest enquiry which had characterized them in early youth, and rendered them, in the opinion of most, her greatest charm. Thus, womanly in heart and outward appearance, Debby had also much strength of character; and was in every respect a capable person—just such as I should have liked to step in now and help Bessie in the difficult circumstances in which she was placed. On her arrival I lost no time in driving her out to Mr. Langford's, whither I thought she rather reluctantly accompanied me; but thinking it impossible that Deborah, always willing to prove a friend in need, should, in this instance, be desirous of shirking the duty, I took no notice of her seeming reluctance, and fancied I must have been mistaken. I was surprised when, on introducing my sister-in-law to Mr. Langford, he quietly said, "Miss Debby (unconsciously using the name by which he had been used to call her years ago)—Miss Debby and I have met before." Though the latter almost simultaneously echoed the words, they did not seem to meet like the familiar friends which the title by which Mr. Langford had addressed her seemed to imply they had been; but, leaving the seeming incongruity for future consideration, I contented myself now with introducing her to the rest of the circle, adding in an aside to Bessie, that I hoped she would make a friend of Deborah, and accept of the assistance which I doubted not

she would offer. By-and-bye I heard the latter telling Bessie that I had informed her of the state of matters at the cottage, and that she hoped Bessie would accept of her assistance in any way in which she could be useful; offering to remain that afternoon, that she might have some rest, of which she stood very much in need. I could perceive that Bessie's acceptance of the offer was a very unwilling one, and that she hated the idea of a stranger, however kind in intention, meddling in their domestic concerns; but before I left, she and Deborah seemed to be on very good terms with each other, and I doubted not would soon become the friends I wished to see them. It was not long till Debby had constituted herself a very necessary and desirable visitant, and her drives to the cottage continued to be almost of daily recurrence. The children soon learned to love her, and to look forward to Miss Debby's arrival as the pleasantest event of the day. George, notwithstanding his horror of old maids, was fain to acknowledge that their new friend was an exception to the rule, and it amused me sometimes to observe the boyish reverence which he now offered at the shrine of one of the hated sisterhood. Mrs. Langford, whose health was daily declining, and whom a recurrence of an old disease, which had threatened her years before, and which, the doctors said, distress of mind and want of healthful exercise had tended to accelerate, seemed to be hastening to the grave, and clung to Debby with almost childish confidence, begging her to care for her children when death, to which she now looked forward as certain, should have removed her from their midst. Christmas came, and brought Edward, whose stay at Lynchborough had been more protracted than had been at first intended. On his arrival he informed me that what I had thought very likely to occur had actually taken place, viz., that he had received a call to the

church there, as Mr. Olney's assistant and ultimate successor; but had decided to delay his reply until he had consulted with me. For reasons of my own I advised him to request a month for consideration, which he accordingly did, and meanwhile he was to remain at home and pay me the visit to which I had been so long looking forward. We were a cosy circle at the manse now, for Deborah's and Edward's presence lighted the rooms which I had often, during the past years, found so lonely, and before the month had expired, I had the pleasant certainty that one of them at least was to remain to gladden me with his presence always. The wish of my heart was fulfilled: Edward was not to return to Lynchborough, but to begin his life's work at home. The congregation, to whom he preached with much acceptance, unani- mously desired his services as my assistant; and knowing my desire in the matter, which I selfishly allowed to appear, he finally accepted the call, which confined his talents to a quieter and more limited sphere, but which he assured me, when I regretted that such should be the case, afforded him as good a field for his work of saving souls and building up the Church in their most holy faith as any other.

Bessie was surprised one day about this time to receive a letter from Margaret Lester, with whom she had promised to correspond, and who, it had been agreed, was to be the first to write, which began by telling her that having learned from her brother what had occurred between Bessie and himself on the morning of their departure from Ferney Grove, she had felt bashful in opening the correspondence on which they had agreed, and hoped Bessie would forgive the apparent forgetfulness of her promise. It then went on to refer at more length to what she had already alluded to, and closed with an appeal to Bessie to alter her decision.

"Alf is not like himself at all," she

wrote; "and I feel quite discouraged on his account. He seems to have no energy for work, and often excites my father's displeasure by the acts of carelessness of which he is constantly guilty. When I remonstrated with him the other day, he replied that he could not help it; he had no aim in life, and where was the use of toiling for money when he had no further object in its accumulation? Tell me, dear Bessie, shall I encourage him to address you again? For the disappointment he suffers with regard to that on which he seems to have set his heart will, I fear, affect all his future life."

Bessie had never entertained such a low opinion of Alfred Lester as when she read these words, and felt that it would be impossible to reply to them without betraying how they had affected her. She disliked having to reply to Margaret's letter, but, as Bessie mostly did with disagreeable duties, resolved to do it at once; and on second thoughts she decided also to do what I suppose was not the correct thing at all, and calculated to call down the animadversions of all prudent people, viz., to write to Alfred himself and give him a "piece of her mind." We do not know what Bessie wrote, but Alfred Lester has her letter still, and dates from its reception his awakening to the realization of a higher aim in life than the gratification it may be even of our best impulses, and a better ending than any earthly prosperity or success can lead to.

The correspondence between Margaret and Bessie thus begun was regularly continued and proved beneficial to both, Bessie unconsciously exerting an influence on Margaret, which, in some degree, had a tendency to smooth down the rough edges of that young lady's character; and Margaret, in her turn, imparting to Bessie more of the ardent impulses and hopeful expectations which characterized her own disposition.

The New Year had scarcely begun when the same mourners who had issued from the cottage three months before, came forth once more,—bearing, not this time, a tiny form, whose short span of life had scarce rippled the surface of the flowing tide which is ever bearing us on to the future, but the loving and faithful wife, the gentle mother, whose life had been spent in self-forgetful fulfilment of the duties of both; who, though for a season, she had rebelled at God's dealings with her, and thus lost the sense of His presence and favor, which had lighted her path and eased her burdens in days gone by, had been led by Deborah's gentle persuasions and loving counsel to acknowledge the loving kindness of the hand which had smitten her, and say, from the depths of a submissive heart, "Thy will be done." The dread tyrant visited her so gently they scarce knew the moment when her spirit left the frail tenement which must now also soon depart from their sight forever.

"The gentle sigh the fetter breaks,
We scarce can say she's gone,
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne."

CHAPTER IX.

That long and gloomy winter passed away, and when April, with its tender green and earth-refreshing showers, came once more to gladden the heart of man, the family at the cottage awoke to new cheerfulness, and the younger members at least, with all the quick forgetfulness and eager ardor of youth, went forth again in the pursuit of new joys and pleasures.

But there were none on whom the events which had lately taken place among them did not leave some impression, and some over whom they were fated to exercise a lifelong in-

fluence. From the date of his mother's death, George seemed to put from him his boyhood, and become endowed with the strength of character and earnest purpose of a man. His companionship, next to Deborah's, comforted Bessie not a little in her new and responsible position as her uncle's housekeeper; and often when most tried by the unwonted burden, George's cheering words and willing help dispelled the clouds of uncertainty and failure which sometimes gathered on the domestic horizon. Thus being obliged by the force of circumstances to lay aside the too retiring inclinations which had threatened to destroy her pleasure in society, and to prevent her from ever appearing to advantage therein, Bessie rapidly improved in ease of conversation and repose of manner, and under Deborah's tuition bid fair to become erelong, not only an intellectual and agreeable companion, but a fascinating and accomplished woman. But, while thus with affectionate interest Deborah strove to beautify and enrich the mind of her much-loved pupil, did she forget to teach her also those lessons of more womanly import which concern the outward personal adornment, of almost equal moment, but which Bessie had been wont to consider of minor consequence? By no means. Deborah's example in dress might safely have been followed (though a young girl like Bessie would naturally and properly desire the admixture of brighter hues and more fanciful "fixings" than were ever to be seen in Debby's toilet), for Debby's black silks and soft greys would have been becoming to any; but precept was not wanting on her part also, and though Bessie at first almost resented her interference on a subject on which she considered a stranger had no right to dictate, as she learned to love Deborah more, she began gradually to adopt the suggestions so kindly meant, and often thanked her in after days for the friendly

hints which had perhaps saved her from becoming that most distasteful of objects,—a slovenly woman. Methinks, Bessie had also, that summer, another teacher who shared with Deborah the credit of her improvement in the last particular ; for the instinct which only love can bring to some women, was now at hand, to guide the choice and call forth the care which makes beauty more beautiful, and even clothes intellect with a charm not altogether her own. Bessie, however, unfortunately,—no, I will not say that, for where is the misfortune in the lack of mere earthly beauty?—Bessie was not beautiful, and never would be ; but she was not wanting even in some personal charms ; for the new interest which had entered into her life, and the peace and joy not of this earth, which now dwelt in her heart, lent to the dark gray eyes, always lovely, a deeper and more lustrous hue ; and to the earnest mouth, where Bessie's character might best be read, a sweeter and a tenderer curve. Being in time relieved of the more arduous household duties, which had swallowed up all her time and energy, she now began to devote herself to more congenial pursuits, and set apart a portion of her time for working in the Lord's vineyard in which she had no intention of remaining an idle spectator. Our Sunday-school, which I regret to say for want of some one to take its superintendence and exert himself in keeping up its ranks, had been for a time wholly dispersed, was now under Edward's sway, revived, and consenting for a time to take the superintendence thereof on his own shoulders, he soon succeeded in collecting the nucleus of what he yet hoped to see a large and flourishing Sunday-school, which should be a power for good in the place.

Deborah, whom we had with much difficulty persuaded to make her abode with us for a time, at least, was to take charge of the young women's Bible class, Edward instructing the young

men, and Bessie, always humble, begged to have the little ones, whom she felt she could address with more freedom, and was the more likely to benefit, committed to her charge.

Edward was made much of in Therwall. The old men and women of the congregation, who were not in the habit of allowing themselves to be carried away with youthful eloquence, and were apt to look with suspicion on talent, yet improved by time and trial, nevertheless paid him the compliment of bestowing on him their hearty approval and support, and were wont to speak of him as an exceedingly clever and promising young man, who would some day become "a man among men."

The young men and maidens were not behind in testifying their respect for young Mr. Carstairs ; the latter evidencing the esteem in which they held him by the presentation of sundry articles of comfort and convenience wrought by their own fair fingers, which threatened to become so numerous that Edward was in danger of never being able to wear out the half of them.

There was only one thing in which Edward did not give satisfaction, and that was in visiting the members of his flock. I often expostulated with him on this account, but found him very perverse ; for even on our visits to the Langford's, where Deborah and I had got into the habit of often driving out to spend an afternoon, Edward seldom accompanied us, but remained at home buried in his books, or indulged in a solitary stroll to relieve the tedium of study.

On our return one evening from a visit to the cottage, finding Edward still occupied with his book, though darkness was fast creeping over the page from which he read, I renewed the attack which had previously proved so unsuccessful :

"Put away your book, Edward ; I wish to talk with you."

"Well, what is it, dear father?" reluctantly closing the volume.

"When are you going to begin to take a sufficient amount of exercise? You are becoming too studious, my boy, and if you do not mix more with your fellows, are in danger of becoming altogether a misanthrope."

The genial laugh with which Edward replied to my words, did not sound very misanthropic, nor the face which was raised to my own discover the lack of healthy exercise; but as I had a secondary object in my present remarks, I was not to be baffled, and though compelled to laugh with him, soon returned to the charge.

"Edward, will you tell me what are your principal objects in life?"

"Willingly," replied he, gravely: "to serve My heavenly Father faithfully, and love Him daily more, and to promote the happiness and secure the approval of my dear earthly father, who distresses himself so unnecessarily about his unworthy son."

"Good," said I, "and what more?"

He smiled so roguishly that I suspected him of having perceived my drift, but replied, demurely:

"Well, there are some minor desires, of course. You do not wish me to enumerate them all, do you?"

"Edward, have you any thought of getting married?"

"Not immediately, sir."

"Would you mind telling me if you have seen any one you could prefer?" I unwisely continued.

"Would you object to Miss Stacy?" said Edward, mischievously; "or is there any other who would meet your more decided approval?"

The cunning fellow was turning the tables on me nicely, but I replied, seriously,

"Though I would never seek to advise you in such an important matter, there is one I would choose for you did the choice rest with me. But, dear Edward, I hope you will marry soon.

You will be more useful in your work as a married man, besides being happier in your private life."

"I believe, dear father, you are quite right. The difficulty is to find a suitable helpmeet. As she would necessarily become an appendage of the manse, perhaps you have as much right to the selection as I. Please to give the subject your most serious consideration, and let me know your opinion when it is formed. I would merely suggest that some one near at hand should be decided on, as I fear I could not spare time for the necessary amount of visiting was her place of habitation far removed from the manse."

Finding him thus incorrigible, I was fain to let the matter rest, though glean- ing some hope from the last words, so mischievously uttered, that some day, not far distant, my wish should be fulfilled.

Meantime, how did my heroine regard the "young minister," and while the young ladies of Therwall vied with each other in the manufacture of the tasteful and costly presents which time and again found their way into Edward's sanctum, what offering did she present at the shrine of the faithful preacher? One infinitely more costly than these—the best she had to give; yet scarce was she aware of what she had bestowed.

Why was it that a look from Edward's dark eyes, or a touch from his hand, had power to summon to cheek and brow the rosy mantle in which love is wont to shroud himself; or his sudden entrance to produce a tremor of feeling, for which, at first, even Bessie herself could find no adequate reason? When at length Bessie found an answer to the question, she was startled to discover the why and wherefore of the potency of the charm which Edward's presence possessed for her, and the dangerous nature of the hero-worship in which she had been indulging during the past months. She could not tell just when

Edward had ceased to be the respected minister and esteemed friend, around whom his instrumentality in her conversion had thrown a halo unshared by his brothers in office, and become the one in whom all her thoughts seemed to unite, and whose temporary absence from church or pulpit served to produce a blank which deprived the day of much of its enjoyment and delight, and caused her to return home dissatisfied with herself and the performance of the duties which generally afforded her so much pleasure. Chiding herself for thus robbing God of the heart service which she was now too often tempted to transfer to a fellow-being, Bessie strove to overcome the feeling, which she yet found herself powerless to subdue, and which one of Edward's speaking glances, in which his heart seemed to echo to her own, and tell her that her love was not unsought, was constantly tending to reanimate and cherish. But still Edward came not often to the cottage, and oftentimes Bessie

doubted and questioned with herself the sincerity of an attachment which so seldom sought its object, and resolved to banish from her heart the image which, unbidden, had found a lodgment therein. The proud blood mantled her cheek at the thought that she might have bestowed her affection where it was undesired, and possibly unwelcome, for

“ She felt the modest conscience of her worth,
She would be wooed, and, not unsought, be
won.”

Seeking strength where she had never sought in vain, she at length attained the calm repose of mind which is the Christian's greatest solace, and was enabled, in all sincerity, to breathe the words :

“ What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?”

(*To be continued.*)

TOLD BY MOONLIGHT.

BY B. ATHOL.

"Here must I smother vain regret,
Still hope's deceitful cry,
Here must I summon strength to let
A starry memory die.

"To go my destined way in life,
With patience-circled brow,
Reap comfort soothing woe and strife
Must be sufficient now.

"I linger yet, while sights and sounds
Repose in night's calm noon;
No bird-note breaks sleep's prison bounds
Beneath the harvest moon."

"Come, auntie, which way shall we take—the fashionable promenade down there, or a quieter direction? Just look at them. Every style and description of couple, from the elderly Darby and Joan, down to Joe Waters and our little Sarah. I thought she was hurrying up her work this evening. The moonlight shows them off to advantage, and the whole town seems to have turned out. No wonder, with such a moon. See, she's just resting on top of the church spire! Do you remember when I was a little fellow, Auntie, how I used to tell you that when I grew up I would climb up the spire and bring down the big ball of gold?"

"Yes, my boy, I remember. I'm afraid many lives are spent in planning to climb up a spire for something that looks like a ball of gold. I suppose it happens once in most lives, and then we find out, like you, with the moon, that it was not gold after all."

Walter Innis looked quickly in the face of his aunt—or rather the lady who had adopted him when he was a baby, and called him her nephew—as if expecting her to say something more. But

Miss Severn took his arm, and, turning him from the lively street at their feet, and the church on the opposite hill, with the clear autumn moon apparently resting on its tall spire, chose, as she usually did, a less frequented direction for their evening walk.

"Too bad," murmured Walter, "to make me walk here where I've no chance to show my companion. I like to let my lady be seen as well as the rest."

"Yes, I suppose that will be the next thing you will think of. What will become of old auntie then? Four of my children have gone that way; I must expect to lose you some day too."

"It will be a long day yet, auntie," answered Walter seriously.

For a few moments they continued their walk without speaking. Both were deep in thought. Then Walter broke the silence.

"Do you know, auntie, I've often wondered why you never married anyone, though it has been a fortunate thing for a good many, I know, that you never did. But such a woman as you are,—I should think some men would have married you in spite of yourself."

Miss Severn laughed. "Well, I suppose there is a reason, Walter. When I would have married, I couldn't, and afterwards when I could, I wouldn't. I confess there was a time when I would have married if the man had asked me. I am a believer in love, Walter, and that from a sensible, shrewd old maid of forty-eight, is quite an admission. At least I was in love once, and I remember it was just such a night as this that my lot, so far as matrimony was concerned, was decided.

"I never was what could be called a susceptible girl. It seems almost strange that I should take such a liking to my brother's friend; but I did do it, and even a worse delusion fell upon me: I believed he had the same feeling towards me. This idea was strengthened by his repeated visits to us during his holidays, and also by some idle talk which came to my ears. But the delusion was quickly dispelled.

"We had a good many visitors that summer and fall, among the rest, Aunt Mary and three children. One evening about this time the baby grew sick and something was needed for him from the druggist's. I had a young girl, a very intimate companion of mine, who spent a great deal of her time at our house, spending the day with me; and as Aunt Mary required some assistance, Emma offered either to go to the druggist's or remain with her; but the children were more accustomed to me. At the door we met my brother and his friend returning from a walk. Harry was lazy, or had something to do, so the other one turned back with Emma to the druggist's. After two of the children were put to bed, I left Aunt Mary with the baby, and went down to the gate to watch for Emma. The night was very much like this one, but cooler. The days were soft and hazy, and the evenings fresh: evenings that made one feel, after the heat and languor of summer, as if one had come into possession of a new life. I was very happy then, too, thoughtlessly happy.

"Ah, well, though I regret nothing now, I suppose something did leave me those Indian summer days that never came back again. Looking over the gate, I saw the pair coming slowly, very slowly, up the hill. It was evident they had quite forgotten the baby. There was a large lilac tree growing just inside our gate then, and as they drew near, I hid myself behind it, intending to spring out after the crazy fashion girls have, and startle Em-

ma. She was rather a timid little thing.

"They did not come directly in, but stood leaning against the gate and looking at the moon which rested as it does to-night on the church spire. Then they began to talk—only a few words—a sentence or two, but enough to change the bright calm night to the darkest, wildest tempest for me. I crept silently away from the lilac to another corner of the garden and, like Philip in Enoch Arden, I sat down and had my dark hour unseen. Very likely I thought, too, that the hunger in my heart would be lifelong. I remember I felt very strange, very cold, and half stunned. Then it occurred to me, What if other people should know how I felt? In my anxiety to keep that a secret everything else was almost forgotten. So, instead of sitting in the garden till morning, as people in such cases generally do I believe, I hurried back to the house by a side door and coming through the hall met them on the steps. I scolded them jokingly for the time they had wasted; said they both looked moonstruck, and a great deal more nonsense to hide my thoughts, which I seemed to think every person was reading. Fortunately for me it was too late for Emma to come in, so we said good-night; and then I stood in the hall watching them walk slowly down under the trees and moonlight. How well I remember standing at the foot of the stairs with one hand on the balustrade, and a bottle of cordial or syrup for the baby in the other; even now I pity myself when I think of it. Under such a blow poor little Emma with her soft nature would have been completely crushed,—she would have given up at once; but I was not of a yielding disposition, so I must break. It was a rude awakening; an hour before I had been so happy, and as soon as they walked down to the gate, with every step my life seemed to be leaving me; I was half stupid too. Upstairs,

Aunt Mary was walking the floor with the sick fretful baby, telling him to call Minnie with the medicine; in the parlor I heard the cheerful voices and careless laugh of my sisters and our other visitors, while Harry, apart from the rest, was practising church music on the piano. Our organist was away, and for a few weeks Harry was to take his place. After finishing a voluntary he struck a few notes of the hymn we were in the habit of singing every evening. It seemed years to me since we had sung that hymn the night before. The first two lines he sang softly to himself; with the third the talking ceased and every voice joined—

‘Oh, may no earthborn cloud arise.’

How thick the clouds seemed to be about me; but then no one must know it—and no one did know it. After a few days, when Emma told me of her new-found happiness, I kissed and congratulated her with every appearance of rejoicing in her joy. I honestly tried to feel it too.

“Then it was made publicly known. For many weeks I had to laugh gaily and say, ‘Oh, what nonsense!’ when people in speaking of it would invariably turn to me with the remark, ‘Why we all thought it was you.’

“But no one ever knew. Some years after it struck me that Aunt Mary had guessed my secret. When my friends would tell me that I must get married, as people always do talk to young women, Aunt Mary used to say:

“‘Oh, I don’t know about Minnie marrying. Sometimes I think there is some special work of another kind for her.’

“The special work did come too, but not for some years. Hard years they were for me. I went away from home and taught, because I wanted something to occupy me, something to keep me from dwelling too much on that golden ball which I thought I had been so near grasping. I was not one of

those young people who fancy they will die from some disappointment; I knew I would live,—even had an idea of a long life. But it looked so empty, so dreary. There seemed to be nothing I would ever care for again. Because it was dark just overhead, I forgot that away on before me the sun was shining. That is such a mistake. If young people would only believe that time will bring us over all these things, and when life seems broken and useless, if they would only, as the author of ‘John Halifax’ says, ‘gather up the fragments,’ there would be found plenty to live for. I thought mine was finished. Instead of that it had not commenced; I was only preparing. Teaching was weary work to me, and when they asked me to give it up and come home, for the house was getting empty, I was pleased enough to do it. One after another went out into the world until none remained but myself. It has often grieved me since to recall how little at first I prized the work that was given me then,—the trust of watching over and caring for such a father and mother as mine were. I should have asked for no greater happiness than that, but I was slow to learn. Not until one was taken from me were my eyes opened to my own selfishness. Then my conscience would smite me, when mother, who was ailing for a number of years, used to thank God every day for giving her such a daughter, and I blamed myself for not being perfectly happy. What more could I want? While that change for the better was coming over me something occurred to complete it. I got you. When your mother was dying she sent for me and asked me if, for the sake of the friendship I had borne her, I would take you as my own altogether and keep you. She had very few relations of her own, and none were so able as I. Someway my heart warmed to the little orphan as I never thought it would to anything again, for I had grown cold. A precious gift you were,

too, just one year old, and such a beautiful baby I thought. But perhaps that was because you were mine, entirely my own, with no one else to care for you but me. Then I commenced to sing again. It might have been at first to amuse you, but after a while it came naturally,—I could not help it. When you were eighteen months old, I took Mary Harper. I have told you about Dr. Harper before; how he came out here with a delicate wife and large family, and died very suddenly, leaving them almost destitute. A gentleman who took a great interest in the family asked me to give one of them a home for a time, until some other plan could be formed. That was how Mary came to us. After a few months I would not part with her; indeed that was never spoken of, no other home for Mary having offered itself. She was just ten then, and a very thoughtful child, affectionate too. When you or I were sick, Mary could never sleep. No baby ever had a more careful nurse. I often think I see her now, wheeling you up and down the garden walks, as was her custom out of school hours. So you see, Walter, how I discovered my mission. Aunt Mary had been right; there was a special work for me,—one I would not exchange for any other. The dead past was buried and flowers commencing to spring up over its grave. When people would say to me, ‘Ah, you’re so fond of children, you should have been married,’ I could laugh quite carelessly, and answer, ‘Well, I have the children; what is the difference about marrying? And no husband to divide my attention— isn’t that an advantage?’ By that time people took it for granted that I never would marry. When you were about four, the two little Greys came to me. They had no mother, and their father being so much away, they had been left entirely to the care of a housekeeper, and they were sadly neglected. So, then, I had these three besides you, who were always considered my own. That was

the commencement of what my friends called my ‘Orphans’ Home.’ A happy home it was, too, both for me and my children.

“Mary Harper soon grew up to be a companion for me. A brave, hard-working girl she was. Her greatest wish was to make herself independent, that she might assist her brothers and sisters, who were all scattered in different places. To bring them all back to their mother and to one home was for some years the great object of Mary’s life. When she had finished going to school here, and was able to try something for herself, I took a younger sister in her place, though I always taught Mary to consider this her home, and whatever happened, good or ill, to come here with it. She was the first of my children that left me, and I was naturally anxious about her for a time.

“But Mary did very well, and soon, by the help of some friends, got a situation in the same town where her mother lived, for which she acted as though she could never be grateful enough. Then she brought home a brother and sister. The boy was young; but something was found for him to do; and once more they had a home—poor it might be, but still it was a home. Mary has been a great comfort to her mother, and she never appeared to wish for anything more—the most unselfish girl I ever knew.

“Early summer brought her to me, brighter and not so grave as she used to be. It was easily seen that things were prospering with Mary. In a year or two she married, but her home was in the same place still, so her family lost nothing by that; indeed, it has since been an assistance.

“While these changes were taking place with Mary, there were some with us too; we had lost the Greys. Unlike Mary they were not obliged to do anything for themselves. But their father was waiting anxiously to take up house again, and once more enjoy the com-

forts of a home. You too, had grown quite a large boy; you must remember how everything went on in the 'Home' after the Greys left us. There were others waiting to take their places. After my three eldest, so I call them, went away, I thought I would never grow so fond of any others, but that was a mistake. The 'Home' never grew empty; at one time we had as many as six. When any change occurred that one was taken away, my relations or acquaintances always seemed to have another waiting. Almost all were orphans—some had means to support them and required only a home and care; others had nothing, and it seems to me I always became most attached to them. Some were with me for years, and others for a few months at a time. I count eight whom I brought up, who are all gone from me now; and as far as I can judge are doing well. To most of these eight my home is home still, and I am all the mother they ever knew.

"Now, Walter, I have told you why I couldn't get married when I would and why I wouldn't afterwards when I could. No marriage would have made my life as happy as it has been; that becomes more evident to me every day, when I see the love and gratitude my children have for me and the strong affection they manifest for one another. They are all sisters and brothers who have lived in my home, and they all recognize one another as such. You know yourself what an elder sister Mary Harper has been to all the younger ones; how she has exerted herself to help them, and others besides Mary have done the same. Both heart and hand are eager to welcome anyone from the old 'Home.' And when every week brings me a budget of letters, and every year at one season or another some of the 'young birds,' as Gracie Grey says, 'fly back to the old nest,' I feel more and more grateful that the golden ball was kept

out of my reach. But that I ever cast a longing eye or stretched out a hand for such a thing no one knows but you. I must be growing sentimental to talk about a time so long past, and by moonlight too."

"But your life would not have made everyone so happy, auntie; making others happy seems to bring it to you; but very few have that disposition, or at least in the same degree that you have. Not another woman in a thousand would have watched over and taken care of other people's children as you have done. But what sort of a fellow was that—that man, and what became of him? I'm sure *he* couldn't have been much; I can't imagine a man preferring such a girl to you,—for my part I never fancy those soft, milk-and-water kind of girls; I daresay he found out his mistake after that."

"No, she was a very nice girl, Walter; I don't wonder he liked her."

"Well, did you ever see him again, auntie? Where does he live now, or what became of him?"

"Yes, I saw him very often, but he did not live long after, poor fellow. I never regretted a death so much; yet I have one very dear remembrance of him."

"And what became of her? Married again I'll warrant. That kind always do."

"You are prejudiced, Walter; you think she injured me. Poor girl, she soon followed him."

"Is that so?" enquired Walter with astonishment. "Oh, well," he continued in a tone of cheerful resignation, "they could be better spared than some others. They could never have done what you have, auntie. But where did they live; you never told me his name. Did they have any children; did I ever see them?"

"His name was Walter Innis. He left one son; you may see him almost any fine evening walking about with an elderly lady he calls *Auntie*."

HARRY STANHOPE.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

“Stanhope’s view of it is nearest the truth, I fancy,” said a mellow voice behind them, which, despite the music in it, sent a chill to Harry’s heart. He turned and confronted Leslie.

“Am pleased to meet you, Harry,” he said, in his smooth, even tone. “It seems a long time since I saw you?”

“Come in, gentlemen, and have something to drink,” said a thirsty-looking individual, rising.

There was a movement towards the bar-room, but Harry kept his seat.

“Come, Stanhope,” said one of the group.

“Thanks, no;” said Harry, stiffly, and he took a paper and tried to read.

“Stanhope is quite right,” said Leslie. “I happen to know that he is one of that unfortunate class that cannot take a glass and stop; so, of course, he had better not go in.”

Harry was on his feet in an instant, and followed the crowd to the bar, fully determined to convince Leslie that he *could* take one glass and stop. He had already taken that, when Leslie came to his side with a glass of brandy.

“This is the best brandy I have tasted for a long time. Try it, Stanhope,” he said.

Brandy was Harry’s greatest temptation, and he took it. It was a whole week after that before he was quite sober again. Then he wakened from a heavy sleep to find that Leslie and the jolly good fellows who were with him had left Ottawa; and, also, that Harry Stanhope was a poorer man by a thousand or so. What had become of that

money he never knew; what he did know was that he had made a most egregious fool of himself. His first thought was to go straight home, tell the whole story to Paul, and commence over again in the work of becoming a sober man. But second thoughts drove this resolution away. He went to a druggist and procured a “pick-me-up,” got himself generally straightened up, and went home, where no one seemed conscious of his fall. This was not the only time—sorry as I am to be obliged to record it—but Mrs. Leith and her daughter knew nothing of it, and bright, handsome Harry was always a welcome guest at the cottage.

Paul’s conscience troubled him a little when he thought of the possibility of that beautiful young creature trusting her happiness to the keeping of a man who could not hold control of himself; and if he had been a strictly disinterested party he would certainly have talked seriously with Harry about it. But he could not tell how much of his anxiety was due to general principles, and how much to his own regard for Agnes Leith—so he dared not interfere.

CHAPTER VII.

The days measured themselves off, one by one, until summer was gone, and autumn, with its rich, heavy beauty, was creeping slowly into its place. Sabbath morning dawned once more upon the village of Elton—a clear, peaceful Sabbath morning. They always had quiet Sabbaths there—the very spirit of peace seemed to hover over the place.

One after another the worshippers quietly took their places in the time-browned old church, which was flooded with the rich, mellow sunlight. Miss Sherwood was organist now, and as the first notes of the prelude swelled softly out on the air, a tall man walked leisurely up the aisle, quite to the top of the church, where a seat was given him. As he turned in his seat, Harry Stanhope saw that it was Leslie, and he clenched his gloved hand and muttered to himself:

"What devilment has brought that scoundrel here!"

There was a pause in the music—a few more trembling notes were struck, and then it died away altogether. Miss Sherwood rose, and another quietly slipped into her place at the organ, and the service went on.

Among the very last to leave the church were Miss Sherwood and Nannie Leith. As they passed through the door, Leslie stepped forward, and looking full at Miss Sherwood, lifted his hat and greeted her with a grave, respectful bow. She scarcely recognized the salutation, only grasped Nannie's arm and hurried her homeward.

Leslie walked away at Harry Stanhope's side.

"By the way, Stanhope," he said, "your organist plays very nicely—the Miss Sherwood I heard you speak of, is she not?"

"Yes, she is Miss Sherwood. She is called a good performer—I am no judge."

Harry was decidedly cross.

"Is she likely to marry any one here?"

"I don't know," said Harry, shortly.

"Stanhope, you did me a favor when you put me on the track of this girl."

"I!" said Harry, completely bewildered.

"Yes. I had been looking for her for some time, and had lost all trace of her, until something you said when I

saw you at Ottawa, led me to suppose she could be found here."

He lifted his hat for good-bye, saying as he did so,

"Once more, let me thank you for helping me to find an old friend."

There was a mocking smile about the finely chiselled mouth that Harry knew boded no good.

"What a blockhead I am!" he thought, as he pursued his way alone. "I am afraid I have got Miss Sherwood into trouble, and it's all owing to that cursed scrape at Ottawa. I tell you what, my boy," he continued to himself, "you had better marry at once. Yes, I'll do it, if she will have me—and I think she will. Then when I have a house of my own, the trifle I shall take at dinner every day will keep me in running order, so there will be no more of these confounded sprees."

That Sabbath, so peacefully begun, ended in a thunder-storm; and every one knows how terrific a thunder-storm in autumn is. Miss Sherwood had kept her room all day, suffering (as she said) from a severe headache. In the afternoon, a boy brought a letter for her, and then she asked to be left alone for the remainder of the day; but when the storm came on, Agnes crept softly up, and tapped at her door. A voice that was steady, in spite of the suffering under it, bade her come in.

Miss Sherwood sat by the window, and she knelt at her side, and wound her arms round her, as she said,

"Dear Miss Sherwood, forgive me for disturbing you; but I thought you might not like to be alone through the storm."

"I like the storm, Nannie. It is in full accord with my feelings."

A vivid flash of lightning illuminated the whole room, and Nannie looked at her companion. There were traces of such keen agony in every feature, that she involuntarily started away from her; but Miss Sherwood held her fast.

"Nannie, darling, don't leave me. I feel as if you were almost my only friend. Without asking your permission, I am going to tell you my story. It will soon be known, and I had rather you heard it from myself. Did you notice that stranger who bowed as we came out of church to-day?"

"Yes; did you know him?"

"He is my husband."

"Miss Sherwood!"

A long, weary sigh, that was almost a groan, came up from the depths of her heart, and then she went on, hurriedly—

"Yes, he is my husband. Don't speak, Nannie, and I will tell you all about it. Seven years ago I was a gay, happy girl—such as you are now. Then I met Robert Leslie. He was a very handsome man; but it was not that so much as the wonderful fascination of his manner that won me. Oh! how I did love that man! I had quite a fortune in my own right, and he persuaded me to marry him—simply for the sake of my money, as I afterwards had good reason to believe. They told me he drank, but I would not believe it; so I became his wife. Before we had been married a month my property was all in his hands, and then—I cannot bring myself to tell you all I suffered. When my baby, little Herbert, was only six months old, he took him from me, and for six long months I never saw nor heard from him. Then I found him, and we commenced life alone—Bertie and I. I taught music, I sewed—I did a great many things to furnish bread for my boy and myself and no sooner had I gathered together a little money, than Robert Leslie appeared, and demanded either that or my child. Of course, he always got the money. A year ago, I heard that he had gone to England, and I changed my name that he might lose trace of me; left my boy with a friend I could trust, and hoped to be able very shortly to have a home of my own again, where Bertie and I could spend our lives in peace. You know

the rest. He writes in this letter that he has seen our boy, and is going after him this week. If I choose to go with him, I may—otherwise, I shall never hear from my child again. According to these precious laws of ours, he is Bertie's guardian, and I cannot help myself."

"But if he abuses him, will not the law let you keep him?"

"He will not give him what would be abuse in the eyes of the law; but he will teach him to lie, and swear, and drink—and I had rather he killed him!"

The pale lips quivered, and tears welled up in the mournful blue eyes. For a long time there was silence, Agnes feeling powerless even to offer comfort. At last she asked, hesitatingly,

"How did he find you were here?"

"He and Harry Stanhope were together in a billiard saloon in Ottawa. Harry was drunk, and told him some things he never would have told him if he had been sober, which led him to suppose the music teacher he mentioned might be his unfortunate wife."

There was bitterness in the tone, but it was entirely unnoticed by Nannie, who had heard no more than that Harry was drunk.

"Did you say Harry was drunk?"

"Yes, my dear; I saw him so last week, and have been told it happens often."

She brushed back the curls from the fair brow very tenderly, almost forgetting her own sorrow in pity for this child, whose first grief was coming from the same cause—the curse of *drink*.

"Oh, Miss Sherwood! Can it be true?"

"I am afraid it is too true, my child. I heard it, and took pains to find out if it were true. I cannot doubt the proof—in fact, I saw him myself."

Agnes Leith was young; but she was a woman, with a good share of woman's pride. So she resolutely put aside all

thoughts of herself after the first spasm of pain was past, and putting her arms round her friend, said,

"Dear Miss Sherwood, I wish I could help you bear your great trouble."

The tears rolled slowly down the worn cheek of the music teacher, at this evidence of unselfishness.

"My darling! I cannot tell you what a comfort you are to me."

They soon separated—each knowing it was best for the other to be alone. That was Agnes Leith's first sleepless night. Ever since she could remember, she had had a horror of the sin of drunkenness; and she felt that she could not trust her happiness in Harry Stanhope's hands. The conclusion to which she came cost her a pang; but she remembered her mother's teachings, and poor Mrs. Leslie's sad life, and so stood firm.

The next morning, Robert Leslie had an interview with his wife, and before night she left Elton with him—for the sake of her boy.

Not many days after this, Harry Stanhope called as he often did to ask Miss Leith to take a drive. She went, and what was said during that drive is best told in Harry's account of it to Paul.

Paul went into Harry's room before retiring, and found him just lifting a glass of brandy to his lips.

"Don't do it, Harry," he said, putting his hand over the glass.

Harry's trembling hand set it back on the bureau, and he almost fell into a seat, as he said,

"Paul, if you only knew—you wouldn't grudge me the comfort there is in that glass."

His haggard face told a tale of suffering, but Paul could not guess the cause.

"What is it, lad?" he said, so kindly that it went straight to his brother's heart.

"Nannie Leith positively refuses to marry me." His voice trembled as he went on. "You know how I've loved

her from the very first—how I came to look at her as mine, surely. I was sure she loved me—I know she did, for she was as pale as death while she spoke the words that sealed my death warrant."

"Don't say that, lad. I can see that it is hard to bear, but you can outlive a woman's refusal."

"An ordinary woman's—yes; but Nannie is not an ordinary woman."

"Did she give any reason for her refusal? She certainly has not discouraged your attentions."

Harry's lip quivered, and he reached for the glass on the bureau; but Paul moved it further away.

"She said, only a few days ago she had heard that I was too fond of brandy, and asked if it were true. You know a Stanhope cannot lie, and I told her the truth. For that reason she refuses me. It is that scoundrel Leslie's work. He must have told her."

"Harry, don't blame Leslie alone. *Drink* is the cause of all this trouble. Heaven knows, I would have saved it to you if I could; but I can't blame Miss Leith."

"I can't blame her enough to kill my love for her—I wish I could. I must go away from here. My ready cash is used up, but I'll let Tom McCrae have my farm; he wants it, you know, and can pay down for it. Before another week, I shall say goodbye to Elton. The very sight of the old river where I have so often sailed with her, drives me mad."

True to his word, Harry sold his farm, pocketed the price, and, crossing the St. Lawrence, was lost to his friends among the busy thousands of New York City.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two years since Harry Stanhope left his Canadian home, and plunged into a whirl of dissipation in the hope of driving the thought of Nannie Leith

from his heart. Once more it is spring-time, and in the new joy of the awakening after the long winter, let us take a peep at Elton and the Elton people.

How quietly but how steadily the stately old St. Lawrence rolls by! Sunshine and shadow chase each other across its bosom in quick succession, but it heeds neither the one nor the other. Slowly but surely it keeps on its way to the broad ocean.

Those Elton people all regard the river as a personal friend; and indeed it is a friend. If all the Elton people had confined themselves to the pure water it furnished for them in such abundance, instead of rushing to the brewery and the still for their beverages, what a world of misery it would have saved!

Among those who had suffered keenly from the ravages of Alcohol, and innocently enough too, were Paul Stanhope and Agnes Leith. Their names, their interests, their lives are one now. Paul's love for Nannie Leith grew too big for concealment, and found voice; and Nannie's heart answered to the call, and she put her hand in his, lifted her great brown eyes to his face, and said simply:

"I love you better than life, Paul."

Paul was too happy to sleep that night. The crowning joy to a man's life—the love of a pure woman—had been given to him. A few months later, when Mrs. Leith suddenly loosed her hold of life, and left her children orphans, Paul insisted on taking Nannie at once. She did not strongly object, for the old home was very lonely without its ruling spirit; and so in the presence of God, and a few witnesses, Agnes Leith became Paul Stanhope's wife. His mother took her to her heart, and, as far as possible, made up to her the loss of her own mother; while Paul solemnly covenanted with himself to be in all respects a brother to Charlie, Nannie's brother, and if possible keep him off the rock on which his own poor brother had been shipwrecked. It was long

since they had heard from Harry, and they had begun to fear he was dead. Save for that thought which would at times steal over them and disturb the tranquillity of their lives, these two people were as happy as it is possible for mortals to be.

One warm spring evening the last rays of the setting sun fell softly on the bowed head of Harry Stanhope's mother, as she knelt in her own room, praying for her wayward son.

The same sun peeped lovingly in on the scene in the sitting-room below. Agnes sat before the piano, while her tall, handsome husband stood at her side mingling his voice with hers in a song that filled the old house with melody. As the music died away on the air she turned in her seat and saw the figure of a man framed in the doorway. Could it be Harry—so pale and thin—so altogether a wreck of his bright, happy, former self? Yes, it was Harry. There was no mistaking the light that leaped into the blue eyes as he saw Paul. In an instant Paul's strong arms were round him, and he half carried him to a sofa and laid him down as tenderly as if he had been a child, saying as he did so,

"Harry, boy, you are sick!"

"Yes, Paul, I've come home to die. I couldn't die without a sight of the dear old river—and of you all."

He looked as he spoke, past his brother, towards Agnes, who had not yet spoken to him.

"Nannie, can you give me a welcome?"

"A very hearty one, brother Harry."

There was the slightest possible accent on the word "brother." Harry's face lighted up, as if pleased with it; and then his eyes went back to Paul. He could scarcely satisfy himself with looking at him. All night long the two brothers talked. Paul remonstrated, but Harry said,

"I have spent many a night in a drunken carouse—I can surely spend

one in talking to you. I feel that I have not long to live, and I must tell you my story while I can."

He told him of his terrible dissipation during the first year of his absence.

"Then, one day," he said, "I picked up a Canadian newspaper, and something like my own name caught my eye. It was a notice of your marriage to Nannie. That was a terrible night for me, I saw so plainly what I had lost and why. Don't be angry with me, Paul; I couldn't help loving her, you know. But now I am so glad—I can't tell you how glad—to see her your wife. I knew all the time that her happiness would not be safe in my keeping, but I was very selfish. But now, Paul, the old love is entirely gone—as entirely with me as I can see it is with her. But that night I saw the folly of my course with awful distinctness. Again and again, a voice seemed saying to me, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' From that time I have not touched a drop of anything that can intoxicate. It was too late to save my life; but not, I hope, too late to save my soul."

He was right. It was too late to save his life; but his native air seemed to give him new strength, and he lingered all through the bright, brief summer. Never a day of that summer went by without his reproaching himself bitterly for the way in which he had wrecked his life.

"O Paul!" he would say, "if I only had my life to live over again, how

gladly would I follow your example, and never touch that curse to humanity! But it has ruined me—killed me, and I have only myself to blame. If I could only have gone out of the world when I was pure and innocent, and not have lived to become a self-murderer!"

How the mother's heart writhed in agony under those words! Even so, sometimes, God grants us our frenzied petitions that we may learn that, child-like, we cannot know what is best for us.

It was a quiet Sabbath evening that "the angel with the amaranthine wreath . . . descended." The church bells tolled out solemnly on the Sabbath air, calling together the worshippers. The church was very near them, and as the service proceeded those watchers by the dying could distinctly hear the voices of pastor and people mingling in their offering of prayer and praise to the Father above. The dying man joined feebly with them, as their voices rose in that grand old song of praise;—"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to—" his voice failed, and he clasped his thin fingers and listened with a sweet smile over all his face. Those were his last words.

So ended Harry Stanhope's life, and in it lies a terrible warning,—

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

THE END.

OUR ANCIENT POTTERIES.

BY R. W. M'LACHLAN.

Man, early rising superior to instinct, with which he is endowed in common with the lower animals, is, in his actions, governed by the higher, *reason*. Every individual has his own peculiar wants; and necessity, leading him to seek out the most accessible means of supplying these wants, is the "mother of invention" to the circumscribed circle of his own brief experience, notwithstanding that many before him have had similar results in supplying like wants.

Much comes to us as inherited experience, and as the result of imitation and observation; but much more, especially life's great problems, has to be worked out by our own inventive thought. Our wants, ever increasing, have constantly to be met with fresh inventions; for so soon as one pressing need has been supplied, another, as pressing, looms up in the path leading to ease and rest.

Peoples in their infancy have few if any great wants, and these are easily gratified by instinct and childlike imitation; but soon, with the growth of civilization, new demands arise, taxing to the utmost for their supply all the ingenuity and energy at command.

As one instance, among many, the appetite calls for some change from a diet of parched cereals and seared flesh. To gratify this desire other culinary utensils, than the primitive pointed stick and heated stone, are required. Then the highest intellect of the tribe comes to the front, and casting round for material, lights upon the plastic clay, everywhere so abundant, and from it moulds a rude vessel, in which is prepared his primitive mess of pottage.

Thus in all the great nations of antiquity, from such rude beginnings, a high state of art was at length attained; while in Britain, from innumerable examples, we can trace the progress of this art through many diverse civilizations, up to the days of Josiah Wedgwood, the prince of potters, who brought ceramic art to the climax of its perfection. Now these fragments of hardened clay, bearing the impress of nations long passed away, have come to be considered as their fossils, by which we may determine to some extent their age, range, and degree of civilization.

In Canada many places are mentioned where such fragments have been exhumed; yet none are so interesting to us as the site of our ancient Hochelaga, where, up to a few years ago, fragments of pottery and other remains were found in abundance. The place, however, is now almost entirely covered by stately buildings.

From these fragments we may learn something of our predecessors, and observe that they had made some advance in civilization. We may also learn something of their manners and customs, although these are almost the sole records they have left us of their existence.

While somewhat civilized, these ancient *Hochelagians* had not reached that stage when time, in a rigorous climate, could be spared from the struggle for existence, for the exercise of higher art; therefore, their manufactures were confined almost entirely to a few varieties of stone and bone instruments, and the clay pot, then the sole culinary utensil. The latter seem generally to have been

moulded after the natural pattern, the gourd, which it superceeded. Having round, or as Handy Andy would say, "wid' no bottoms," they could not stand of themselves, but required, when taken from the fire, some support in the shape of a soft bed of sand. In size, although varying considerably, the usual form stood about a foot in height, narrowing slightly at the neck, which was surmounted by a broad rim; the mouth measuring about five inches across. This rim, which varied in width from two to four inches, was always more or less highly ornamented, receiving greater attention in that direction than all other parts of the vessel. A perfect specimen may be seen in the Natural History Society's Museum, resting, almost hidden, on an upper shelf beside a Roman pot, which it closely resembles.

The material from which they were moulded, the Leda clay, underlying the Saxicava sand so extensively distributed over the Island of Montreal and surrounding district, is the same as that from which the bulk of our bricks and flower-pots are made, the latter much resembling the ancient vessels as regards appearance and finish. But the Indians, instead of mixing with the clay, the sand found so convenient, used pounded stone, thus rendering their vessels stronger and more durable, although from their coarseness not capable of receiving such a high finish. Almost any stone lying at hand was pressed or rather pounded into this service, some specimens containing small lumps of diorite and black crystals of pyroxene from the Mountain, white quartz and shining scales of mica from boulders, and even bluish fragments of our Montreal limestone.

As the condition of the women among this people was no exception to that in all barbarous or slightly civilized nations, they were the chief artificers and laborers; therefore this pottery is not the work of men's hands, for the manhood of the village contented itself with

ministering to the members of their respective families in the products of the chase, or in calmly looking on while their patient wives performed all the arduous labors of the household, or engaged in such manufactures as were necessary to its comfort.

To the clay pit, in the bed of the brook flowing by their village, resorted these dusky dames of ancient Hochelega, followed by their rising "olive branches," to replenish their depleted stock of culinary utensils. Here might an observer behold a truly animated and busy scene for an aboriginal village of the West: groups of squaws whose nimble hands kneaded the plastic clay, while their no less flexible tongues discoursed the village gossip, in which the inexhaustible topic of neighborly "abuse" entered largely. Their voices would occasionally rise to a higher pitch as they attempted the settlement of the oft-recurring quarrels of their respective offsprings. The older children were assigned the arduous labor of pounding stones until reduced to the fineness requisite for mixing with the clay; while the younger ones, begging or stealing from their mothers lumps of kneaded clay, would, in their play, make for themselves rude little vessels in imitation of those in process of formation by their elders. This, in fact, was the school for the little ones, in which the brighter intellects soon became proficient in all the arts necessary to the comfort and well-being of an Indian nation. Yonder on the rising ground might be seen a youth returning from the chase, bearing the well-earned spoil of the forest on his shoulder. Wending his homeward steps in the direction of this loved spot, and there lingering, those keen eyes from among the busy workers would soon single out his dark beauty. The object of his gaze, whose skilful hands quickly fashioned the soft clay into graceful mould, raising her eyes, becomes aware of that earnest gaze.

Suddenly flushing, even through her ruddy, natural hue, from her trembling hand that had so carefully brought her first attempt almost to completion, drops her handiwork a shapeless mass of clay. Still that one meaning glance and the remembrance of his manly form makes her heart grow light even over this loss and the consequent maternal storm.

When the clay was sufficiently kneaded, properly mixed with the pulverized stone and somewhat built into shape, it was ready to be moulded, the process being almost the same as that poetically described by the Prophet Jeremiah,* save that, as their inventions were not so far advanced, the potter's wheel was unknown to them. In its place they had a rounded stick, upon which the almost shapeless mass of clay was caused rapidly to revolve, guided by a cunning hand, until it was made to assume the desired form. This process required some dexterity, and only after repeated failures and a long apprenticeship, so to speak, could the worker acquire the art of forming vessels symmetrically. The only other instrument necessary to the completion of these vessels was a pointed bone. So, after they had been placed for a few days on their mouths to dry, sheltered by skins from the dew and rain, with the pointed bone a series of lines, longitudinal, perpendicular or transverse were drawn on the still soft clay, while rows of circles were impressed with the other end of the marker which was formed for that purpose. This was oc-

*JER. XVIII., 3, 6.—Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as it seemed good to the potter to make it.

Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, O House of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O House of Israel!

asionally supplemented by impressions made by the point of the finger, showing even the marks left by the nails. Little did this ancient American dame think, when pursuing her ordinary avocation by impressing her finger on a piece of clay, it would become a fossil of her nation, and that in after years it would be studied by antiquaries of this nineteenth century, and the shape of her delicate finger be criticised by the daughters of the pale faces, now dwelling in the tents of Shem.

This ornamentation, consisting entirely of lines, circles and finger marks, seemed to tax the higher ingenuity of those ancient artists, who vied with each other in the beauty and novelty of design displayed on the rims of their respective pots; and it is surprising how varied are the patterns to be found among these broken fragments, hardly any two being exactly alike.

The next stage in the manufacture was that of baking,—one requiring great care, for the fire had to be properly regulated, and yet many a goodly vessel perished when receiving this finishing touch. A large oven was dug in the sand, the slightly hardened pots carefully placed therein, and fire laid over them, which was kept burning until they were brought to requisite hardness. The thrifty wives anxiously watched the process, lest the product of their skilled labor, when almost complete, should be rendered useless, and require a commencement anew. We have also specimens showing that the indolent and less skillful fashioned, with little effort, vessels in wicker baskets of the proper shape. The wicker being consumed in the flame while the vessel was being baked, left them perfect, although unsightly and without ornament.

Their fire places were slight depressions in the sand built up with a few stones. Over this the pot was suspended with a cord of sinews or hide. Instead of handles like ours on the outside, where the cord would be in

constant danger of burning, when pot, dinner and all would be destroyed; they had their handles on the inside where the suspending cord was safe from the devouring flame. These handles were always more highly ornamented even than the rim, having usually a rude representation of the human figure, almost the only attempt they seem to have made at higher art. Here in this one point they seem to resemble Gothic architecture, their ornamentation being always subservient to some definite purpose.

As these pots were exceedingly fragile, reminding one of the Scripture expression of "being dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel," they of necessity must always have kept a large stock on hand, especially during the winter months, when there could be no possibility of replacing them. The children would also require to be careful in their play, lest in some thoughtless frolic, two or three of the precious vessels might be bowled into twenty pieces. One would think that in times of scarcity, which was often their lot, an accident to the dinner or the fire would raise quite a disturbance, sending the whole family supperless to bed, when for a time the utmost care would be exercised lest another such accident should again disappoint their well-whetted appetites.

We have found many specimens of pottery which never seem to have been put to the intended use, while side by side have been picked up others that have grown black in long service, showing in different layers traces of the many meals cooked therein, as the Indians were unacquainted with the process of glazing, and the material, being somewhat porous, these pots absorbed a portion of whatever was being cooked therein. Therefore, if they were not so fortunate as to possess a separate pot for each dish they were accustomed to prepare, they must needs have been troubled with no fastidious taste, for each preparation would be fla-

vored with whatever had been previously cooked therein. For instance, corn-meal porridge would be pleasantly flavored with fish, or a pottage of beans with musk-rat or beaver, and so on. Neither was it possible to properly cleanse these vessels with water, as no amount of washing could bring them to their original brightness,—at least we would infer, from the many specimens found containing, in layers, remains of former meals, that pot-washing was not a thorough if a regular occupation among the housekeepers of Hochelaga. But yet they had a process of thoroughly cleansing these pots—and that was by fire. As this process risked an old servant, it was only applied when even the inured palates of the Indians could not longer endure such a musty mixture of vile tastes.

Their dishes were as varied as the fauna and edible flora of the country would allow. All living creatures, beasts, birds, fishes, and even insects, were "fish to their net." Their dinner bill of fare might be put down as soups, fish, river shell fish (tough morsels), snails, fowl, and flesh; smoking hot potatoes for vegetables, finishing up with a dessert of plums, chokecherries and other berries in their seasons. These dishes, lacking all condiments, would be unpalatable to our pampered tastes. Breakfast might consist of Indian-meal porridge and parched corn-cake; and tea, a pottage of lentils, or beans, and corn-bread. Some have inferred, from finding, occasionally, human bones suspiciously mixed with those of animals used for food, that in times of scarcity this bill of fare was varied by a venerable dame, useless through age. As this surmise, however, has not been authenticated by history, let us give these, our predecessors, the benefit of the doubt, and speak naught but good of the long departed dead. As no utensils have been discovered that seem to have been used as knife and fork, we may infer that they had pointed sticks and bones, or

that the pot was set in the middle of the company, each one shoving his hand into it, at the risk of being burned, and fishing out what seemed to him best, or what he could first seize, the weaker members of the family often coming in for a short supply.

There is no evidence of this people having prepared any special vessel, as among more eastern nations, to accompany the dead in burial. Nor are there any especially devoted to worship, save their pipes, for the Indian considered smoking as much an act of worship as of mere gratification. On these pipes more ingenuity and design was displayed than on any other of their manufactures; and we would judge that in this case the brave, throwing aside his antipathy to the work of the potter, with his own hand moulded the pipe with which he smoked peace to

his household. Yet he may not have lowered himself this much, but sat placidly watching while his patient wife thus ministered to his cherished vice and his worship of the Great Spirit.

Although from this pottery comes all we know of its extinct Indian makers, we may yet learn that our country was long ago peopled by a strong and vigorous race, and that they had made some slight advancement in arts and manufactures. In it is as promising a germ as that of early Greece, Rome, or Britain, of a higher civilization. Had then this people, in after generations, been able to spare the time from the struggle for existence, a civilization would have sprung up in this vigorous Northern clime, higher, more vigorous and lasting than that of the Incas or Astecs of the more bountiful South.

DIAMOND-HUNTING IN QUEENSLAND.

BY "WANDERER."

Whilst on the Diamond fields of South Africa, I happened to get hold of a Queensland newspaper, and as anything in the shape of reading is always most welcome in the Diggings, I eagerly perused it. In this paper I came across a proclamation by the Governor, to the effect that as it was supposed that there were diamonds in Queensland, a reward of £1,000 was offered to whoever should discover a paying diamond field. My claim being nearly worked out, it struck me that I might as well go there as stop in Africa. A few months after, I went home to the old country, and after remaining there about eight weeks,

started for Australia by the overland route. The voyage to the antipodes is thought nothing of nowadays, and as everyone knows Gibraltar, Malta and Egypt, I will not stop to describe them, but proceed to Australia as quickly as possible. Melbourne and Sydney are also pretty well known, and have been often described by far abler pens than mine; but at the same time there can be no harm in adding my humble testimony to the wonderful erections that have sprung up like magic within the last forty years, where was at no distant period a howling wilderness. In '66 and '67 I spent a short time in Mel-

bourne, and when I returned there in '73, I was perfectly amazed at the immense alterations I observed, even in the interval of those few years. Truly the Victorians are a go-ahead people; but, unfortunately, they rush headlong into debt, raising loans for railways and other public works, with very little idea as to how they are going to pay,—nor does it seem to trouble them much, so long as they can raise the money and get the work done. After leaving Melbourne we went to Sydney, which is without doubt the finest harbor in the world, not even excepting Rio Janeiro. From here it is two days' steam along the coast to Brisbane, the capital of Queensland. The one great drawback to Brisbane is the entrance to the river, the channel being very narrow and not very deep. It is most enjoyable, however, to go up the river on a fine day; the different views as the river winds are very beautiful. The banks of the river are mostly bound by mangrove scrubs, but in a good many places you get fine maize fields and groves of bananas and sugar cane. After I had spent a few months in looking round me, I determined to start from Maryborough and prospect up the Burnett and Auburn rivers. The first thing I did, however, was to interview the Colonial Secretary, to know whether the proclamation was still in force or was in abeyance, and also to gain all information regarding the geological formation of the district which I purposed prospecting. The Colonial Secretary was not at all inclined to give me any aid in my undertaking, but promised me the reward if I was successful, and referred me to the Government geologist for any further information. With this I was obliged to be content, and I wrote to my chum to come to Brisbane and join me, he being then in Maryborough looking after some horses we had bought. When our arrangements in Brisbane were complete we went to Maryborough, where we bought

a dray and some more horses, eight in all. Now our work began,—we had to buy tools, materials for cradles, sieves, &c., tents, blankets, and in fact all the necessaries for camping out for some time. We loaded up six months' provisions on the dray, consisting of flour, tea, sardines, cheese, &c. We had to depend on the stations we passed through to procure meat, and besides there were lots of kangaroos along the road. As we were unable to get anyone to accompany us on what was considered rather a wild goose chase, we two started alone. We had three horses in the dray and three more with us; the other two we had sent on to Gayudah, a small township about ninety miles distant, and the last we should pass through. The dray horses, which had not worked for three months, were very tender in the collar, being what is termed "collar-proud," so we had a great deal of trouble with them, and about four miles out of the town we stuck in a mud-hole, up to the axletree. This was not a very encouraging beginning; however, we turned to and off-loaded the dray, being several hours before we got a fresh start. That night we camped at what is known as the Seven Mile Creek, though in reality it is ten miles from the town of Maryborough. The next day we only got as far as Stony Creek, the horses being very sore in the collar and jibbing at every hill, so we camped early. We were stuck three days at this place, as it came on to rain very heavily, and teams coming down from the copper mines had cut the road up fearfully. Several teams that were taking machinery up to the Beehive gold mine on the Burnett river were in the same predicament, and we were looked upon as natural curiosities. We were, however, very well treated wherever we went. As business was very slack, most of the copper and antimony mines were hanging up, and people were looking forward anxiously for our success, so that a rush might set in to

the Burnett district. We were a fortnight doing the ninety miles to Gayudah, having to stop five days at Musket Flat owing to the rain—the road was either heavy clay or black loam, and it was impossible to travel with the dray. We hired a man we met on the road to drive for us, so that we might be able to leave the dray and go out prospecting, always leaving orders for him to wait for us at a certain spot. During our march we prospected several gullies and creeks, finding small quantities of gold, silver, tin, and quantities of very fine ruby tin, also topazes. At a place called Oakey Creek, we lost two of our horses and spent nearly a whole day before we could find them. There we had some very fine duck shooting; and my mate, who was delighted at the prospect of good sport, voted to camp a couple of days. This I would not agree to, as I wanted to get on to Gayudah as soon as possible, to rest the horses and also to get a new collar and hames, as one of the horses had jumped right through its collar, and broken the hame chain in an endeavor to bolt up a hill. My mate, however, turned out long before daybreak, and followed his own way, coming in several hours after with a very good bag, but wet through, as he had been standing in a swamp up to his waist in water. I recommended him to change his clothing, but this he would not do; consequently, the next day I was not surprised at his complaining of rheumatic pains, and before the evening he was so bad as to be unable to ride. I packed him in the dray as comfortably as I was able, and three days after we arrived in Gayudah. In Queensland no dray or wagon is allowed to pass through a town on Sunday, so as we happened to arrive on that day, we had to camp a couple of miles outside, and start in early the next morning. We intended to spell the horses here a couple of days, and I would start on, my mate coming on as soon as possible, with two horses. But

"l'homme propose et Dieu dispose," it rained incessantly for eight days, and I was unable to proceed. Poor George in the meantime got worse, and an abscess formed in his leg. Two friends of ours, who had been inspecting some copper country up the Auburn river, were passing through Gayudah, and stopped with us until the rain was over. We had a consultation, and as they were in no particular hurry, they agreed to escort George back to Maryborough, and put him under proper medical treatment; so I borrowed a buggy, and putting two of our horses in it, they started down, driving their own horses in front. George agreed to come on and follow me either up the Auburn or Burnett, whichever river I decided on following up, and I was to leave word at one of the stations for him. At last I made a start, my man taking the dray, and I with a couple of horses taking a bridle-track along the river, as I wanted to prospect. I gave him orders to camp at a deserted homestead where there was a fine creek, about seven miles beyond Mount Debatable, which, by the way, might very well have been called Mount Abominable, the track round it being in a dreadful state. We made very good tracks after this until we got to the junction of the Bowan and Auburn rivers, which were both flooded owing to the late rains. Here we had to camp, and I went in for prospecting. In examining the sand with a microscope, I discovered several minute particles of precious stones, such as sapphire, red garnet, green garnet, topaz, opal, and in fact it was almost identical with the jewel sand found at Tenterfield and Tamworth, in New South Wales, and at Stanthorpe in Queensland, distinctly showing that at the head waters of one or other of these rivers there must be large deposits of precious stones. The "wash" was evidently brought down the river, as the alluvial was very shallow, deepening in some places on to granite, lime-

stone, or a very hard red sandstone conglomerate, very difficult to work through. As my man had to look after the horses, I had no one to help me in the digging, so could not get through much work. When the rivers subsided I decided on following up the Auburn, and left word at Coonambula head station, in case my mate was able to return after me. I went on to the next run, about twenty-five miles above the junction with the Bowan, and thirty from where the two rivers flowed into the Burnett. There I camped for three weeks, hobbling all the horses out and pitching the tents. I commenced work on the side of a ridge, and had to cart the stuff down to the river to wash it. The alluvial in no place was more than three feet deep, but I considered the indications very good, as I found quantities of beautifully marked agate, white and red cornelians, various kinds of crystal and soapstones. In some places, also, I found the color of gold, but nowhere in paying quantities. One day I sent the man in to the head station for some beef, and he brought back with him a letter for me, from the doctor who was attending my mate in Maryborough, stating that it would be at least a couple of months before he could get about, and that then he would have to use crutches for some considerable time. As I thought it useless my prosecuting the search single-handed, I decided on working back down the river and following the Burnett down as far as Gayudah; so I struck my camp, started back, camping the first night at a place called the Flagstones, which was a likely looking place for gold. Near this place I found two small diamonds, one weighing one quarter and the other three-eighths of a carat, both pretty little stones, perfect octahedron and pure white, but I never found any more. Before I started down I discovered an *opal reef*, several specimens

of which I took back with me, and two of which are now in the museum of Sydney, New South Wales. The opal ran in veins through a sort of half decomposed reef of siliceous formation, which was very hard, and it was found almost impossible to separate the opal from the matrix without destroying it. I am positive that if I had followed the leader I should have struck a richer vein, which might have paid for the working; but being as it were alone I was obliged to give it up, and subsequent events prevented my ever returning to that part of the country; although, if I am spared and have the means, I hope some day to take up a staff of men to work the leader out, and prospect the district more thoroughly, for I am thoroughly convinced that it is a very rich district. Gold, silver, copper and antimony are at present being worked and return a handsome revenue. As I was coming down the Burnett, I came on a small vein of stream tin, but was unable to trace it; however, there must be more in the neighborhood, and it was very pure, being assayed at above 60 per cent. In Navango Creek I found some of the prettiest wash I ever saw, beautifully shaped crystals, moss-agates, cornelian, &c., but nothing to indicate the presence of diamonds, nor even garnets. As I had no need of hurrying, I travelled very slowly, taking a fortnight to do the hundred and sixty odd miles. I scarcely knew my mate when I saw him; from a man of nearly thirteen stone he was pulled down to a little over nine; however, he picked up wonderfully and is now as big as ever, and is very sorry he did not take my advice and change his clothes. People were surprised at my returning so soon as I had only been away three months instead of six, but I was very reticent as regards the appearance of the country, not exactly relishing the fact that I had returned unsuccessful in "my hunt for diamonds."

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

BY C. CLARKSON.

Education is an apprenticeship to the art of thinking. Mere knowledge is not education. The self-complacent pedant may bring in his scrap of Latin, his fragment of French, or his mouthful or two of badly accented Greek; but we shall be careful how we allow him to assume that the sum of these acquisitions amounts to education. We shall still hesitatingly repeat with Tennyson, "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." Studies are after all only the keys with which to open the door leading into that great palace of Truth and spiritual freedom, of which every man is born a king by rights. This palace contains a multitude of glorious chambers, which abundantly repay the explorer by the gorgeous magnificence of their rare treasures; and the man who has crossed even the threshold of the edifice, and breathed its invigorating atmosphere of pure freedom and intellectual liberty, may justly be considered *anax andron*—prince of men—not arrogantly, but still a monarch, even though the short lifetime of man be utterly insufficient to explore the rich possession he inherits, expanding "far as angels' ken" into the eternal progress beyond this childhood of existence. The poor pedant stands forever jingling his keys, and strutting about the entrance without the disposition and apparently without the power to enter within.

I met him last winter, a book on legs, rather low of stature, but with a lofty idea of his own inexpressible importance. As he does not get into the usual newspapers, seeing that the reporters find it hard to make a para-

graph out of him, perhaps it will interest you to study him a little. He enjoyed the immense advantage of being born in an ancient town of one of the famous islands of Western Europe. What is of still greater moment, he is the son of a respectable gentleman, who was the son of a respectable &c., &c., through the shadowy mists of forgotten generations of respectable gentlemen. To be the "final result" of such a cumulative series of respectability he holds to be glory enough for any of the sons of mortals. He inherits a nice perception of the distinction between a man and a gentleman, and of the "impassable chasm" that yawns betwixt them—a mark, he believes, of design and of "the eternal fitness of things." He also inherits fair natural abilities, and as he was able to run his own "coach" (private tutor) at Cambridge, and did not give more than two wine parties a week, he gained one of the many scholarships attached to that old and richly endowed University. Thenceforth he flourishes as "*Scholar*" of his college, and is very careful never to omit the *Sch.* at the end of his signature. After graduation he appears on the Continent as the tutor of the son of a gentleman, the son of &c., &c.; and with three successive sons of gentlemen, the sons of &c., &c., he visits most of the noted cities of Europe, Finally he turns up in Ontario at the end of the year, with a deep scar on his face, received in New York during one of his frequent alcoholic derangements. Though his general outward appearance is not prepossessing, and his clothing not what the pawnbroker

would most desire, yet he blandly condescends to shake hands with us Provincials and "mere Colonists,"—

The man on horseback he,
The humble footmen we,—

and says he is really surprised to find so many signs of civilization in this new country: he had not really expected so much. His pleasure overflows in fine patronizing phrases. He has less than a hundred dollars in his pocket, and spends twenty-five of it to send a cable despatch to his mother to say that he is "doing Ontario." As to his education, he has studied one subject, and one only, in his University career; and in this he professes to "give in to no man." He is a mathematical all-in-all. If you are interested in the Calculus, he can shew you the latest methods of the best men at Cambridge. Hemming, Hymer, Gregory, Godfrey, Frost, Sandeman, Salmon, Newton and the rest, he has at his fingers' ends, and will quote page and paragraph, chapter and section, through the Cambridge course of pure mathematics. Beyond this orbit, however, all is to him silence, darkness, and mystery. Outside that gin-horse track he does not move, nor care to move. History, Poetry, Psychology, Natural Science, are dead and buried and forgotten as far as he is concerned.

But here is his cousin-german, the classical all-in-all, who has quite as one-sided an intellectual development. He never wearies of the praises of Greek and Latin literature, and of the superiority of the ancient pagan writers over the Christian moderns. No such writers, he says, as Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Cæsar, Tacitus and Horace, now grace the stage of human action. No logic like Aristotle's; no mental science like Plato's. Kant and Hamilton are mere moderns; Treudelenburg, Whewell and Mill are not like the ancients, though it is difficult to understand on what grounds he rests these sweeping conclusions, seeing that

he knows little more than the names of the writers whose merits he values so lightly. He will quote parallel passages from any common classical writer you choose to select, and could compose a Greek ode more easily than he could give an intelligent account of the air he breathes, or describe the construction and use of a common thermometer. He would scorn to use even a Greek lexicon, how much more an English dictionary.

One subject each knows—"only this and nothing more." Shall we call the result of such a training liberal education? Should we call that a liberal muscular education of the athlete which developed his legs and made him a famous runner, while his arm was powerless and weak as a child's? This plan may produce a self-complacent pedant, who ever thinks he "has not so very much to learn;" it can never produce a well-educated, properly furnished man, ready to grapple with the numerous many-sided questions sure to present themselves in his day and generation. This age cries for something better in its educational products; a higher *plexus* of results than mere stuffing of memory with loads of ponderous learning that has no more practical benefit to the possessor than to the pages on which it is printed; and, indeed, the advantage seems to remain with the Encyclopædia, for *it* continues modest, while the *man* often grows top-heavy and bigoted. It is wise that our legislators and the directors of public education have enlarged the scope of our national system so as to reduce to a minimum the chances of producing, by artificial means at any rate, mere pedants. Many who clamor for a reduction of the range of studies enforced in our schools and colleges, would not be willing to accept the well-attested results of a narrow and exclusive course of training. The cry is for *men*,—not for mere helpless calculating machines, or animated

classical dictionaries. In this energetic young country, with its vast undeveloped natural resources, whose very beggars and criminals can read, it is of immensely more importance for a man to know the history, geography and geology of his own country, the literature of his own language, the laws and constitution of the government under which he lives, the chemistry and physics of every day, on which life itself depends and most conveniences and comforts of life, the physiology of his own body, and the laws of health and disease—it is of immensely greater practical importance to know these and kindred subjects than to be familiar with Greek tragedy or with quaternions, and know almost nothing about the simplest plant or animal, or even the very sunbeam that enters the eye. Better to write passably pure and correct English than to dream in German; better to understand and appreciate Chaucer, Milton and Macaulay, than to be a third-rate performer of difficult operatic music; far less danger of becoming dwarfed and shrivelled into a mere pedant, far more chances in favor of having the mind

liberalized and symmetrically expanded.

With his usual vigor, Carlyle says:—"Foolish pedant, that sittest there compassionately descanting on the learning of Shakespeare! Shakespeare had penetrated into innumerable things; far into Nature with her divine splendors and infernal terrors; her Ariel melodies and mystical mandragora moans; far into man's workings with Nature, into man's art and artifice. Shakespeare knew innumerable things—what men are and what the world is, and how and what men aim at there, from the Dame Quickly of modern Eastcheap to the Cæsar of ancient Rome, over many countries and many centuries; of all this he had the clearest understanding and constructive comprehension; all this was his learning and insight; what now is thine? Insight into none of these things; perhaps, strictly considered, into no thing whatever; solely into thine own sheepskin diplomas, fat academic honors, into vocables and alphabetic letters, and but a little way into these! The grand result of schooling is a mind with just vision to discern, with free force to do; the grand schoolmaster is Practice."



Young Folks.

A DEFINITE PURPOSE IN LIFE.

BY EVOL GERVASE.

"Believe me, my dear," said Aunt Sallie, "there is nothing like having a definite purpose in life. It's worth a small fortune any day, and without it we are not likely to do much good in the world, even if we have wealth in abundance and are comparatively exempt from the ordinary trials and troubles of life; but when poverty and a want of fixed purpose are combined, why I pity the possessor, that's all."

Aunt Sallie's black eyes "snapped," and she brought her knitting needles together with a resolute click as she finished her little homily.

It had been delivered for the benefit of her niece, Ella, with whom she was sitting in the quiet "sewing-room" of an old-fashioned country house far away in a pretty rural village in Western Canada one drowsy August afternoon.

Aunt Sallie had left her home in the city with the first decided "set in" of the "hot days," and had since been alternating between the homes of various nephews and nieces in the cooler and more inviting regions of the country. On this particular day in August, it could scarcely be called cool anywhere. The thermometer stood at 80° in the shade. The sleek-skinned cows ruminating in the broad pasture lands visible from the window, and the sheep, obese and languid, seemed disinclined to stir and lay singly or in groups enjoying the *dolce far niente* of perfect indolence, or cropping at intervals the sweet-scented herbage in an indifferent,

unappreciative way that seemed to say: We must eat to live, but after all any exertion is a bore in weather like this.

Ella Maybloom had just been expressing sentiments similar to those of the cows and sheep when our sketch opens, and Aunt Sallie's homily had been a protest against such lax and unsettled opinions on the part of her niece.

"Exertion a bore!" she went on to say. "My dear, I am surprised at you. Don't you know that this 'hot spell' is just as essential to the growth and perfection of those products of the earth on which we depend for our subsistence as the cooler rains and breezes which I grant are more agreeable to our feelings?"

Ella laughed, her languor vanishing with Aunt Sallie's earnestness.

"I am not disputing the necessity of the 'hot spell,'" she answered. "But, dear Aunt Sallie, to be taken up sharp in the very midst of its miseries and required suddenly to come to a definite conclusion as to one's purpose in life and what one intends doing with one's superabundant energies, when really on a day like this I am more than doubtful as to my possessing any energy at all—put it to yourself Aunt Sallie: is it not enough to make one indolent just to think of it?"

The girl's merriment was contagious, her look and tone irresistible, and Aunt Sallie's keen admonitory glance softened and her little pursed-up mouth ex-

panded quite involuntarily into the pleasant smile which gave it such a very different expression from its ordinary one. A trifle severe and critical, her nieces were apt to say among themselves, and yet they were one and all of them very fond of Aunt Sallie, enthusiastically fond of her, and admired her amazingly. Her small thin oval face, her bright, black, searching eyes, her figure neat and prim, her carefully selected dress, her orderly habits, her ceaseless activity, her capacity for coming to the front in all kinds of dangers and difficulties, and helping one out of them in a way that seemed fairly marvelous, her disinterested kindness and affection for her young relatives, and above all, her sincere piety, commanded their universal love, respect and admiration, and made them quite playfully lenient to the little angularities of her charming character.

"Well, Ella," she said, laughingly, "I won't say another word just now; we'll wait till the evening, when the thermometer will have fallen, and your energy, I hope, risen proportionately to the occasion. I promised your mother to have tea ready when she returned home, and it's five o'clock now, so I must be setting about getting it."

It was acknowledged in the family that when Aunt Sallie meant you to do a thing, resistance on your part was almost useless; and so though Ella Maybloom, who was naturally indolent, would fain have postponed indefinitely the discussion of so serious a subject as what she meant to do with herself in life, and what definite purpose she had before her, Aunt Sallie's having announced her intention of taking the matter up in the cool of the evening, her niece felt that to hope to escape it was vain. She began to turn the question over in her own mind now, when Aunt Sallie had left her. It was not perhaps the first time the thought had presented itself vaguely to her imagination, but she had

never entertained it seriously in a practical way. She was very young, barely seventeen; and, fresh from the restraints of a boarding-school, was prepared to enjoy life to the full, in the pleasant village where her home was, and where by the friends and companions of her early days she was loved and petted, and, if the truth must be told, a little over-indulged. Not that it was very easy to spoil Ella Maybloom; she was good tempered, gentle, affectionate, steady in her attachments, fairly dutiful to her parents, and loving to them, and to all around her. The great fault of her character was its proneness to shift the responsibilities of life from her own shoulders to those of other people, to take too much from others, to give too little herself. As yet, this fault had scarcely come to the surface in the eyes of her partial parents and admiring companions. There was little to draw it forth to observation in the life upon which she had just entered. Mrs. Maybloom, in the freshness and vigor of a well-preserved age, was quite competent and quite content to retain the management of her domestic affairs in her own hands. Her two sons and her two eldest daughters were married. Ella was the youngest of the family, and the only one left at home. It was only natural that all possible care and trouble should in those early days of her home living, be kept from her. She read and worked, and drew a little, and practiced her music, and helped her mother after a desultory fashion, when, as occasionally happened, Mrs. Maybloom was particularly busy, preparing for some of Ella's young companions, who were coming to tea, or when the Sewing Society was to meet at her house; and it was a source of gratification to both Ella and her parents, when some kind old lady friend, who had known Ella from her baby days, commended her cake as "splendid," or her biscuits as "first rate," on occasions such as the latter.

It was not until this particular afternoon, when, as she had been, half in jest and half in earnest, delivering herself of opinions indicative of irresolution and a general indifference to the more serious aspect of life, and Aunt Sallie's question had been straightly presented to her for immediate decision and reply, that she had actually set to turn it over in her own mind, and to give it an answer.

It was delightfully cool in the August moonlight, with the breeze blowing freshly up from the river that swept by the low wall of the orchard, and fluttering the leaves and branches of the fruit-laden trees.

Aunt Sallie had linked Ella's arm within her own, and announced to Mr. and Mrs. Maybloom, who were sitting quietly on the broad verandah that ran along the front of the house, that she and her niece were going for a romantic stroll, and a confidential talk, to the water's edge; and then the two, aunt and niece, had set off together, and Ella, with a little sigh of feigned resignation, had affected to yield herself quietly to the task of answering the proposed interrogatories.

"I daresay you think, my dear," Aunt Sallie began, "that I am a meddling old maid, and ought to mind my own business, instead of other people's; but you see it has been working in my mind ever since I came here that things were not altogether as they should be in my little niece's way of looking at life, and taking up its duties and responsibilities, and though I don't want to preach a sermon, or set myself as a model for you to follow—far from it—the experiences through which I have passed—bitter enough, my dear, as you may believe, for all that I am happy and contented now—and my anxiety to avert from you and all my young friends the mistakes which, in my own case, must always be a source of regret to me, seem to justify me to myself in speaking to you as freely as I am about

to do. I was just as full of the pleasures of life, my dear, as purposeless and unsettled to its highest aims, as you and many another young girl—you must forgive me, Ella, for saying it—seem for the most part to be. When at the age of eighteen—only one year older than you are, Ella—I was left an orphan. I had brothers and sisters, but they were all, with the exception of your Uncle Charles, younger than myself, and as I had been for the last three years of my parents' lives absent for nine months of every year at a boarding-school, I had not very much, practically, to do with my immediate belongings.

"When I was at home for the holidays, I was petted by my parents, and admired and yielded to by my young brothers and sisters, and as we were all attached to each other, we passed the time very pleasantly together, and were mutually sorry when the holidays ended, and we had to say good-bye. But, certainly, so far as I was concerned, I never realized that anything beyond this was required of me. Vague, floating ideas of a daughter's and a sister's higher duties, it is true, sometimes obtruded themselves upon my mind in an abstracted way, but they never took definite form or practical expression, and when I came from school, 'finished,' just as you, my dear, are now said to be, I think the one thought uppermost with me was how I should most enjoy myself after my foolish fashion in the coming winter—my first of freedom and complete exemption from study, or from, as I said to myself, any care.

"Our home was in a flourishing county town, and there was a sufficiency of agreeable society, and numerous parties and merry-makings during the autumn. My parents were fond of me, and proud, too, and they thought they could not indulge me too much on this my home-coming for good. And I was so utterly thoughtless—should I not say

so selfish?—that I was content to take all and give nothing in return. It never occurred to me that I ought to help my mother; that I ought at once to take my share of the household work, the family sewing, and the multifarious duties which, although she had servants to help her, seemed to absorb so large a share of her time as scarcely to allow her needful rest and recreation.

“If she had laid the matter before me herself, and had pointed out to me my duty, I suppose I should have conformed to her wishes; but she was too anxious to spare me trouble, and preferred, as she said in my hearing once when some friend hinted that now ‘Sallie ought to relieve her of a good deal of responsibility,’ that Sallie should enjoy herself while she could, and not be troubled with over-much housekeeping until she got used to being at home.

“So I went on from one day to another, pleasuring from morning till night, and never thinking that I was doing anything I ought not to do, or leaving undone what I ought to do.

“But there was a terrible change coming. One morning there was a sudden cry, and a hurrying of footsteps through the house, and a call for my father, who had not yet left his room, and when I, too, only partially dressed, ran down stairs to enquire what was the cause of the stir, I found that my mother had fainted in the dairy and was still unconscious, and that, from the position in which she was lying when found, and from her death-like appearance, it was feared she had struck her head heavily in falling upon the stone floor, and received some fatal internal injury. Such, alas! proved to be the case. She only lingered for a few days, and then passed away in the death-like stupor from which she had never recovered.

“Ella, this is not new to you. You have known it all long ago, my dear, and how that, in a few months after-

wards, a fever carried off my father to join my mother, leaving his six orphans helpless in the world. I can scarcely bear to speak of this time. Once I used to pray that it might be blotted out forever from my remembrance. I don't do that now, but still it is a sorrowful subject to talk or think about.

“We boys and girls were left very poorly provided for. My father had lived almost up to his income, and there was the barest pittance for the maintenance of his family after his death. My brother Charles, who was employed as a clerk in a wholesale establishment in the city, and I myself were the only ones whose education was completed. Fred was at college, and Mary, your mother, at school—my old school—when the sad change in our lot occurred. Well, with the assistance of a scholarship which he afterwards obtained, we managed to let Fred complete his studies, but Mary was obliged to return home. We had terrible struggles in those early days, and I cannot begin to tell you of the mistakes that I made.

“At first it seemed to me as if I would never get into the way of managing. Everything was new to me, and I was bewildered with the suddenness of the responsibilities thrust upon me. I hardly knew how to go about my new duties, and I was constantly being confronted with my own incapacity to direct the affairs of the household, or to think for and advise the young members of the family, who depended so much upon me for support and guidance. If your Uncle Charles had been able to live at home with us, things would have gone on better, but there was no opening for him just then in our neighborhood, and he dare not rashly give up the somewhat liberal salary which he was receiving in the city, and on which we mainly depended for our subsistence. Ultimately we all moved to the city, and Fred went into a lawyer's office, and George into a counting house, but that

was not for more than two years, and in those two years I learned some of the hardest, but, I am constrained to say, most useful lessons of my life.

"Now, my dear, I know that I often seem to be sharp and quick at taking other people up, and bringing them face to face with their duties if I can; but I don't mean to be officious, or to see faults in my neighbors and shut my eyes to my own. I don't want to come down here and make myself disagreeable, and pry into your concerns, and lead you to suppose that I think you worse than the majority of other young people, or not in many ways better than a great many of them. I only want you now, my dear, while you are in the first bloom of your youth, to propose to yourself something more serious—not necessarily more sombre—than the mere emptiness of an ordinary pleasure-seeking, ease-loving existence. I want you to have some definite purpose in view—to put into your gentle, pretty, girlish way of looking at things a purpose that shall be strong and high, and fruitful abundantly for good. It is so much easier to do this early than late. One who starts with this principle has an incalculable advantage over one to whom it comes, or, as is often the case, upon whom it is forced, when years and long confirmed habits make it so painful and difficult to assume. What do you say, my dear? Is my reasoning right?"

"Quite right, Aunt Sallie," Ella answered, her voice trembling a little, for she had been touched, as well as somewhat surprised, by the softened and tender tone of her sprightly little relative. It was not often that Aunt Sallie reverted to her own early experiences in this humble and self-condemnatory way. As a rule, her axioms were given rather in the tone of authority which one whose own practice has become perfect, or nearly so, sometimes, perhaps unconsciously, assumes, and which, we may remark in passing, has always

seemed to us as mistaken, and calculated to do harm rather than good.

"I think you are quite right," Ella went on, "and, indeed, I know that I have been shamefully negligent of my duties ever since I came home. But tell me, Aunt Sallie, now if you were in my place, what would you say ought to be my fixed purpose in life? Of course I ought to be a good girl, a good Christian, a good daughter, a good citizen, a good churchwoman, I ought to help my mother more than I do, and I suppose I ought to take an active part in church work, and be Secretary to the Sewing Society, as Mrs. Willis proposed yesterday; but it does not seem to me that any of these things are exactly what you would call a purpose in life. I know Sarah Seabury says she has a mission, and is always talking about Social Reform and the Sorosis; but I could never go in for anything of that sort, I have a mortal horror of the strong-minded female and do not feel myself fit to cope with any of the leading questions of the day, far less to set about reforming the abuses."

She laughed merrily as she paused and waited for Aunt Sallie to reply.

"My dear," the latter rejoined, laying her hand energetically upon Ella's, and speaking with pleased and rapid utterance, "you have defined your purpose as well as I or anyone else could do. It seems to me you don't require my advice. Be a good daughter, a good citizen, a good Christian; do what you can for your parents, for your country, for the Church and religion, and, granting that your motives be right, for this, of course, is the greatest of all service and all desire—we cannot serve God or man acceptably to Him except *His love and faith* be the grand prompting power of our souls,—granting then, that this love and faith constrain you, and He has promised that it will be so if we ask Him, you will need no more; you need wish for no higher purpose than this."

They were silent; and the night breezes stole softly up from the river at their feet, and the placid moon and the stars looked down from the great calm heavens above, and the trees, shimmering in the silvery light, shook the night dews from their boughs, as they passed back, the aunt and the niece, to rejoin Mr. and Mrs. Maybloom on the verandah, with a great peacefulness and a settled satisfaction in both their minds.

From that night a new era dated in Ella Maybloom's life. I do not mean to say that from that night and from that conversation she became all at once a changed character, that indolence, indifference and inaction vanished suddenly, and that high resolves and purposes of energy and usefulness developed themselves all at once in her character and conduct. It is not often that changes of this sort are instantaneous,—they are usually the growth of time; and so it was in Ella's case. But once fully aroused to a sense of

life's higher requirements, I do not think she ever quite forgot them from that night. And well was it for her, as subsequent events proved, that she had thus in early girlhood been brought to stop short and reflect in a career which, if the world would have called it harmless and happy, and only the natural and innocent one for light-hearted girlhood to pursue, was after all but a negative and insufficient existence for a being whose instincts and ends are immortal. For trouble came to her soon enough, and trials in her home and family, and it needed all her strongest faith, her most unselfish and untiring efforts, to bear up herself and to act the part of comforter and assistant to others, as she was called upon to do.

How often in those after days she thanked Aunt Sallie in her heart for the words of wisdom and true affection which had first awakened in her the desire for a definite and a noble purpose in life!

THE THREE TEMPTATIONS.

BY ALEX. MACLEOD, D. D.

A young man might have been seen one day, faint and weary, in a wild desert, and among wild beasts, in an Eastern land. He was exhausted with hunger, and the marks of it were on his face.

Poor and haggard and hungry though he looked, he was the son of a king, and was, even in that desert, on the way to his kingdom.

The wonderful thing was, that it was his father who sent him into the desert, and suffered him to be without food for many days. A still more wonderful thing was, that when he was suffering the sharpest pangs of hunger and ready to perish, he did not doubt his father's love, nor that his father's way of bringing him to his kingdom was the best.

But one day a stranger came up to him, and said, "You are the son of that king of whom everybody has heard, and to whom this wilderness belongs. If you be his son, why should you remain hungry? Bid the wilderness provide a table for you. Turn these stones into bread."

Now, this young man could actually have turned the stones into bread. That would have satisfied his hunger. That might save his life. That was a way which at the moment might have seemed right. His father had sent him into the wilderness; his father had sent him hunger instead of bread; and he knew his father to be wise and good and loving. "No," he said to the stranger, "I will follow my father to the end—trust him to the end—trust him through hunger and faintness—trust him even to death. My father's love is better to me than bread."

This stranger was a very deceitful man; but he saw at a glance, that the king's son was resolved to go forward on the path of trust. So he followed the young man until they came to the capital town of the kingdom, and by-and-by they went up to the high towers of the temple.

"It is a great thing," said the stranger once more, "to be a king's son, and especially the

king's son you are. Your father cares for you every moment, and would not suffer a hair of your head to be hurt. His servants follow you, watch over you, care for you. Suppose—since you are cared for in this way, and the king's son—you cast yourself down to the court below. See, there is a whole army ready to receive you in their arms!"

The young man simply said, "To trust my father's care when I am in the way of obedience and duty, is one thing; to put it to the test in the way you propose, as if I disbelieved it, is another. It would be tempting my father; and it is written, Thou shalt not tempt the king."

So the stranger saw how noble this youth was, and how kingly and well-fitted to reign. And he took him to a high mountain, and showed him all its glory, and the glory of all the kingdoms on the earth, and said, "All these will I give unto thee, if thou wilt love me and trust me as thou lovest and trustest thy father."

But the young man turned round upon him in anger, and said, "*Get thee behind me!* for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord the God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Then the stranger left him. And the heavens opened, and "angels came and ministered unto him;" and the smile of the Father shone round about him like a great light; and far up in the depths of heaven there were songs of victory. For this was none other than the Son of God, and the stranger was the devil who sought to lead Him out of the right way.

That is an old story; but it is also new. It is the story of our daily and hourly temptations. It is the story of the attempt made by the Evil One to win us over to his side. In a thousand different forms in this very country, and just now, that is taking place which took place eighteen hundred years ago, in the wilderness of Judea. I could not hope, if I tried it, to give you any idea of the countless variety of forms in which those three temptations come to us; but I will

take you along one or two of the many lines of life in which they are to be found, and mention their names.

The first is the temptation of *hunger*; if you think a little, you will see that everybody has to toil for bread. Now the devil often comes to people who have to toil, and says, "Bread is everything. Turn everything into bread—turn your skill, and your time, and your talent, the ships, and the docks, and the railways, and the banks, and the Sunday-schools, and the churches into bread. If you are Christians, and Christ is in the sky, He will help you to do that. You are pinching yourselves, and spending time on religion and churches and missions and such things, which your more sensible neighbors spend in enjoying life." Many are deceived by these words, and turn aside from a religious life, and give all their soul, and strength, and life, and power just to labor for bread. A good table, with plenty to eat and drink on it,—that is the one grand aim of life for them. And they forget God, and the Bible, and heaven, and go blindly on, laboring and toiling, and working for only the fine dinners, and forgetting that they cannot live on bread alone.

After that comes the temptation to *presumption*.

There are thousands of Christians—men and women—who nobly fight against the first temptation, and resolve not to spend all their soul and strength for bread; but, on the contrary, even when bread is not to be had, to keep the desire for God and truth and right above the desire for bread in their hearts. And again and again people of this stamp will say, "Although God should take all our bread from us, we will put our trust in Him."

The devil sees that people who act in this way are full of trust in God; and in a very cunning way he tries to get round them by the very strength of this trust. He puts this thought into their minds: "Trust is a good thing—one of the best of things. One cannot have too much of it, especially if he is a Christian. Christians are God's children, and are free to trust Him in everything. God has promised to bring them all right at last. May they not trust Him then in perilous things,—in risks, in daring ventures, even in leaps in the dark? God takes good care of His children. He gives His angels charge over them, lest they dash their feet against the stones."

Many are wise, and cast out such thoughts, and shut their eyes on these dangerous ventures.

But others are caught by the temptation, and lose themselves. And what they find in the end is only bitterness and remorse and shame.

There is still another temptation beyond this one. Even those who resist the temptation to presumption are often taken, as the Lord was, to where they can see the grand things of earth, and tempted with the temptation of *pride*, the temptation of reaching grandeur and influence by a single evil step. The temptation works in many ways; but sometimes it comes in the form of an advice from one who pretends to be a friend, to go into an evil trade.

"Don't you see how life is slipping past, and you are losing your chances?" this evil counsellor will say. "You want to be in a higher position; you think if you were, you would have more influence for good. That's the very thing I say about you every day. Why are you so slack, then, to ascend to this position? Did you see that mansion we passed? It is owned by a rich friend of mine. Everybody speaks of him as 'the eminent tradesman.' He will be a baronet some day, and he will leave, by the profits of his trade, a million of money to his children. Do as he is doing. Give up strictness and sentiment. Go in for money-making in his way.—You cannot help it, if the way be evil, or if the trade be evil. Somebody must be in that trade. Other people follow that way. And by that way and that trade, sooner than otherwise, you shall have the means of doing good."

Counsels like these fall dead on the hearts of God's real children. But sometimes they are addressed to those who are only His children by name. And ah, there are many, under such advice, who break off from Christ's way, and follow the devil's, and are ruined for ever! They see splendor of social position, and fine living, and fashionable society, and carriages and grand mansions and fine entertainments—all passing like a panorama before them, and offering to become theirs—if only they will fall down and worship the devil to the extent of following an evil trade, or trading in an evil way.

THE BROTHERS.

Once upon a time there were two brothers, and one was rich and the other neither rich nor poor. The rich brother had made his riches in an evil way and by an evil trade. But the brother who was neither rich nor poor said: "It is better to be poor than rich, if the riches

come by evil means." It happened that this brother had three sons, but the rich brother had no children at all.

It came to pass, in course of time, that the brother who was neither rich nor poor was about to die. And he called his three sons to his bedside and said: "I have spent all I had to spare in giving you education, and I have nothing to leave you except my mill. Be good and honest, and God will not suffer you to want. I leave my mill in equal shares among you. But the eldest shall be master, so long as he lives, and then the next eldest, and after him the youngest.

When the good man was dead and the funeral over, the eldest son stepped into his father's place, and the other two continued to serve as before. And time went on, and trade increased. And all things would have gone well if the one who was master had not gone on a visit to his rich uncle. But he was so feasted there and had such plenty of rich food to eat, that he could not look on the simple fare at the mill without disgust. So he said to himself, "What is the use of our increasing profits and of our toils, if we are not to have fine food like my uncle? Why still live on barley bread and milk as our father did? Then he put the old ways of the house aside, and had fine dinners and wine to drink. And he gave and accepted invitations to parties. And by-and-by hardly a day passed in which he was not dining out, or having a dinner party at the mill. If his father had come back, he would not have known the old house again. Nothing was heard of in all the country side but news of the feasting at the mill, and the other feasts to which that feasting led. All the talk at the country fairs, where the people met, was about the last feast and the feast to come. One would have thought, to hear this talk, that man's chief end was to eat fine dinners every day. But all this came to an end, and an end that was not good. At one of those feasts, in a neighbor's house, the poor man drank so much wine, that he did not know what he was about when coming home; and instead of coming down from his horse at the doorstep, he came down at the very edge of the mill-pond, and was drowned.

So there had to be a second funeral. And after that the second son became master. He was different from his brother in some things. He was no drunkard, and he did not spend his time in feasting. But he was a little impatient,

and it was a trouble to him to go round the right way, if he could get a shorter cut across. What troubled him most was the slow growth of the money at the bank. Although the mill was prospering the profits were small. And this was a cross to him. It happened to him also to be the worse for a visit to his rich uncle. When he was at his uncle's he saw heaps of bank notes which had been got in a single day, and he came home thinking sorrowfully that the toil of a mill was a slow toil. One day a stranger came up to him at the mill and said: "We have found lead in the hills out there, and only want a little money to dig it out, and make thousands upon thousands in a single year." It was the very chance the miller wanted. He could not sleep for thinking of it. He saw the thousands coming in like a flood, and he would have bank notes as many and as soon as his uncle. Now this poor fellow was a very good miller, and was doing very well with the mill. And his brother and himself were slowly getting to be well-to-do; but he was as ignorant as a baby about lead and lead-hills, and the expense of working lead-mines. To give out his savings would be a risk—he saw that clearly enough. To risk his brother's means would be wrong—he saw that too. But on the other hand, if the mine succeeded he would be as rich as his uncle, and he would get to that riches in a single year. So he got out of his bed very early next morning, and took his Bible and began to search it to see if it said anything about a case like his. He found in one place, that God would make everything work together for good to those that loved Him, and in another, that God would suffer no evil to befall His children. He said to himself,—"I hope I love God, and am one of his children." Then he knelt down, and committed his way, as he thought, to God, and then he felt stronger and happier. It was a great risk—he saw that very clearly. But he thought God would take care of him. And he would put all his trust in Him.

He forgot that the good God has given no promise to help people in their folly, or in their wrong-doing. And he knew it was wrong to put his brother's portion in peril. But he hoped it would all come right, and even that his brother would thank him for what he had done. So he sat down, and wrote to the stranger, and told him to buy as many shares in the lead-mines as the mill was worth.

Everything seemed very bright for a week

or two—but only for a week or two. A letter came from a lawyer to say that the expenses of working the mines were greater than had been expected, and that more money would be needed. And after that, a second letter, demanding more still, and saying: "It would be a pity to have paid out so much and not pay out a little more to get it back." The miller began now to see that his bank notes were not so certain as he once thought,—but he could not draw back. He sent off the last penny his brother and himself had in the world.

And a year went past. And one day a letter came to him to say that the lead-hill had been searched and only a little lead found, and the expenses were far beyond the payments, and he would have to send twice the sum he had already paid. He did not answer this letter, but simply gave it to his brother to read. Then he said: "Brother, I have risked everything and lost—lost all—yours as well as mine—forgive me—I thought I was doing it for the best." Then he rose, went up to his bed, and died of a broken heart.

In a short while there was another funeral and then a sale. The mill, and the house, and the horses, and the cows, and the fields were all sold, and the money taken for the wretched mines; and the youngest brother was left without a penny, or a home, or a friend, in the whole world.

But when the sale was quite over, and he was about to leave the house in which he had been born, a man came up on horseback and gave him a letter to read. It was from his rich uncle. And it was full of kind words. The uncle was old, and had no children to inherit his riches. This third nephew had always been a favorite with him. He had offered to adopt him when the father was living. He renewed the offer now. He would make him his son and heir, if only he would come into the trade, and promise to carry it on when the uncle was dead. I told you before that it was an evil trade, and one on which God's blessing could not rest. But the young man was touched by his uncle's

kindness, and he told the messenger he would bring his answer to his uncle himself.

So he went back into the empty house, and sat down on the trunk in which his clothes were packed. There was no fire on the hearth, but it was there he sat, where he had so often seated himself in happier days. It was not every day such an offer came to a man. All that would be his, if he accepted it, came before his mind: the splendid seat in the country, the fine house in town, the multitude of servants, the carriages, the fine society, the high position, the possible rank he might attain to. All this, and visions of a future in which all this had place, floated before him and came round about him; and voices seemed to speak from the depth of his soul and say: "All this will be yours if you accept your uncle's offer."

But he must also accept the evil trade. He thought of his dear father's honorable life—of his father's refusal to accept the same offer on this condition—and of his father's spirit as perhaps watching over him at that very moment. Then he raised his thoughts to his Father in heaven and cried for strength. Then, when a long forenoon had been spent in the cheerless, empty house, he rose up and trudged a long way, till he came to his uncle's, and thanked him for his kindness, but declined his offer because of the evil trade.

I do not know what became of the uncle, nor what he did with his riches. But the young man who refused the splendid offer came back to the village in which he had spent his boyhood, and went into a neighbor's mill to serve. And after a while he married his master's daughter. And although he never got to be very rich, he was very happy, and had a clean heart and clean hands, and lived in favor both with God and man.

May God help you to resist temptation as this younger brother did—as our blessed Lord did. And always remember this, that in business, in home, in life, in love, in everything, it is just—*With Christ, or Without Christ*. That makes all the difference in the world, at the journey's end.—From "*The Wonderful Lamp*."

The Home.

HEALTH AND DRESS.

We have long been told that woman's dress was unhealthy. Many have been the attacks upon the corset, the trained skirt, the high-heeled boots, and the senseless bonnet; but still women follow the dictates of Fashion, and wear patiently a dress which gradually crushes out life by preventing all enjoyment of exercise and by laying the foundation of many painful maladies. The reason for this is not far to seek. Women dread, and wisely dread, any approach to singularity, and are anxious to dress as others do. Moreover, they have a natural and wholesome desire to make themselves as beautiful as possible, and hence follow the styles which seem to them most conducive to this end, and shrink with horror from any change which will, as they imagine, make them more clumsy in appearance. There are, moreover, prejudices to combat; these prejudices are based on nothing but custom, but will nevertheless have to be patiently argued down before any wide-spread change will be made. The greatest difficulty in the way, however, is *ignorance*. Women are deplorably ignorant of the laws of health, and of the fact that they cannot be infringed without retribution coming sooner or later. They are deplorably ignorant of the laws of beauty, and are not aware of the fact that the distorted figure of the modern belle, adorned with all the art of the dressmaker, is far from being a beautiful object. This wide-spread ignorance can only be dispelled by degrees, but we may be sure that this is

a reform which ought to be, and will be led by the women of the greatest refinement and culture.

In talking thus of reform, many will at once think of the hideous "bloomer" costume of twenty-five years ago, and indignantly say that they want no reform. These will be delighted to learn that the present reform concerns itself almost entirely with the undergarments, and allows the outside dress to retain its present appearance, with a few modifications as to weight and tightness. This being premised, we will try and point out briefly and pointedly the charges against the present style of dress, and the changes which are proposed.

As to the present style, all doctors we believe agree, and indeed a glance at the position and nature of the organs in the lower part of the body will convince any unprejudiced person, that there ought to be *no pressure* exerted downwards on the body below the waist. Now with the present styles all the heavy parts of the clothing are suspended from the waist, and an accumulated weight, often of many pounds, is permitted to drag on these tender organs, producing incalculable mischiefs in the course of time; hence the first rule of the reform is—*All clothing ought to be suspended from the shoulders.*

In the second place, every woman has at present from fifteen to eighteen thicknesses of clothing around the waist, with perhaps two or three above and seven or eight below. This state-

ment will startle at first sight, but count patiently the double thicknesses of bands and gathers. Allow two for the corsets, one and a half or two for the thickly gathered chemise, and do not forget to count six for the skirt, overskirt and basque of the dress, and you will be constrained to admit that we are correct. Now medical lore teaches us that an equal temperature of all parts is desirable. If any portion of the body becomes unduly heated for a prolonged period of time, congestion of that part is liable to follow, and if any part is chilled other obvious evils will follow. Hence it is desirable, in a hygienic point of view, to abolish the waist-band. If this can be done it will open the way for the omission of the corset, the evils of which have been so often pathetically described by hygienists. Many have been so impressed by what they have read on this subject that they have resolved to leave off the corset, but the discomfort produced by half a dozen waist-bands, however attached, has quickly led them to resume the comfortable support in question. The main feature in which this reform, recently originated in Boston, differs from previous reforms, is that it teaches how to do without the waist-band altogether.

Then with regard to the corset. Everyone, we believe, acknowledges that a tightly-laced corset is injurious, but opinions differ widely as to what is to be called tight. No lady will acknowledge to herself that her corset is tight, because, owing to the yielding nature of the body, she can generally thrust an arm beneath it, and she naturally regards this as showing sufficient looseness. If, however, she feels a sense of "goneness" and discomfort when the corset is removed, that will show that it supplied more of a support than was good for the muscles. If the steel in front acquires a curve after being worn for some time, that will tell its own story. If, on sitting in a com-

fortable posture, the wearer cannot draw a full breath, that is a sign which should not be disregarded. If, on the other hand, the corset is really worn quite loose, and merely to equalize the pressure of the waist-bands, it adds to the size of the figure without improving the shape, while the unbending steel in front often exerts an injurious and unsuspected pressure, and the article may be advantageously replaced by a close-fitting waist. This brings us to our second, and perhaps the most important, rule—*The vital organs must be allowed unimpeded action.*

A third rule has been already alluded to; it is that *A uniform temperature of the body must be preserved.* How many wear but one thickness of cotton on the legs, and but little more on the chest and arms, while the lower part of the body is heated and oppressed by the numerous wrappings and bandages before alluded to! The Dress Reform will remedy this.

Another point of no little importance in this reform is to *Reduce the weight as much as possible.* The skirts, in which most of the present insufferable weight is collected, may be very much lightened by means of a little resolution and skill. If the under-garments are made sufficiently warm and numerous, the skirt will not be needed for warmth, but only for propriety and elegance. As few as possible should be worn, and these should be made very light, and without exception they should be either sewed to a waist or attached to one in such a way as to be completely supported. The dress skirt will often spare a width or half a width with advantage. If for walking, be careful to have it no longer than necessary, and permit no lining or facing that can possibly be spared. If of heavy material, it may be advantageously put upon a lining 12 or 15 inches below the waist, the overskirt of course concealing the gap. The style of trimming should be carefully chosen, so as to add very little to the

weight; and remember in choosing a walking dress, that some materials are altogether too heavy to wear unless made up without trimming, and very much gored. If trimmings of the same are desired, a light material should be chosen. We have, however, seen a black alpaca skirt so overloaded with jet and other trimmings as to be unbearably heavy.

In our limited space we can but hint at the proposed changes in the underwear which are to give back to thousands of women the health and strength of which they have been deprived, and which are to enable them to do their work, whatever it may be, with a tenth part of the discomfort at present experienced. The new garment which is to replace three or four of the old ones is called the *chemilette*. To make this take an ordinary high slip waist, cut to the figure with darts, &c., and extending several inches below the waist; then take a pair of drawers, cut off the band, and as many inches below as would correspond to the extension of the waist, and then sew the two articles together. This will give an idea of the garment from which you can without difficulty cut in canton flannel, colored flannel, or any other material, similar suits with any modifications desired. The "equal temperature" theory requires that this garment should be made with long sleeves, and many will find these very comfortable in winter, though others will prefer to dispense with them. At the junction of these two garments say four inches below the waist, buttons should be placed. On these a well gored flannel skirt, not gathered but faced with tape at the top, and opening at the side of the front width is to be buttoned. Buttons should be placed higher up for the "bloomers," and another skirt if desired. Many

will prefer, however, to make the under-skirt—wincey, moreen, alpaca, or whatever may be the material—with a waist of its own. This waist should be made precisely like the *chemilette* waist, only it may be of holland or flannel instead of cotton, and should also extend below the waist, a corresponding portion of the well-gored skirt being cut off. This brings us to the dress skirts, which may very well be fastened up by suspenders, the front strap of which should be buttoned almost under the arm. Or if these are not to be had, it may be fastened by safety pins to the under waist, or by buttons or hooks and eyes. This, however, is not very satisfactory. Or, it may have a waist of its own made in similar style to those before described, in which case the waist of the under-skirt may be omitted, and that article be buttoned like the flannel skirt to the *chemilette*.

These hints will give an idea of the manner in which the changes should be made, though each individual is likely to work them out in a different style. In dress there is a good, better, best, and a bad, worse, worst. Some will adopt one change, and some another. Some will adopt the new garment and still retain the corset; others will keep the waist-bands and make desperate efforts so to pin or button them that the weight will be on the shoulders; others will simply lighten the skirts and loosen the waists of their dresses. All these changes are good as far as they go, and no one should be deterred from beginning to reform by a feeling that they are unable or unwilling to adopt the whole costume. We venture to say, however, that no one who has experienced the freedom arising from the substitution of two waists and suspenders for half a dozen waist-bands and corsets will ever wish to return to that bondage.

HOW TO LIVE ON YOUR INCOME.

BY GEO. CARY EGGLESTON.

There was a deal of wisdom in Mr. Micawber's dictum, that if a man has twenty pounds a year for his income and spends nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he will be happy, but that if he spends twenty pound one, he will be miserable. We all recognize the truth of this, as heartily as Mr. Micawber did, and a good many of us imitate his utter neglect to practice the precept which he was so fond of laying down for the guidance of others. We have need of very little arithmetic to teach us that if we spend more money than we get we shall be ruined. It is a self-evident proposition that one must live within his income, whatever it may be, if he would prosper, and yet it is by no means an uncommon thing for people to spend every year more money than they earn. The people who do this do not covet ruin by any means. On the contrary, they are for the most part the very people who are least able to endure the poverty they bring upon themselves, and their fault of over expenditure is due largely to the fact that they are incapable of practising even a part of the self-denial which the ultimate poverty that must come from their present recklessness will impose upon them of necessity. They are usually those who most earnestly desire to accumulate money for the sake of its comfort-giving power, and the trouble is that they cannot wait till they have earned the comforts they seek before indulging in them. They are sanguine people, commonly, who have a gift of seeing a large prosperity ahead, and who are apt to anticipate it in their mode of living. They live upon the money they intend to make, rather than upon that which is already made. I happen to know one such man whose annual income during the past ten or twelve years has never been less than four thousand dollars, and yet he has gone deeper and deeper into debt with each succeeding year, simply because each year has brought with it the hope that the next would prove greatly more profitable than any of its predecessors.

He has never once relinquished his purpose to accumulate a moderate sum of profitably invested money, upon which to retire from active business, and that he might have done so before this time is evident, if he had been content to govern each year's expenditures by the year's earnings, rather than by next year's promise. His case is an extreme one, perhaps, but the principle involved is very common. Almost every man who lives beyond his means intends to live within them. His failure to do so is due, in most cases, to self-delusion of some sort and rarely if ever to a deliberate purpose or even to a conscious recklessness of consequences.

In view of these facts, which are everywhere evident, it is of the utmost importance that there should be something more than a vague purpose to adapt the living to the means of living. And the first thing to be done is to ascertain what your income is; not what it is to be; still less what you hope it may be, but what it is. There must be no uncertainty of any sort about the matter. Vague ideas, approximate estimates, are fatal in all business matters. The merchant is not content to know the details of his business approximately. He takes care to learn the *exact* amount of his expenses, the *exact* cost of goods, the *exact* extent of his sales, and exactitude is certainly not less essential in dealing with the problem of how to keep one's expenditures within one's means.

But even this is not all. You must not only know what your income is, but also what you can certainly keep it in the future. A salary which may be reduced or cut off entirely next week, or next month, or next year, is no safe measure of your ability to spend. To a certain degree your income, whatever its nature and its source may be, must be the measure of your expense, but if its continuance be uncertain you cannot wisely expend as large a share of it as you might of an equal income of a more certainly permanent sort. Possible periods of reduced earnings, or of no earnings at all, must

be admitted as factors in the problem, and it is the average to which these may reduce your earnings that should be your standard. If you can keep within that average you are safe, but not otherwise. And should your precautions prove in the end to have been unnecessary, the only result will be a larger sum saved and a speedier accomplishment of the purpose with which you set out.

Having ascertained what amount of money you can certainly count upon as your income, it will be comparatively easy to keep your expenditures within that limit. You will know at any rate how much you can afford to spend, and as over-expenditure results in a great degree from the lack of precisely this knowledge, you will at least be much safer with than without it. You will know what is the nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence which you may spend with safety.

But in fixing the limit of your expenses a little below that of your income, it is necessary to remember that this must be not the minimum, not the average even, but the maximum of your outgo; and as next week or next month may bring an unforeseen necessity for extraordinary expense, your only safety lies in providing in advance for such contingencies. It is never safe to trust to future economy to repair the waste and restore the disturbed equilibrium.

By living now below the limit you have set, you can provide against the failure which may otherwise come of some unexpected circumstance; and while such provision is always possible, it is not always possible to reduce an average after it has been swelled beyond the limits you have assigned it. If you find thirty dollars a week to be the amount you can afford to spend throughout the year, it is the part of prudence to spend only twenty-five now, so that when sickness or other accident shall compel you to exceed the amount for a time, your safe average may not be transcended in the end. Neglect to do this has made saving impossible to hundreds of people, and we hear every day of families reduced to starvation by reason of some unexpected and unprovided-for sickness, on the part of the producing member.

I once knew a man whose rule in life it was to spend all the money he could get and to stretch his credit also to its utmost limit, and he justified this on the ground that unexpended money and unused credit were of no account in the sum of life's enjoyments. And there may

be other such men, but without doubt they are exceptions to the rule. Most people distinctly intend to save something out of their incomes, and, more than that, most people intend to save a good deal in the end. That so many of them fail to do it, is due, in this country at least, to the fact that they neglect some one of the conditions essential to the accomplishment of their purpose. And a point upon which very many stumble is the one now under consideration. They do not know *when* to save. They intend to save largely as soon as the immediate pressure of present wants shall be relieved. Next week, next month, they will certainly save, but just now it is impossible. On nothing else do so many slip. The trouble is that it always seems easier to economize after a while than now. Next week's necessities do not assert themselves as those of the present do. We do not discover all of them in advance, and those which we do see seem far less pressing than they will when we shall come to them. And so we exaggerate our ability to save hereafter, while we neglect to save now, at the same time cultivating a fatal habit of self-indulgence which is likely to prove one of the greatest difficulties in our way. There is just one time to economize, and that time is *Now*. If you would make sure of the end you seek, you must save something to-day and every day, never once offsetting to-day's neglect with to-morrow's possible performance. In this matter of saving, more than in almost any other, procrastination is fatal. To save requires deliberate self-denial. He who puts away any portion of his income must of necessity deny himself an exactly equivalent portion of the things which that income is capable of buying, and there are few people indeed whose incomes are so large that this may be done without a direct and earnest effort. Now it is not only true that the spirit of self-indulgence which prompts the gratification of to-day's desires and the postponement of self-denial to another time, will give a like prompting when that other time shall come; but it is equally true, and even more important, that habit in these matters is very strong; self-indulgence breeds a habit of self-indulgence which cannot easily be conquered; and on the other hand, a habit of saving is born only of the practice of saving.

A very common trouble in this matter of putting away a part of one's earnings for future use is the failure to appreciate the value of small things, or rather the failure to appreciate the

saving worth, if I may so put it, of the very smallness and valuelessness of little things. In other words, we are apt to regard the pennies or fractional notes in our pockets as too small to be worth saving. We intend to save, but rarely ever find it convenient to spare a five or ten dollar bank note from our pocket-books, and deeming smaller savings hardly worth attention, we end by putting away nothing because we cannot put away a good deal, or, more truly, because we cannot put money away in what we deem worthy amounts. Now the fact is, that nearly all the saving that is done at all is done in small sums. The deposits in savings banks amount to many millions, but they consist almost wholly of very little sums of money; and so well is this principle recognized in institutions of that sort that they all make it a rule not only to accept but especially to encourage small deposits, many of them taking as little as a single dime, willingly, in spite of the fact that every deposit makes necessary an amount of clerical work which the dime would hardly pay for, even if it were given to the institution outright. As a rule, therefore, the place to begin saving is in little things. The pennies which lie loose in one's pocket should be the first objects of attention, and after these fractional currency must be considered. No one ever realizes, until he has subjected the matter to the test of experiment, how much money passes through his hands annually in very small pieces. I happened to be present one day when a man of very limited means was discussing the possibility, for he was in no doubt whatever as to the desirability, of insuring his life. He urged the fact that with all the economy he knew how to practice, he never yet had been able to count fifty dollars as spare money; he insisted that it required absolutely all the money he could make in his business, to meet the actual wants of his family, and without doubt he had always found it so. The agent replied, however, with a remark that startled all who heard it. "A policy of five thousand dollars will only cost you *ten cents*, and you can save that by wearing your boots a week longer than you usually do."

"*Ten cents*? What do you mean? The premium according to your own statement is a hundred and nine dollars a year."

"That is very true," replied the agent, "and yet you will only have to save ten cents, or at any rate you need never be conscious of saving more than that to meet the payments. I'll ex-

plain what I mean. Take a child's safe,—it will only cost you ten cents, and whenever a ten-cent note comes to you in making change, slip it into the safe. If two or three come at once and from the same person, put only one in. I'll advance the first payment myself, and when the second falls due we'll open the safe. If there isn't enough in it to pay me back, after paying the second year's premium, I'll stand the loss. And if you miss the money so put away, you needn't continue the policy."

The proposition was both novel and startling, and in accepting it the man, who was a merchant in a country place, warned his friend that he should hold him to his promise. A year later I went with the agent to see the safe opened. Instead of one there were several of the little tin receptacles, each stuffed full of fractional currency; but the merchant was confident that the aggregate could not be more than fifty dollars.

"But it is fifty dollars saved," he said, "for truly I haven't missed it anywhere."

When the boxes were opened they were found to contain just two thousand eight hundred and seventy-four bits of green paper, or two hundred and eighty-seven dollars and forty cents,—considerably more than enough to pay the two annual premiums.

The anecdote is a homely one, but it serves to point a moral. It shows the value of small sums, and their capacity to make a considerable aggregate when systematically saved.

But this is only one side, and the less important side of the matter. As small sums are more important than we are accustomed to think, and are more easily and more surely saved than large ones, so, on the other hand, it is in small things that we may, with the least effort, practice economy. Having discovered the necessity of cutting down expenses, you are pretty sure to cast about for some place of saving. You mentally run over your current expenditures in the hope that you may find some considerable item which may be reduced or cut off entirely. And the hope is nearly always disappointed, for the reason that in matters of any considerable cost, most people are already practising quite as sharp an economy as they conveniently can. Everybody wonders, now and then, where all his money goes, but not one man in a hundred ever satisfies himself on the subject. Not one man in a hundred indulges unnecessarily in things which must be paid for in a lump. When

called upon to pay out a sum of money which is considerable if measured by the standard of our ability to pay, we are sure to scrutinize pretty sharply the desirableness of the thing paid for and our ability to do without it. In short, we are not apt to be extravagant in large matters, and in point of fact there is very little room for economy in such things, in most men's affairs. It is the little things that we buy thoughtlessly in which we are extravagant, and it is these things which we may do without, either in whole or in part, without serious inconvenience. It is by cutting off expenditure for these that we may save, and the aggregate of the cost of these is always much greater than their purchaser imagines, especially with people who live in cities. An intelligent, thrifty mechanic once told me that he had bought and paid for a comfortable home, merely by reducing his own personal expenses in three particulars. He blacked his own boots, walked to and from his work instead of riding in street cars, and brought his lunch from home instead of taking it at a restaurant. His saving amounted to about fifty cents a day,—a mere trifle,—but in ten or twelve

years it enabled him to buy a good home without denying himself any real comfort, and without imposing any burden whatever on his family. He had been able to see no other place of saving, and probably there was no other in his case; but most of us have a variety of expenses which might as well be stopped as continued, and so most of us may do a good deal more than he did by the judicious application of an economic pruning-knife.

And there is still another reason why it is easier to save in small things than in matters of more importance. It is much easier to deny ourselves small comforts and small luxuries than large ones. There is a magnified desirability in large things which it is difficult to resist, and to reduce expenses by denying ourselves the things of considerable cost to which we are accustomed, requires a good deal more of moral courage than ordinary people are possessed of, while he must be very weak, indeed, who cannot deny himself little comforts and luxuries of temporary importance only, or of no importance at all, for the sake of permanently bettering his financial condition.—From "*How to Make a Living.*"

HOUSEKEEPING.

Housekeeping is especially the duty of the female head of the house; and there is no woman upon whom it may devolve but will be elevated by its just fulfilment. It does not necessarily imply any menial work, which, however, if it should, will rise in dignity in proportion to the worthiness of the motive. There is no reason why the rich should execute the humbler offices of the household themselves, when they can afford to hire others to perform them. There is every reason, on the contrary, why they should not. With the superior education they are presumed to possess, they ought not to be so absorbed with the smaller, as to have no time to engage in the greater labors of life, of which they may be capable.

The employment, moreover, by the thriving of the poorer working people to perform those

functions of the household which can be properly shifted to others, is one of the constituted means of distributing wealth, and is essential to society as now constituted. It is not creditable—it is, in fact, quite the reverse—for a woman with the means and opportunity to accomplish greater things, to have it in her power to boast that she has done for herself what any poorer and ignorant creature would be very glad and able to do for her, at the cost only of a pittance.

Supervision will be the main duty of the thriving mistress of a household. For the effective accomplishment of this, however, she should be thoroughly versed in all the details of work. Such is generally the ignorance of those employed for domestic service, that they will be required to be taught its most elementary duties, and can seldom be depended on for

their fulfilment, even after the most careful instruction, without the constant supervision and co-operation of the employer.

No woman ought to undertake the management of a household without such a thorough knowledge of its work as can only be derived from a practical experience. It may not be her business to cook, to wash, and to do chamber-work; but it is absurd to suppose that she will be capable of guiding those whose vocation it may be, if she herself does not understand how to perform these and other indispensable labors of the household.

The duties of a housekeeper, however, extend much beyond the mere skilful manipulation essential to the broiling of a chop, the boiling of a potato, making of a bed, and the handling of a broom or duster. She should understand that she is responsible to a great degree for the comfort, the wholesomeness and grace of the dwelling, and the happiness of all its occupants. Her scope of duty, thus justly estimated, will be found to extend over a field wide enough for the exercise of all her energies.

Housekeeping ought not to be confined to those manual operations which, if done, or ordered to be done, are thought to constitute the whole duty of woman. While such a narrow view is taken of its range, it is not surprising that the superfinely bred should turn with disgust from the work, and save the tenderness of their hands and delicacy of their complexions by delegating it to the rough and tough.

Housekeeping, properly estimated, is a pursuit worthy of the most educated and refined. There is no branch of it, however humble, which does not afford a scope for the exercise of the taste and intelligence of the cultivated woman. Cooking, even with all its association with the smut of the pot and kettle, has its intellectual and æsthetic relations. The least complicated processes of the kitchen involve a science which the strongest-minded woman need not scorn to grapple with, and the simplest daily meal operations of delicacy from which the most refined can borrow additional grace.

The philosophy of cooking—for it has a philosophy—should be thoroughly investigated by the housekeeper, or at least the results of its investigation by others be carefully studied by her, and the practice of her kitchen modified accordingly. If she refuses to avail herself of the guidance of science, one of the most important departments over which she pretends to preside

will be so administered that neither health nor enjoyment can possibly be secured.

The cultivation of the graces of eating—and these are consistent with the utmost simplicity—are worthy the exercise of the taste of any woman of refinement. The mode of presentation of the food has a great deal to do with its acceptability. An orderly arranged and decorously served meal will entice the most languid appetite, when the same food offered in a high-gledy-piggledy manner will repel all desire. The ordinary servant can never be relied upon for such refinements in the cooking and presentation of the food as are required by the fastidious. The taste of the mistress of the household will be generally necessary to satisfy the requirements of delicacy in these respects.

To keep the dwelling in a wholesome condition is especially a function of the housekeeper, and in its proper performance she will find enough to exercise her highest faculties. The laws of health must be studied, and their application constantly made. Hygiene is a subject of wide scope, embracing all the various influences of external things upon human life. Among these, the most important are the air, the food, the clothing, and the temperature, in their relation to the health of the inmates of the house. These all, consequently, demand investigation from every one who pretends to govern a household.

Apart from the original adaptation of the structure to the purpose, it will be necessary, for the sake of supplying the essential quantity of pure air, that means for ventilating the house should be unceasingly applied. This duty will chiefly devolve upon the mistress of the household, whose presence and authority are generally the most constant. Unless fully conscious of their force, and thoroughly versed in the laws of ventilation, she will be neither disposed nor able to obey them. In connection with the same subject, the housekeeper ought to be well informed of the causes which tend to pollute or vitiate the atmosphere, and the means by which they can be prevented or extinguished.

The digestibility of the different kinds of food, and the influence of the various processes of cooking upon its wholesomeness, form another branch of this extensive subject of domestic hygiene with which every housekeeper should be well acquainted. Differences, apparently the slightest, in the modes of preparation of the daily diet, are often of enormous importance in

their effect. The health of a whole family may depend upon the choice between a griddle and a frying-pan. Without an intelligent discrimination of the various processes of cookery, based upon a knowledge of the chemical principles involved, all superiority of the one over the other will be only pooh-poohed, and the inferior mode persisted in which has become habitual. It is evidently the duty of the housekeeper to widen her intelligence, that it may embrace an acquaintance with those facts of science which have a relation to one of her most important functions, that of keeping the household supplied with the most wholesome daily food.

Clothing, too, is not merely a matter pertaining, as might be supposed, to the changes of fashion and the alternations of the seasons. To adapt it properly to the requirements of comfort and health, demands some knowledge of the principles of science.

So, again, the temperature of a dwelling can not be well regulated by any one entirely ignorant of the elements of physics. A thermometer has become a familiar object, but there is hardly one woman in ten thousand who has the least idea, not only of the scientific principles involved in its construction, but of its mere use for practical purposes as an indicator of degrees of heat and cold. A housekeeper can never, however, safely dispense with this useful instrument, with the philosophy and application of which she should be familiar.

If a woman is disposed to make her house an expression of her own sentiments and sense of beauty, and not a mere show-place for the glittering wares of the upholsterer and cabinet-maker, she will have ample occasion for the exercise of the most refined qualities she may possess.

There is a wide scope for taste in choosing and arranging the furniture, combining colors, adapting the various apartments to their special purposes, selecting the ornaments, decorating the table, and guarding the neatness and propriety of the whole dwelling. Her higher culture can be shown in the selection of such works of art and literature as her means will permit. With the facilities now offered for acquiring good books and fair representations of choice paintings and sculpture, she need seldom be deprived of a daily communion in her own house with the great masters of written thought and pictorial expression.

Housekeeping is in its just sense, evidently, neither the busy pickling and preserving of our grandams, nor the idle lounging and elegant posturing of the modern "lady of the house." It is, moreover, not the humiliating work of the menial, but an elevating pursuit, worthy of an undemanding intelligence and refinement.

Order is the first requisite of good housekeeping. This should be understood in its widest sense, as applying to time, place, expense and government.

The day should be divided into certain periods for the performance of each household duty, and these observed for the special purpose for which they may be appointed, with the utmost strictness and punctuality.

Some of the busiest are among the most ineffective housekeepers, from failing to systematize their work. With a commendable impulse to activity they keep doing, while, from faulty arrangement in the application of their efforts, they are never done. The house-cleaning variety of this energetic class of housekeepers is familiar to the observation of most, and must be indelibly fixed in the memory of all who have been the victims of its restless propensities.

There are houses in which there is never more order than in a child's toy-ark, and where the occupants of the former are as much deranged as those of the latter, in which Noah and each individual member of his family are ever separated amidst the inextricable confusion of the whole animal kingdom. The dwelling would seem to be regarded by the zealous and unsystematic house-cleaner as a perpetual receiver of dust and dirt, requiring a ceaseless agitation of the broom, and inundations of soap and water. The doors and windows are thrown open, the curtains twisted awry, the carpets rolled up, the furniture displaced, each room is made incapable of habitation, the stair-case blockaded, the passage-way obstructed, and the front entrance rendered impregnable from morning until night. If any one should succeed in overcoming the preliminary obstacles and gain an entrance, he will be sure to be peppered with dust and slopped with soap-suds during his laborious transit. Finally, when seeking rest, he may possibly find a dry and clear standing place; but as for a seat, the chairs and sofas will be so pre-occupied with supporting each other, in their everlasting feat of turning heels over head, that it will be impossible for them to offer it in any manner practicable for an ordinary human creature.

It is the attempt to do everything at once, on the part of the eager housekeeper, which is the frequent cause of the endless confusion which prevails in an ill-regulated household. She wants to set everything going at the same moment. The consequence is, that one operation is hardly begun before another is undertaken. The house-cleaning, the clothes-washing, the cooking, and every other essential work, must appear to be in full action together, to satisfy the busy but unsystematic mistress of the household. She would almost seem to be better pleased with the throes than the results of labor. Her house is, accordingly, a constant scene of bustle and incompleteness.

The only way to do the work of a household so that it may be effectual for its supposed purpose of promoting the comfort and well-being of its occupants, is to do every part of it separately and regularly. Each special operation must have its fixed time, and, when begun, continued until its full accomplishment, without allowing, in the meanwhile, any other to interfere with it.

Those labors which are of a kind calculated to disarrange the daily habits, and consequently lessen the comfort of the occupants of the dwelling, should be undertaken only at times when they are least likely to have such an effect. A little tact on the part of the housekeeper will readily lead her to avoid every annoyance. In systematizing her work, she should be careful to arrange its parts that they may conflict as little as possible, not only with the labor, but the ease of others.

A great deal of discomfort is often produced in a house by generalizing its work too much. Take again, for example, house-cleaning, which is one of the most familiar means by which people are periodically made uncomfortable. What necessity can there be for making, by this process, a whole house uninhabitable at one and the same time? Is it not practicable to satisfy the requirements of cleanliness without creating universal disorder? Can not a dwelling be swept and dusted, soaped and washed to the heart's content of the most thorough-going cleaner, by degrees, story by story, or even room by room? The necessity for this general flooding and *topsy-turvying* known as house-cleaning, insisted upon by zealous housekeepers, would seem to imply, moreover, an extent of Augean filth which it is not creditable to them to have allowed to accumulate. A more care-

ful watchfulness and a better regulated effort each day should prevent any such periodical demands for Herculean labors.

Fixed hours for getting up and going to bed, and for each meal, should be set and punctually kept. This is essential, not only for the proper accomplishment of the work of the household, but as a means of discipline beneficial to every member of it. It behoves more especially the mistress of the household to show the example of regularity in this respect, for each occupant of the house, and particularly the servants, will be generally inclined to imitate it.

The punctual observation of the hours fixed for each meal is essential, above all, to the male members of the family, who may be engaged in some of the various vocations of life. There is nothing so calculated to make an earnest man of business discontented with his home as to have his plans deranged and his engagements disturbed by the irregularities and delays of his daily meals. The want of punctuality of a house often forces a resort to the club or restaurant; and many a wife, by taking habitually an additional half-hour of morning's slumber or daily gossiping, has lost a whole lifetime of her husband's company.

The disobedience of the proverbial precept, "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is a frequent cause of confusion and mischief in a household. Every housekeeper should make this precept an absolute law of her establishment, and see that it is kept. Each object should have its appropriate place, where it can be found when wanted, and to which it ought to be returned, at the very moment it is no longer required for use. Who has not observed the ill consequences of not establishing and observing these simple regulations? What time is lost, and work necessarily left undone, by the disorderly housekeeper! How often is she arrested in the midst of a pressing occupation for the mere want of some essential utensil! Who has not heard the disconsolate woman crying out in her household agony, "Where is my thimble?" "Who has my scissors?" "What has become of the pudding-cloth?" "There, the flour-sifter has gone again, I declare! Oh! oh!"

In a late report of a board of examiners, composed of professors of the great universities of England, and appointed to examine those applying for certificates of acquirement, it is stated that, with a remarkable average inaccuracy of knowledge of geography, history and logic,

there was a very general proficiency in arithmetic shown by the female candidates. It may be presumed, then, that women have a natural aptitude for calculation, and consequently it would seem to be unreasonable for them to persist in their usual excuse for not keeping household accounts, that they "can't do sums, and can't learn how to." This is only another illustration of their deficiency in logic with which the learned professors of Oxford and Cambridge have ventured to charge the female sex; for if they have a natural facility for computation—which there is no disposition on the part of the writer to dispute—it is reasonable to conclude, even if they "can't do sums," they *can* "learn how to."

All the arithmetic essential to ordinary house-keeping requires no special genius for the science, and every mistress of a household should be able to keep its accounts accurately; and this she is emphatically commended to do.

In the government of the servants, order is indispensable. On their engagement, the spe-

cial duties of each should be clearly defined, and care taken that the work of one shall not conflict with that of the other. Their privileges should be clearly specified, as well as their duties, and no encroachment permitted on what they will justly regard as their rights.

The payment of the servants' wages should always be made at the moment they become due. The expediency of keeping portions of them in arrear, which is often done with the best of motives, and at the solicitation of the servants, is doubtful. They should be urged to receive all the money that is due at the time it becomes so, and encouraged to deposit any surplus they may be disposed to save in the public banks established for that purpose. Any current account allowed to run on between the housekeeper and those she employs is apt to give rise to misunderstandings and perplexities, from forgetfulness or inaccuracy on the part of either one or both concerned.—From "*Bazaar Book of the Household.*"

SELECTED RECIPES.

ECONOMICAL STOCK—The liquor in which a joint of meat has been boiled, say 4 quarts; trimmings of fresh meat or poultry, shank-bones, &c., roast-beef bones, any pieces the larder may furnish; vegetables, spices, and seasoning. Let all the ingredients simmer gently for five hours, taking care to skim carefully at first. Strain the stock off, and put it by for use.

WHITE STOCK. (TO BE USED IN THE PREPARATION OF WHITE SOUPS.)—4 lbs. of knuckle of veal, any poultry trimmings, 4 slices of lean ham, 1 carrot, 2 onions, 1 head of celery, 12 white peppercorns, 1 oz. of salt, 1 blade of mace, 1 oz. of butter, 4 quarts of water. Cut up the veal, and put it with the bones and trimmings of poultry, and the ham, into the stewpan, which has been rubbed with the butter. Moisten with $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of water, and simmer till the

gravy begins to flow. Then add the 4 quarts of water with the remainder of the ingredients; and simmer for 5 hours. After skimming and straining it carefully through a very fine hair-sieve, it will be ready for use. When stronger stock is desired, double the quantity of veal, or put in an old fowl. The liquor in which a young turkey has been boiled is an excellent addition to all white stock or soups.

BROWNING FOR STOCK.—2 oz. of powdered sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of water. Place the sugar in a stewpan over a slow fire until it begins to melt, keeping it stirred with a wooden spoon until it becomes black, when add the water, and let dissolve. Cork closely, and use a few drops when required. In France, burnt onions are made use of for the purpose of browning. As a general rule, the process of browning is to be

discouraged, as apt to impart a slightly unpleasant flavor to the stock, and, consequently, all soups made from it.

PEA SOUP.—1 quart of split peas, 2 lbs. of shin of beef, trimmings of meat or poultry, a slice of bacon, 2 large carrots, 2 turnips, 5 large onions, 1 head of celery, seasoning to taste, 2 quarts of soft water, any bones left from roast meat, 2 quarts of common stock, or liquor in which a joint of meat has been boiled. Put the peas to soak over-night in soft water, and float off such as rise to the top. Boil them in water till tender enough to pulp; then add the ingredients mentioned above, and simmer for 2 hours, stirring the soup occasionally, to prevent it from burning to the bottom of the saucepan. Press the whole through a sieve, skim well, season, and serve with toasted bread cut in dice.

POTATO SOUP.—4 lbs. of mealy potatoes boiled or steamed very dry, pepper and salt to taste, 2 quarts of medium stock. When the potatoes are boiled, mash them smoothly with a fork, that no lumps remain, and gradually put them to the boiling stock; pass it through a sieve, season, and simmer for 5 minutes. Skim well, and serve with fried bread.

MINIATURE RICE PUDDINGS.— $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of rice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, 2 oz. of fresh butter, 4 eggs, sugar to taste; flavoring of lemon-peel, bitter almonds, or vanilla; a few strips of candied peel. Let the rice swell in 1 pint of milk over a slow fire, putting with it a strip of lemon-peel; stir to it the butter and the other $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, and let the mixture cool. Then add the well-beaten eggs, and a few drops of essence of almonds or essence of vanilla, whichever may be preferred;

butter well some small cups or moulds, line them with a few pieces of candied peel sliced very thin, fill them three parts full, and bake for about 40 minutes; turn them out of the cups on to a white doyley, and serve with sweet sauce.

BOILED APPLE PUDDING.—Crust apples, sugar to taste, 1 small teaspoonful of finely-minced lemon-peel, 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice. Make a butter-crust or a suet one, using for a moderate-sized pudding from $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 lb. of flour, with the other ingredients in proportion. Butter a basin; line it with some of the paste; pare, core and cut the apples into slices, and fill the basin with these; add the sugar, the lemon-peel and juice, and cover with crust; pinch the edges together, flour the cloth, place it over the pudding, tie it securely, and put it into plenty of fast-boiling water. Let it boil from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, according to the size; then turn it out of the basin, and send to table quickly. Apple puddings may also be boiled in a cloth without a basin; but, when made in this way, must be served without the least delay, as the crust so soon becomes heavy. Apple pudding is a very convenient dish to have when the dinner-hour is rather uncertain, as it does not spoil by being boiled an extra-hour; care, however, must be taken to keep it well covered with the water all the time, and not to allow it to stop boiling.

APPLE SNOWBALLS.—2 teacupfuls of rice, apples, moist sugar, cloves. Boil the rice in milk until three-parts done; then strain it off, and pare and core the apples without dividing them. Put a small quantity of sugar and clove into each apple, put the rice round them, and tie each ball separately in a cloth. Boil until the apples are tender; then take them up, remove the cloths, and serve.

Literary Notices.

THE WRECK OF THE "CHANCELLOR."

By Jules Verne, Author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," &c., &c. Toronto: Belfour Bros.

A rather poor translation of one of Jules Verne's inimitable works in which he describes a shipwreck and the consequences to the survivors. Our extracts will give an idea of the graphic descriptions of this writer, who takes pains to mingle instruction with entertainment in his writings.

THE CARGO ON FIRE.

During the 17th, and from that day, the deck is sprinkled several times a day by order of the mate. Usually this takes place only in the morning; but is doubtless now done more often on account of the higher temperature, for we have been carried a considerable distance southward. The tarpaulins which cover the hatchways are kept constantly moist, and their tightened tissues make perfectly impermeable canvases. The *Chancellor* is provided with pumps, which render it an easy matter to perform these liberal washings. I imagine that the decks of the daintiest crafts of the Yacht Club are not more carefully and constantly cleaned. Beyond a certain point the crew might reasonably complain of this excess of work; but complain they do not.

During the night of the 18th the temperature of the cabins seems to me almost stifling. Though the sea is disturbed by a heavy swell, I leave the port-hole of my cabin open.

Decidedly, it is clear that we are in the tropics.

I go on deck at day-break. Strangely enough I do not find the outer temperature to correspond with that in the cabins. The morning, on the other hand, is fresh, for the sun has scarcely risen from the horizon. Yet I cannot be mistaken; it is really very hot on the poop.

At this moment the sailors are busy at the incessant washing of the deck, and the pumps are spouting out the water, which, following the inclination of the ship, escapes from the scuppers on the starboard and larboard sides.

The sailors, with naked feet, run about in this limpid sheet, which foams in little waves. I do not know why, but the impulse seizes me to imitate them. I take off my shoes and stockings and then patter about in the puddle of seawater.

To my great surprise I find the deck of the *Chancellor* distinctly warm beneath my feet, and I cannot repress an exclamation. Robert Curtis answers a question which I have not yet put, says,—

"Well—yes! There is fire aboard!"

October 19.—Everything is explained; the whispered conferences of the sailors, their restless actions, Owen's words, the washing of the deck, which they wish to keep in a permanent state of moisture, and, in fine, this heat which is already spreading below deck, and is becoming nearly intolerable. The passengers have suffered from it as well as I, and cannot at all understand the unnatural temperature.

After having given me this alarming information, Robert Curtis remained silent. He waits for me to question him, but I confess that at first I shudder from head to foot. Here is the most terrible of all the perils which can assail those who travel by sea; no man, howsoever capable of self-control, can hear, without shuddering, the sinister words, "There is fire aboard!"

I soon recover myself, however, and my first question to Robert Curtis is,—

"How long has this fire been going?"

"For six days."

"Six days!" I cried. "It was, then, on that night—"

"Yes, the night you heard so much noise on deck. The sailors on watch perceived a light smoke escaping from the cracks of the large hatchway. The captain and I were at once apprized of it. There was no possible doubt of what the matter was. The cotton had taken fire in the hold, and there was no way of reaching its seat. We did the only thing possible, under the circumstances, which was to close up the hatchways, so as to prevent the air from getting access to the interior of the ship. I hoped that we might thereby succeed in stifling the fire at its beginning, and at first I thought we had it under control. But for three days we have been forced to the conclusion that the fire was making new progress. The heat under our feet constantly increased, and unless I had taken the precaution to keep the deck always damp, it would have broken out ere this. I prefer, after all, that you should know this, Mr. Kazallon, and that is why I tell you."

I hear the mate's statement in silence. I comprehend all the gravity of the situation; we are in presence of a conflagration, the intensity of which is increasing day by day, and which, it may be, no human power can check.

"Do you know how the bales took fire?" I ask.

"Probably by spontaneous combustion of the cotton."

"Does that often happen?"

"Not often, but sometimes. When the cotton is very dry at the time of putting it on board, combustion may take place spontaneously at the bottom of a damp hold which it is difficult to ventilate. I am very sure that this is the sole cause of the fire now raging."

"Of what importance is the cause after all?"

I reply; "is there anything to be done, Mr. Curtis?"

"No," he says; "I have already told you that we have taken every precaution possible. I have thought of tapping the ship at her water-line, so as to introduce a certain quantity of water, which the pumps would soon exhaust afterwards; but we have discovered that the fire has spread to the middle layers of the cargo, and the whole hold must be inundated to put it out. However, I have had holes pierced in the deck at certain points, and water is poured into these during the night; but this is insufficient. No; there is really but one thing to do—what is always done in similar cases—and that is, to attempt to stifle the fire, by closing every issue to the outer air, and to force the fire, for want of oxygen, to go out of itself."

"And it is constantly increasing?"

"Yes, and that proves that the air is getting into the hold through some opening, which, with all our diligence, we are unable to find."

"Are any instances known of ships having been saved under circumstances like these?"

"Undoubtedly. It is not unusual for ships loaded with cotton to reach Liverpool or Havre with a portion of their cargo burned. But in such cases the fire had been put out, or at least confined during the voyage. I have known more than one captain who has thus arrived in port, with the deck scorching under his feet. The unloading was done rapidly, and the undamaged portion of the cargo was saved at the same time with the ship. In our case it is different; for I know but too well that the fire, instead of being checked, makes fresh progress every day. There **must**, therefore, be a hole somewhere, which has escaped our search, and through which the air enters to stimulate the fire."

"Might we not return on our path, and gain the nearest land?"

"Perhaps; and that is just what Walter, the boatswain, and I have been discussing with the captain this very day. I will tell you, Mr. Kazallon, that I have already taken it upon myself to change the route followed so far, and we now have the wind behind us, and are running south-westward, that is, towards the coast."

"The passengers know nothing of the danger which menaces them?"

"Nothing; and I beg of you to keep secret all I have told you. Our difficulty must not be increased by the terror of women, or of pusillanimous men. The crew has also received orders to say nothing."

I understand the importance of the mate's caution, and promise him absolute secrecy.

October 20 and 21. The Chancellor continues on her way, with all the sail on that her masts can support. Sometimes the gallant-masts bend until they almost break, but Curtis is on the watch. Stationed near the rudder wheel, he will not leave the helmsman to himself. By slight yaws and lurches, skilfully managed, he yields to the breeze when the safety of the ship is threatened, and the Chancellor loses nothing of her speed under the hand that guides her.

During the 20th of October all the passengers have ascended to the poop. They have evidently noticed the strange height of the temperature below deck; but not suspecting the truth, they do not trouble themselves about it. Besides, their feet, comfortably shod, have not felt the heat which penetrates the planks of the deck, despite the water which is almost continuously sprinkled upon it. The working of the pumps should provoke some astonishment on their part, it would seem; but it does not. Most of them, stretched out on the benches, yield to the rocking caused by the rolling of the ship, in a state of perfect serenity. M. Letourneur alone has betrayed surprise at the very unusual zeal for cleanliness betrayed by the crew. He says a few words to me about this, and I reply in an indifferent tone. This Frenchman is a man of energetic character, and I might safely confide the truth to him; but I have promised Curtis to keep silent, and so I say nothing.

Then, when I give myself over to reflections concerning the results of the catastrophe which threatens, my heart is oppressed. There are twenty-eight of us on board—twenty-eight victims, perhaps—to whom the flames will soon not leave a single plank!

On the next day, the 21st of October, the situation is the same. The voyage continues, in the eyes of the passengers, under the ordinary conditions, and nothing is changed in the routine of the life on board.

The progress of the fire, however, does not betray itself outside, and this is a good sign. The openings have been so tightly sealed up, that not a whiff of smoke betrays the conflagration below. Perhaps it may be possible to concentrate the fire in the hold, and, perhaps, in short, from want of air, it will go out of itself, or will be so stifled as not to extend to the whole of the cargo. This is Curtis's hope, and, by his extreme precaution, he has even had the orifice of the pumps plugged up; for the pipe, extending to the bottom of the hold, might give passage to a few whiffs of air.

May heaven come to our aid, for surely we cannot help ourselves! This day would have passed without any incident, if chance had not led me to hear a conversation, which apprized me that our situation, already so serious, is becoming terrible.

The reader may judge of this from what follows.

I was sitting on the poop, where two of the passengers were talking in a low voice, not suspecting that their words would reach my ear. These were the engineer, Falsten, and the merchant, Ruby, who often conversed together.

My attention was first attracted by one or two significant gestures from Falsten, who seemed to be earnestly reproaching his companion. I could not help listening, and I heard these words:—

"Why, it is absurd! a man could not be more imprudent!"

"Bah?" replied Ruby, carelessly, "nothing will come of it."

"A great misfortune may come of it, on the contrary," returned the engineer.

"Good! It is not the first time I have done so."

"But only a shock is necessary to bring about an explosion!"

"The box is securely packed, Mr. Falsten, and I repeat, there is nothing to fear."

"Why not have apprized the captain?"

"Eh! Because he would have wished to take away my box."

The wind having subsided for a few moments, I heard nothing further: but it was clear that the engineer continued to insist, whilst Ruby confined himself to shrugging his shoulders.

Not long after, these words reached my ears:—

"Yes, yes," says Falsten, "you must inform the captain! This box must be thrown overboard! I have no wish to be blown up! Blown up? I was roused by this expression. What did the engineer mean? To what did he allude? He certainly did not know the condition of the *Chancellor*, and was ignorant of the fire which is devouring the cargo.

But one word, one terrible word, made me bound; and this word, or rather these words, "picrate of potassium," were repeated several times.

In an instant I was beside the two passengers and involuntarily, and with irresistible force, I seized Ruby by the collar.

"Is there picrate of potassium on board?"

"Yes," replied Falsten, "a box that contains thirty pounds of it."

"Where?"

"In the hold, with the cargo."

THE SHIP STRIKES.

During the night of October 29.—The scene has been a terrible one, and each of us, despite the desperate situation in which we are, feel all the horror of it.

Ruby is no more; but his last words may have serious consequences. The sailors have heard him cry: "The picrate!" They have comprehended that the ship may blow up at any moment, and that it is not only a conflagration, but also an explosion, which menaces them.

Some of the men, losing all self-control, wish to fly at all hazards and at once.

"The barge! the barge!" they cry.

They do not, will not see—fools that they are—that the sea is in a fury, and that no boat could brave those waves, which are foaming at a prodigious height. Nothing can stop them, and they do not hear their captain's voice. Curtis throws himself in the midst of his crew,

but in vain. The sailor Owen appeals to his comrades; the barge is unfastened and pushed out towards the sea.

The boat is balanced for a moment in the air, and, obeying the rolling of the ship, butts against the wales. A last effort of the sailors disengages it, and it is on the point of reaching the waters, when a monstrous wave seizes it from below, withdraws it for an instant, then dashes it against the side of the *Chancellor*. The long-boat and the barge are now gone, and there remains to us only a narrow and fragile whale-boat.

The sailors, stupefied, stand motionless. Nothing is heard but the whistling of the wind amid the rigging, and the roaring of the fire. The furnace extends deep into the centre of the ship, and torrents of fuliginous vapor, escaping from the hatchway, shoot up heavenward. The poop cannot be seen from the fore-castle, and a barrier of flame divides the *Chancellor* into two parts.

The passengers and two or three sailors take refuge in the aft part of the poop. Mrs. Kear is stretched out unconscious, on one of the hen-coops, and Miss Hervey is at her side. M. Le-tourneur has grasped his son in his arms, and presses him to his breast. I am seized by a nervous agitation, and am unable to calm myself. Falsten coolly consults his watch and takes note of the time in his diary.

What is going on forward, where the lieutenant, the boatswain, and the rest of the crew, whom we can no longer see, are doubtless stationed? All communication is cut off between the two halves of the vessel, and it is impossible to cross the curtain of flame which escapes from the large hatchway.

I go up to Curtis.

"All is lost?" I ask.

"No," he replies. "Now that the hatchway is open, we will throw a torrent of water on this furnace, and perhaps we shall be able to put it out."

"But how can the pumps be worked upon the burning deck, Mr. Curtis? And how can you give orders to the sailors across these flames?"

Robert Curtis did not reply.

"All is lost?" I asked again.

"No, sir," says he. "No! As long as a plank of this ship remains under my feet, I shall not despair."

Meanwhile the violence of the fire is redoubled, and the sea is tinged with a reddish light. Above, the low clouds reflect broad tawny gleams. Long jets of fire spread across the hatchways, and we have taken refuge on the taffrail, behind the poop. Mrs. Kear has been laid on the whale-boat, and Miss Hervey has taken her place at her side. What a horrible night? What pen could describe its terrors? The tempest, now at the height of its fury, breathes over this furnace like an immense ventilator. The *Chancellor* speeds on through the darkness like a gigantic fire-ship. There is no other alternative,—either to throw ourselves into the sea, or to perish in the flames!

But the picrate does not catch fire. This volcano will not burst, then, under our feet! Has Ruby lied? Is there no explosive substance shut up in the hold?

At half past eleven, when the sea is more terrible than ever, a strange rumbling, especially feared by sailors, is added to the noise of the furious elements, and this cry pierces the air,—“Breakers! Breakers to starboard!”

Robert Curtis leaps upon the gunwale, casts a rapid glance over the white waves, and turning to the helmsman, cries in a commanding voice, “Helm to starboard!”

But it is too late. I perceive that we are lifted on the back of an enormous wave, and all of a sudden we feel a shock. The ship touches astern, strikes several times, and the mizzenmast, broken at the deck, falls into the sea.

The *Chancellor* is motionless.

Night of October 29, continued.—It is not yet midnight. There is no moon, and we are in profound darkness. We know not at what point the ship has just run aground. Has she, violently driven by the storm, reached the American coast, and is land in sight?

I have said that the *Chancellor*, after striking several times, has remained perfectly motionless. Several moments after, a noise of chains aft apprises Robert Curtis that the anchors have just been cast.

“Good, good!” says he. “The lieutenant and boatswain have let go the two anchors! It is to be hoped they will hold!”

I then see Robert Curtis advance along the gunwale as far as the flames permit him. He glides along the starboard chain-wale, on the side where the ship careens, and hangs on there for several minutes, despite the heavy masses of water which are crushing him. I see him listening. You would say that he was listening for some peculiar noise in the midst of the hurly-burly of the tempest.

At last he returns to the poop.

“Water is getting in,” says he, “and perhaps this water—may Heaven grant it!—will overcome the fire!”

“But what after?”

“Mr. Kazallon,” returned he, “‘after’ is in the future,—that will be as God wills. Let us think only of the present.”

The first thing to do would be to resort to the pumps, only the flames will not just now permit us to reach them. Probably some plank, beaten in on the bottom of the ship, has given a large issue to the water, for it seems to me that the fire is already diminishing. I hear dull hissings, which prove that the two elements are contending with each other. The base of the fire has certainly been reached, and the first range of cotton-bales has already been soaked. Well, if the water stifles the fire, we, on our side, shall then have to struggle with the water in its turn! Perhaps it will be less formidable than the fire. Water is the sailor’s element, and he is in the habit of overcoming it.

We wait with an indescribable anxiety during the three remaining hours of this long night. Where are we? It is certain that the waters

are subsiding little by little, and the fury of the waves is growing less. The *Chancellor* ought to touch bottom an hour after high tide, but it is hard to ascertain exactly, without calculations or observations. If this be so, it may be hoped that, supposing the fire to be put out, we shall get clear promptly at the next tide.

Towards half-past four the sheet of flame between the two ends of the ship diminishes little by little, and we at last perceive a dark group beyond it. It is the crew, who have taken refuge on the narrow fore-castle. Soon we are able to communicate with each other, and Walter and the boatswain rejoin us on the poop, by walking along the gunwale, for it is as yet impossible to step foot on the deck.

Captain Curtis, Walter, and the boatswain hold a conference in my presence, and agree that nothing shall be done until daylight. If land is near, and the sea is practicable, they will gain the coast, either with the whale boat or by means of a raft. If there is no land in sight, and the *Chancellor* is aground on an isolated reef, they will try to get her off and patch her up, so as to put her in condition to reach the nearest port.

“But it is difficult to guess where we are,” says Curtis, with whose opinion the others agree; “for, with these northwest winds, the *Chancellor* must have been driven far to the southward. It is a long time since I have been able to take soundings; still, as I do not know of any rock in this part of the Atlantic, it may be that we have struck somewhere on the South American coast.”

“But,” I remark, “we are in constant danger of an explosion. Could we not abandon the *Chancellor* and take refuge—”

“On this reef?” replies Curtis. “But what is its form? Is it not covered at high tide? Could we reconnoitre it in this darkness? Let us wait for daylight, and then we will see.”

I at once report Curtis’s words to the other passengers. They are not wholly reassuring, but no one wishes to think of the new danger to which the situation of the vessel threatens if, unhappily, she has been cast upon some unknown reef, several hundred miles from land. A single consideration engrosses all of us; that now the water is fighting for us, is getting the upper hand of the fire, and is therefore lessening the chances of an explosion. A thick smoke, indeed, has succeeded little by little to the bright flames, and is escaping from the hatchway. Some fiery tongues still shoot up in the midst of the smoke, but they suddenly go out. The hissing of the water being vaporized in the hold is heard, instead of the roaring of the flames. It is certain that the sea is now doing what neither our pumps nor our buckets could have done; for this conflagration which has spread into the midst of seventeen hundred bales of cotton, required nothing less than an inundation to put it out.

THE REEF.

From October 31 to November 5.—We have

begun to make the tour of the reef, the length of which is about a quarter of a mile.

This little voyage of circumnavigation is rapidly accomplished, and, sounding-line in hand, we ascertain the depth below the rocks. It is no longer doubtful that a sudden upheaving, a violent outburst, due to the action of subterraneous forces, has thrown this reef above the sea.

The origin of this island is not open to dispute. It is purely volcanic. Everywhere are blocks of basalt, disposed in perfect order, the regular prisms of which give to the whole the appearance of a gigantic crystallization. The sea is marvellously transparent at the perpendicular side of the rock, and reveals the curious cluster of prismatic shafts which support this remarkable substructure.

"What a strange islet!" says M. Letourneur. "And its existence is certainly recent."

"That is clear, father," replied young Andre, "and you may add that it is the same phenomenon that is produced at Julia Island, on the coast of Sicily, and at the groups of the Santorinis, in the Archipelago, which has created this islet, and made it large enough to permit this *Chancellor* to run aground upon it."

"Indeed," I add, "an upheaving must have taken place in this part of the ocean, since this rock does not appear on the latest charts; for it could not have escaped the notice of the sailors in this locality, which is much frequented. Let us then, explore it carefully, and bring it to the knowledge of the navigators."

"Who knows if it will not soon disappear by a phenomenon similar to that which produced it?" replies Andre. "You know, Mr. Kazallon, that these volcanic islands often have but a brief duration; and by the time that the geographers have set this one down in their new maps, perhaps it will no longer be in existence."

"No matter, dear boy," says his father. "Much better point out a danger which does not exist, than to ignore one that does; and sailors will have no right to complain if they no longer find a rock here where we shall have made note of one."

"You are right, father; and, after all, it is very possible that this islet is destined to last as long as our continents. Only, if it is to disappear, Captain Curtis would prefer that it should be within a few days, when he shall have repaired his damages; for that would save him the trouble of refloating his ship."

"Really, Andre," I cry, jokingly, "you pretend to dispose of nature as if you were sovereign of it! You wish that it should upheave and engulf a reef at your will, according to your personal need; and, after having created these rocks especially to permit the fire to be put out on board the *Chancellor*, that it should make them disappear at a stroke of your wand, to free her!"

"I wish for nothing," replies the young man, smiling, "unless it is to thank God for having so visibly protected us. It was He who threw our ship on this reef, and He will set her afloat again when the right moment comes."

"And we will aid in this with all our resources, will we not, my friends?"

"Yes, Mr. Kazallon," replies M. Letourneur, "for it is the law of humanity to help itself. However, Andre is right to put his trust in God. Certainly, in venturing upon the sea, man makes a remarkable use of the qualities with which nature has endowed him; but, on this ocean without limits, when the elements break loose, he perceives how feeble and disarmed he is! I think that the sailor's motto should be this: 'Confidence in one's self, and faith in God!'"

"Nothing is more true, M. Letourneur," I reply. "I, too, think that there are very few sailors whose souls are obstinately callous to religious impressions."

As we talk, we carefully examine the rocks which form the base of the islet, and everything convinces us that its origin is recent.

Not a seaweed or shell clings to the side of the rock. A student in natural history would not be paid for the trouble of searching this heap of crags, where vegetable and animal nature has not yet set the imprint of its seal. Mollusks are absolutely wanting, and there are no hydrophytes. The wind has not wafted birds here sought refuge. Geology alone can find an interesting study in examining this basaltic substructure, which betrays every trace of subterranean formation.

At this moment our boat is returning to the point south of the islet on which the *Chancellor* is stranded. I propose to my companions to land, and they consent to do so.

"In case the island is destined to disappear," said Andre, laughing, "at least human creatures have paid a visit to it."

The boat runs alongside of the rock, and we land upon it. Andre goes forward, for the ground is quite practicable, and the young man does not need to be supported. His father keeps a little behind him, near me, and we pass up the rock by a very gentle ascent which leads to its highest summit.

A quarter of an hour suffices to accomplish this distance, and all three of us sit down upon the basaltic prism which crowns the highest rock of the islet. Andre draws a notebook from his pocket and begins to sketch the reef, the contour of which stands out very sharply against the green ground of the sea.

The sky is clear, and the sea, now at low water, reveals the remotest points which emerge on the south, leaving between them the narrow pass entered by the *Chancellor* before she stranded.

The form of the reef is a singular one, and calls to mind a "York ham"; the central part widens to the swelling, the summit of which we occupy.

When Andre has sketched the outline of the islet, his father says to him,—

"Why, my boy, you have been drawing a ham!"

"Yes, father, a basaltic ham, of a shape to

rejoice Gargantua. If Captain Curtis consents, we will name this reef 'Ham Rock.'

"Certainly," I cry, "the name is well thought of. The reef of Ham Rock! And let the navigators take care to keep at a respectful distance from it, for they have not teeth hard enough to gnaw it!"

The *Chancellor* has stranded on the extreme south of the islet, that is, on the neck of the ham, and in the little creek formed by the concavity of this neck. She leans over on her star-board side, and just now inclines a great deal, owing to the water being very low.

When *Andre* has finished his sketch, we descend by another inclination, which passes gently downward on the western side, and we soon come upon a pretty grotto. You would have almost imagined it to be an architectural work of the kind which nature has formed in the Hebrides, and especially on the Island of Staffa. The *Letourneurs*, who have visited *Fingal's Cave*, find a remarkable resemblance to it in this grotto, but in miniature. There is the same arrangement of concentric prisms, due to the manner of the cooling of the basalts; the same roofing of black beams, the joints of which are stuck with a yellow material; the same purity of the prismatic edges, which the chisel of a sculptor would not have more clearly fashioned; finally, the same rustling of the air across the sonorous basalts, of which the Gauls made harps in the shades of *Fingal's Cave*. But at *Staffa*, the soil is a liquid sheet, while here, the grotto can only be reached by the most stormy waves, and the prismatic shafts form a solid pavement.

"Besides," says *Andre*, the grotto of *Staffa* is a vast Gothic cathedral, and this is only a chapel of the cathedral. But who would have thought to find such a marvel on an unknown reef in the ocean!"

After we had rested an hour in the grotto of *Ham Rock*, we coast along the islet and return to the *Chancellor*. We tell *Robert Curtis* of our discoveries, and he notes the islet on his chart, with the name which *Andre* has given to it.

ON THE RAFT.

From *January 1* to *January 5*.—It is more than three months since we left *Charleston*, in the *Chancellor*, and we have been twenty days on this raft; carried hither and thither at the mercy of the winds and currents. Have we gone westward, towards the American coast, or has the tempest driven us further away from any land?

It is no longer possible even to take an observation. During the last storm, the captain's instruments were broken, despite every precaution. *Curtis* has no longer any compass to apprise him of the direction we are taking, nor any sextant to measure the sun's height. Are we near or many miles from the coast? We cannot tell; but it is much to be feared that, as everything has been against us, we are far away from it.

There is something very depressing, no doubt, in this total ignorance of our whereabouts; but, as hope never quits the human heart, we are fain often to fancy, without any reason, that the coast is near. Each of us scans the horizon, and tries to discern on its clear line an appearance of land. The eyes of the passengers, at least, often deceive them in this respect, and make their illusion all the more painful. We think we see it, and there is nothing! It is a cloud, or a mist; or an undulation of the surge. No land is there; no ship appears upon the grayish perimeter, where the sea meets the sky: The raft is always the centre of this desolate circumference.

On *January* the 1st we have eaten our last biscuit, or rather our last crumbs. The 1st of *January*! What memories does this day recall to us! And, by comparison, how wretched it seems to us! The birth of the new year, the good resolves and wishes to which it gives rise, the family love-tokens it brings, the hope with which it fills the heart—nothing of this any longer concerns us! The words "I wish you a happy New Year!" which are only to be said with a smile—who of us dares utter them? Who of us would dare to hope for even a day for himself?

The boatswain, however, coming up to me, and looking at me strangely, says,—

"Mr. *Kazallon*, I wish you a happy—"
"New Year?"

"No, I was going to speak of to-day only; and even this is rash on my part, for there is nothing left to eat on the raft!"

Everybody knows this, and yet, on the next day, when the time of distributing the food comes, we seem to be struck by a new blow. We cannot believe in this utter dearth?

Towards evening, I feel violent twinges in the stomach. These cause me to yawn painfully; but two hours later they are to some degree assuaged.

On the 3rd, I am much surprised to find that I am no longer suffering. I feel within myself a great void, but this is as much fanciful as physical. My head, heavy, and ill-balanced, seems to shake on my shoulders, and I experience the dizziness which one feels when leaning over an abyss.

All of the party, however, are not attacked by these symptoms. Some of my companions already suffer terribly; among others, the carpenter and the boatswain, who are naturally great eaters. Their tortures force involuntary cries from them, and they are obliged to tie themselves up with a rope. And this is only the second day!

Ah, that half a pound of biscuit, that meagre portion which just now seemed to us so insufficient, how our hunger magnifies it now, how enormous it was, now that we have no longer anything! This bit of biscuit, if it were still doled out to us, if we could but have half of it—nay, even a quarter—we might subsist upon it several days! We would eat it crumb by crumb!

In a besieged city, reduced to the last degree

of want, the victims may still find, amid the ruins, in the nooks and the corners, some lean bone or rejected root, which will delay famine for the moment. But on these planks, which the waves have so many times washed over, the cracks of which have already been searched, the angles of which, where the wind might have blown some of the refuse, have been scratched, what can we still hope to find?

The nights seem very, very long—longer than the days. In vain do we seek in sleep a momentary relief. Sleep, when it does close our eyes, is only a feverish dose, big with nightmares.

On this night, however, yielding to fatigue, at a moment when my hunger is also asleep, I have been able to rest several hours.

The next morning, at six o'clock, I am awakened by loud voices on the raft. I quickly jump up, and see the negro Jynxtrop, and the sailors Owen, Flaypole, Wilson, Burke, and Sandon, grouped in a belligerent attitude on the forward part of the raft. These wretches have possessed themselves of the carpenter's tools—his hatchet, hammer, and chisels; and they are threatening the captain, the boatswain, and Douglas. I hasten at once to join Curtis and his party. Falsten follows me. We have only our knives for arms, but we are none the less determined to defend ourselves.

Owen and his comrades advance toward us. The rascals are drunk. During the night they have emptied the cask of wine-brandy, and have used it up.

What do they wish to do?

Owen and the negro, less-drunk than the rest, are inciting them to murder us, and they are under the influence of a sort of alcoholic fury.

"Down with Curtis! To the sea with the captain! Owen for master! Owen for master!"

Owen is the leader, and the negro serves as his lieutenant. The hatred of these two men for their officers now manifests itself by a resort to force, which, even if it succeeds, will not save the situation. But their comrades, incapable of reasoning, are armed, while we are not; and this renders them formidable.

Robert Curtis, on seeing them advance, walks towards them, and with a steady voice cries,—

"Down with your arms!"

"Death to the captain!" shouts Owen.

The wretch excites his followers by gestures; but Curtis, passing the drunken group, goes straight up to him.

"What do you wish?" he asks.

"No more captain on the raft!" replies Owen, "all equal here!"

Stupid brute! As if we were not all equal, in the presence of misery!

"Owen," says the captain, a second time, "Down with your arms!"

"Come on, men!" cries Owen.

A struggle begins. Owen and Wilson fall upon Robert Curtis, who parries their blows with the end of a spar; while Burke and Flaypole attack Falsten and the boatswain. I come into collision with the negro Jynxtrop, who, brandishing a hammer, tries to strike me. I

endeavor to seize him with my arms, in order to render him helpless, but the rascal's muscular force is too much for me. After struggling several moments, I feel that I am about to yield, when Jynxtrop rolls upon the platform, dragging me with him. Andre Letourneur has caught him by the leg and thrown him over.

This has saved me. The negro, in falling, has let go the hammer which I seize. I am about to break his head with it, when Andre's hand arrests me in my turn.

The mutineers have all been driven back upon the forward part of the raft. Robert Curtis, after eluding Owen's blows, has just seized a hatchet, and, raising his hand, strikes.

But Owen jumps aside, and the hatchet hits Wilson full on the stomach. The wretched man falls over the side of the raft and disappears.

"Save him! save him!" cries the boatswain.

"He is dead," replies Douglas.

"Yes, that is why"—replies the boatswain, without ending his sentence.

Wilson's death ends the struggle. Flaypole and Burke, in the last stages of drunkenness, have fallen flat and motionless; and we seize Jynxtrop and tie him firmly to the foot of the mast.

As for Owen, he has been overcome by the boatswain and the carpenter. Robert Curtis comes up to him and says—

"Pray to God; for you are going to die."

"You are in a hurry, then, to eat me?" replies Owen, with inconceivable insolence.

This atrocious reply saves his life. Robert Curtis throws aside the hatchet which he has already raised over Owen, and, with a pale face, goes and sits down in the rear of the raft.

THIRST.

January 9 and 10.—To-day we are becalmed. The sun is burning hot, the breeze has quite subsided, and not a ripple breaks the long undulations of the sea, which rises almost imperceptibly. If there is not some current, the direction of which we cannot determine, the raft must be absolutely stationary.

I have said that the heat, to-day, is intolerable. Our thirst is, therefore, also intolerable. The insufficiency of water makes us suffer terribly, for the first time. I foresee that it will bring tortures more difficult to bear than those arising from hunger. Already our mouths, throats, and pharynxes are contracted by dryness, and our mucous membranes are sorely affected by the hot air carried to them by breathing.

At my entreaties, the captain has for once relaxed the usual rule. He grants a double portion of water, and we are able to quench our thirst, after a fashion, four times in the course of the day. I say "after a fashion," for the water, kept in the bottom of the cask, though covered with canvas, is in truth lukewarm.

The day has been a miserable one. The sailors, overcome by hunger, again give themselves over to despair.

The breeze has not risen with the moon, which is now nearly full. Still, as the tropical

nights are cool, we experience some relief; but during the day the heat is insufferable. We cannot doubt, from the constant height of the temperature, that the raft has drifted far to the south.

As for land, no one any longer looks for it. It seems as if the terrestrial globe were only a watery sphere. Always and everywhere, this infinite ocean!

On the 10th there is the same calm and the same heat. The sky pours down upon us a rain of fire; it is burning air that we breathe.

Our desire to drink is irresistible, and we forget the torments of hunger; we await with furious impatience the moment of receiving the few drops of water which are our portion. O that we might drink to satiety, just for once, even if we were to exhaust our supply, and die!

About noon one of our companions is taken with sharp pains which force him to cry out. It is the wretched Owen, who, lying down forward, writhes in terrible convulsions.

I hurry towards him. Whatever his conduct in the past, humanity impels me to see if I cannot afford him some relief.

Just at this moment the sailor Flaypole gives a shout.

I turn round.

Flaypole is standing near the mast, and is pointing towards the horizon.

"A ship!" he cries.

We are all upon our feet in an instant. Perfect silence reigns on the raft. Owen, ceasing his cries, stands up with the rest. A white speck appears in the direction indicated by Flaypole. But does it move? Is it a sail? What do the sailors, with their experienced eyes, think of it?

I watch Robert Curtis, who, with folded arms is observing the white speck. His cheeks are projecting, every part of the face expresses intensity of attention, his brow contracts, his eyes are half shut, and he concentrates upon the spot all the power of vision of which he is capable. If this spot is a sail, he will be sure to recognize it.

But he shakes his head; his arms fall to his side.

I look. The white speck is no longer there. It is not a ship; it is some reflection, the broken crest of a wave,—or if it is a ship, the ship has passed out of sight!

What prostration follows this moment of hope! We all resume our wonted places. Robert Curtis stands motionless, but no longer scans the horizon.

Then Owen's cries begin with increased violence. His whole body is writhing in terrible pain, and his aspect is really frightful. His throat is shrunk by a spasmodic contraction, his tongue is dry, his abdomen swollen, his pulse feeble, rapid, and irregular.

The unfortunate man has violent convulsive movements and tetanic shocks. These symptoms are not to be mistaken; Owen has been poisoned by oxide of copper.

We do not possess the medicine to neutralize the effects of this poison. Still, vomiting may

be provoked, to eject the contents of Owen's stomach. Lukewarm water is sufficient for this. He consents. The first cask being exhausted, I am about to be procure water from the other, which is still untouched, when Owen gets upon his knees, and in a voice that is scarcely human, cries,—

"No! no! no!"

Why this "no"? I return to Owen, and explain to him what I am going to do. He replies yet more eagerly that he does not wish to drink that water.

I try then to relieve him by tickling the uvula; and this succeeds.

It is but too clear that Owen is poisoned, and that nothing can be done to save him.

But how has he been poisoned? He has had some relief. He can now speak. The captain and I question him.

I will not attempt to describe our feelings on hearing the wretched man's reply.

Owen, urged by atrocious thirst, has stolen several pints of water from the full cask. The water in this cask is poisoned!

Owen died during the night amid terrible agonies.

It is but too true! The poisoned cask formerly contained coppers. This is very evident. Now, by what fatality was it converted into a water cask, and by what yet more deplorable fatality was it taken on board the raft? It matters little. What is certain is, that we have no more water.

We have been forced to throw Owen into the sea at once, for decomposition immediately began its work. The boatswain could not even use the flesh for bait, so far gone was it. The death of this wretched man will not have been of any use to us!

DRAWING LOTS.

January 26.—The proposition has been made. All have heard it, and understood it. For some days it has been a fixed idea, but an idea which no one has dared to utter.

They are going to draw lots.

Each will have his share of him whom the lot condemns.

Well, so be it! If the lot chooses me I will not complain.

I think I hear it proposed that Miss Hervey shall be excepted, and that is the suggestion of Andre. There are eleven of us on board; each therefore have ten chances in his favor, and one against him; were an exception made, this proportion would be lessened. Miss Hervey will be subjected to the common fate.

It is now half-past ten in the morning. The boatswain, who has been revived by Douglas's proposition, insists that the lot should be drawn at once. He is right. Besides, none of us cling to life. He who is chosen by the lot will only precede the others a few days, perhaps a few hours. We know this, and do not dread death. But to cease suffering from hunger for a day or two, to cease being crazed by thirst, is what all of us crave; and this will now occur.

I cannot tell how each of our names has got into the bottom of a hat. It must have been Falsten who has written them on a leaf torn from his note book.

The eleven names are there. It is agreed that the last name drawn shall designate the victim.

Who will draw the lot? There is a moment of hesitation.

"I," says one.

I turn round, and recognize M. Letourneur. There he is, erect, livid, with extended hand, his white hair falling upon his sunken cheeks, appalling in his calmness.

Ah, unhappy father, I understand you! I know why you wish to call the names. Your paternal devotion goes to this length!

"When you will!" says the boatswain.

M. Letourneur plunges his hand into the hat. He takes a billet, unfolds it, pronounces the name written thereon in a loud voice, and passes it to him to whom the name belongs.

The first name drawn is that of Burke, who utters a cry of joy.

The second, Flaypole

The third, the boatswain.

The fourth, Falsten.

The fifth, Robert Curtis.

The sixth, Sandon.

One more than half the names has been drawn. Mine has not yet come out. I try to calculate the chances which remain to me; four good chances, one bad chance.

Since Burke's cry of joy not a word has been spoken.

M. Letourneur continues his terrible task.

The seventh name is that of Miss Hervey; but the young girl does not even tremble.

The eighth name is mine. Yes, mine!

The ninth name,—

"Letourneur!"

"Which?" asks the boatswain.

"Andre!" replies M. Letourneur.

A cry is heard, and Andre falls down unconscious.

"Go on, go on!" cries Douglas, growing red; his name remains in the hat, alone with that of M. Letourneur.

Douglas glares on his rival like a victim whom he wishes to devour. M. Letourneur is almost smiling. He puts his hand in the hat, draws the last billet but one, slowly unfolds it, and with an unflinching voice, and a firmness of which I could never have believed this man capable, pronounces the name,—

"Douglas!"

The carpenter is saved. A groan issues from his breast.

Then M. Letourneur takes the last billet, and without opening it, tears it up.

But a piece of the torn paper has been blown into a corner of the raft. No one pays any attention to it. I crawl to the spot, rescue the paper, and in one corner of it I read, "And—." M. Letourneur rushes upon me, tears the bit of paper violently from my hands, twists it between his fingers, and looking sternly at me, throws it into the sea.

January 26, continued.—My conjecture was right. The father has sacrificed himself for his son, and, having nothing but his life to give him, has given him that.

Meanwhile, these starving creatures do not wish to wait any longer. The gnawing within them is redoubled in presence of the victim destined for them. M. Letourneur is no longer a man in their eyes. They have said nothing yet, but their lips protrude, and their teeth, which betray themselves, ready for the feast, will tear like the teeth of cannibals, with the brutal ferocity of beasts.

They seem to be eager to fall on their victim and devour him alive.

Who will believe that, at this supreme moment, an appeal has been made to the lingering remains of humanity in these men, and who will believe, above all, that the appeal has been listened to? Yes, a word has stopped them, at the instant that they are about to throw themselves upon M. Letourneur! The boatswain, all ready to perform the office of butcher. Douglas, hammer in hand, stands motionless.

Miss Hervey advances, or rather drags herself up to them.

"My friends," she says, "will you wait one more day?—only a day! If, to-morrow, land is not in sight, if no ship appears, our poor companion will become your prey."

At these words my heart flutters. It seems to me as if the young girl has spoken with a prophetic tone, and that she is animated by an inspiration from above. A great hope fills my heart. Perhaps Miss Hervey has already caught a glimpse of the coast, or the ship, in one of these supernatural visions which sometimes float in human dreams. Yes, we must wait one day longer. What is a day, after all we have suffered?

Robert Curtis agrees with me. We join our entreaties to those of Miss Hervey. Falsten comes to our aid. We supplicate our companions.

The sailors stop, and no sound escapes their lips.

Then the boatswain throws down his hatchet, and says, in a hollow voice,—

"To-morrow at daybreak?"

This is the decision. If, to-morrow, neither land nor ship is in sight, the horrible sacrifice will be completed.

Each one now returns to his place and seeks by feeble efforts, to repress his sufferings. The sailors conceal themselves under the sails. They do not try even to look at the sea. Little matters it to them; to-morrow, they will eat!

Meanwhile, Andre has recovered consciousness, and his first thought is for his father. Then I see him counting the passengers on the raft. No one is missing. Upon whom has the lot fallen? When Andre fainted, only two names remained in the hat,—that of the carpenter and that of his father; yet both M. Letourneur and Douglas are there?

Miss Hervey approaches him, and says to him simply that the drawing of lots has not yet been finished.

Andre does not seek to know more. He takes his father's hand. M. Letourneur's face is calm, almost smiling. He sees nothing, understands nothing, but that his son is spared. These two so closely bound up in each other, sit down aft and converse in low tones.

Meanwhile, I cannot help thinking of the impression I have received from the young girl's words. I believe in a providential rescue. I cannot tell to what degree this idea has taken root in my mind; but I would not hesitate to affirm that we are approaching the end of our miseries, and feel certain that the land or the ship is there, some miles to the leeward. Let not the reader be astonished at this. My brain is so empty, that chimeras usurp the place of realities in it.

I speak of my presentiments to the Letourneurs. Andre, like myself, is confident. The poor boy, if he knew that, to-morrow—

The father listens to me gravely, and encourages me to hope.

He willingly believes—at least, he says so—that Heaven will spare the survivors of the *Chancellor*, and he lavishes on his son the carresses which, for him, are the last.

Then, later on, when I am alone with him, M. Letourneur whispers in my ear.—

“I commend my poor child to your care. Never let him know that—”

He does not finish the sentence; big tears course down his cheeks.

I am full of hope.

I turn and gaze at the horizon throughout its perimeter. It is unbroken; but I am not disturbed. Before to-morrow a sail or land will come in sight.

Robert Curtis also watches the sea. Miss Hervey, Falsten, the boatswain himself, concentrate their lives in their gaze.

Night comes, and I am convinced that some ship will approach us in the darkness, and that she will see our signals at daybreak.

January 27.—I do not shut my eyes. I hear the slightest noises, the clash of the waves, the murmuring of the waters. I observe that there are no longer any sharks about the raft. This seems to me a good sign.

The moon rises at forty-six minutes after midnight, showing its half-face; but it does not shed enough light to enable me to look far out to sea. How many times, though, do I think I see, a few cables-lengths off, the so-much-longed-for sail? But morning comes. The sun rises over a desolate sea. The dread moment approaches. Then I feel all my hopes of the evening fading little by little away. There is no land. I return to reality and my memory. It is the hour when a horrible execution is to take place!

I no longer dare to look at the victim; and when his eyes, so calm and resigned, fix on me, I cast down my own.

An insurmountable horror seizes me. My head whirls giddily. It is six o'clock. I no longer believe in a providential rescue. My heart beats a hundred pulsations a minute, and a perspiration of anguish breaks out all over me.

The boatswain and Robert Curtis, leaning

against the mast, unceasingly watch the ocean. The boatswain is frightful to see. I feel that he will not anticipate the fatal moment, and that he will not postpone it. It is impossible to divine the captain's thoughts. His features are livid; he seems only to live in his look.

As for the sailors, they drag themselves across the platform, and with their burning eyes already devour their victim.

I cannot keep still, and I crawl towards the forward part of the raft.

The boatswain is still erect and looking.

“At last!” he cries.

The word makes me leap up. Douglas, Flaypole, Sandon, Burke, hasten aft. The carpenter convulsively grasps his hammer.

Miss Hervey cannot stifle a cry.

Of a sudden Andre rises to his feet.

“My father!” he cries, in a choked voice.

“The lot has fallen on me,” replies M. Letourneur.

Andre seizes his father, and puts his arms around him.

“Never!” he cries with a groan. “You will first kill me! It was I who threw Hobbart's body overboard! It is I whom you must kill!”

The wretched boy!

His words redouble the rage of the executioners. Douglas, going up to him, tears him from M. Letourneur's arms, saying,—

“Not so much fuss!”

Andre falls over, and two sailors bind him so that he cannot move.

At the same time Burke and Flaypole, seizing their victim, drag him towards the forward part of the raft.

This frightful scene passes more rapidly than I can describe it. Horror holds me rooted to the spot. I long to throw myself between M. Letourneur and his executioners, and I cannot! At this moment M. Letourneur is erect. He has repulsed the sailors, who have torn off a portion of his clothing. His shoulders are bare.

“A moment,” he says, in a tone of dauntless energy. “A moment! I have no idea of robbing you of your rations. But you are not going to eat the whole of me, I suppose, to-day!”

The sailors stop, look at him, and listen to him stupefied.

M. Letourneur goes on.

“There are ten of you. Will not my two arms suffice? Cut them off, and to-morrow you shall have the rest.”

M. Letourneur stretches out his two bare arms.

“Yes!” cried Douglas, in a terrible voice.

And, quick as lightning, he raises aloft his hammer.

Neither Robert Curtis nor I can look on any longer. While we are alive, this massacre shall not take place. The captain throws himself in the midst of the sailors, to tear their victim from them. I plunge into the *melee*; but, before reaching the forward part of the raft, I am violently pushed back by one of the sailors, and fall into the sea!

I shut my mouth. I want to be strangled to death. Suffocation, however, is stronger than

my will. My lips open. Several mouthfuls of water enter.

Eternal God! The water is fresh!

January 27, continued.—I have drunk! I have drunk! I live again! Life has suddenly returned to me! I no longer wish to die!

I cry out. My cry is heard. Robert Curtis appears at the side of the raft and throws me a rope, which my hand seizes. I haul myself up and fall on the platform.

My first words are,—

"Fresh water!"

"Fresh water!" cries Robert Curtis. "Land is there!"

There is yet time. The murder has not been committed. The victim has not been struck. Curtis and Andre have struggled against these cannibals, and it is at the moment that they are about to yield that my voice is heard!

The struggle ceases. I repeat the words, "fresh water," and leaning over the raft, I drink greedily and long.

Miss Hervey is the first to follow my example. Curtis, Falsten, and the rest hasten to this source of life. Those who were a moment ago ferocious beasts, raise their cries to heaven. Some of the sailors cross themselves, and cry out that it is a miracle. Each one kneels at the side of the raft, and drinks with ecstasy.

Andre and his father are the last to follow our example.

"Where are we?" I cry.

"Less than twenty miles from land!" replies Curtis.

We look at him. Has the captain gone mad? There is no coast in sight, and the raft still occupies the centre of the watery circle.

Yet, the water is fresh. How long has it been so? No matter. Our senses are not deceived, and our thirst appeased.

"Yes; land is not in sight, but it is there!" says the captain, pointing to the west.

"What land?" ask the boatswain.

"America,—the land where flows the Amazon, the only river with a current strong enough to freshen the ocean twenty miles from its mouth!"

A WINTER IN MEXICO. By Gilbert Haven. New York: Harper Bros.

For want of space, last month, a number of the extracts from this work which we had marked were omitted. These we will give in this number:—

LA BARRANCA GRANDE.

That park on which we ascend is engirted with high purple hills. It is level, and hard as a dancing-floor, and the horses all dance as they touch it, and have a gay gallopade over it. It

was my ignorance, probably of that sort of floor practice that made me make so poor a display. The Coloradoist of the party said it was very like the parks of that country. It is fine for grazing, though I judge it is too high and dry for most other culture. A half hour brings us to its abrupt close.

La Barranca Grande opens at our feet. You do not know what a barranca is? Nor did I till that day. I wish you could learn it the same way. Conceive of a level plain forty miles wide, with a border of mountains. Ride along over it leisurely and rapidly, a little of both, chatting or singing as the spirit moves, when you halt, without reason as far as you can see. You move on a rod or two slowly, and down you look two thousand feet (ten times the height of Trinity steeple or Bunker Hill Monument), down, down, down. That is no black chasm into which you are peering, but a broad garden, green and brown. Here a hill rolls up in it, a mole scarcely noticed on its handsome face. There a bamboo cottage hides itself without being hid. The green forests are full of deer. Bananas, oranges, every delight is flourishing there. A river trickles through it, picking its glittering way down to the Gulf, two hundred miles away. The walls on the opposite side rise into wild, rocky mountains, and both sides come seemingly together forty miles above—though it is only seeming, for the canon takes a turn, and goes on and up between the mountains. Eastward it has no visible end. It descends, it is said, through to the Gulf.

The sunlight of a warm September afternoon, so it feels, pours over the whole, glowing grandly on these mountains, pouring a flood of light on the upper terminations where the hills clasp hands over the valley, and glistening sweetly from the home-like landscape below.

One would not tire of gazing, or of going down, though the latter is an hour's job, the former a second's. It is wonderful what great gifts God spreads out on the earth for His children, and how solitary the most of them are. Bryant could not make solitude more solitary than in those lines of his,

"Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save its own dashing."

So here sleeps this wonderful ravine, with its towering mountains, in sun or moon, in midnight blackness or midday splendor, and rarely looks on the face of man. Does not the Giver of every good and perfect gift enjoy His own gifts? "For His pleasure they are and were created." Then the Barranca would be satisfied if no mortal eye ever took in its beauty. It smiles responsive to the smile of its Lord.

Long we hang above the picture. At risk of life we creep to the outermost twig, and gaze down. It stands forth a gem of its own. No rival picture intermeddled therewith. "It is worth a journey of a thousand miles," said a distinguished traveller to me to-day, "to see the Barranca Grande and the Regla Palisades." And I said "ditto" to Mr. Burke.

A RIDE FROM THE CAPITAL.

This country is made for the horse, and the horse for the country. He paces and canters deliciously, and the air and the climate fit perfectly to his gait. Horseback in England and the States is a luxury pursued under difficulties. The first difficulty is in the horse, which is seldom trained to such service; and the second and worse one is in the weather, which is not sufficiently uniform to make the luxury a permanency. Here every morning is perfect, and about every horse. The saddle, too, is made for riding; far superior to the English saddle, it holds you on, and does not make you hold yourself on. So if you come to Mexico, take to the horse. Only gentlemen, however, indulge in this pastime, and very handsomely they ride: straight legs, laced with silver buttons, broad hat of white felt, with a wide silver band expanded into a huge snake-like swell and fold; their horses often gayly caparisoned, and delighting evidently in their lordly service. There is no more characteristic or agreeable sight in Mexico than these riders; far more agreeable than it is when witnessed a few miles out of town, more or less, and the graceful horseman politely requests of you the loan of your watch, wallet, horse—if you have one—and sometimes all your outer apparel. That is a sight not infrequently seen, all but the last, close to the city gates. Two of these city riders were relieved by others of these city riders of horses and purses, our last Sabbath night, on the crowded and fashionable drive of the town, not a mile from the Alameda.

But it is safe to take these rides in the morning; and American ladies, with the bravery of their blood, are willing to take them also. The prettiest ride is to Chapultepec. At six in the morning is the hour. A cup of coffee, hot and hot, and a sweet cracker are the inward supports against the jouncing and rocking. The Alameda is pranced past, scowling at us from its deep thickets, its very smiles changed to frowns under the possibilities of its contents, for robbers and revolvers may suddenly appear from out its greenness.

The paseos open at its upper end, broad, straight, and handsome. Two or three of these carriage roads come together here about a statue of a Charles of Spain, the only royal effigy allowed to remain, probably the only one that ever entered the land. The decayed bullfight arena stands opposite the monument, itself a relic, like the effigy, of by-gone institutions—by-gone in the city, but still extant, if not flourishing, in the rural capitals. Two of these avenues go to the Castle of Chapultepec. The one that leads directly to its gates was built by Maximilian, under his wife's orders, and is now called the "Empress's Drive," but for many a year it was known as "The Mad-woman's Drive." It is straight as an arrow from an Aztec bow, lined with young trees, and besprinkled half the way to the castle. It is the favorite thoroughfare for coach and horsemen, though these dare not usually go over half its length. That is why it

is wet down no farther. To pass that bound is to become possibly the prey of robbers, so bold are these gentlemen of the road.

We canter carelessly on, mindless of robbers in the morning calm. Do you see that little old man who trots easily along? He was the author of the fortunes of the Rothschilds. He was at Waterloo in their employ the day of the battle, took boat before the official messengers, and bore the tidings of the fall of Napoleon to London, to his masters. They instantly bought heavily in European government stocks, and made immense fortunes by their speedy rise. It is odd to meet this representative of the first and most successful of modern private expresses trotting his nag, in his super-eightieth year, on this drive, made by a creature of a third Napoleon from him whom he supposed on that day to be, in person and in family, utterly and forever overthrown; and that creature of his, too, a daughter of a king that succeeded that fallen emperor, and husband of an archduke, the nephew or grand-nephew of his own empress, Maria Theresa. Certainly history, even to-day, has curious combinations. You would never have thought that such a nugget could have been picked up on this far-off road. The hill and buildings rise majestically before you, more ancient than any other like fortress and palace in the world. It was a seat of power before the Spaniards entered the land. It is a solitary hill, apart from all others, thrust out into the plain like a nose upon the face of nature. It is a huge rock, whereon the waves of war have beat for a thousand if not for two thousand years,

"Tempest-buffeted, glory-crowned."

The gate is reached. A high wooden slat-fence keeps out the peon, but does not keep in the view. Soldiers as sentinels stand at its gates. The road winds through groves of ancient woods of Yosemite style in nature and in size. Not far from the entrance rises and spreads the gigantic tree known by the name of the Tree of Montezuma. It probably oft refreshed him before he dreamed of the terrible invasion of the white-face and the loss of his kingdom, and perhaps witnessed his bewilderment after that dread event. It is, however, silent on these scenes, unless these whispering leaves are trying to tell the story.

Farther on we enter a large grove of these large trees, a remnant of the vast forests of such that once overshadowed the land. Here pic-nics are held by city people, who forget the past in their momentarily happy present.

The road winds up the hill, past two Aztec idols hidden in the thick-leaved bushes, up the bare, steep sides which Scott's men bloodily mounted, and ends in a garden near the top. Here the passion-flower hangs along the walls, and a multitude of less hot-blooded kindred blossom by the pathways. Birds as brilliant as the flowers line the walls, and one without beauty of plumage conquers all with his wonderful beauty of song. It is the old law of compen-

sation: "*Non omnia omnes possumus*"—"Every body can not do everything."

The suite of rooms that compose the castle are large, and command a magnificent prospect. The city lies below, amidst green groves and gardens, with shining drive-ways and spacious fields between. The hills tower grandly beyond. It is a spectacle worthy of a king or emperor, or president—the wealthiest of them all. No such panorama has any other palace in the world. Windsor, the next most beautiful, is tame to this. Schonbrunn, Potsdam, Fontainebleau, and all, are flat and cheap to this rare combination. But, then, one is apt to live longer in those palaces, and to die a more natural death, if one death is more natural than another, and that makes their occupants content with humbler luxuries. From Montezuma to Maximilian, the occupants of this hill palace have many of them made a violent exit from their troublous honors. Juarez dared not stay here after night-fall without a large body-guard; and it is abandoned to occasional state breakfasts, the heart of the city being judged a safer residence. Maximilian enjoyed the retreat, and filled the palace with his own pictures and the imperial symbols, the only remnants of which are a few pitchers and basins with his monogram upon them. This is pretty near the estate to which the first and imperial Cæsar sunk. If his clay was utilized to a chink filling, the crown of Maximilian turns into this clay of a wash-basin.

MANUEL AGUAS.

After the first election of Don Benito Juarez to the Presidency, and before the last civil war, that is between 1858 and 1863, some clergymen, called Constitutionalists, established a new worship like that which is to-day performed by the anti-Romanists. To these ministers the President gave the use of two of the confiscated churches, Mercy and the Most Holy Trinity.

When the French came in, the monarchical government, at the instigation of the priests, seized one of these ministers, and having scraped his hands, and the clerical tonsure on the top of his head, in order to degrade him of his priestly character, they led him out to execution. When about to be shot, seeing the rifles levelled at his breast, he cried out, just as they fired, "Viva Jesus! Viva Mexico!" (Long live Jesus! Long live Mexico!)

This vivid expression of devotion to the Lord Christ and his country is the inspiration of the whole movement. The scattering of the Bible resulted in the conversion of Rev. Francis Aguilar. After the expulsion of the French in 1867, he opened a hall for public worship in San Jose de Real, in the old convent of the Profesa. He was the first preacher of the true faith. His meetings were well attended. He also translated a book entitled "Man and the Bible," which had a large circulation. In a few months he became sick unto death, and in the last hour, taking his Bible, pressing it tenderly to his bosom, he said, "I find in this peace and happiness," and fell asleep in Jesus. The second

dying witness was as serene and triumphant as the first. "Jesus," "the Bible," were their several words of victory. Francisco Aguilar circulated the Scriptures with great zeal, and helped greatly to extend and establish the true faith.

On his death, his church, being without a pastor, sent a committee to the United States to seek aid from the Protestant Episcopal Church. This Church, through its bishop in New Orleans, gave them pecuniary help, but could not aid them farther. Rev. H. C. Riley, a native of Chili, born of English parents, but conversant with the language from his birth, was preaching at that time to a Spanish congregation in the city of New York. He listened to the cry, gave up his congregation, and in the spring of 1871 started for the country. The American and Foreign Christian Union supplied means for the furtherance of the cause, and his own purse, and his father's with the gifts of William E. Dodge and others, gave him the necessary sinews for the war upon which he was entering.

That war quickly broke out. Almost as soon as he had arrived and taken quarters at the Hotel Iturbide, there was a conspiracy formed for his murder in that very hotel. He saw the band meeting to plot against his life. He escaped to safer and less noticeable quarters. He fought fire with fire, bringing out pamphlet after pamphlet, the first of which was called "The True Liberty." He wrote and arranged many of the hymns and tunes that are still in use. He also prepared a book of worship, with Scripture readings and prayers, after the form of the Episcopalians.

The excitement grew, and the priests thundered against the new worship which had so speedily assumed form under the experience and energy of the new apostle. An American Spaniard, versed in their whole style of procedure, versed equally in the opposite and better style, with singing and Bible reading, and praying and preaching, and publishing, was making himself felt and feared throughout the city and surroundings.

This uproar drew attention of politicians and priests to the new man and his work. His friends at home seconded his zeal. Private persons gave largely for the purchase of two church edifices, that of San Francisco, and that of San Jose de Gracia. The latter was chiefly, if not solely, the gift of his own father. Rev. Dr. Butler, secretary of the Society, traversed our country, eloquently pleading for the new enterprise, and aiding its extension by liberal and especial gifts of many gentlemen. The Chapel of San Francisco and the Church of San Jose de Gracia were fitted up and occupied by large congregations. The latter is a comely church within, though possessed of but few external attractions. Among the worshippers at the latter place were President Juarez and his family.

Meantime the pamphlet and pulpit war went on. But Dr. Riley was not left alone on the field. Out of the eater came forth meat. The most popular preacher in the cathedral and the

Church of San Francisco, over whose eloquence thousands had hung entranced, who was a violent prosecutor of the rising faith, a Dominican friar, Manuel Aguas, read the pamphlets, was convinced, withdrew from his pulpit and from the mass. He read the Bible, distrusted his former teachings, visited the "Church of Jesus," as the new church called itself, and at last confessed unto salvation.

It made a great stir. He became very bold in his preaching, and aggravated his former associates by his ability and enthusiasm and popularity. The archbishop excommunicated him in the cathedral in the presence of an immense crowd. But the deposed priest did not fear the anathemas. He stood in the audience, and even sought debate while the terrible curses were being solemnly recited—anathemas that a few years before would have been instantly attended with burnings on the piazza of his own convent, and in which also a few years before, had it been another of his brethren who was being thus accursed, he would himself have taken part joyfully in the burning. He waxed bolder, and wrote to the archbishop a powerful paper, in reply to his excommunication, showing up the follies and falsehoods of the Romish Church.

It is worthy of being scattered over our own land. It professes to give a conversation between Paul and the archbishop. The former visits the cathedral, witnesses the performances, condemns the heathen idolatries, and learns, to his surprise, that he is finding fault with what some assert to be the most ancient Christian ordinances. He enquires farther, and finds no Bible permitted to be read, marriage of the clergy forbidden, idolatry observed in the worship of the mass, the bread of sacrament alone being distributed to the people, the wine being denied because, as Aguas says, one council affirms, "the blood of the Lord would be squandered by adhering to the moustache." In these charges he utters some truths not so well known to Americans as they should be, and in a masterly, sarcastic manner. He declares "Prohibition of matrimony has driven many unfortunate proselytes to commit great immoralities;" that fastings are not very painful, the rich on such days fasting over tables laden with delicacies and wines for four hours, "rising very contented, not to say inebriated;" that the God whom the priest creates in the mass "has been deposited in the abdomen of mice, when these mischievous little creatures have eaten the consecrated host, a misfortune which has often happened, though kept secret from the faithful." He charges the priests with stealing the alms deposited to pray souls out of purgatory, and mocks at their saints for everything, declaring that "it is a very fortunate arrangement to ask Saint Apollonia to cure us of the toothache; Saint Lucy, of cataracts on the eyes; Saint Vincent Ferrer, of pains of childbirth; Saint Anthony the Capizon, 'so called on account of the large head the sculptor has seen fit to place on his shoulders,' to find lost things; Saint Caralampius, to keep our houses from being burned; Saint Dnias, to preserve us from rob-

bers; Saint Judeus Thaddeus, to deliver from slanderous and lying tongues," although he sarcastically adds, "the nuns have multiplied the prayers to this saint in vain, since Padre Aguas will not leave Mexico, nor cease invading the Holy Cathedral." He notes what was mentioned as being absent from the catechism sold at Leon, the erasing of the Second Commandment. He also sarcastically refers to the priest's family as "nephews who are the legitimate sons of their uncles," and presses home on the archbishop not only these unwelcome facts, but the severest denunciation of the apostle for permitting and approving them. Pitifully he concludes with the story of her cruelty, and describes her great inquisitor, Dominic de Guzman, as surpassing all others in cruelty, and yet canonized and worshipped by the Church. Nowhere in modern history has there been a severer, sharper, more sarcastic, and more effectual rebuke to the pretensions and career of Papacy than in this powerful pamphlet. Can not our tract societies give it to our people?

The separation was complete. The most popular of her preachers, confessor to the canons of the cathedral, doctor and teacher of divinity, giving medical advice to multitudes of the poor of the city, was so cast out by the greater excommunication, which was nailed on the doors of the churches and announced in the papers, that all his friends forsook him, and, had it not been for the police, the boys would have stoned him in the streets.

He preached to large houses in the two chapels, and superintended the work after Dr. Riley's departure. Sickness seized him, some think poison, and he died in the spring of 1872, when only about fifty years of age. His last sermon was on the text, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great shall be your reward in heaven." He was so ill he could scarcely finish his sermon. He was taken from the pulpit. Soon he was dying. A friend asked him, in this solemn moment, "Do you now love Jesus?" "Much, very much," was the answer.

As memory commenced to fail, so that he was forgetting his nearest friends, one of them stooped over the dying man, and in his ear asked the question, "Do you remember the blood of Christ?" He had not forgotten that. He exclaimed, "The most precious blood of Jesus!" On breathing his last, a smile rested on his countenance, which abode still upon it when it lay in state in the Chapel of St. Francis. A great multitude attended his funeral, among whom were many Romanists. His hearse had properly upon it the emblem of an open Bible. By that he had conquered.

There is no doubt that Manuel Aguas is, so far, the chief fruit of the Mexican Reformation. Whether he would have proved the Luther, can not be known. Probably its Luther must come from abroad, or from the youth now growing up in the faith. More probably it will have, as it will need, no Luther.

THE INDIANS IN MEXICO.

In the Appendix we find an interesting article by Mr. James Pascoe, on the social and spiritual condition of the Indians.

The Indians form three-fourths of the entire population of Mexico, and are divided into three distinct classes: 1st, the subjugated tribes; 2nd, the Pinto Indians of the Tierras Calientes; 3rd, the untamed Comanches, Apaches, and others. At present, I will speak only of the subjugated tribes, as being most numerous, most important, and as those who are likely to be first brought under Gospel influence. These Indians are the broken-down and despised remnants of the old Aztec, Texcucan, Tlascaltecan, and other nations, who, only three hundred years ago, were the ruling powers in Mexico. Three centuries of the withering influence of Romanism have sufficed to degrade these noble tribes to the level of beasts of burden; stamping out almost every spark of liberty or virtue, and steeping them in superstition, ignorance, and fanaticism of the grossest kind. These tribes still retain their ancient dialects, although, in many cases, corrupted and mixed with many Spanish words; but still they are so distinct that an Indian of one tribe can not understand the dialect of another; and the gulf that separates the Spanish-speaking Mexican from the Mexican or Otomi, or Mazahua-speaking Indian, is as great as that which divides the English and Chinese.

As a rule, the Indians have their towns apart from the Mexicans, and the lands belong to the whole community, each man having a right to cut fire-wood or boards, etc., and to sell them, or to till any part he pleases; but no one can sell land without the consent of the whole town. Also, each man is obliged to render general services, gratuitously when required, and the expenses of religious festivals are defrayed from a general fund, to which all contribute. The Mexican Government has endeavored to break down this system of clanship; but the Indians, generally, have been shrewd enough to evade the laws and remain in their old ways.

These towns are not grouped in any order. Here will be a town of Indians, speaking Mazahua; close by may be another of Spanish-speaking Mexicans; a little farther on a village of Otomies—this medley being seen in the neighborhood of all large cities, and each town preserves its distinctive language and customs, and even style and color of dress—the women of one town adopting one uniform shape and color of garments. But, at a greater distance from the cities, we find large districts occupied wholly by Indians of one tribe or another. The Indian lives generally in a rude hut of shingles, or of sun-dried bricks, and roofed with shingles or grass according to the supply at hand; but such huts are low-roofed, the bare earth the only carpet, and wind and rain finding free entry by a thousand openings in walls and roofs. The one room serves for every purpose, and often

affords shelter to pigs and poultry, as well as to the family. The staple food is the maize cake (tortilla), the Indian very rarely tasting animal food—many not once a month, and thousands not once a year. Their costume is also simple. The men wear a simple shirt and a pair of cotton drawers; the women, a thin chemise, and a colored “*enegra*” (skirt) rolled around their waist; and the children, as a rule, in unhampered freedom. A “*petate*” (rush mat) for a bed when obtainable, and a “*zerape*” (blanket) as overcoat by day and bed-clothes by night, complete the Indian’s outfit. These Indians supply the towns with poultry, vegetables, pottery, eggs, mats, and other similar corn materials, which they carry for many leagues.

For instance, an Indian starts from his home loaded with goods weighing, on an average, five arrobas (one hundred and twenty-five pounds) and sometimes eight arrobas, and will travel a week, and often two or three weeks, before disposing of his wares. He calculates how many days the journey will last, and takes a stock of tortillas to last the whole time, allowing six tortillas a day, which he divides into three portions of two tortillas each, for morning, noon, and evening meal. And this is his only subsistence. So ignorant and stubborn are these Indians that they oftentimes refuse to sell their goods on the road. I have seen many carrying fowls, for instance, to sell in Mexico City; I have met them a week’s journey from Mexico, and have proposed to buy the entire lot at the same price they hoped to realize at their journey’s end; but no, he was bound for the city, and all my arguments were vain: not a chick would he sell. This has occurred on various occasions. Charcoal, plants, &c., are all supplied to the towns by the Indians, and it is astonishing to see their patient endurance. A man will spend, at least, four days in the mountain burning the charcoal; then carries it on his back a day’s journey, sometimes more, and then sells it for thirty-seven cents, thus realizing from six to seven cents a day. In the same way the poor creature fares with all else. If he sells planks or “*vigas*,” he has first to pay for liberty to fell timber, if he happens not to belong to a town rich in forests. Felling the tree and hewing out the log with his hatchet occupies a day. In four days he has got “*vigas*” ready. The whole family is then assembled, and the logs are dragged down to the plain and placed on two rude wheels, also the work of the hatchet. The donkey is now hitched on, and husband, wife, sons, and daughters, each lending a hand, away they travel, one or two days’ journey to the nearest city. On reaching it, they must pay an entrance-fee, generally only three cents on each log; and at length they sell their logs at thirty-seven cents each, and oftentimes for less.

The Mexican cannot do without the Indian. Farms would be deserted, lands untilled, cattle unattended, and the markets entirely deserted, were it not for the poor, patient, despised Indian. Worse still, the poor Indian is the staple food of the cannon, and without him the Mexican would be unable to sustain his revolutions.

It may be asked, how is it that the Indians, being in such a great numerical majority, allow themselves to be down-trodden by the few Mexicans who rule them? It is because Romanism has so effectually blighted and crushed out their old chivalry and love of liberty, and has steeped them in a degrading and profound ignorance. Excepting the few who, within the past few years, have become acquainted with God's Word by means of Protestantism, we shall be safe in saying that not a single soul among them has ever read a line of the Bible.

Very few of the men can read or write. National schools are found in some of the villages, but only for boys. Schools for girls are almost unknown. Perhaps a few are found in the cities; but in the smaller towns and villages they are unheard of. Thus the Indian women are kept in profound ignorance; a vast majority of the men are the same. This mighty engine of darkness, wielded by the skill and cunning of Romish priests, has produced the fearful uncleanliness of body and soul, the stupid superstition, and bloody fanaticism which now characterize the Indian of Mexico.

Underlying this patient humility and subjection to their Mexican lords, the Indian nourishes a deep-seated and ever-augmenting hatred of his whiter countrymen. The Indian and the Mexican races do not mingle, except in isolated and exceptional cases. The Indian, in his necessary intercourse with the Mexican, naturally acquires a knowledge of the Spanish language; but they jealously avoid speaking that tongue unless compelled by necessity. In their homes not a word of Spanish is heard; the women scrupulously avoid learning it, and of course the children grow up without understanding a word. I have gone through whole villages and not found a single woman or child who could speak Spanish. I have also observed, on large haciendas, where hundreds of Indians are employed, and where they daily hear Spanish spoken, many of the women, who come weekly to the pay-office to take up their husband's miserable salaries, although understanding Spanish, nothing will induce them to speak it; and some bailiff or head workman, an Indian also, always acts as interpreter. His aversion to speaking Spanish is also seen in religious matters. The Indian refuses to confess to the priest except in his own native tongue. Very few priests understand those tongues; and to surmount the difficulty the priest has a list of written questions and answers, which he learns to pronounce like a parrot. When the Indian presents himself, the priest reads question No. 1. If the Indian replies in accordance with the written answer, well and good; but if not, the priest reads again, until, by good luck, the right word is uttered, and the hitch is overcome. The priest who explained this ingenious mode of confessing was somewhat perplexed when I remarked: "But suppose the Indian confesses to some sin not down on the list, what then?" The Indian is always treated as an inferior creature. The priest requires his Mexican parishioners to confess and receive the sacrament pretty frequently; but the Indian is

not expected to confess oftener than once a year, and, as a rule, he receives the communion only at marriage and when about to die. Once in a lifetime is often enough for *him*. The march of Liberalism has done much to alter this state of affairs; but not many years ago the Indian might confess, but could not commune without a special license. So great is the chasm which separates the Mexican from the Indian, that the title of "*gente de razon*," or people of reason, is given to the former. Nothing is more common than the expression, "Is he an Indian?" "No, he is '*de razon*,'" thus making the Mexican to be a reasonable being, in contradistinction to the poor despised Indian, who ranks only with beasts of burden. The Mexican Indian is essentially religious; his whole life seems devoted to the service of the priests and saints; his earnings are all devoted to wax-candles and rockets to be burned on feast-days, and he seems to think of nothing but processions and pilgrimages to some distant shrine. Since the days of his Aztecian forefathers, the only change which the Indian has undergone in religion is that of adoring a San Antonio instead of his ancient god, "Huitzilopochtli;" and, with this slight change in the objects of his worship, he continues to adore on the same sacred spots, and with many of the ceremonies, and with all the ignorance and superstitious zeal as did his pagan forefathers.

The Roman Catholic priests, in days gone by, in order to divert the Indians from their Aztec idolatries, adopted the ingenious plan of going by night to some heathen temple, removing the old idol, and placing in its stead a crucifix or some Catholic saint. The next day the Indians were amazed to find a new god instead of the old one, and at once accepted the change; they continued their worship as before. Cannibalism and human sacrifice have died out; but, if we view the Indian's present religion from his own standpoint, we shall see that really *he* finds not one single point of difference. In his old Aztec religion he had a water baptism, confession to priests, numerous gods to adore, and whose aid he invoked under various circumstances. He worshipped images of wood or stone; employed flowers and fruits as offerings, and incense also, and offered fellow-beings in sacrifice, while he also worshipped a goddess whom he styled "Our Mother;" and in his worship dances and pantomimes took a prominent rank. In his new Roman Catholic religion he finds baptism and confession; a great host of saints to adore—saints for every circumstance or ill of life; he finds images better made, and of richer material than the older ones; he again employs fruits and flowers, and incense; worships another goddess as "Mother of God," "Queen of Heaven," and "Our Lady." He is also taught to believe that not a mere fellow-being is sacrificed, but his Creator Himself—as the Romanists declare, in real and actual sacrifice, thousands of times every day; and, as of old, the Indian still dances and performs pantomimes in his religious festivals. Where, then, is the difference?

As a proof of some of my assertions, I will mention a few facts. In the large town of "Yinacatepec," distant about two leagues from Toluca, I visited the annual feast on various occasions. It draws an immense number of spectators from all parts, and for several days bull-fights, and cock-fights, and religious processions hold sway. The procession is a very gorgeous affair, and issues from the church. Banners, and wax-candles, and images in great number; music by the band, and rockets whizzing; but the greatest feature of all consists of a number of Indians dressed in grotesque attires, with skins of animals, bulls' horns, cows' tails, and some with their heads helmeted with the entire skin of game-cocks—altogether forming a wildly fantastic mob, shouting and dancing around their priests and saints like so many imps from the lower regions. The famous church of "La Villa de Guadalupe," near the city of Mexico, is built on the site of an old Aztec temple, and the Roman Catholic priests adopted their usual plan of removing the old and replacing it with the new one, and by means of a pretended apparition have made "Our Lady of Guadalupe" become the patron saint of Mexico.

The far-famed convent of "El Senor de Chalma," about fourteen leagues to the south of Toluca, is another instance. It is the favorite shrine of all the Indian tribes of the land. Formerly, before the convent was built, the place was occupied by an Aztec idol, located in a cave. This idol existed long after Roman Catholic churches had been built in neighboring towns; and the Indians, when they wished to have a child baptized, would first carry the infant to be blessed by their Aztec god, and from there would go to the Romish church and complete the ceremony. To make the most of this propensity, the Catholics, in their usual fashion, stole the idol from the cave and placed there the present "Lord of Chalma," which is a crucifix, the Saviour being painted copper-color. This apparition gave rise to a convent being built; and all the year round the Indians, whole families, and whole towns, make pilgrimages from all parts of the land to the said convent. The sales of candles and the Popish requisites are enormous. A shop is attached to the convent, where the poor Indians buy their candles, which they carry to the priests, who remit them by a back door to the shop again, where they are sold and sold again many times over. But here, also, the chief feature of the Indian worship consists in dances inside the church, which is of great size. Eye-witnesses assure me that at one time can be seen as many as sixteen distinct groups of dancers, each group with its separate band of music, all playing different tunes at the same time, and the worshippers tripping it merrily in different dances, producing a Babel confusion and a grotesque pantomime, which baffles description.

These are of daily occurrence, and are a true and faithful specimen of the spiritual condition of the Mexican Indians of to-day.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A TEACHER'S LIFE. Including a Residence in the Northern and Southern States, California, Cuba and Peru. By Miss Holt. Quebec.

Few teachers have had such varied experiences as Miss Holt, and it is no wonder that she has desired to make a permanent record of her life in the different climes in which the vicissitudes of her profession led her to reside. We copy part of her sketch of Lima, Peru.

The Land of the Incas was the scene of my last efforts in teaching "the young idea how to shoot." Attracted by the favorable reports of teachers already in the field, I sailed from New York in the Pacific Mail S. S. "Henry Chauncey" on the 20th Nov., 1870. I was again fortunate in finding a pleasant party on board, several of whom were also bound for Peru.

Arriving at Aspinwall on the 28th, we took the cars across the Isthmus, and on reaching Panama, the California bound passengers went immediately on board the steamer which was awaiting them in the Bay. We were not so fortunate. Our steamer was not ready to sail, and a three days' detention at "The Grand Hotel" was in store for us. I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Prain, the agent of the British Steamship Company at this port. He called promptly and promised to secure me a comfortable stateroom on board the "Chile," a promise which he faithfully kept. I found the Grand Hotel hardly worthy of its pretentious title, and decidedly inferior in its accommodations to the hotels of Havana. It was built very much in the same style—a square building, with wide and lofty corridors opening on an inner court-yard, with a fountain playing in the centre. The charge was three dollars a day in American gold.

Panama is a very old and desolate looking town, of some ten thousand inhabitants. How they all live is a mystery, for apparently there is nothing but the foreign trade to support them. Being a free port, many of the goods are very reasonable in price. Very beautiful pearls are found in great quantities at Pearl Island in the Bay, and immense profits are made by their sale in the North.

It was the rainy season when we arrived, and the dampness added to the unhealthiness of the town. My friend, Miss T—, had some years previously lost a brother who took the fever simply from sleeping on shore one night at that season.

At noon on the 30th, we gladly exchanged our spacious apartments at the Grand Hotel for smaller quarters on the "Chile," and it was with a very decided quickening of the pulse that I stepped on the deck where the Red Cross of Old England floated proudly on the breeze.

Capt. W——, a man of good family, was a fine specimen of the English sailor, and the order and discipline which he maintained on board his ship contrasted favorably with that which prevailed on Brother Jonathan's line.

We sailed the next morning, and our trip had all the charm of a pleasure excursion until we reached Paita on the following day. At that port we took on board a large number of coolies and an additional cargo of fruit. It being impossible to provide accommodation for either within the ordinary limits, every portion of the small steamer became uncomfortably crowded. Bananas, pine-apples and coolies pervaded the ship, and even our promenade deck was almost entirely abandoned to them. The immense deck load thus made the steamer so top-heavy and one-sided, that for the remainder of the voyage one of the paddle-wheels was generally high above the water, and a good deal of uneasiness was felt among the passengers, for in the event of a sudden gale our danger would have been imminent. But a kind Providence watched over us, and on the 10th of December we anchored safely in the port of Callao.

I had thought of going to Peru a year previously, and among the letters of introduction with which some kind friends had provided me was one to Mrs. D——, an American lady then residing in Lima, where her husband was engaged in business. Having turned my steps to California instead, I had at that time made over this letter with another to the Secretary of the United States Legation, to a relative then bound for Peru, in company with Miss W——, an English lady, who had been teaching in a private family in Quebec. I had also, on my voyage from New York to Aspinwall the preceding year, become acquainted with the Rev. Dr. H——, Chaplain to the British Legation at Lima, and then returning to his post after a visit to his relations in England. This gentleman had kindly promised his assistance in forwarding my views should I decide at any time in establishing myself in Lima, and as I had announced my intention by a previous mail, I now landed with a lighter heart, feeling that I was not going among entire strangers. Mr. D—— had most kindly requested Mr. E——, his agent in Callao, to meet me on board, and this gentleman, relieving me from all trouble about my baggage, escorted me to the cars, which after a half-hour's journey, brought us to the capital, which stands some five hundred feet above the level of the sea. At the railway terminus I found Mr. D—— awaiting me with an invitation to his house, which was only a short walk from the depot, and a warm welcome from his kind-hearted, whole-souled wife, soon made me feel at home. H—— and Miss W—— called the same day, and the Rev. Dr. H—— a day or two later. After resting a day or two, I sent my other letters of introduction to their respective addresses, and I had every reason to be pleased with the hospitality which they evoked. Among others I had letters to the Charge d'Affaires of France, the Count de Monclar, and to the Hon. W. Stafford Jerningham, H. B. M.

Charge d'Affaires, now Resident Minister. Both responded most promptly. The Count, a young unmarried man, and a relation of Mr. Jerningham's, seemed to combine in his character the solid qualities of the Englishman with the courtly polish of the Frenchman. Mr. Jerningham (a brother of Lord Stafford's, and heir, I believe, to the title) is a fine model of the stately old English gentleman. He married a Peruvian lady, one of the most charming women I ever met; well educated and with intellectual tastes, a highly accomplished musician, and a most agreeable hostess—the many pleasant evenings I spent at her house are among the most delightful of my reminiscences of Peru. I was also much indebted to the kind hospitality of Mrs. H——, the sister-in-law of the Chaplain, and to her active friendship I owe much of the success which attended my career in Lima from the very outset.

During the summer season, which begins in December and lasts until May, the upper classes in Lima, almost without exception, remove from the city to one or other of the watering places in the vicinity. Of these, Chorillos, some seven miles distant by rail, is the most fashionable, and after a few weeks spent in preliminary arrangements, I bade adieu to my kind entertainers, Mr. and Mrs. D—— and their two interesting little boys, took up my quarters at the Hotel Pedro, in the above mentioned little town, and immediately commenced work at the rate of one hundred and sixty-four dollars a month, Peruvian currency. In the course of my stay, I often reached three hundred and fifty. My expenses, however, were rather heavy. I paid thirty dollars a month for my room and attendance, and separately for each meal and dish, as well as cup of coffee. Ten cents was the usual price of a plate of soup; from twenty to thirty cents for a small piece of beefsteak; five cents for a potato; from ten to fifteen cents for a fried egg, &c., &c. I have known beef as high as eighty cents, and even a sol (a hundred cents) a pound, and butter has reached the same price. Washing, too, was very expensive. Ten cents a pair were often charged for stockings and cuffs, a plain linen collar was never less than five cents, and four dollars was a common price for a flounced dress.

The hotel being full of foreigners, I took my meals in my own room, which I rarely left except to go out and give my lessons. This change from the cheerful home-life at Mr. D.'s to solitary confinement in a hotel was not at all pleasant, and I was truly glad when the close of the season permitted my return to Lima. The heat, too, was greater than I expected. I had been told that the thermometer never rose above 86°, but I found my faith somewhat severely tested. Of course that was "an unprecedented season." One longed occasionally for a good heavy storm of thunder and rain to vary the monotony of cloudless sunshine, but rain is a luxury almost unknown in those latitudes. In winter there is sometimes a faint imitation of it about night-fall, but no one ever thinks of using an umbrella. In my ignorance, I ventured to raise one once

or twice, but the phenomenon elicited such comments from the passers-by, that I speedily collapsed. The thermometer does not vary, they say, more than twenty-five to thirty degrees all the year round. On the whole I was very much pleased with Peru and the Peruvians, and much preferred the climate to that of Cuba. I met with great kindness from all parties, and found them, as a rule, more reliable than most of the Latin races. The large preponderance, too, of English and Americans, in the foreign element, contributed much to my contentment. Ill-health, however, pursued me here as elsewhere, and shortly after my arrival, I placed myself under the care of the good old Dr. D—, a German homeopathist of great skill, and followed his prescriptions, often with much benefit, during my residence in the country.

Lima is a city of churches, convents and monasteries; you can see one from almost any corner. Many of them are very rich and handsome, and profusely adorned within and without, with the most elaborate sculpture. Pizarro lies buried in the ancient cathedral. The quaint looking old building, not far distant, formerly used as the Inquisition, is now devoted to the Sessions of Congress. Formerly an open drain ran through the middle of each street in Lima, but some ten years ago, during the mayoralty of Mr. Pardo, the present enlightened ruler of the Republic, vigorous measures were commenced for the improvement of the city, and when I left in 1873 but a few of those unsightly objects remained, and those only in the outskirts. The streets are now in general well paved, well lighted, and kept very clean, the scavengers and their carts making their rounds nightly. There are several pretty Alamedas as well as handsome Plazas, and the grounds and Palace of the Exposition would do credit to any capital in Europe. The dress goods are chiefly of French importation. The shops are richly furnished and require purses of the same description. There is a vast deal of wealth in the city, and the decrees of Longchamps are implicitly obeyed, regardless of expense. Statistics are not my forte, but I have an impression that the inhabitants number about two hundred thousand.

Boarding houses do not exist in Lima (a circumstance which I regretted the less after my experience in Havana), and as the hotels were undesirable residences for single ladies, I hired a room in a private house on my return from Chorillos, furnished it in the simplest manner,

and engaged a boy to bring me my meals from the nearest restaurant. But a more thoroughly good for-nothing, faithless and unreliable set than the domestics of Lima I have never met. The complaint is general, foreigners and natives suffer alike. The disappearance of a cook with the money for the marketing is an every day occurrence, and the laundresses often keep your clothes for four, five and six weeks at a time. Living alone as I did, this wretched system, or rather want of system, often caused me the greatest suffering. Returning home, often after eight hours' teaching, with aching head and wearied limbs, I would throw myself on my couch to await my dinner. Hour after hour would pass—perhaps my attendant would come at last (always with some ready-made falsehood), or perhaps he would not come at all. And then, in desperation, I have sometimes rushed to my balcony, beckoned to the first boy I saw passing in the street, thrust my "porta-vianda" and money into his hand, and trusted his promise to bring me something to eat. I suppose I looked as miserably as I felt, and that I was indebted on each occasion to the compassion of my messenger for the success of the expedient. One evening, when suffering most acutely from a pain in the side which afflicted me for over a year, having no assistance at hand, I was obliged to rise, go out to purchase mustard for a plaster, and prepare it myself. During the last year of my stay in Lima, these desertions of my *Chino* were not so severely felt, for my health being better, I could again sally forth and always find a welcome at some friendly board.

Having known the convenience of the Spanish mantilla in Havana, I frequently availed myself of the "manta" in Peru. Much heavier in material than the former, it is far less graceful in appearance, but its convenience atones for its deficiency in that respect. It is generally made of black cashmere, about a yard and a half in width, and three in length, and wrapped in its folds which leave only the face and the lower part of the skirt visible, all the imperfections of a hasty toilet pass unnoticed. The face is more or less covered at the option of the wearer, and in cold weather you generally see nothing but a pair of eyes. Among the wealthier classes the "manta" is often made of richly embroidered black Canton crape. At church it is worn by all classes, but elsewhere, in full dress, its use has been discontinued by the younger Peruvian ladies in favor of Parisian hats and bonnets of the latest style.

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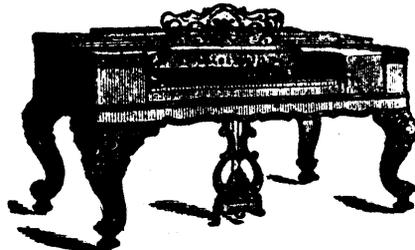
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