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THE
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY
FOR 1871.

PART I.—JANUARY TO JUNE INCLUSIVE.



Montreal :
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1871

OF

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

MONTREAL, NOV. 1st, 1870.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1871.

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ADRIENNE CACHELLE.

BY ALICIA; AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEWING-MACHINE," ETC.

For the benefit of new subscribers, we give a short synopsis of the former part of this tale. Adrienne Cachelle had left the Ursuline Convent at Tours to become one of a missionary sisterhood founded in New France by Madame de la Peltrie. The chief occupation of the nuns was nursing the sick Indians—an arduous and thankless work. About a year after their arrival, a hunting party brought into the hospital a young Frenchman, wounded in a fight with the Iroquois. The pleasure of seeing a white face among the dusky, impassive Algonquins, the comfort of ministering to a countryman on whom words of Christian comfort would not be altogether lost, and more particularly the way in which the dark pleading eyes of the patient followed his young nurse from couch to couch, roused feelings in Adrienne's heart which she strove in vain to quell, hardly acknowledging at the same time, even to herself, that they were at variance with her duties as a nun.

Among the prominent converts of that year was Sessewa, of the tribe of the Atticamegues. His betrothed, Mahanni, strove in vain to withdraw him from his new faith, and induce him to return to his people and make her his bride. To avoid her reproaches he accompanied one of the fathers on a mission to Lake Huron; but, growing restless, he was sent back from Lake Nipissing. In the meantime, Mahanni, stung by the scorn with which, as a forsaken one, she was treated by her tribe,

strapped on her snowshoes and started in pursuit of her faithless lover. Travelling day after day, whither she knew not, she at length fell into the hands of a band of Iroquois. While marching bound and helpless in their midst, she was seen by Sessewa from a sheltered hollow, where he and his companion had taken refuge; but the cowardly lover was too much occupied with his own danger to attempt a rescue. Mahanni, after undergoing many tortures, managed to effect her escape. With great difficulty, and not without imminent danger of recapture, she succeeded in reaching the banks of her own river, when her strength finally gave way. Here she was found by Claude de la Roche, who carried her in his canoe to the convent at Quebec, where his knock was answered by Adrienne Cachelle.

CHAPTER IX.

Adrienne stood so silently, not because she recognized Claude, but because for the moment she was startled. There stood at the portal not Father Pierre, whom she had hurried to meet, but a man in the dress of an Indian, bearing in his arms a figure wrapt, Adrienne saw at a glance, in no Indian garment; and though accustomed to admit persons of even stranger appearance within their convent walls, it was seldom admission was asked at night. But Adrienne was a brave little woman, and quieting her fears, she was about to speak

to the man in Algonquin, when a voice she knew full well, said gently:—

“And so thou dost not know me, Sister Adrienne; and, when I come seeking protection and care for a poor Indian girl, thou wilt not even bid me welcome to your gates!”

The revulsion of feeling was too much for Adrienne. Laying down her taper, and covering her face with her hands, she leant against the heavy portal and burst into tears.

Gently Claude laid the form of the still sleeping girl on the stone pavement, and, approaching the weeping Adrienne, he tenderly removed her hands, and clasping them in both his own, he spoke low and gently:—

“Sweet sister, what is it grieves thee thus? Nay, tell me, Adrienne, (for I who loved thee when as children we played together, may surely call thee so). Oh! Adrienne, turn not away from me; I will go at once if thou wilt’st it.”

It had been a great effort for the young man to speak in words so calm and temperate; and as Adrienne, mastering her emotion, turned from him calm and erect, he laid his hand upon her arm with a sigh.

“But, Adrienne, listen but one moment. I would speak to thee of this poor Indian girl. She is the promised bride of Sessewa—thou knowest him. To seek him, who so cruelly forsook her, she has wandered through the forest for many long and weary weeks, and suffered more than I can tell thee. She will tell thee all; but thou wilt watch and tend the girl as none knows better than I thou can’st watch and tend the suffering and the sad. And hearken; thou wilt urge Sessewa to return with Mahanni—yes, even if it doth displease the fathers. Think of what the maiden has endured. Sessewa had no right to forsake her; and now, I say, it is his duty to return to her! Thou wilt see him—wilt persuade him,—this thou wilt do, Adrienne.”—He paused. “May I say thou wilt do it for the sake of Claude de la Roche?”

He was gone, and Adrienne stood where he had left her, like one in a dream. Truly she could have fancied the strange events of the last half hour were but some delight-

ful vision, were it not for the unconscious form that lay at her feet.

“Yes, I will tend thee, Mahanni,” she said, stooping to unclothe the folds of the thick cloak that enveloped the Indian girl. “Yes, and for his sake!”

The moon shining down revealed such a wan, worn face that Adrienne bent and kissed it. As she was again wrapping the cloak around the sleeping girl, Father Pierre arrived, and, after listening in some astonishment to the nun’s story, assisted her to remove Mahanni to the hospital, where they laid her on a comfortable bed, still wrapped in Claude de la Roche’s mantle.

Ah! well was it that Sister Emelie’s quick eyes saw not that strange encounter at the convent gate that still summer night! I fear me Claude had never again looked upon the face of Adrienne Cachelle if such had been!

When Mahanni awoke the summer sun was shining in at the casement windows warm and bright. She started up, wondering where she was; but a glance at the room, with its rows of narrow beds, and at the cloak, which was still folded round her, recalled to the girl’s recollection the events of the previous day; and, with a sweet sense of rest and security, so long foreign to her, she leant her head back on her pillow and again fell asleep.

When she opened her eyes, she saw bending over her a fair, sweet face, and eyes full of tender pity. Mahanni gazed in silence, and at length the fair lady spoke in her native tongue, with some hesitation, it is true, and yet so that the Indian girl understood her:

“How art thou, my poor Mahanni? Are thy weary limbs somewhat rested? Is not thy couch soft and easy after so many weeks of travelling, when thou could’st but rest on the cold, hard ground?”

Mahanni’s only reply was a slow movement of the head, which Adrienne was at a loss to interpret as assent or negative. Raising her head, Mahanni tried to lift herself up; but she could not, and sank back with a weary sigh. Adrienne saw that the girl was really ill from exposure and fatigue; so, gently removing the cloak and the worn and tattered remnants

of the once gay dress, she bathed the sore and weary form, and robed it in clean, fresh linen,—an act of civilization to which few of the Indians would submit, but which Mahanni bore in silence, even seeming to speak her thanks with the dark pleading eyes that followed Adrienne's every motion. When Adrienne had persuaded the poor girl to take some refreshment, and had seated herself at her side, she begged Mahanni, if she was able, to tell her of all that had befallen her. In slow, measured tones the girl began the recital of her wanderings, and the dangers she had been subject to. She passed over Sessewa's faults and neglect with a sort of loyalty that was very touching to Adrienne; but, though her story brought the tears more than once to her listener's eyes, Mahanni proceeded unmoved until all was ended, when she hid her face in the bedclothes and refused to speak again. But by degrees Adrienne won the love of the Indian girl, and gained for herself a friendship—which would be undying; for, as an act of unkindness is never erased from the Indian mind until blotted out by revenge, so kindness is never forgotten in young or old.

A week passed before Mahanni could leave the low couch assigned her; and then she would steal to the open door to bask in the sunshine. She had learnt from La Roche that Sessewa was at Quebec, and perchance the maiden had other reasons in taking her daily seat on the rough bench by the hospital door than even to enjoy the cheering beams of the sun. If so she had not long to watch; for on the third day she saw Sessewa stealing about, as he always did, like some hunted creature. He would have passed her but that she beckoned to him, and, perhaps startled at her sudden appearance, he came and took the seat beside her, to which she pointed. How Mahanni pleaded with her faithless lover, in what eloquent language she told him of her long and weary wanderings in her search for him, and what tender arguments she put forth to try and win him back, I cannot here recount. To write it down in plain, unadorned English would take from it one half its power. To give to you, my readers, the Indian girl's impas-

sioned speech, so full of the extravagant similes and metaphors in which her language abounds, would be to make it appear in your eyes but a high-flown rhapsody—so I will let you imagine in your own way the pleadings of the injured Mahanni; and, as you watch with me the dark countenance of Sessewa, you will not wonder to see its compressed features relax, and the clouded brow become more clear. Who could resist such entreaties, enforced by the glance of those deep dark eyes, and the pleading look on that wan, wasted face? But Sessewa's relenting is but momentary. As he looks he thinks the face has grown ugly; and disgusted, but not half so much as we are with him, he turns and without a word leaves the still imploring girl.

 CHAPTER X.

Perhaps before proceeding further with our story, it would be well to say a few words with regard to an expression that fell from Claude de la Roche's lips on the evening of his meeting with Adrienne at the convent gate, and which betrayed the fact that when he found himself under the gentle nun's care in the hospital at Quebec, he gazed not for the first time on her sweet face, or followed with his dark eyes every motion of her slight form.

Some fourteen years before our story opens there had lived side by side in a narrow, retired street of Tours, a widow and a widower—she with her only son, he with his sole care and joy, his fair young daughter. The widow was poor, and scarce able by her little earnings at her stall on the corner of the street to support herself and her son: her neighbor, though living with many of the surroundings of poverty, had, the gossips said, stored away a fair amount of wealth, all for his one treasure, his blue-eyed Adie; and if you entered the two homes, so alike in the exterior, you would have found a vast difference between them: in the one want and poverty plainly revealed itself, though as respectable want and as cleanly poverty as one would have found in all Tours; but cross the narrow passage and enter the opposite door, all is different here—a cheerful fire burns in the grate, a soft carpet covers the floor, pictures

ornament the rude walls, and many a sign of refinement and taste meets the eye.

But though so far removed from his poor neighbors, both as regarded position and education, Adie's father was kind both to the widow and her son, and never did he prevent the children from playing together; often indeed of an evening he would call the boy in, teach him, and speak to him of men and things that made his cheek burn and his eye sparkle. The old man found him an apt pupil, and one who devoured all his stock of knowledge, and waded with ease through the few ponderous tomes that were his own special pride and delight. But sorrow came to the humble homes; the father sickened and died, and left his unprotected blossom alone in the world. Gladly would the widow have taken his daughter to her own home, as indeed she had promised the father to do; but scarce was the old man laid in his grave, when a black-browed priest came, and removing all the contents of the pretty room, carried off the weeping Adie, in spite of her entreaties to be left with her friends. Half mad with rage the boy followed, and almost screamed in his ineffectual agony when he saw the heavy portal of the Tours Convent close behind her whom he loved with all his boyish heart. Well he knew in what language spoke those clanging, iron-studded doors; he knew that they not only shut out from his life its brightest sunshine, its sweetest joy, but shut it out forever; no groans, no cries of his might avail now. Slowly, sadly he returned to his home; yet e'er he reached it better thoughts had come: thoughts of his mother, and how dependent she would be on him as age, which was fast creeping on, undermined her strength and health. He resolved he would work for her, not she for him, and he carried out his resolve, and proud was he the day when his mother sold her stall, and came home, no more to sit in the cold and heat, in storm and sunshine, offering her wares to passers-by. But the rest came too late; a year passed and the mother was taken to a better rest, and another lonely one was cast on the world.

The old home was now insufferable to Claude de la Roche, and learning that in Dieppe he would have a better opening as a watchmaker, which was his trade, he

sold their few household effects (for the small expense of his mother's funeral had consumed his hoarded earnings), and with the coins in his purse he set off. But alas! when he arrived at his destination he found a wandering youth with no friends and no money could find little employment of any kind, much less a place in one of the establishments of the numerous watchmakers before whose windows Claude would stand envying the humblest *employée* who bent at his delicate work.

Despairing at last of getting work, his money all gone, Claude strolled down one day to the busy docks. Sick at heart, sad and desponding, the youth stood carelessly watching the loading of a vessel. Overhearing the conversation among the sailors, he learned it was bound for the Far West—for the New France Claude had heard so much of. A sudden thought struck him—Why might not he go too? He cared little whither he went; he had no one to mourn for him,—he would go.

His listlessness was gone now. Stepping up to one of the sailors he asked which was the captain of the vessel outward bound, and being directed to him, he at once accosted him, asking permission to accompany him. For a few moments the man hesitated, then inquiring if he were a good Catholic and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he yielded to Claude's request, saying as he turned away, "Well, there is plenty of room by my troth in New France, and thou mayest try how thou likest being scalped."

And so Claude de la Roche went to the New World, and joined himself to the band of adventurers who went out with him, and who, having already tried the new life, fired his young heart with the recital of deeds of daring, and hair-breadth escapes from the Iroquois. Eager was the young man to see the wondrous land, even to behold the dreaded red man with his direful tomahawk.

Soon, too soon, Claude stood face to face with the living warrior of whom he had pictured such wild visions, but among the brave little company who encountered him none was braver or more resolute than La Roche. He grew to love the wild life, to glory in the freedom of thought and action;

to him the woods and lakes, the fragile flower and bright-hued songster spoke in language eloquent and sublime; often his eyes would fill with tears as he gazed at the exquisite scenery surrounding him in his wild wanderings over wood and plain.

And did Claude never think of his boyish friend, the bright-eyed Adie? or in his wild life was her memory forgotten? No, it ever lived with him, purifying and ennobling him—preserving him from many of the sins and excesses into which his companions lfe. He could not, as too many of them did, degrade himself to a level with the poor savage, or choose a bride from among the dusky maidens who adorned the Indian's wigwam.

Often while sitting crouched by the camp fire he would muse on days gone by, when he was the gentle Adie's companion and protector; of still later years, when the maiden grew coy, and he bashful; but after that—Ah! he would moan in the very fruitlessness of his grief as he thought of how helpless he was. Good Catholic as he was, Claude often felt anything but charitably towards the Jesuit who had taken from him his early love.

It was after musings of this nature that the young Frenchman was particularly anxious to meet his unwearied enemies, doubtless to give vent to the futile passion that burnt within him. When thus encountering the Iroquois, he fought with a daring and energy that surprised even his foes, and often laid low their boldest warriors. But Claude could not thus always press to the front and escape unhurt. Rushing madly forward one day to meet a band of Iroquois, he was severely wounded, but did not give way until with the aid of his companions he had succeeded in driving back the Indians; then, faint and bleeding, he was borne by his comrades to the Ursuline hospital at Quebec, not far distant. There, on returning to consciousness, he saw bending over him a face that was strangely familiar, and the sight of which seemed to thrill him through and through; long he gazed, following with his eyes every motion of the beautiful nun; slowly surprise gave way to hope, hope grew to blessed certainty and Claude closed his eyes, from under whose lids the bright tears shone, and

thanked God that once more he had looked upon the face of his long lost Adie.

CHAPTER XI.

When Mahanni had watched her faithless lover out of sight, she slowly rose and re-entered the hospital. Making her way to her own bed, she lay down, and burying her head in the clothes she remained motionless. Adrienne, who had seen her return, and guessed the truth, implored her to speak, but her solicitations met with no response. Quietly then she removed the coverings; the face of the Indian girl was in as deep repose as if she were wrapt in the most profound slumber. Puzzled, Adrienne determined to see Sessewa, and in compliance with Claude's wish, endeavor to persuade him to listen to the pleadings of poor Mahanni. It was almost dusk when Adrienne stole out of the convent gate, and made her way to the hut which Sessewa in company with other converts inhabited. As she approached, Adrienne saw the object of her search seated at some little distance under a spreading beech, his head moodily resting on his knees. Taking a seat near him, she at once began her suit. All that was said to the gloomy Indian need not be repeated here; suffice it to say that the nun's mission was successful, and she returned joyfully to Mahanni, whom she found just as she had left her. Tenderly she stooped down over the girl and whispered in her ear,

“Mahanni, be of good cheer, Sessewa will go with thee; cheer thine heart, I have his promise that thou shalt yet return to thy father's home as his bride.” With a quickness that surprised and startled Adrienne, the Indian girl sprang up, her cheeks glowing, her eyes flashing; throwing off the nun's detaining hand, she darted past her and was gone e'er one word of remonstrance could be uttered. Fearful as to the results of such wild behavior, Adrienne hastened after the girl; but no signs could she see either of her or Sessewa. The moon had not yet arisen, and all was clouded in the evening shadows; so that Adrienne could scarce have discovered the truant, had she been near the fort. After looking about for some time, the nun returned, vainly hoping she

might find her charge safe within the convent walls. But alas! never again did she behold the sad face and lithe form of poor Mahanni. Maddened with the thought that the words of the pale-faced maiden had proved effectual with her dark lover, when her own had been unavailing, the Indian girl had, for the moment, given full vent to her rage and jealousy; but before she had reached Sessewa, whom she found slowly walking to and fro on the hillside, all her passion had been forced down, and she spoke to him calmly and softly:

"So thou wilt come with me, son of the Hawk? Thou wilt at last take Mahanni to be thy bride; it is well. Come then, and together we will seek my father's wigwam, where again and again he has called upon the Spirit of the Wood to give him back his child."

"To-morrow let it be, Mahanni, when the great Manitou rides in his fiery car, and not now when the pale moon is rising, and the *okies* walk abroad."

"Yes, now, Sessewa; now thou must come!" Her tone was one of authority, and the Indian slowly followed the girl, as with quick, impatient steps she led the way down the steep path to the river's brink. Here she stopped, and seating herself upon the rocky shore, regardless apparently of Sessewa, she began to sing, soft and low, some wild Indian melody. Spell-bound Sessewa stood; Mahanni has guessed aright: the quiet calmness of the scene, the voice he has not listened to since he left his childhood's home, all have their effect on the hitherto imperturbable lover, and penitently he steals to the maiden's side, and pleads for her caresses as he used to do long ago. Triumph gleams in Mahanni's eyes. For this brief moment he is all her own; but how long may such allegiance last? Even as the Indian girl breathes words of love, the weapon of vengeance gleams in her hand, and as she stoops to kiss the dusky brow, she buries the knife in her lover's heart.

Surely, quickly the deadly instrument does its work, and Sessewa's spirit has flown to the spirit land.

Mahanni smoothes back the dark hair, closes the eyes, and composes the features of the man she had loved, without one tear

falling on the dead face; then, with one sharp cry of agony, she lifts the lifeless form in her arms, and plunges with it into the deep, silent river. There is a momentary break in the calm flow, a gentle splash, and then once more all is quiet, and the moon shines down and glances brightly on each rippling wave.

CHAPTER XII.

It was with a lighter heart than Claude de la Roche had known for many a day that he turned from the convent gate on that calm June night, and swiftly paddled his canoe over the moon-lit waters of the river.

Had Adrienne Cachelle bound herself of her own free will to the life she led, Claude would never have dared by word or deed to urge her to break her vow; but doomed, as she had been, to the cloister when too young to resist, or, in deed, know but little of the nun's life of seclusion and self-sacrifice, Claude believed he would be right in assisting Adrienne to escape from a life he knew was not hers from choice. But how to see her, be with her, now filled the young man's mind. All other attempts must wait. The longing to feel the soft touch of the gentle nun's hand, to listen to her sweet voice was paramount; that, at least, must be satisfied, and Claude believed he could so trust his companions that it might be accomplished. Though the grey dawn was stealing over the earth when he reached the encampment, he did not lie down to rest until he had revealed his plan to his chosen comrade, and received assurances of his sympathy and assistance. Such an adventure was just what pleased the ardent young Frenchman; in fact he was disposed to go much greater lengths than Claude desired.

Two others were chosen on the following day, and the four immediately set to work to mature more fully and carry out their plans.

But we will leave them as they discuss and deliberate over the camp fires, and return to our Ursuline, who, deprived in one day of both objects of her special care, and blaming herself for Mahanni's sudden disappearance, was sad and gloomy. She

could not bring herself to believe, what she would fain hope, that Sessewa had taken Mahanni home. All kinds of sad conjectures filled her mind, yet none as sad and tragic as the lover's real end, of which she never would know. The nun, too, felt worn out with her constant watching in the small, low hospital, which the hot air of summer rendered close and stifling beyond imagination.

One bright day in July she had begged the Superior for a little release, and permission to pass one day as she wished had been granted her. Very much she had enjoyed it, sitting under the great ash which grew by the cloister walls, teaching the Indian children who crowded round her; and, as evening drew on, she took her seat where poor Mahanni had watched for her lover, and gazed with delight on the summer sun setting in all his splendor of golden clouds. A sweet peace, like the calm of evening that was creeping over the earth, stole over the weary girl—so deep that even thoughts of Claude did not intrude. But what a change is produced in a moment! How sadly Adrienne is brought to earth again! Ascending the hill is a party of Frenchmen bearing a sick Indian, whom they say they found in the woods dying of fever. Adrienne does not care to enter with the men (she has respite from her toils until the morrow); so with their burden they pass on, and, having consigned it to the care of Sister Emelie, who waits within, they move out again with a respectful "*Bon soir*," and soon their forms are lost to view in the deepening twilight. Soon Adrienne seeks her gloomy cell, and, after spending an hour or two at her devotions, lies down to rest, thinking perchance of the dark-eyed Frenchman, whom she knows now to be the Claude of her childish days. It must have been some strange intuition of the fact that has made her think so much of him. It is all explained now, and surely it can be no sin to love him who was as a brother to her—whom her father loved!

The sweet summer morning had but just dawned when Adrienne rose. A pale, rosy light still rested on the quiet river; a thousand songsters were pouring forth their sweet matin hymn in their leafy homes

among the thick branches of the woodland trees; the air was fresh and balmy; the blue sky, flecked over by some fleecy clouds, seemed even bluer in contrast, and the insect world was already sending forth its hum of busy life. Adrienne threw open her tiny casement-window and drank in the sweet, fresh air, while she gazed enraptured at the loveliness of the scene before her. It was with a half sigh she thought of the confinement all that long, bright summer day in the close hospital, whose rude couches were seldom empty; for disease, as well as the dreaded Iroquois, was speedily thinning the scattered Algonquin tribes.

It was an hour or more ere Adrienne entered the hospital, and then the glorious sunshine was streaming in at door and window. Sister Emelie met her at the door, saying as she passed her:—

"That poor Indian brought in last night seems very ill. He will be your chief care to-day, if, indeed, you can do anything for him. Yonder he lies in the far bed to the right. I fancy he needs some refreshment; but I cannot induce him to speak or tell me what he wants."

Adrienne prepared some light food, and, taking it to the sick man's bedside, said gently in Algonquin:—

"Brother eat!"

For a moment her patient moved not, then slowly lifting his head, he looked carefully round the room, then into the face of the gentle nun who stood beside him, looking, in her white dress, like some guardian angel. For a moment he gazed, then said in a low voice:—

"Sister, dost thou not know me? I am Claude; but nay, thou would'st not betray me, surely?" he said, taking her hand, as she started in astonishment, and would have turned away.

"But why hast thou thus disguised thyself? Why come as some wounded Indian, decked out in these savage garments?"

Adrienne questioned in a tone almost cold, for she thought the artifice was but to gain some wished-for knowledge from some of the poor wretches stretched around. Sadly poor Claude replied:—

"Ah! why, sweet sister, but that I might

be near thee, listen to thy voice—sweeter in mine ears than the music of the forest's sweetest warbler—feel the soft touch of thine hand thrilling my very soul! Ah! would I had not revealed myself!" he exclaimed, as Adrienne averted her face; "for in my disguise I should have revelled in thy sweet ministering, and oft-times felt thy soft hand, when now thou art displeased, and wilt leave me to another's care until I can forever leave these walls."

Sadly his dark eyes pleaded; how could Adrienne resist? Was he not all that was left her? the only link between the happy past and the oft-times dreary present? Had he not known and loved her father? Might it not be to speak of him Claude longed to talk with her? or, better still, perhaps he wanted advice and comfort, and, if she refused to listen to him, might she not be neglecting an opportunity of doing good to the soul of her friend, which, perchance, would never return?

Thus Adrienne pleaded, and thus she yielded, though not so entirely outwardly.

Without replying to Claude, she offered him some refreshment, which he took from her hand, gravely thanked her and lay down again. For a moment Adrienne stood looking down into his sad eyes, which, after all, did not look hopeless; but Claude did not speak, so she turned and slowly left him.

Slowly she moved about among her other patients, thinking all the while of Claude, and how he loved her; she thought what a trial it must be to him, great strong man as he was, to lie there in that narrow bed in the close, crowded room—he who was accustomed to roam so freely in the green wood, or glide over the fresh, bright waters—and all this he was enduring that so he might look upon *her* face, and listen to *her* voice! Adrienne's heart softened—as what maiden's would not? and, as she stood beside some moaning Indian, she would turn and look on the motionless figure she had left, while bright tears filled her deep blue eyes.

(To be continued.)

THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

BY "CYNIC."

As tossing on a fev'rish bed I lay
One night, and thought of all that in the day
Had passed, and of a hundred things beside,
With care and pains to fall asleep I tried
In vain. I turned on this side and on that,
I propped the bolster up, then laid it flat;
Threw off the clothes, then pulled them on
again,
The pillow turned; "Ah, now, for all my
pain
I shall have rest," so foolishly I said,
And for three minutes in one posture laid;
Easy and warm, I *all but* slept, not quite;
Some little thing was wrong, to make it right
I moved, and so began again the fight,
Which, little varied, lasted through the night;
Till, at the first chill grey of early dawn,

My pulse abated and my fever gone,
I slept, I know not how, till noonday shone.

'Tis thus, methought, with life—we strive in
vain,
Some fancied ease or comfort to attain;
Or, if attained, we scarcely are at rest
To sink down comfortably in the nest
Our hands have made; when restless still we
find
Some good is missed; some trial left behind.
From year to year we strive, and toss, and
turn,
With aching limbs, and heads and hearts that
burn.
Still must we want, and work, and watch and
weep,
Till in the end we are surprised by sleep.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GOVERNOR SIMCOE—POPULAR CONFIDENCE—GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE—EFFORTS TO ATTRACT EMIGRANTS—HIS INTEREST IN THE U. E. LOYALISTS—CAUSE—WHY LARGE GRANTS WERE MADE—HIS PLEDGES DISREGARDED BY SUCCESSORS—NATURAL ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—ITS STATE—FIRST PARLIAMENT OF UPPER CANADA—ITS APPOINTMENTS—A ROYAL VISITOR.

A more judicious selection than that of Colonel John Graves Simcoe for the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, could not well have been made. Few, if any, of his successors have possessed in the same degree the power of attracting the regard and confidence of the people, and of producing in their minds the conviction that their Governor was animated by an earnest desire to promote the prosperity of the colony and the welfare of its inhabitants.

Among these brave pioneers his name was ever gratefully cherished, as that of a beneficent friend and model Governor. And after their toils had been crowned with independence, and the failing strength of old age enforced cessation from labor, they delighted to find appreciating listeners, while they indulged in reminiscences of the times when "Simcoe was Governor;" not unfrequently contrasting their beloved Simcoe with some of his successors, in a manner by no means complimentary to the latter—the only thing connected with the administration of the former of which they complained being its brevity.

But, brief as it was, his patriotic zeal and persevering energy enabled him to accomplish labors from which a less earnest man would have shrunk.

Colonel Simcoe appears to have entered upon the duties of his office, in 1792, with

no mean conception of the probable future of the country he had come to govern, and to have determined to make himself, as far as possible, thoroughly acquainted with its capabilities and requirements. Having done this, he exerted himself to the utmost to supply the one, and to bring the other into process of development. While commanding the Queen's Rangers, during the American Revolution, he had acquired some experience of life in a new country, which served as a sort of training for his new position. He had also, while thus engaged, been brought into contact with many of the old Loyalists, between some of whom and himself lasting friendships had been formed.

To this class of persons, then, he directed his attention, esteeming them desirable settlers for the new Province. He accordingly took measures to attract them hither; particularly those of them who were still lingering in the United States, struggling with the poverty and popular dislike which the part they had taken during the war had brought upon them. Sharing their disappointment and chagrin at the result of the contest, and commiserating the sacrifices and sufferings that their adherence to the royal cause had cost them, he was not actuated merely by the desire of bringing loyal settlers into the country, but he also wished to afford them an opportunity, to retrieve their fortunes on British soil.

With this view, he represented to them the advantages they might secure to themselves and their children by coming in then, while they could select the most desirable locations, promising to actual settlers liberal allotments of land, and every other assistance that it was within his power to bestow. Thus he procured a large influx of valuable settlers.

To all who would occupy and improve it, land was granted; the amount varying

according to the number of children in the family. Not a few individuals were promised several thousands of acres of land each. It is only fair to suppose that, in such cases, the magnitude of the gift was designed to be in proportion to the services which had been, or were to be rendered to the Government by the recipients, or to the losses they had sustained through their devotion to it. In some instances, an entire township was offered to an individual, on condition of his coming in and settling himself, and bringing with him a certain number of actual settlers; or making certain improvements calculated to attract others.

The successors of Governor Simcoe, however, did not always carry out in good faith these pledges to the emigrants. This, in the west was the case, especially in reference to Mr. Horner of Blenheim, Mr. Reynolds of Dorchester, and Mr. Ingersoll of Oxford.

Governor Simcoe reached Canada in July—a time when the woodland scene is scarcely less lovely than in “leafy June.” The aspect of the country, in its almost pristine wildness, called forth his ardent admiration. And well it might, with its grand lakes spread out like inland seas; their shores, here rearing themselves in rugged banks to repel the dashing waves, there gently sloping downward to greet the advancing waters, or their line occasionally depressed by some wide emboguing, or broken by some ravine, whence issue beautiful streams, which having imparted vigor and beauty to the magnificent forest filling the background, come to add their quota, to swell the ceaseless torrent that foams and thunders at far-famed Niagara.

Nor was the inland prospect less delightful. High hills crowned with timber, and verdant valleys along which flowed sparkling rivers, alive with fish; or more sluggish streams, the sedgy margins of which, in the season, were thronged with wild ducks and other waterfowl; swelling knolls and wide spread plains, covered with umbrageous shrubs or many-tinted flowers; grassy glades and deep forests, in whose vast solitudes the tawny hunter needed not to listen long for the drumming of the pheasant or the gobbling of the wild turkey, nor to search long for signs of the

deer, or other game, so numerous were they all.

Quite a number of the U. E. Loyalists who left the United States at the close of the American Revolution, had come into Canada. Some of them had settled in the Lower Province, and the others were scattered along the frontier in the Niagara country, about Kingston, the Bay of Quinte, and the eastern portion of the north shore of Lake Ontario. From these eastern settlements to those about the head of Lake Ontario, and thence westward to the French settlements in the township of Sandwich, and the military settlers located in that vicinity, the country was in a state of nature.

Such was the condition of Upper Canada when Governor Simcoe assumed its government, and opened its first Parliament, on the 17th September, 1792, at its then capital Newark, (now Niagara.) The Parliament is said to have met under a tree, a large stone serving for a table. The House of Assembly consisted of sixteen members, and the Legislative Council of seven.

Here, during the same year, the Governor became for a time the host of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, the father of our honored Queen. However deficient the primitive gubernatorial abode may have been in princely appointments, both guest and host may well have felt compensated for that by the scenes of varied beauty presented as they passed up the river to the towering heights of Queens-ton, then less memorable than now. Or farther up, if they gazed from the dizzy height, down, down, into the awe-inspiring depths of the darkly circling whirlpool, whose ceaseless rotary motion causes the impassible spectator above instinctively to draw back, as if vaguely apprehensive of being drawn down by some irresistible unseen power, and engulfed in the fearful abyss beneath; leaving the gloomy spectacle behind, a walk of a couple of miles would bring them to that combination of power, beauty, sublimity, and grandeur that overwhelms the beholder with admiring awe—the often attempted-to-be-described but indescribable cataract of Niagara. To have seen this stupendous wonder of

nature as it was then, in the midst of the primeval forest, was well worth all the discomforts encountered in reaching it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A BUSY LIFE—A NEW CAPITAL NEEDED—
EXPLORING EXPEDITIONS—HOW MADE
—SEEMING CONTRADICTIONS—RECON-
CILABLE—A SUGGESTIVE PRESENT—
THE GOVERNOR'S VISIT TO THE FORKS
OF THE RIVER THAMES—BEAUTIFUL
SURROUNDINGS—TOWN PLOT FOR LON-
DON DESIGNED TO BE THE CAPITAL.

Governor Simcoe, though a dashing and industrious officer, to have accomplished all that is attributed to him, must have found his Canadian life an exceedingly busy one. Charged with the establishment of the new colony, and the getting of its governmental apparatus into working order, besides devising means for attracting thither the larger proportion of the community to be governed, exploring the country east and west, making himself acquainted by personal inspection with its soil, timber and general aspect, that he might judge at what points it would be most desirable to locate settlements, and with a view, also, to the selection of a suitable site for the seat of Government. Newark being objectionable on account of its exposed position on the frontier; and, in addition to all this, interesting himself in the settlers, and providing for their pressing wants.

He is said to have made pedestrian excursions from York (Toronto) to Sandwich. It does not seem very probable, however, that any such extended excursions would have been altogether pedestrian. There is evidence of his having proceeded by boat along the northern shore of Lake Erie, as far west as Port Talbot, and thence across the country, guided by Indians, to the Indian village called Munseytown on the River Thames, and down that river to Lake St. Clair.

A Mr. Fleming, who was employed as a boatman on this trip, and who afterward resided for over forty years in the Township of Aldboro, stated the above to have been the route and manner of the journey. Others, however, assert that the Governor

and his party abandoned their boats at Long Point, and proceeded thence by land to the Forks of the River Thames, then down the river to Lake St. Clair.

That the Governor visited the Long Point country is quite certain, and he, probably, did so more than once,—a number of his U. E. Loyalist settlers being located in that vicinity. The following incident of one of those visits is still related by some of the old residents:—

The Governor and his party had encamped beside Patterson's Creek, at or near the place now occupied by the pleasant and thriving town of Simcoe. A person located near by, who had already brought some portion of the soil under cultivation, came to pay his respects to the Governor, bringing with him a generous supply of very fine water-melons. These the sagacious donor presented to the Governor, contriving to convey to him with the refreshing fruit an intimation of his own desire to possess the adjacent water privilege.

The Governor accepted both the melons and the hint, and Mr. Culver became the owner of the valuable property he desired. On it he erected a mill,—much to his own advantage and the convenience of the people who settled in the surrounding region.

Though the Governor may have been then making a journey to the extreme west of the Province, his having taken the Forks of the Thames in his way at that time, seems to be questionable. If he did do so, he must have subjected himself to the fatigue and inconvenience of twice visiting that then remote spot in the wilderness; for we have an account of his having been there at a season of the year when boating and melons would both have been quite out of the question.

Major Littlehales, an officer on the staff of Governor Simcoe, and one of the party that accompanied the Governor on a winter progress through the Province, fixes the date of their arrival at the Forks on the 2nd day of March, 1793. The party were then returning from Detroit, guided by Indians. There being no roads, and the river being frozen over, they proceeded up it in carioles to some distance from Dol-

son's (Chatham), walking the rest of the way. His description recalls the picture of the Forks and their surroundings—the heights, not then crowned as now with the beautiful and prosperous city of London, but with sturdy trees; the pinery above, extending a mile or more eastward, and the beautiful plains beyond, with their clumps of scrub oak, as the writer of these lines has in his boyhood so often looked upon them, in all their native wildness, before any of their natural features had been marred or mended by the hand of civilization.

The imperative necessity for removing the seat of government to some securer position than that of Newark, being a leading idea in the mind of the Governor in all his exploring expeditions, he spent some time in examining this locality with a view to that object. The result was so satisfactory to him that he proposed it as a suitable site for the capital of the Province. He, with this design probably, directed a plot for a town to be reserved on the elevation lying high above and between the two branches of the river, and caused a road to be surveyed from it, as nearly straight as possible, to the head of the Lake where Dundas now stands. The Governor's admiration did not, however, secure the selection of the place as the seat of government. An humbler, though by no means inconsiderable destiny awaited the "Forest City;" yet it was more than a quarter of a century after his visit before the town plot was even surveyed, and still longer before the road he had projected was made passable all the way through from London to Dundas. This road is still known as "The Governor's Road."

CHAPTER XL.

FLATS AT DELAWARE—FIRST SETTLER—
SLOW PROGRESS—OTHER SETTLERS—
THE WOODHULLS—A JOURNEY THEN
AND NOW—NEITHER ROADS NOR MILLS
—NATURAL RESOURCES—DETROIT THE
NEAREST MARKET—THE RIVER THE
HIGHWAY—GOING A HUNDRED MILES
TO MILL, ETC.

In many places along the river, where the high land receded to some distance

from the bed of the stream, the intervening flats had become beautiful, natural meadows, interspersed here and there with clusters of wild plum, thorn and crab-apple trees. These were sometimes so overrun with the intertwining stems of the wild grape, or other vines, that they resembled tasteful arbors. This landscape, intersected by the sparkling river as it glided onward between its graceful borders of willows, and with the heavily-wooded highlands in the rear, presented a combination of beauties which could not fail to gratify true lovers of the picturesque.

Such was the scene that greeted the eye of the early voyageurs, about fourteen miles down the river from the Forks, at a place now called Delaware. Here Governor Simcoe determined to locate a man named Ebenezer Allen, to whom he granted two thousand—some say two thousand two hundred—acres of land as compensation for services rendered in connection with the Indian Department by Allen to the Government during the Revolutionary War. Allen appears to have settled upon the valuable property thus acquired during the year 1803, and thus he became the first white inhabitant in that section of the country.

Notwithstanding the beauty of the situation, the fertility of the soil, &c., civilization does not seem to have made very rapid advances in the vicinity; for, twenty-four years afterward, the number of inhabited houses in the whole township did not equal the number of years that had transpired from Allen's settlement therein.

Not many of those attracted to Canada by the promises of Governor Simcoe, after the toils and dangers endured by them in reaching the infant settlements on the frontier, were disposed to continue the experiences by advancing a hundred miles or more yet farther into the Canadian wilds. Only the most adventurous spirits would find such a proceeding to their taste. Among those who penetrated to Delaware soon after Allen, were a man named Bingham and two brothers, Timothy and Aaron Kilburn, who were followed somewhat later by a family of Woodhulls. The Woodhulls were natives of Long Island in the State of New York, where Benjamin Woodhull, the

progenitor of a numerous and respectable family of that name, now residing near Komoka, Ontario, was born in the year 1777.

After the Revolutionary War they had removed to the Genesee Valley; but, having learned that Delaware and the surrounding locality was a delightful portion of Canada, and that "it was well-watered everywhere, like the land of Egypt as thou comest into Zoar," they decided to emigrate to that, then, "Far West."

Accordingly the oxen were yoked up, and the family and effects packed into a sleigh, and off they set, with strong hearts, to brave the rigors of a month's journey through the snow-clad wilderness,—perhaps, with as slight note of preparation and as little concern, as some of their descendants would now feel at leaving Komoka for the place from which their parents came, though the journey of the latter may be performed in a few hours, without exposure to the elements, in one of our luxurious palace cars. Such was the courage and perseverance of the brave men and women who, by their heroic endurance and unflinching energy, redeemed these fair provinces from the dominion of four-footed beasts and roving savages, and made them the abode of an intelligent, industrious and enterprising race.

The travellers, without any more serious misadventure than those at that period (1798) incident to such a journey, at length reached the banks of the Thames, and pitched their tent where the village of Delaware has since been built.

The inhabitants who had preceded the Woodhulls were so very few, and situated at so great a distance from the other settlements, that but little in the way of improvements had been accomplished. Their roads were mere sled tracks of their own making, often simply Indian paths, or if they wished to diverge in any direction from these, they were obliged to be guided by a pocket compass. The old military road, extending through the Province from east to west, was not yet opened; and, for many years afterward, that portion of it leading eastward from Delaware through the Township of Westminster, and thence called "Westminster Street," was only an

Indian path. The corduroys, so bitterly complained of by travellers in subsequent years, were welcome improvements in the estimation of the pioneers, who had so long waded through deep mire-holes, or had been obliged to make a circuit of miles to avoid those that were utterly impassable.

The woods afforded them supplies of animal food; wild turkeys, ducks, pheasants, &c., in their season, being no infrequent luxuries on their simple boards. Deer, too, were very numerous, and the wild grass being plentiful, and the forest abounding in rank herbage, except in dead of winter, they were generally in good order. After the ice left the river in the spring, they drew from the liberated waters an abundance of delicious fish; so that the backwoodsman, who had also some skill in hunting and fishing, as they generally had, seldom needed to be without a savory dish of fish, venison or other game upon his table.

At first they purchased corn from the Indians, and afterwards raised it themselves, and converted it into a coarse meal in the home-made mortars before described.

The nearest mill was at Detroit, and there the "Western Canadians" who were not contented with the specimen of meal produced by the home contrivance, were obliged to go to get their grain ground. It was also the nearest point at which they could purchase such articles of groceries or clothing as they required, and in the possession of which they could afford to indulge themselves.

The Thames was their highway to Detroit, and canoes, formed by hollowing out sections of the trunks of large pine trees, their means of transit. In these primitive boats the people passed down and up the river, conveying their grain to mill, and their flour and purchases back to their families,—a distance by water of over one hundred miles. To accomplish this journey to mill and back again required a long absence, and much hard rowing and poling, especially on the return trip up the river.

Not unfrequently heavy storms of rain would overtake the voyageurs, and they would be compelled to "lie to" till the

storm abated. Fastening their canoes to the shore, or drawing them up upon the land, they would seek for themselves such protection from the storm as the wild woods afforded.

When the storm seemed likely to continue till night, a large fire was kindled, if possible, both for its cheerfulness and its protection against wild beasts, a quantity of brush was also collected and spread down, and then the traveller's chamber and couch were both prepared. There, sheltered from the falling torrents of rain only by the foliage of the trees or such other slight protection as he may have been

able to extemporize, he casts himself down on the wet boughs to rest his wearied body, while the elements are raging all about him, and making sad havoc among the trees.

Or if the storm lulls somewhat, the croaking of frogs, the screeching of owls, and the howling of wolves fill up the remaining hours of darkness; and to all is added the annoyance caused by myriads of mosquitoes and black flies. Such were some of the incidents of pioneer life in Western Canada at the commencement of the present century.

(To be continued.)

MARY MAGDALENA.

“*Magdalena*”—Exalted.—HEBREW MEANING.

BY L. A. A.

She waked at last—the wanderer 'midst the tombs,
From the dark night, the sevenfold chain of woe,
To the deep mystery of being, waked
At Jesus feet, to wash them with her tears;
And ere the memory of that long night
Of woe and anguish passed away forever,
The song of Mary's heart rose up to heaven.

“I heard thy voice in its deep pity poured,
Jesus of Nazareth, when round my head
The snare of evil gathered; then I knew
Not thee, nor light, nor holiness, nor truth,
Whilst wilder darkness o'er my helpless head
Gathered its horrors, yet thou wouldst have saved
Me even then from woe and guilt and shame.

“But I have sinned,—how deeply, deeply sinned
Thou only knowest, my fathers' God—
Lifting rebellious arm against thy mercy
And made thy temple all unclean! unclean!
But Jesus thou hast marked thy weary wanderer—

Thy light hath pierced my darkness; thou hast let
Mary bow down her head into the dust
To wash thy feet with tears, anoint thy head for burial.

“O, my Saviour, thou hast called
Me blessed—I the vilest of the vile—
Hast made my name a monument of hope
To those who shall from error look to thee
From woe as fearful as my soul hath known.
And thou hast chosen me—even me—to tell
Thy resurrection from the grave and death;
Thy smile was bent upon me when the gates,
The living gates, gave way to make thee welcome.

“And thou ascendedst to thy Father's throne;—
Still, Jesus, smile, and lowly at thy feet
Will Mary Magdalena weep and pray.”
And Mary's song grew deep in light and truth,
Till Jesus saw the perfect image given,
Then fled the weary wanderer to the throne
Above all accusation and all fear.

CANADIAN HISTORY:—DUBERGER vs. BY.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, QUEBEC.

In reading over recently Marmier's interesting book, "*Lettres sur l'Amérique*," we were agreeably reminded of the old maxim, embalmed some two thousand years ago, by the Mantuan bard, in harmonious verse, *Sic vos, non vobis*, as applicable by the French writer and traveller to an incident of the early history of Quebec. The anecdote is rendered with that grace and simplicity of diction perceptible at every page of the voluminous works of the newly elected Academician. No friend of sound, wholesome literature in Canada, but will rejoice at hearing that Xavier Marmier, the enlightened traveller, has at last reached the haven of his dreams, and is at present one of the Forty *Immortels* of France. Does not this solemn and public consecration of literary merit, enhance, if possible, the value of Marmier's sympathetic utterances in favor of Canada and Canadians?

There have come amongst us since the foundation of the colony, many penny-a-liners, stamped as such, by their style, aim, and aspirations, grubbing for their daily bread—sometimes in the whisky slums of our suburbs, at others, promoted to the hospitable board of a Canadian home, concocting libels most foul on their entertainers, the unsuspecting colonists. The slime of this crawling vermin, though obnoxious at the time, cannot injure permanently; it soon washes off. 'Tis the spicy calumny, the witty lie, the "winged words" of the malicious but able writer which do the harm. The Trollopes and Dilkes—hurrying with railroad speed through kingdoms and cities, and then with marvellous assurance putting forth to the world "a true and faithful report on men and things"—those are the true foes. Doubly satisfactory it is to think that whilst Marmier's philosophical mind would ever remove him from being ranked with the former, his inborn uprightiness of

character, *mens conscia recti*, added to his powerful intellect, would elevate him immensely above the latter, clever though they be.

Let us now view with what perseverance, this writer attempts to rehabilitate the memory of one of our own countrymen, unjustly cast in the shade.

A Mr. Duberger, says Marmier, employed in the Engineers' office, and of French extraction, had conceived so much enthusiasm for his native city (Quebec) that he determined to make a plan of it *in relieveo*. The work once begun, he prosecuted it during many years with indefatigable patience and rare skill. Not a rising of the ground, not a wall that was not measured and copied down in its place and proper proportions with the precision of geometric calculation. From ward to ward, from street to street, from building to building, he had succeeded in forming in different sections—which an ingenious mechanism connected together—a complete though a miniature Quebec.

This tedious and difficult work was finished when an English captain, by the name of By, came to see him, and seemed much struck with the work. After lavishing praise on the ingenious artist, By asked him whether he did not expect to receive some profit and compensation for so many hours, day and night, spent in carrying out successfully such an idea. Mr. Duberger replied he had never contemplated making money out of an undertaking which had caused him so much pleasure; that he would think himself sufficiently recompensed by seeing it appreciated by his fellow citizens, and by bequeathing it to his son as an example of perseverance for him to follow.

Some days subsequently, Captain By returned and said to him: "I return to England; I am sure your plan will be much

thought of in London. If you will intrust it to me, and allow me to dispose of it in your interest, I guarantee either to get you promotion, which such an ingenious thing deserves, or else a pecuniary reward."

Honest Duberger, who was not rich, held but a subordinate appointment, and had a family to provide for, was led away by these offers and the hope of advancement which recommended them, packed up the different sections of his design, confided them to his generous protector, and set to erecting another structure less solid but more easy than the one he had handed over,—a structure of "castles in the air." Whilst Duberger was thus gaily venturing in the realms of dreamland, By announced in London that he had, during the idle hours of garrison routine, drawn and reconstructed in all its details, a plan *in relief* of Quebec, and with the most charming *naïveté*, he exhibited the several sections to the heads of his department, to the *savants* and to the curious. But it became necessary to adjust this disjointed piece of mechanism in a perfect whole, and By had, in his impatience of success, forgotten to learn how to put together the mechanism invented by Duberger; but, once committed to the course of the betrayer, one step more or less he heeded not. He wrote to the confiding Quebec artist that his plan excites universal admiration—that all which is now wanting, in order to secure the promised reward, is to be able to exhibit it as a whole. Each mail successively takes from Duberger new directions, which enable By to connect the Citadel with the Cathedral, the Lower Town to the Upper Town, &c. By asked all his friends and patrons to come and inspect his work. This completely established the fame of his ingenious invention. The Engineers applauded his mathematical knowledge. His superiors recommended him as an officer of rare merit. He immediately received promotion and other marks of preferment. Whilst By was enjoying the sunshine of success, poor Duberger was struck down by an attack of paralysis, which soon brought him to the grave. His son (also an engineer and draughtsman, and who was as such employed in the war

of 1812) being ignorant of what was taking place in England, was not in a position to claim the noble inheritance and laurels so unjustly filched from the rightful owner. Some few years subsequently By returned to Canada, with the rank of a Colonel, and founded on the banks of the Ottawa a town, to which he gave his name—"By-town," which name in 1854, was on petition changed by Act of Parliament into that of Ottawa—the political capital of our Confederation. M. E. H. O'Callaghan, in the index to his "Colonial History of the State of New York," exhibits research and erudition so deep as to the derivation and synonyms of the word "Ottawa," that we are certain not one of our antiquarians, our painstaking Monkbarnses, could peruse them without feeling his mouth water for more.* † Those who are curious of knowing more about the famous Colonel By, can refer to "Morgan's Celebrated Canadians."

"By was born in England in 1780. He came out to Canada first in the year 1800 as a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, which appointment had been procured through the influence of his father, who held a subordinate situation in the household of Geo. III. Shortly after his arrival he was entrusted with the construction of the boat canal at the Cascades, above Montreal. On his completing this undertaking he went to Quebec and superintended the building of the four Martello towers outside the walls of Quebec, and *at that time he also got up the celebrated model of that city which was conveyed to England* and submitted to the Duke of Wellington for inspection." We have italicised that portion of the sketch, to which Mr. Marmier and Mr. Tassé of the *Revue Canadienne* object—which objection we willingly re-echo. "By returned again to Canada in 1824, charged with the important mission of building the Rideau Canal. Some irregularities having occurred in the pecuniary management of this work, and which were charged on him,

* "Ottawas, Otawas, Otaous, Ottawaus, Ottawaishs, Ottawais, Ottawaves, Ottawawas, Ottawaes, Ottawaus, Ottawauways, Ottowawaes, Ottowawas, Ottowaways, Ottowauwees, Ottowawes, Ottowawas, Ottawose, Outaouaiks, Outaouaes, Outaoues, Outaoues, Outaouaks, Outaouax, Outariwas, Outawaes, Outawas, Utawaws."

he left for England in August 1832 to exculpate himself, but was refused a hearing. Such a treatment, and which was totally unexpected, 'tis thought, preyed on his mind to that extent as to hasten his death, which occurred shortly after." Marmier's statement, if Lambert's is accepted as correct, is not exact in every particular. Nevertheless, even with Lambert's version before us, there remains an unanswered, a grave charge against Colonel By, viz: that he took credit in London of being the sole designer of the celebrated Plan of Quebec. Lambert, the contemporary and school-mate of By, exculpates him of a portion of the charge, and, at the same time, mentions Duberger and his attainments in the highest terms.

"I must not omit to mention, with the approbation he deservedly merits, a gentleman of the name of Duberger, a native of that country, and an officer in the corps of Engineers and military draughtsman. He is a self-taught genius, and has had no other advantage than what the Province afforded him, for he has never been out of the country. He excels in the mechanical arts, and the drawing of surveys, &c. He had the politeness to show me several of his large draughts of the country, and many other drawings, some of which were beautifully done, and are deposited in the Engineers' office. The only correct chart of Lower Canada, and which was published in London by Faden, in the name of Mr Vondenvelden, was taken by Mr. Duberger and another gentleman, whose name had a much greater right to appear on the chart than the one which is at present there. But the most important of his labors is a beautiful model of Quebec, upon which he is at present employed in conjunction with a school-fellow of mine, Captain By, of the Engineers, whom I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting in Canada after an absence of ten years. The whole of the model is sketched out, and a great part is finished—particularly the fortifications and public buildings. It is upwards of thirty-five feet in length, and comprises a considerable portion of the Plains of Abraham as far as the spot where Wolfe died. That which is done is finished with exquisite neatness, cut entirely out of wood, and

modelled to a certain scale, so that every part will be completed with singular neatness,—even to the very shape and projection of the rock, the elevations and descents in the city, and on the Plains, particularly those eminences which command the garrison. It is to be sent to England when finished, and will, no doubt, be received by the British Government with the approbation it merits."*—*Travels through Canada and the United States in 1806-7-8, by T. Lambert.*—London, 1816.

It would be unjust, in closing this short sketch, to fail to acknowledge the light thrown on this very point by the able young writer, Mr. Jos. Tassé, of the *Revue Canadienne*, Montreal.

NOTE BY THE EDITORS.—Whilst it gives us great pleasure to insert anything ascribing due credit and honor to Canadians, it is painful to publish aspersions upon one who occupied an honorable position, when he is no longer able to reply to them. There are two versions of the affair of the Plan of Quebec given above. One written lately by a Frenchman, the other written about the time the plan was made by an Englishman who was in Quebec, and cognizant of what was going on. The French account represents By as a treacherous swindler, and ascribes all the honor of the plan to Duberger; but gives no evidence whatever to support its assertions. The English writer appears to have given a very fair and honest account of the matter at the time, before any controversy arose concerning it, and he gives part of the credit of the plan to each. Again, the statement that By claimed the whole credit of the plan in London is unsupported by any evidence. For aught that appears he may have stated the exact truth about it; and those who afterwards wrote about it may have mistakenly ascribed the entire credit to him. Such mistakes are, at all events, very frequent among writers who are recording matters of small moment, either upon hearsay or very superficial examination into them.

* Lambert adds in a note: "It is now deposited at Woolwich, 1813."

PEGGY'S DEAR.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"There's a subject for you to try your hand upon, Nellie, with your conversions and Sunday-schools. If ever there was a torment of a girl—a real mischief—it is that Peggy Jakes, the fruit-woman's niece. She's enough to drive the woman crazy. If you can make anything of her, and change her, I'll believe in conversion, that's all," and Mrs. Evans, as she spoke, sank languidly back in her easy chair.

"Hush, Carrie, don't talk that way," said her sister. "God alone can change the heart and convert the sinner; but what has Peggy been doing that you are so angry with her now?"

"Oh, her usual careless blunders. I order one thing and she brings another, and, when I make her correct the mistake, the things are bruised and spoilt by the time I get them, in the way she knocks about her basket. I told her to-day I should have to give up being a customer of her aunt's if she didn't do better, and should complain and get her a good beating to boot."

"And what did she say?"

"Why she only laughed, the saucy minx, and said, 'Tell away, ma'am, till you're tired. I gets too many beatings to care about them.'"

"Poor thing," sighed Nellie, "I suppose she does. Kindness would be the best cure for her thoughtlessness."

"Kindness! fiddlesticks! I've been kind enough to her; I've given her a penny above the price again and again, and it never made any impression upon her. Its real wickedness, not thoughtlessness, is the matter with her."

"I meant kind words and loving looks, Carrie, which I think are more powerful than all the money in the world to gain the heart."

"Try her, then; try her, then; bring some of your new English notions to bear upon

this heathenish, half-American, half-Irish Peggy, and I'll believe them," and Mrs. Evans, with a very sceptical laugh, left the room.

Nellie sighed as she bent over her work. Lately deprived by death of her only parent, she had come across the ocean to find a home with a half-sister, who had married and settled abroad, and who had very little in common with herself. Mrs. Evans was a proud, vain woman, living for this world's pleasure and show; and the absurd whims, as she called them, of her gentle, Christian sister were a perpetual reproach to herself. Too easy-going to be really unkind, she, nevertheless, tried by raillery and ridicule to force Nellie to lower her standard, and conform more to her own way of living; but she always failed, and the firmness of the young girl puzzled and annoyed her. She did not know the secret of her strength, that the power of the Holy One was pledged to support His own child, and enable her to walk consistently before the world.

A few days after this, as the family were walking home from evening church, Nellie and her little niece came in front of a well-lit-up fruit stall. A tattered-looking girl of about twelve, with a bold, hard face, was in the act of trimming one of the lamps, when her elbow struck against a pyramid of red apples, and sent the greater part of them tumbling to the ground. Several fell into the street, some burying themselves in the mud, others rolling on the pavement at the feet of Nellie and the child, who picked them up and replaced them as fast as they could. The noise aroused the attention of a stout, elderly woman, who was rocking herself and dozing in the back part of the stall, and she screamed in an angry, vixenish voice:—

"What have ye been doing now, ye plague ye? It's on purpose ye did it, I

know; ye are at your old tricks again," and, with heavy hand, she struck blow after blow upon the head and shoulders of the girl, who dodged and stooped to avoid them, as if well accustomed to the work.

"O don't," pleaded Nellie; "it was an accident. See, here are all the apples, none the worse except for a little mud; don't beat her for nothing."

"If it's for nothing this time," interrupted the laughing voice of Mrs. Evans, who had just come up, "it is a wonder, for it's seldom so. I'm sure Mrs. Jakes is to be pitied in having such a mischief to deal with."

"'Twasn't your business, Mrs. Evans," said the girl, as she turned round and looked the lady full in the face, and oh! the sadly fierce, hardened, impudent stare she gave, and the defiant way in which she snapped her fingers, told of a callousness terrible to see in one so young, and made Nellie shudder; while Mr. Evans drew his wife away from the table, saying:—

"Hush, my dear; you are only doing harm!"

"There you see what she is, Nellie," remarked her sister, as they walked up the street, "'twould take a good many Sunday-schools to make any impression upon that bit of granite. She'll end her days in the gaol, or some such place."

"God forbid," was the answer. "The grace of God is very wonderful, Carrie, and can melt the hardest heart, and we must hope that it may be brought to bear in this case. I have been reading the life of the Rev. John Newton lately, and, after his conversion, one need never despair of any, particularly one so tender in years."

"Well, try her, try her;" was the reply, "It is said there's a soft spot in every heart; but if so, nobody has been able to find it in Peggy's; at least I never have," and Mrs. Evans shrugged her well-shaped shoulders, as she ran up the steps of her own hall-door, followed by her sister, who thought to herself, "Perhaps you have never taken the right way."

Peggy Jakes had been a neglected waif, almost off the streets. Her father had been found dead in the lock-up house one morning, where he had been put, in a state of drunkenness, the night before. Her

mother had died when she was very little, and Peggy had brought herself up a city arab,—her hand against everybody and everybody's hand against her, till her aunt—needing some one to supply the place of her daughter who had married and gone to the West—laid claim to the child, and gave her in return for her work, food and shelter, imbibed with beatings and ill-treatment enough to harden any girl. And the knowledge of this bit of her story made Nellie's heart yearn over her, and wish for some opportunity of trying the effect sympathy and love might have upon one so little used to it, and the opportunity was not long in coming.

"I wish you'd go and do some shopping for me, Nellie," said her sister, one morning at breakfast; "my cold is too bad to go out, and I want some trimming matched—and I wish you'd call at Mrs. Jakes' fruit stall and order home some fruit for dessert; the Dunes and Smiths are coming to dinner. Shall you mind the frost? for its a sharp morning."

"No indeed," was the reply. "I'll wrap up warmly; I'm very glad to go."

It was with a little flutter of nervousness, which made her heart beat with a bound, that Nellie drew near Peggy's fruit stall. To her relief she saw that the old woman was not there, and the coast was therefore clear for her to have a quiet talk with the girl by herself. An ungracious nod, and a stare at her velvet jacket, was the only reply given to her pleasant "Good morning, Peggy;" but not discouraged, she remarked, "I see you are alone in business this morning. Where's your aunt?"

"Oh the old woman's got a black eye," said the girl, laughing. "She took a drop too much, and fell foul of the stove last night, and she's 'shamed to face the folk this morning, so she sent me to do the work for her. Agin the grain she did, I can tell you; she thinks I'll steal the half, as if I'd care to!—and it ain't easy anyhow when every pear and apple in it is counted and chalked up behind the door, and if I fails to give the right pay for them, I'll get beat, that's all; but I don't care. I'll run away some day, when I'm a little older, and then see who'll stand her," and the girl tossed back her long black hair, and

clenched her fist in a defiant, reckless sort of way.

Nellie thought it best to make no reply, but taking out her list, began reading over Mrs. Evans' orders, with a gentle request from herself that Peggy would see them carefully attended to. Before she had finished, she was startled by hearing a sharp cry of pain; a little ill-clad boy had fallen upon the ice at her feet, the yellow jug he carried in his hand smashing to fragments on the stones. Quick as thought, Peggy was out of her stall, and had the boy up, and his face wiped with the corner of her ragged apron.

"Don't cry, little Sam," she said, "You ain't much hurt!"

"Oh!" sobbed the child, "my jug's broke! the jug's broke—what'll I do?"

"Poor soul!" answered the girl in so soft a tone that Nellie looked, almost wondering if she were the same Peggy she had heard speak two moments before. "Poor soul! I knows what some of that is. You're too small to stand much. See here! there's three pence; go round the corner to the shop and buy a new one. I'll get a beating for stealing the money; but one beating, more nor less, won't signify. I can stand it better nor you. Go off—now quick—run," and she pushed the hesitating child off, got into the stall again, and turned round to face her customer with a countenance set and hard, as if its lines had never been undrawn by the softening act of charity just performed.

"You must let me pay for that jug, dear Peggy," said Nellie in her sweet, persuasive tone, laying an emphasis upon the word *dear*, and putting down the money. "You were so much quicker than I could be, that you did my work for me, and must not be allowed to suffer for it. It would not be right to use your aunt's money, and I shall not allow you to get into disgrace for doing what I should have done. Will you let me sit down inside a minute to rest a bit?"

"Yes," said the girl, with an amazed sort of stare as she heard the word *dear*; "there's an empty peach-box you can sit on. It's a poor sort of place for a lady like you; but if you're tired, why it's better nor standing," and she caught up an old broom

and whisked aside some decayed fruit and rubbish to make a clear spot for her guest to occupy; then, turning round and putting her arms akimbo, she asked in a short, sharp, hard tone, "What did you call me *dear* for? I am bad Peggy, and bold Peggy, and torment of a Peggy, and all sorts of Pegs; but I never was dear Peggy to no one yet, as ever I've hearn on."

"Well, then," said Nellie, her sweet face lighting up with a soft smile as she met the enquiring gaze of her companion, "you shall be dear Peggy to me from this time. You must have been dear to your mother, you know, once, before she died—all mothers love their children."

"Must I?" asked the girl, her dark eyes growing larger and larger as she looked into Nellie's face. "Oh, but that was long ago, and no one never told me of it, and nobody cares nothing about me now."

"Yes," said Nellie, "I care about you. I have thought of you very often since Sunday night; and your kindness to the little boy there makes me care still more about you, and there is One who cares even more than I do."

"Who is that?" said the astonished child. "I don't believe it."

"You may," urged Nellie; "it is the Lord Jesus himself, the Son of God, who loves all sinners."

"I don't know Him," said Peggy with a puzzled air and a sigh of sadness; "He aint living, is He?"

"No," was the reply; "He died for our sins. As you took the little boy's debt upon you just now, and ventured the beating to save his getting one, so for our debts and sins against a Holy God, He suffered in our stead, died in our place, paid our heavy debt and sets us free."

"Did He?" said the astonished child. "That's a new story. I never heard it before; but it didn't mean me!"

"Yes, dear Peggy, it means you. You are a sinner and He came to save sinners; therefore He came to save you, and you, poor thoughtless, sinful Peggy, are as dear to Him as I am or anybody else."

"Oh!" sighed the child, as the soft tears came stealing down over her hard cheek, making to themselves furrows, "if I thought that I wouldn't care for beatings,

nor cold nor nothing else no more. I'd stay on here; but I'm too mean and bad."

"Peggy, little Sam didn't stop to mourn over the broken fragments of his jug once he believed he could get a new one, did he? and you must do the same. As you dried up his tears and set him on his feet again happy, so the Lord Jesus will do, if you only believe it. The Bible, the Word of God, says, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved,' and you will."

"It is too much," said the now sobbing girl, as she buried her face in her apron and crouched below the counter. "It is too much for me. Oh, I believe! I believe! but it is too much. I don't deserve it! I don't."

"No," said Nellie as she soothingly laid her hand upon the girl's shoulder, "we none of us deserve it—if we got our deserts we should have nothing but punishment—but in His love and in His pity He spares us, and bears it in our stead—the Holy One—the just for the unjust—and we go free, paid for by His own blood. Try now, dear Peggy, to live as one should who knows what a price was paid for her redemption."

"Oh, I shall only be bad!—always be bad," sighed the child.

"You can ask God to help you to be better, and He will," was the answer. "Say this prayer after me, Peggy: 'Lord help a sinful child to live as one bought with a price should do;' you won't forget it, will you?"

"No," said the girl, "that's short, I won't forget it; but you'll come again to teach me, won't you, and call me dear Peggy?" and the lip quivered as the last words were jerked out. "I couldn't have believed a word of it, if you hadn't said, 'dear.' But if a lady like you could call me dear, why then the Lord Jesus might too."

CHAPTER II.

For several days Mrs. Jakes did not make her appearance at the stall; she was sensitive about her black eye, and did not wish to expose herself to the jeers of the court in

which she lived; for though everyone knew her to be a violent, ill-tempered woman, few knew that she drank, and none save Peggy that she seldom went to bed sober, and so Nellie had the child all to herself, and spent an hour every morning, talking to her, trying to give her ideas of self-respect, and teaching her what she liked best to hear, of the love of One who cared even for a destitute, outcast child as she was. And so, by and by, the stall had an air of cleanness and neatness and Peggy herself shewed a quickness and brightness which pleased and surprised the customers, and even Mrs. Evans had the grace to say, "Nellie, Peggy is doing wonders at the stall by herself; she looks a different creature since the old woman was away, and actually answered civilly when I spoke to her to-day; it would be better for her if the aunt never came back—she gets too many beatings, I suppose, and they knock her stupid."

Nellie kept her own counsel and said nothing of her visits, nor of the light which was dawning over the darkness of the girl's soul, and so things went on, and the old woman finding the profits of the business rather increased than diminished, and liking the idleness and laziness of having nothing to do, stayed at home from day to day, drank her whisky, and left Peggy to the trials, cares, and temptations of a fruit stall, repaying her often with harsh words and harsher blows when she came home tired and cold at night.

"I suppose there ain't no use my stopping here no more, Peg," said a clean-looking, white-aproned boy, as he drew up his cart of hot mutton pies—made expressly for sale among the poor—in front of the stall. "You're giving up a buying of me; is it 'cos you find any other pies better nor mine, or is it you means to get miser and hoard up your money, for I knows as how the old woman allows twopence a day for your support; come tell us what it is?"

The boy had rattled on, not seeing Nellie who was back in the corner, behind a pile of empty fruit baskets, nor had he heeded the deprecating look and finger which Peggy held up.

"I don't want none to-day, Will! she

said and 'tisen't because your pies ain't the best, for I buys no other, but I somehow don't want pies this week; next week, perhaps, I'll be customer again."

"All right," said the boy; "you knows your own business best, and I ain't no right to be meddlin'; but if you're such a goose as to go saving for the old woman, you won't get no thanks for your pains, I can tell you."

"What's this about," enquired Nellie, as the boy walked off, ringing out his shrill cry of "Hot pies! Who'll buy hot pies?"

"What have you got for dinner, Peggy?"

"Nothing Miss," said the child, blushing slightly. "I didn't want dinner to-day."

"Had you any yesterday," continued Nellie.

"Well, no Miss," laughed the girl; "but don't you mind me, I does well enough; I ain't hungry for dinner."

"Now answer me one more question," continued the enquirer. "What are you doing with the pence allowed for your food? I ask the question as a friend."

"Well," said the girl, frankly, "I'm trying to buy a cotton skirt, Miss Nellie, with it. There's a girl in the court has promised to sew it up. I want to go decent to the school with you on Sunday, and so, as aunt won't give me none, I'm trying to buy it myself. It won't do for you to be seen walking with such a rag jag as I am," and she laughed a little bitterly as she looked herself over.

"That will never do, Peggy," said her friend. "Your health musn't suffer; and standing here all day in the cold and damp, you need a hot morsel of meat to sustain you—your dinner must be eaten."

"What shall I do, then?" said the child with a very rueful face. "You can't take me this way."

"No," said Nellie, ponderingly; "your clothes are rather in the rag fair style, to be sure; but I can better them, I think. Come up to me after you have shut up the stall to-night, and I will give you an old dress of mine, which, if your friend can take in and tuck up, will be just the thing for you. Now, no thanks. I see that boy still standing at the corner. I'll go and send him back, and you get your dinner every day like a darling."

"Dear and darling!" said Peggy, as she dashed off two big tears with the back of her hand, and followed with her eyes the quick step of Nellie as she crossed the street. "I once thought the best thing in life was to die like the dogs and have done with it—nobody'd care, and now here's the prettiest young lady in the whole town calls me darling; and I know that even for me a price was paid by a kind Master, who'll take me some day to live with Him, away from the cold and the wet and the hard beatings of here."

Nellie was very glad, as she walked home, that she had been a witness to this little scene; for she felt sure that from the blue, pinched look of Peggy she got little enough to eat, and twopence a day to support a cold, hard-working child was not much. She felt glad also to be of service to her, and hurried along, determined, if possible, to get her sister to add some kind of warm cloth jacket to her gift of the dress, and so make the child comfortable.

"Go to the garret," said Mrs. Evans, as Nellie made her request; "there's a box full of old clothes there. I'll be glad to get rid of them. You may do what you like with them, for they are only gathering moths. I don't really know what to do to get rid of the old-fashioned cast-off things which gather on one's hands."

Nellie sighed as she bent over the box in which the dust and moths had already made ravages, and thought how comfortable many a poor person would have been had they been given away a couple of winters earlier. She, however, carried them all into the yard, dusted and brushed them carefully, and after selecting a nice, warm jacket and wadded hood for her *protégé*, made the rest into bundles and sent them off to a Charitable Relief Committee, who were gathering clothes for some sufferers by a late fire.

"Did you find what you want?" enquired Mrs. Evans, when Nellie next made her appearance.

"I did," was the reply; "but your garret is in a frightful state with moths, and they will soon spread through the house and spoil all your things. Some of the clothes in the box were quite riddled with them and useless."

"Oh dear," said the lady, now quite alarmed, "I must put all my furs and good things in the cedar chests, and scatter plenty of camphor and snuff about. I'll have the garret cleaned out to-morrow. I wish I knew a good receipt for keeping moths out of a house. One can't live in cedar boxes all the time, and they get into one's wardrobes so."

"I'll tell you," said Nellie, smiling "of an old-fashioned receipt. 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal,' and the application I once read of it was very simple. 'Look over the wardrobe and bring out all that can be spared, blankets and shawls, coats and cloaks, and send them to the poor in time; let the widow and the destitute have them before the moths have begun their inroads. He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none.' This will do more to keep out moths than all the cedar boxes, snuff and camphor in the world, and will be likely, if done in a Christian, generous spirit, to secure the blessing of Him that maketh rich, and doubly sweeten what is left."

The first Sunday in every month freed Nellie from the labor of teaching her Sunday-school class. On that day there was a general review of all the school by the superintendent, and she had promised to take Peggy then to a school not far from her own court, newly opened to meet the wants of that neighborhood, by a devoted clergyman who she knew would take an interest in the poor, friendless child.

Peggy had waited her three weeks with great patience, and to-day met her friend at the corner of the street, so nice and and pretty in the cloth jacket, the neat gray dress and velvet hood, that Nellie looked twice to be sure it was Peggy. All the long, loose, black hair was brushed carefully off her face, upon which traces of tears were still visible.

"What's the matter, dear?" she inquired as she took her hand and drew it lovingly inside her own muff, "what have you been crying for, this bright, lovely, Sabbath day; won't you tell me, Peggy?"

"Oh Miss Nellie," said the child, as her eyes filled up again, "aunt is set against

my going to the school; she wants me to keep stall Sundays, and she was mad at my good clothes and said she wouldn't have none of them goings on, making me proud and stuck up, and I got angry and answered her back, and she beat me dreadfully, so that I'm stiff and sore; but now I'm sorry over it all, sorry as she says she'd not let me go no more and make me sell of Sundays, and sorrier still that I spoke so bad and angered her and forgot the prayer you taught me near a month ago—'Lord help a sinful child to live as one bought with a price should do.' What shall I do, Miss Nellie?"

"Ask for forgiveness, my child; the cleansing blood is ever ready to wash away all sin and uncleanness; but," continued Nellie, sighing, "what is to be done about this Sunday work, and the school? Do you think if I went and asked your aunt it would make any difference?"

"No Miss, she is dead set agin you for being at the bottom of all this, you see, and if it hadn't been for you I'm sure I'd a run away long ago. If Mrs. Evans—" and the child hesitated.

"Would she do it for my sister?" said Nellie, eagerly.

"Yes," said the child with a blush, "I think so. Mrs. Evans is one of her best customers, and she won't like to disoblige her; besides she likes her, she says she's plain spoken and ain't got no religious nonsense about her; but then I've no call to expect Mrs. Evans would take the trouble of asking anything for me, as I've been very rude and saucy many times to her, I know it."

"Never mind, Peggy, I'll ask my sister; she's kind-hearted, and only yesterday she was remarking how improved you were, and that it was a pleasure to have you wait upon her now."

"Did she?" said the girl, as the glad tears rolled down her face; "I'll do my best to please Mrs. Evans any way, and make up for being bad to her; but before I had the love of God in my heart, I had only hate; I hated everybody and thought everybody hated me, and should have gone on so, I suppose, till now, if you hadn't come and called me *dear*; that broke me down quite."

Now one of Mrs. Evans' besetting sins was procrastination; of a careless, easy-going nature, she took the world in a way most comfortable to herself, and had Mr. Evans not been the most indulgent of husbands would have constantly got into scrapes for neglect of household duties. Even as it was—fearing to try his patience too much, she often hurried up things at the last moment, and gave herself a great deal more trouble than if she had attended to them in their proper time and place. Nellie deplored this habit in her sister and feared that it was the worm which spoiled all the fruit of Gospel teachings; therefore, when she asked the favor of her intercession with Peggy's aunt, for liberty for the child to attend school, and freedom from the work of the stall upon Sundays, she pressed Mrs. Evans to attend to it *at once*.

"Nonsense, Nellie! I'll go willingly, but there's no such hurry; there's a whole week to attend to it in, and besides I have plenty of other things to mind at present."

"I know it, dear Carrie," was the reply, "but I wish you would not delay this—while you can, do go; you may be hindered—we know not what a day may bring forth."

"Dear me," said her sister, petulantly, "one would think you thought me likely to die, and wanted to make sure of your work in time; I'll attend to it when I *can*."

Nellie with her usual forbearance made no reply to this sharp speech, and Mrs. Evans' 'when I can' resulted in putting it off at the beginning of the week, till at the end she forgot it, and on Sunday morning when Nellie asked her what answer Peggy's aunt had given, she replied with real concern upon her face, "Oh I'm so sorry! I forgot all about it; I really intended to do it, Nellie. Now don't shake your head and look as if you meant to say Hell was paved with good intentions. I shall see the old woman to-morrow without fail—if it wasn't so cold, I'd go now; but Sunday is no day for that sort of thing, you know," and, yielding to her natural inclinations, she threw herself back upon her sofa, soothing her conscience with her usual Sunday afternoon's novel and nap.

"I'm afraid Peggy will get another beating if she tries to go," sighed Nellie as she

drew on her gloves in the hall. "There's yet a half hour before my class begins; I'll run quickly down; perhaps I can get the permission for once."

Nellie's class saw nothing of her that day. When she arrived at the court where Peggy and her aunt lived, she saw a crowd about the tenement door, and knew by the faces of consternation that something unusual had happened.

"What is the matter?" she enquired of a woman who was wiping the tears from her face with the corner of her shawl.

"Matter enough, Miss; there's like enough its murder—here's Nanny Jakes in a half-drunken fit has been and throw'd small Peggy down the stairs, because she tried to go to the Sunday-school, and has broken her back."

"What!" gasped Nellie, turning white and grasping at the door for support.

"Oh Miss, I'm sorry I spoke so free," said the woman. "I suppose you're the lady as has looked after her, and poor thing she was a credit to yer teaching, for if ever there was a good, steady girl this time past its poor Peggy; and little thanks but hard times she got for it—the Lord forgive the woman for that same! Will ye go up and see her, Miss?"

Stretched upon a little trundle bed in the corner of the room, Nellie saw all that was left of her little friend. The nice, tidy clothes for which she had been so grateful, were smoothly gathered about her feet by the pitying neighbors, who were crowded, pale and frightened-looking, around the bed. Room was at once respectfully made for Nellie, who throwing herself upon her knees and putting her arm around the neck of the child sobbed, "Oh Peggy darling, what is this! what is this!"

"Death!" feebly gasped the sufferer, roused by the sound of the loved voice. "Miss Nellie, my own sweet darling, I'm going to Jesus; don't fret for me," and with a convulsive jerk of the head and a sharp, quick rattle in the throat, the silver cord loosed, and the golden bowl was broken, and the spirit of one of the Lord's own little ones, washed by His blood, left all cares, and sorrows, and sufferings, and soared to the gates of the Golden City where all tears are wiped away and there is

no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying,
nor any more pain.

Before twelve hours had passed, the shadow of death hovered again over that house. Frightened into temporary sobriety by what she had done, the miserable Mrs. Jakes saw nothing but prison and judgment before her, and flying to the whisky bottle to drown in oblivion the pangs of an awakened conscience, must have taken too large a quantity; for next morning, when the officers of justice came to claim her as their prisoner, they found she had gone to a higher than an earthly tribunal, to be judged of the deeds done in the body, and to render up her final account.

Peggy's death was a great shock to Mrs. Evans. Her husband, who could not but look upon her procrastination as being

partly the cause of it, spoke to her more sternly than he had ever done in his life before. Nellie uttered no reproach, but with gentle sorrow told her the whole tale of the child's life, and how she had never known a kind word, and how the simple word *dear* had broken her down and softened her. So that Mrs. Evans was overcome with grief and remorse for her neglect, and with a really penitent heart sought forgiveness at that throne where none are sent empty away; and thus it came to pass that as no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself, so poor Peggy's sad life and sudden though happy death was the means of bringing into the fold of Christ one who all her life had declared she did not believe in conversion.

THOUGHTS.

BY FLORINE.

Thoughts come and go: visions of joy and pain,
They pass away, like gleams of summer rain;
Like noiseless bird, like sun on winter snow
They pass away, forgotten as they go.

Thoughts come and go: visions of light and bliss
Too pure to linger in a world like this;
A latent something from those realms afar
Of what we may be, but not what we are.

Thoughts come and go: we know not whence or
where.

High thoughts of Heaven, unmix'd with earth or care,
Yet some of earth—the gold must have alloy,
And earthly sense must cleave, though earth may cloy.

Thoughts come and go: and Memory's traitor cell,
Hoards not the treasure she might value well;
Like gleams of light they come, like gleams they pass,
And leave no shadow on the answering glass.

Thoughts come and go: deep thoughts of purer life,
Unmarred, unstained by earth's unholy strife—
Dew-drops of peace sent down from realms above,
To whisper man of Heaven's protecting love.

“DEDICATION.”

“I will serve the Lord while my heart is fired
With the zeal of youthful days;
And I will not wait till my feet are tired,
By the world's weary ways;
For the spring of life is greener
Than its autumn, sere and grey,
And the morning air is keener
Than the heated breath of day.

“I will serve the Lord, ere my sight grows dim
With the world's blinding light,
And I will not wait, with my lamp untrimmed,
Till the dreary hour of night;
For the foe is best defeated,
By a calm, unflinching eye;
And 'tis watchful saints are seated
At the marriage feast on high.”

OUR HERRING FISHERIES.

BY REV. MR. HARVEY, ST. JOHNS, N.F.

Very wonderful is that great harvest of the sea which is annually reaped around these shores,—a harvest which needs no tillage of the husbandman, the fruits of which are gathered without either sowing seed or paying rent. First comes the spring seal-fishery, in which some half million seals are captured. This is succeeded by the summer cod-fishery, lasting till the beginning of October, and yielding not less than sixty millions of cod annually, allowing an average of sixty fish to each quintal of dried cod. Then comes the herring-fishery, beginning in October, and in some localities lasting throughout the winter. The herring-fishery of Newfoundland is yet in its infancy. In 1867, the total export of herring was 149,776 barrels; in 1869, owing to a failure in the Labrador fishery, the catch only reached 80,935 barrels, the value, at three dollars a barrel, being \$242,805. This year, I fear, owing to another most disastrous failure on Labrador, the export of herring will be considerably less than that of last year. Compare this return with that of Britain, where the great bulk of the herring is taken on the shores of Scotland and the adjacent islands. In 1862 no less than 832,904 barrels were cured in Britain, besides an immense quantity used in a fresh condition. The Newfoundland herring-fishery might be increased to almost any extent—the shoals of herring that periodically visit our shores being enormous. At present the chief seats of the herring-fishery, in addition to Labrador, are Fortune Bay, St. George's Bay, Bay of Islands and Bonne Bay. The Labrador herring enjoy a world-wide reputation, and the herring taken in Bay of Islands are equally fine. This locality, which seems destined one day to be the Amsterdam of Newfoundland, has a winter herring-fishery, which lasts from December till April. The bay is

frozen over, holes are cut in the ice, and the herring taken in nets. From fifty to a hundred vessels load here during the winter for the Canadian and American markets. From Fortune Bay large quantities of herring are exported in a frozen state, and sold fresh in the markets of Boston and New York. Hitherto little attention has been paid to the cure of herring, and, in consequence, the reputation of Newfoundland herring has suffered in foreign markets. There is urgent need of a system of inspection and branding by Government officials, such as prevails in Scotland, and has worked so advantageously. We also require an importation of skilled curers from the North of Scotland to impart to our people a knowledge of the art of curing the herring.

MIGRATIONS OF THE HERRING A MYTH.

The phenomena of our herring-fishery completely disprove the old theory about the annual migration of herring to and from the Arctic seas, and go to show that the herring is a local not a migratory fish. The theory of Pennant and the older naturalists was that in the inaccessible seas of the high northern latitudes, herrings were found in overwhelming abundance, securing within the icy Arctic Circle a bounteous feeding ground, and, at the same time, a quiet and safe retreat from their numerous enemies. These theorists further held that, at a certain season, inspired by some commanding impulse, vast bodies of this fish gathered themselves together into one great army, and, in numbers far exceeding the powers of imagination to picture, departed for the waters of Europe and America, sending off detachments in various directions as they reached their places of destination. Till rather recently this theory was almost universally accepted; but an extended acquaintance

with the habits of this fish has now completely exploded it. The ascertained facts regarding the natural history of the herring along these shores, are entirely irreconcilable with the supposition of an annual migration, and all combine to show that it is a native of the seas where it is taken. In point of fact, the herring is taken on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador all the year round, the fishery commencing at various times in the different localities. Besides, the herrings of different localities are marked by distinctive features. In appearance and flavor the Labrador herring is essentially different from that of Fortune Bay, and the same description of fish is invariable taken in each locality. The superiority of the Labrador herring is doubtless owing to the superior feeding it enjoys, for it is natural that the animals of one feeding locality should differ from those of another. Different races of herring thus exist in different places, having marked differences in size, shape, and quality. From merely glancing at the fish, an expert fisher will tell in a moment their different localities. The St. George's Bay herring differs widely from those taken in the Bay of Islands, and a Bonne Bay herring is never mistaken for a Fortune Bay herring. All these facts point to one conclusion—that the herring is a native of the water in which it is taken, and never migrates, unless, as other fish, from deep to shallower and warmer water; in order to deposit its spawn. It follows from this that by overfishing, the herring of any locality may be greatly reduced or even exterminated, as has happened here more than once. Nothing, however, is more certain than that the herring-dealers know the different localities of the fish, as easily as a farmer distinguishes a Cheviot sheep from a Southdown. The same holds good in Scotland, where they can tell at a glance a Lochfyne herring from one taken in the Firth of Forth, and a Tweed salmon from one captured in the Spey.

SPAWNING OF THE HERRING.

Gilbert White says, "the two great motives which regulate the brute creation are love and hunger: the one incites them

to perpetuate their kind, the latter induces them to preserve individuals." In obedience to these laws, the herring congregate on our coasts, for there only they find an abundant supply of food to mature with the necessary rapidity their milt and roe, as well as a sea-bottom fitted to receive their spawn. They must have a rocky bottom to spawn upon, with a vegetable growth of some kind to preserve the roe. The herring shoal keeps well together till the time of spawning, and having spawned, it breaks up, and then the herring lead an individual life. The same shoal will always gather over the same spawning ground, and the fish keep their position till they fulfil the grand object of their life. Before spawning they swim deep and hug the ground; after spawning they rise buoyantly to the top water. It is worth noting that when they thus come within the reach of man, the herring are in their worst condition, so far as food-yielding qualities are concerned, because at the spawning season their whole nutritive powers are exerted in reproducing their kind and their flesh is consequently lean.

HERRING FAMILY.

The family of the herring is rather extensive—the most prominent members being the common herring, the sprat, the pilchard, the white bait and the anchovy. The pilchard is the sardine of commerce; but its place is often usurped by the sprat, and thousands of tin boxes of that fish are annually made up and sold as sardines. In France this practice is extensively followed,—75,000 barrels of sprats being annually taken on the coast of Brittany, of which large quantities are done up in oil as sardines. It is now generally admitted among the best naturalists that the sprat are the young of the herring. However this may be, not less than 13,000 boats on the coast of Brittany are engaged in the sardine trade, capturing sprats, young pilchards and young herring for curing as sardines. According to Mitchell, a sum of £80,000 is annually expended on cod and mackerel roe for bait in this fishery. From Newfoundland 964 barrels of cod roe were exported last year, the whole of which was forwarded to France

for the sardine fisheries. In this country it is worth three dollars per barrel.

LABRADOR BLOATERS.

The herring of Newfoundland is nearly all pickled for exportation. Were there a ready means of communication established between Bay of Islands, Bonne Bay, Labrador and the United States and Canada, one would fancy that a splendid trade might be established by curing the fine herring of these localities as "bloaters" and "reds." The "bloaters" are very slightly cured, and as slightly smoked, being prepared for immediate sale and speedy consumption. The name "bloater" is derived from the herring beginning to swell or bloat during the proceeds of curing. Small logs of oak are burned to produce the smoke, and the fish are all put on "spits," which are run through the gills. Treated in this way, the Bay of Islands and Labrador herring would be a most delicious article. I think, however, I have given you enough about herring for one article, and may, perhaps, return to the subject.

ADVENT OF THE MACKEREL.

Some forty years ago, old fishermen say, the mackerel were as plentiful around our shores as the cod now are. All at once, however, they disappeared; but, strange to say, they have this year made their appearance in considerable quantities, especially off the northern coasts, and, for the first time in forty years, are sold fresh in the streets of St. John. They bring a high price—twenty cents each—and a barrel, pickled, is sold for \$10. The quality is excellent. We are in hopes that the wealth of our seas is about to be increased by the advent of this splendid fish. The mackerel is known to be a wandering, unsteady fish, and is supposed to be migratory, though individuals are always found in the British seas; so that, like the herring, it will probably prove to be a native of the seas where it is taken. The mackerel are found along the whole European coasts, as well as the coasts of North America, and are caught as far south as the Canary Isles. In England they are taken chiefly by means of the seine net, though a great number are

captured by means of well-baited lines. Any kind of bait almost will do for the mackerel hooks,—a bit of red cloth, a slice of one of their own kind, or any clear, shiny substance.

OUR HOUSE-WARMING.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Didn't you ever hear about it? Everybody else in the town shared in it too; and a very hot house-warming it was—so hot that we nearly partook the fate of the three wise men in the Persian furnace—and I never desire another. Indeed the thing has haunted me ever since. I have fearful rosy-red nightmares that make my dreams a torment to me; and sometimes, when perfectly awake, if I go to thinking of it, I find my ears ringing, and my heart beating, and my whole body in a glow, and, of course, it is exceedingly ridiculous; but when the mere memory of a fright is so great, what most the fright have been! It wasn't a fright either—for I am no coward—it was a shock, a surprise, an unutterably horrid astonishment. It produced the most radical change that you can think of in me, too; for, from being the most careless of the careless, and considering that if the house burned up, or down, it was its own look-out, I have become painfully on the alert. Matches—lucifer ones, of course, I mean—make my life a burden: these dropped on the floor and kindled by a grinding heel, those made off with as dainty tid-bits by ravenous rats and mice, in my imagination. I look into every room and closet every night before slumber, and am always starting up in the middle of the night remembering some bugbear of a possibility, and then waiting and quaking by the hour. Papa says, when I go over the house at night, that I'm the only person he ever heard of who takes a candle to look for a fire; but I don't, of course I can't, go round in the dark; so, Blanche being married now, either Jessie or May carries a lamp and stands outside, and then I shut myself into the room or the closet or the cellar-way, as the case may be, just long enough to see that my enemy is not there. What if he were there? Then I should drop. So would you, if you had had such a horrid night as that one of ours was. I'll tell you about it:—

In the first place, we had just bought the house, and it had taken every dollar we had in the world, and it was not yet insured; for the rest, we depended on papa's exertions when he should recover, and meantime he was almost beside himself with the chronic rheumatism, that con-

fined him to his bed at the time of the house-warming. Frank, Blanche's lover, had been visiting us, but now he was away, and what with missing him, and with papa's illness, and with a great storm at its height, you may imagine in the beginning that we had a singularly unprotected feeling at the best.

We had just moved into the house, and had just arranged everything to our hearts' content with a comfortable conviction that this was our castle, from which nobody could rout us. Everybody told us we must have a house-warming; but in reply we told everybody that we could not afford such a thing, and so we compromised by allowing Robbie to have a little party of his school-boys, duly instructing him that there was to be no scuffling on the new carpets, and not too much jumping on the springs of the sofas. When the day came, and the evening of the day, it proved to be one of the wildest of wild March snow-storms—so wild that the little merry-making of Robbie's was postponed, because it was judged unwise to have the boys undertake to battle with such a night and such a tempest in going and coming, for I certainly think that the little fellows would have been suffocated in the wind, if they had not indeed become bewildered and then lost their way in the pitchy blackness that even the whirling snow did not lighten any. So the tarts and candies and custards were looked at longingly by Robbie. We made a little feast for ourselves of the whips with their plums at the bottom, put the rest away, and shut and barred the doors, and had all gone peaceably to bed at about eleven o'clock—in spite of our unprotected feelings about as well convinced as usual of safety and sleep, and the world's rolling round to morning, for it was no night for burglars, and there had never yet, in the history of the world, been a night without a morrow—and of fire we never dreamed.

Robbie slept in his little bedroom down stairs, but as all the doors were open between us, and every door in the house was open as well during the whole night, we never considered his sleeping-place unsafe; and he, being a brave little urchin, had a fancy for it, feeling there much as though he were the watch-dog of the family. The rest of us were scattered about the upper regions of the house, and were all sound asleep, and lulled by the storm so soon as our heads touched the pillows.

It must have been nearly two o'clock—the very dead of the night in fact, call it morning as much as you will—when I suddenly woke wide awake, and sat up in bed crying out to my sister, "Don't you smell smoke, Blanche?" And at the same instant I heard her start up and sniff, and cry out, "Oh, Jule! don't you smell

smoke?" And we sprang from our beds and ran out into the hall, as we were, only to meet mamma coming from her room with the words on her lips, "Girls! girls! don't you smell smoke? The entry's full of it!" And, pell-mell, we all darted down the stairs, tumbling over each other, our night-dresses torn and our hands bruised without our knowing it; for the terrible thought had crossed all of us, at one and the same instant, that the house must be on fire below, and Robbie, our darling and the light of our eyes, shut off from all the rest, might be burned alive in his bed for all we knew. He had a great fashion of relighting his lamp and reading Cooper's novels, at which he had just arrived, after the others of us had gone to our own rooms. Nobody stops to reason in such alarms, and bursting into his room, and waking the wondering boy from some delicious dream of scalps and tomahawks and burning stockades, we found it all as dark as a pocket, and the young gentleman exceedingly displeased with us.

There was no fire at all in the sitting-room stove, we observed, as we hastened to continue our exploration; and in the parlor the coals of the grate sent out only a dim, luxurious glow to rest on the great painting, and the white keys of the piano, to give a mystery to the portrait and a gleam to the mirror, and to suggest a night-life of their own, remote from anything of ours, that the dish of flowers, the climbing ivy plant, the old withered palm branch in the alcove led when we were out of sight. A single glance, though, told us all this—to remember it afterward, but not to know that we had seen it at the moment—and we fled for the kitchen, to find not a single spark upon the hearth there, and everything as cold as frost and ice and snow, drifting in through the cracks of the threshold, could make it. Then we looked down the cellar stairs into the depths where the wood and coal were kept, and the oracle of that region answered our interrogating sniffing and peering with nothing but darkness and dampness, and a sense of saw-dust and the awful secrets of cellars. The cat came bouncing up, though, and rubbed against us, so that we all started and screamed, and shut the door in a hurry. All this in two minutes. It was evident that the fire was not below stairs, and still the acrid and piercing smell of the smoke was gaining upon us with every breath. We hastened back to the hall again to mount to the upper storey, our hearts jumping in our throats, for the other children were in the upper storey. It might be, we thought, that the chimney in mamma's room, which her pine-wood fire sometimes heated very intensely, had charred and caught the wood-work between the floor and ceiling above, or else the rafters and the roof; and just at

the foot of the second flight, where it was all darkness and smoke, we saw May at the head of the flight, a white apparition, as plainly to be seen up there as if she shed light around her, followed by the two little ghosts of Jessie and Nell, and crying out in her turn, "Oh, mamma! mamma! we're all in a light blaze up here!"

Of course we believed her—wouldn't you?—with such a rosy glare as there was all bursting out behind her. She was quite old enough to know, besides, what a light blaze meant. We took it for granted that the house was on fire. We dashed up the flight; and as I saw all the evidences of conflagration blazing through the window before me, "Oh, it is we—it is we!" I cried, in an agony that destroyed hope. And without any more ado I threw open a window and screamed, "Fire! fire! fire!" with all the force of a tremendous pair of lungs.

Do you know, the storm snatched the cry off my lips, and then blew the breath and the words with it right down my throat again, and not a sound, not even a husky whisper, escaped me, and I strangled in the blast. I never had such a feeling of utter impotence before or since. I was a mere speck among those immense elements, perfectly powerless, no more than any mote. I clung to the house for protection, and the house would presently be gone. My voice did not even exist. No one heard me, no one woke; the whole great wooden town lay stretched in sleep, and we were burning up without a soul to help us; while the fire-brands were shooting past me like blazing arrows, and shower after shower of sparks radiated from the roof above in myriads as fierce and bright and eager as ever were spit forth from any vortex of flame.

I drew in my head quickly, you may be sure, and banged down the window, and waited only half a moment to open the door of the great attic chamber just at hand, the room where, in winter, the clothes of the week's wash were always hung out to dry. My heart seemed to be on fire, too, when I saw the place full of enormous sparks the size of your hand—flakes of fire you might call them—pouring through a window that had been blown in, and sailing round like living demons among the clothes, the piles of old newspapers, the cobwebs, the laths, and the beams. Mamma, who was close behind me, dashed to the window, seized it with a strength quite beyond her ordinary powers, and put it in and held it till some one could bring her the means to fasten it in its place once more, which Robbie, who had come upon the scene in a hasty toilette, vouchsafed to do. I always thought that was a high heroism in mamma, whether the place was really on fire or not; for I, seeing those

showers of sparks eddying round the eaves as if from one great centre of flame near our chimneys, the big fire-brands and burning shingles flying past, and all the air, and all the storm illumined above us and around us, had declared that the roof was on fire, and she knew then that she was in danger of its crushing down upon her and burying her in a burning mass at any moment. "Get the children out of the house, Jule," was all she said.

Meanwhile Robbie returned with the nails and a hammer which he had jumped down stairs for, while I flew to marshal the other children together, who all had thoughts of dressing themselves and gathering up their treasures, and to hurry them out of the house, as she had directed, in any plight, no matter what, before the roof should fall and cover them inside a furnace of flame, and so that mamma and I could give our attention to the wrapping up of papa and the helping him out in his turn; for it was idle to waste time in useless words, and if we had come to him before the children were safe, our labor, as we knew, would be entirely in vain, and not a word of our urging would have prevailed.

Jessie, whose horror was fire, and whose modesty was of such a virulent type that she had been heard to tell Nell that she would rather never leave the house than leave it in undress, and who every night arranged her clothes so that she could spring into a full suit at once in case of need—the drawers inside the skirts, the skirts inside the gown, the gown inside the tier—Jessie was already arrayed in as singular a conglomeration of garments as a Chinese idol; this hanging by the shoulder, that by a hook, the wrong arm in the wrong sleeve, a top button caught in the lower button-hole of something else, and the whole huddle bewildering with strings; but Nell, nearly naked and shivering like the ague, was only endeavoring to rescue her wax doll, which might melt in too fervent heat, she thought; and Blanche—whiter than her name, and her teeth chattering in her head, but remembering the robe on which she had spent a whole winter's embroidery, and which had been destined for one of her wedding-garments, and which now, after all that work, she could not bear never to have been seen of any but the devouring flames—was vainly trying to say in an exultation of the tremolo, trills run wild: "Oh, Ju-Jule, wo-wo-would you cha-a-ange your ni'dress?" when I unbarred the door and swept the whole four of them every one out into the snow and storm—their own clothes, or another's on their arms—to wade knee-deep and barefooted through the drift to the next house, for I thought that the excitement must keep them warm, and it was not

more than a rod away. My heart bled, though, for the poor things, even in that quick and hurried moment—they in their cotton wrappers, saving Jessie, and without so much as a stocking, fleeing from the house, turned out homeless into the tempest that pierced them with its gusts of icy sleet; and though the next house must go, too, if ours went, still it was not touched as yet, and was safe from the impending and overwhelming plunge of the burning roof, which presently must fall on them if they remained—safe until they could be clothed and collected and taken to a place of permanent safety. The gentleman of that house happened to be absent, and we heard that the friends of the hospitable little lady, who was already up and stirring and as much convinced that our house was in a blaze as we were, were amused at our forlorn children's having fled to her for protection, quite forgetting that it was not her poor little protection they required, but that of her four walls, and that only for the space of a few minutes till they could find better than that which she so willingly accorded. We contented ourselves with hoping that those same friends would never have everything they possessed in one house, and then find that house on fire; and if they were so unfortunate, we were very sure that they would be perfectly welcome to seek the shelter of ours without incurring gibes.

However, the very instant the children were off I threw on a gown, and, tucking the skirt up under my arm, flew round the house collecting all the small treasure of silver in it, and all the jewellery; it wasn't a great deal, of course, but it was all we had to depend on, for it stood to reason that, with the roof on fire, it was of no sort of use to think of moving the furniture, piano or book-case or table or desk, though we certainly should try our best to drag what might be dragged out of the house.

An emergency always tries men's souls, and this one showed that papa was not too ill to take care of himself. I heard him shouting out for his suspenders—he had not been able to lift a hand for a week—and declaring that he never had heard of such confounded nonsense as trying to hold in a window when the burning roof was almost ready to give way overhead, when mamma came running down stairs, the window safely secured, to thrust herself into some sort of covering, and, as papa was getting along very well by himself, to commence getting the things out of the house.

As for me, I had, by that time, every spoon and fork, porringer and ladle of our possession in my skirt, together with the little battered tea-service; and, although it was not the heaviest in the world, I expected it would drag my skirt off the waist

every second, as I heard the stitches rip and rip and rip, and, quaking in great pulses every where, I was delaying to rifle the bureau drawers of all the stray earrings and breast-pins and bracelets that I had not already snatched off the pin-cushions, carrying no lamp at all, since it was light enough to read at any spot in all the house, and expecting that, after all, I should not be able to escape with my booty, but that the roof would come crushing down on me just as I reached the door, and there would be an end of silver and Jule and all. I remember looking longingly at the boxes of my old love-letters from Royal, and thinking swiftly what would life be worth without them; but I knew it was impossible to save them now, and they must add their fuel to the fire unless I could have time to return for a second load before the final catastrophe.

Just then there came a great shiver of the storm that shook the house from roof to basement—it was a tall, narrow house, that had a habit of shaking like a reed when the wind blew—and at the same moment the belated freight train lumbering through the town gave a fierce long whistle of alarm that seemed to blow out of one eternity into another, so wild and long and terrific was it. The two together startled mamma out of all her heroism I know, or else the strain on her nerves of holding that window in so long had been too much for her, or it may be that she could do nothing more till she had satisfied herself with her own eyes that the children were safe, for she sprang round wildly one minute—mamma, you know, who never moved like anybody less than Zenobia—seized the first thing that caught her eye, and ran down the stairs, pausing on her way to add to its load a second object that gleamed on her as she passed the table; and thus, with her best bonnet and the best china sugar-bowl in one bandbox, she also escaped from the house into the storm. I wonder none of us had typhoid fever or diphtheria afterward—but fate preserved us. "Don't come back, mamma," I screamed. But in the next minute I must have lost my own head, and my vaunted self-possession with it, for I have a faint recollection of thinking I might as well smash up the great mirror, and there memory ceases, and I only know that when Robbie returned from a reconnoitre outdoors he found every dress of my wardrobe—my new grey silk, my old green one, my poor moiré antique, my muslins, my prints—all tossed in one indiscriminate bundle into a snow-drift outside the door; and when ma returned, breathless, I was trying to induce papa to put on his gloves and button them before going out. But papa brushed me here very contemptuously aside, and, being well protected now,

struck out on his own account, and mounted the second flight to the attic himself, looked into the great clothes-room where mamma had suffered her martyrdom, looked up at the rafters to discover if any light leaked through, felt that it was no warmer there, where it should have been at more than oven-heat, than anywhere else in the house—being cold as death there and everywhere to all but our heated and excited sensations—mounted to the scuttle, but found it impossible to lift it, opened a window, put his old sick head out, caught one of the burning shingles in his hand, came down the stairs, slowly and deliberately undressed himself, and got into bed. "He has lost his mind!" I cried, in a frenzy myself, and dropping all my little freight of silver and gold on the floor in an instant. "See him, mamma! We must tie the bed-clothes round him and drag him out the best way we can. Oh, hurry! hurry! there can't be a minute to spare!"

"Oh, don't be a simpleton, Jule," cried papa, impatiently, rising on an elbow, "but go to bed yourself. There's no house on fire—"

"Oh, we can't stop to argue such a thing!" I exclaimed, burning up myself. "Tie him up, mamma! Quick—this way!"

But if papa had been crazed with terror, as I supposed, he was quite as strong as most maniacs are, and he seized my hand with a grasp like that of a steel vice, and, half-distracted, I found myself powerless to move in that burning house, with the most horrible of fates before me and my father, while mamma began wringing her hands.

"Not so fast, if you please, my love," said papa to me. "I will explain to you that I am quite as sane as usual, and you are in danger of becoming insane unless you try to control yourself. The only part of the house on fire at present is the roof, you say—caught from the chimney. Pray, tell me how the roof can be burning with a foot of snow upon it, and the scuttle frozen down?"

True enough, how could it be? I was convinced through all my quivering terror, and so was mamma in the midst of her endeavors, that there was some method in this madness.

"There is a fire in the neighborhood," continued papa, quietly, "but it is not our house. It is nowhere in our square, which is so isolated as to be beyond danger. The lighted brands and burning shingles come from that fire, wherever it is; the wind is quite strong enough to bring them half a mile, and they would very likely do us a mischief but for the wet snow. Your shower of sparks is only the snow-flakes eddying round the eaves, and illumined by the glow in the air. I don't wonder it deceived you; it is the most natural thing in the world that it should have done so;

and the air looks burning red all round the house, and nowhere else, on account of the density of the weather and the darkness of the night and the snow-storm. It probably looks just the same in relation to their houses to all the other people in town. It's a dreadful night to have turned those children out in for a freak! But I don't blame you. You'll find the windward side of the house plastered black with dead sparks in the morning." (And so we did.) "Now call back the children," ended papa; "and shut up the house, and go to bed, Jule. You've got things into a fine state with this hysteric of yours. If the house were a-fire, you silly girl, do you suppose you'd be shaking with the cold instead of baking alive? Kindle a fire! kindle a fire!"

And just at this juncture, mamma and I absolutely stupefied, Robbie, who had unaccountably absented himself, reappeared, and proclaimed, with many expressions of contempt for our fears, that it was not our house at all, but St. Tertullian's Church, burning like blazes; and while he was gaspingly announcing his news, with which he had run home in such hot haste, the bells began to jangle, and the whole town was suddenly and all at once alive with the loud, long fire wails with which twenty years' slavery to an incendiary had made it familiar.

And then the children came home, and we—didn't go to bed at all, but lit a real fire, and put the agitated house to rights, put the poor silver back in the drawers and baskets, the jewellery back on the pin-cushions, the bonnet in the closet, the sugar-bowl on the shelf, even rescued the dresses of my wardrobe from the snow-drift, and all between whiles watched the revelation of the mighty storm playing with the mighty flames, as the swelling fire mounted and expanded and made, in pauses of the storm, a centre for itself in that universal blaze with which the heavens seemed wrapped, till one of our neighbors, opening his door, shuddered and grovelled with terror at the belief that the whole world was on fire—as he could see no one spot redder than another—and the day of doom had come at last. Now and then an army of gusts, charging fiercely, swept aside all the cloud of snow, and we saw the tongues of flame licking up the great towers to the very vanes; then the force of the tempest gathered again, like an awful veil, and left us only the wild crimson glare of the sky and air, to part presently and show us one of the immense false windows falling like a burning thunderbolt, and murdering where it fell, and, at last, the leaning towers toppling together like crumbling pillars of fire, wild spires mounting from them to the blenching, whirling zenith, and then bending and darkening and plunging into the depth that sent up a madder blaze to

meet them, and then nothing left again but the raging redness and the storm. And all the time we watched it, now that we knew where to look, we had the satisfaction of knowing that every other soul in town had suffered the same alarm as ourselves; all had believed that their houses were too hot to hold them, though I am very sure that of all those house-warmings none was warmer than ours, nor was any one more thankful than we when the whole thing was over!—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE NATIVITY.

BY HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

Beneath the dark, expectant skies, while crowded Bethlehem slept,
Their sleeping flocks on quiet plains the faithful shepherds kept,
When round about them suddenly there shone a glorious light,
And in the midst an Angel stood, majestic and bright.

What mortal eye could look undazed! what mortal ear could hear

The voice most sweet, most terrible in sweetness, without fear!

While on the wide Judean hills the reverent winds were stayed,

Prostrate the humble shepherds fell, for they were sore afraid.

"Fear not; behold, I bring you joy!" the Angel spake and smiled,

"To you this day in David's town is born the Promised Child;

A Saviour, even Christ the Lord, and this shall be the sign—

Ye in a manger lowly laid shall find the Babe Divine."

And with the Angel, lo! a host of shining ones was seen,

Chanting, "All glory be to God, as it hath ever been;
Glory to God, on earth be peace, and unto men goodwill,"

They sang, in splendor vanishing, and all grew dark and still.

Amazed the shepherds heard, and rose and made with haste their way

To where, within the stable walls, the world's Redeemer lay;

Nor wider space, nor fairer place, had earth to spare for Him

Whose Throne from everlasting burned, rayed round with seraphim.

While softly raining out of heaven, in silver cadences,
Flowed down those sweet angelic strains proclaiming joy and peace,

Her rapture swelling into tears, the trembling Mother bent

Above her Child, her Holy One, in awe and wonderment.

And if a cloud of radiance filled the consecrated place
That cloud was darkness in her eyes, long-dwelling on His face;

Her tranced vision, scarce withdrawn when the glad shepherds came,

Beheld the Babe and glorified the One Eternal Name.

And was the Word, indeed, made flesh? O Everlasting Lord!

O Prince of Peace! O Mighty God, for evermore adored!

Who, reckoning unreckoned bliss, cast all His glory by,

When from the prison-house of sin He heard the captive cry!

O Love that no created love can ever comprehend,
Outreaching life's dark uttermost, bounding the endless end;

That condescended to the low from Height above all height,

And, bosomed in a blameless Babe, brought into darkness light!

Wherever Christmas bells shall chime, and Christmas cheer go round,

Be grateful joy—not heedless mirth—in every dwelling found;

While Faith unveils her throbbing breast, and closely folds within

The Holy Child whose sinlessness hath answered once for sin.

The humblest home that He may find, the poorest heart of earth

Not meaner is than Bethlehem's stall, made fair by Jesus' birth;

And light more marvellous shall stream into that house of clay,

Abiding and abounding more unto the perfect day.

Comfort to answer all desire and soothe the sharpest pain,

A rest to weariness, and ease to such as do complain,
Bread to the hungry, and to them that thirst a living well,

The Saviour with His neediest ones doth most delight to dwell.

He honoreth not the place of pride, but seeketh lowly doors,

And love, the sweet return of love, is all that He implores;

The love that, waiting on His word, doth evermore increase,

And magnify in daily life the angels' song of peace.

Wherever Christmas greetings flow, and Christmas cheer goes round,

Let charity in gracious deeds and gracious thoughts abound;

And Zion, garlanding her gates, put on her glad array,

And celebrate with psalms of joy Immanuel's natal day.

O Christ, Most High! Incarnate God! Meek Babe of Bethlehem!

To whom all angels cry aloud, Thy glory shadowing them,

Hear, through the praise of heaven, the praise of Thy redeemed earth.

Whose desert places yet shall sing for joy of Jesus' birth!

—From *N. Y. Independent.*

THE OLD FOLKS' CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS AUGUSTA LARNED.

The soft, still snow-storm of Christmas-Eve came and encamped, like a band of angels, round the old couple's humble dwelling. It stooped and kissed their aged foot-prints on the worn pathway, and with white and spotless hands soothed the scars of the time-stained roof and the faded clap-boards, that shook loose in wintry weather.

Everything was old there. The gnarled, half-dead apple-tree in front; the clump of ancient plum-trees by the garden wall; the well-sweep worn out in service, complaining with a weak, querulous voice; the gate upon its wheezy hinges — old, gently, quietly decaying, in summer sunshine and winter wind.

But the Christmas storm, shaken down by invisible hands, had come to touch the half-dead features of the scene with a sinless, holy young innocence. It was the white evangel of the Christ-child, written for the children's festival—the dear children everywhere, both old and young.

I am going to tell you of a very aged pair of children.

It was morning—the late, lazy morning of Christmas-Day—and it took the sun half an hour to edge round so as to steal over the cushion of feathery snow on the window-sill, into Dame Hildreth's bedroom. Her face, sleeping upon the pillow, though withered, was not quite so sunken and aged-looking as the old man's beside her. But the white locks that lay scattered over her temples matched in whiteness the scant hair that peeped from Grandpa Hildreth's nightcap. So serene and placid, so sinless were their faces in the childhood of extreme old age, it seemed as if some spirit whose work is preparation had tenderly smoothed away every trace of sorrow and regret, every sharp line drawn by ingratitude, distrust, or worldly wisdom, in view of the loosing of the "silver cord," the breaking of the "golden bowl."

When the sun touched Dame Hildreth's eyelids that Christmas-morning, she seemed to wake out of an ecstasy of infant slumber, and her gaze wandered to the pure, still world outside, as joyous and happy as a bird.

"Wake up, grandpa; wake up! It's Christmas-morning!"

Grandpa was so very old, and his blood was so very sluggish, that it took him a long time to wake up. The process seem-

ed to begin in his toes, and get telegraphed slowly along, from station to station, until at last it reached his brain. The dame had to administer three nudges and two pretty sharp shakes before he opened his eyes.

"A merry Christmas!" screamed she in his deaf ear. "Don't you see the world has blown out, like our old plum-trees in April?"

"So it has," said grandpa, yawning. "But it beats the old tinker to think how we're blocked in. The snow must be high on to three feet deep."

"That's the joke of it," chuckled grandma, with the most infectious delight. "We'll be all the snugger and cosier; for our shoveling days are over—ain't they grandpa? Still, it can't keep our thoughts from flying off to all the happy people who are waking up this morning; though I can't think any of them are quite so happy as we are."

The old man looked at her with his faded, dim eyes; but there shone in them the light of a young, divine love.

"What a rare day this will be for the lads!" the dame went on, in her gleeful childishness. "Here's a merry Christmas to all rosy-cheeked little boys, with their mittens and sleds."

"And here," said grandpa, "is a merry Christmas to all the dear, rosy-cheeked little girls, with their doll-babies and sugarcandy."

"What a sly boots you are, grandpa, to think of the little girls!" He looked very much indeed like a sly-boots, pulling on his lean leg a long, blue yarn-stocking. Grandma tripped away, in her kerchief and petticoat, to the window; for, when her old bones once got in motion, they were very spry bones, indeed.

"Oh, look!" cried she, gazing up to where the sunny blue sky was braided with the smooth, purple plum-tree branches, lined and faced with fleeciest down. "What a flock of snow-birds has come to take breakfast on the gum of our old trees. Bless their little hearts, how merry they are. And that puts it into my head, we must get up something extra for breakfast, seeing it's Christmas morning. What would you relish, grandpa?"

"Some of your Injun cakes. Nobody's Injun cakes taste like yours. Let me see; what did we have yesterday morning?"

"Injun cakes and potatoes; and the morning before potatoes and Injun cakes."

"Let's have plain Injun cakes this morning, by way of variety."

"What a waggish man you are, grandpa; to say that, when you know we are just clean out of potatoes." The innocent, happy old lady laughed with gleeful delight at grandpa's fun, and hand in hand they began their Christmas Day.

The old man dressed in a long, gray, double gown, with the scant silvery locks falling to his shoulders, his bowed back, feeble knees, eyes that saw not much, and withered hands, groping forward, gave an impression of great decrepitude; but Dame Hildreth, on the contrary, in her funny little cap, with its big bow called a windmill, her quilted stuff petticoat, neat kerchief, and apron, conveyed the idea of brisk, alert old age. She seemed like an ancient robin, taking care of something very much larger, more helpless, and dependent than itself.

Out into the kitchen they stepped—a snug enough place in its way—with their two splint-bottomed armed chairs, cushioned with patch-work cushions, standing on either side the fire-place; the great, fat, old Tabby-cat in her basket; the tall, old-fashioned eight-day clock, cased with curled maple; the dresser against the wall; the light-stand, with its worn "Ha' Bible;" the funny-twisted, spider-legged table; with drying herbs, and grandpa's hat and stick upon their pegs. A pretty, homely picture, when fire-light flickered along the wall, and brought out warm glints from tin and pewter.

The old man piled some chips within the hearth, while "grandma" produced their small remaining store of wood. "Ten sticks," said she, counting them, and bubbling over with fresh fun, as if cold and hunger were little accidents quite beneath her notice; "such a big pile! such a huge pile! But there's enough to keep us warm to-day; so we will mind the Good Book, and take no thought for the morrow."

Grandpa went and raised the window-sash, standing with his thin locks fluttering in the wind, as if to invite the radiant, mild, blue weather to be his guest. His dim gaze wandered off to the magic picture of snow-white trees, not yet deflowered by sunshine, resting against the deep azure of the sky.

"The air tastes just like maple honey, and smells like fresh roses," said he to the dame who had come to peep over his shoulder.

"This is the children's day," answered she, softly; "and the Father is showing His dear lambs how their kingdom looks."

By this time a fire was crackling and snapping on the old couple's hearth—a small, slender fire, to be sure. "Grandma" mixed the cakes, and "grandpa" baked them. When they sat down to their meagre fare the old man spread his withered hands, and fervently asked God to bless their daily bread—the plate of thin corn-dodgers and a cup of weak tea!

I don't know whether it was Christmas sunshine streaming in at the window, or old Tabby purring before the fire, or the kettle singing on the hook; something

certainly put "grandpa" into very high spirits that morning. He praised "grandma's" cakes more than usual, and he always praised them a great deal.

"I wish," said the dame, half sighing, "Roger could taste them; he always set such store by my cakes, and these Christmas times bring him back as he used to be—a little, merry, black-haired shaver, hanging his stocking against the chimney, and scampering out before day to see what old St. Nick had brought."

"Don't fret your head about Roger," said the old man, with more spirit than was usual to his calm placidity. "Roger has the best of everything to eat, drink, and wear; and he seldom frets his head about us."

"Fie! grandpa. I hope you do not cherish the old grudge to-day, of all days in the year."

"No! no!" said he, with more and more spirit; "but I haven't quite forgot all the past."

"I have," said grandma, eagerly—the light of a sacred hidden memory coming to her eyes—"I have forgotten everything, but that day, long years ago, when you said, as the Lord had given us prosperity, but withheld the blessing of little children, it was our plain duty to adopt and bring up some houseless, motherless creature, just to keep us from growing selfish; for there was great danger, grandpa, of our getting too much wrapped up in each other. I remember that other day, when we went to the Poor-house, how my heart flew to little Roger on account of his dear, bright eyes, God bless them! and how I took him in my arms and carried him on my bosom, that never had felt the weight of a baby of my own. I mind that, grandpa; and I mind what a good lad Roger was—how I loved to hear him whistle and shout! Quick at his learnin', too, he never fretted me many times; only one day, when he robbed some birds' nests."

"Aye, aye, grandma, he didn't forget how to rob birds' nests when he grew up. I trusted him with uncounted gold; but once (now I've almost forgotten how many years ago) he asked me into Lawyer Shrewd's office to sign a paper. I left it to him to read, and he read it false. I signed away the old farm unknowingly; and Roger robbed our birds' nest—yours and mine." The perspiration started out feebly on the old man's pale forehead. He took his bandanna and wiped it off.

"It wouldn't have mattered so much whose name the property was in," said the dame, her mind groping on in old recollections, "if Roger hadn't changed towards us, and lost his frank, open-hearted way—especially after he brought his fine lady-wife home. We would have loved her dearly; but she never took to us. Perhaps

our ways seemed rough and uncouth. I've sometimes thought we were a greater trial to her—a much greater trial—than we ever knew."

"No doubt on't; no kind o' doubt on't, said the old man, dreamily, now lapsing back into the contentment of his second childhood.

The dame's more active faculties still fumbled at the knot of those sad memories.

"Did they tell us to go away from the old place?" asked she, looking up, half puzzled.

"No, no; it couldn't have been so bad as that. They must have hinted—just hinted, it was best for us to go. And perhaps Roger was right; for we've spent many, many happy years under this humble roof. Roger must have seen things clearer than we did, after all."

"Did it rain that night we came away—a cold, drenching rain that wet us to the skin? My mind is blurred when I try to think of that night. Maybe I remember the tear-drops on my cheeks, for it was hard to leave the dear old home we had worked and paid for with our own hands. Every tree was like a pet child; wasn't it, grandpa?"

"Yes, yes," said the old man, completely lapsed now into the great calm of his years; "but it was all for the best. Now, grandma, won't you hand me my Bible, open at the Psalms? I ain't no sight to read by; but I like to feel the Book in my hand while I say them over by heart, it's so like the grasp of an old friend."

"There," said the dame, shaking the crumbs out of the window for the robins' breakfast; "I hear somebody scraping on our steps. I'll warrant ye our old friends have found us out."

"Yes," said grandpa; "a body's old friends are very apt to find them out on Christmas-Day."

The brisk old woman flew in high glee to open the door. "Massy sakes alive! It's Job! Come in, Job; and a Merry Christmas to you!"

Job was a tall youth, protruding a good deal from his clothes at the wrists and ankles. His face slanted up and slanted down to the climax of a large red nose.

"No thankee," said Job to grandma's invitation. "Theein ith Crithmath, a feller can't hang round the houth all day; so mebber you'll let me shovel off your walk for eetherthith."

"You're as good as gold, Job, and always was. Now, grandpa, I guess the old friends 'll be coming along pretty brisk." She hadn't any very clear notion of what old friends were alluded to (for, alas! too many of those summer birds had flown away with the aged couple's prosperity); but the idea warmed and pleased her very much.

"Gee-up, Bright; gee-up." It was Seth

French's voice, guiding a noble pair of oxen, attached to a heavy load of the best hickory wood, in at the old people's gate. There was much clanking of log-chains, creaking of the old sled, and plunging up of the light snow, that hung in a silver fringe on the strong, patient creatures' dew-laps. Seth French's blue eyes twinkled like two stars, in contrast to his red face and redder beard, as he gave three sharp knocks on the door with the butt-end of his whip.

"There, what did I tell you, grandpa?" cried the dame, running to admit the newcomer. "Seth French, I do declare!"

Seth was laconic, "You see," he began, "them pesky cattle (curling his long whip-lash lovingly over the backs of his oxen) hain't done enough lately to earn their salt; so I thought, just to give 'em a little airin', I'd draw ye down a snag o' wood. It was kind o' worthless stuff, layin' round in everybody's way; so mebber you and the Squire will do me the favor to accept o'nt."

"Do you hear what Seth says?" screamed grandma into the old man's deaf ear. "Do you hear what the best-natured, kindest-hearted man in the world says?—just as if he knew we had only five sticks in the house."

Seth thought it was high time to give a "gee-up" to his 'oxen, and slip round to the shed.

Scarcely had he disappeared when there came a rushing of feet, a scampering, tumbling and hallooing of young voices. Even grandpa's dull ear caught the sound. "There are more of 'em—more of the old friends," chuckled the dame, as she helped him to totter to the door again, and threw it wide open.

Truly a pleasant sight met their eyes. Some dozen of the largest lads from school—their faces all aglow with rough-and-tumble play—had come, bearing saws and axes, to saw, split and pile the old people's wood. They were drawn up on a line before the house. "Now," said the leader, tossing his cap into the air—"Three cheers for Squire Hildreth! Three cheers for Dame Hildreth! Three cheers for Christmas!" As the boys' fresh voices resounded in hurrahs, the old man took his hat and waved it, as blandly pleased as an infant. The old woman fluttered her apron in joyous excitement.

Under Seth's direction two of the lads now brought in a huge back-log and forestick, piled them upon the hearth, and in no time a grand Christmas fire went crackling in roars and flames, and showers of sparks up the wide-mouthed chimney. The sight of the dancing flames made tears dance into grandma's old eyes.

"We never trusted our Heavenly Father in vain," faltered she, "and we have trusted Him all our lives. The God of the

young raven and the little sparrow—of all helpless, weak things—has fed us from His store, and hid us under the shadow of His wing."

The aged couple clasped hands, and met each other's gaze with a silent, unutterable prayer. Perhaps it was the depth of their grateful emotions, perhaps the merry roaring of the fire up the chimney, that prevented them from hearing a little child's hand that tapped at the door. It tapped once, twice; then it lifted the latch, and admitted a small, rosy-cheeked country lass, dressed in a home-spun blanket and woollen hood.

"Why, bless my old eyes," cried Dame Hildreth, running to kiss her, "if here ain't Sissy Andrews!"

"Mother sent you a Christmas," said the little girl, shyly, producing a basket almost as large as herself. "And," continued Sissy, with the subject very much on her mind, "she says I may stay a little while—if you ask me."

"Heart and sakes alive! there ain't such a treat in the world to grandpa and me as a little girl! So take off your things, and come and warm by our big Christmas fire."

Sissy stepped out of her blanket, like a shining wheat kernel out of its sheath—looking, in her plump, dimpled state, as if there was no possibility of ever feeling cold. Then she slipped in between grandpa's knees, and in five minutes was on his lap, combing out his long, silvery hair, and patting his head with her funny little pin-cushion hands; until—with Tabby lying at his feet, in the great glow of the Christmas fire, he looked the perfect picture of contented old age.

Meanwhile grandma unpacked the basket. "Here's one of Miss Andrews's mince-pies—and you know what a master-hand she is at a mince-pie; and a loaf of white bread; and a chicken, ail stuffed; and a pot of honey." Each of these announcements was attended with a little burst of delight. "Now, grandpa," said she, giving him a sly poke, "I guess we'll roast this chicken for dinner, instead of having that big, fat turkey down stairs." Away she trudged after the Dutch oven, and, when the chicken began fizzing and spluttering before the fire, declared it smelt just as good as if they didn't luxuriate on chickens every day they lived.

The next knock that came to the door was from a school-boy's hand—a freckled, tow-headed school-boy, with the lappets of his cap tied very snugly over his ears.

"Here, grandma," cried he, bursting in with a great quantity of fresh air, "I've brought you Christmas-green."

"La, if it ain't our little speaker," exclaimed the dame, "who speaks such a beautiful poetry piece! And I was just

now saying to grandpa, if I had a Christmas-green I should be quite made."

The laural bough was accordingly put up over the antique looking-glass, and the little speaker called upon to speak. So he stepped out bravely, pulled his forelock, and in a nasal drawl began those famous lines of Mr. Pope's—

"Father of all, in every age, in every clime adored."

"Ain't he a dabster at a poetry piece, grandpa? What did you say was the name of it, Nathan?"

"The Universal Hymn," said Nathan, proud of his knowledge.

"Oh, the Universals' Hymn. I never quite agreed with them Universals; but that is a good hymn, if they do claim it."

When the school-boy had gone home; and Sissy had trudged away through the snow; and the beautiful day had slidden into the beautiful orange-tinted sunset; and the fire glowed like a deep, intense cavern of redness; and Grandpa Hildreth lay dozing in his chair, his features all at rest, looking as if he glided insensibly out to the deep-sea soundings of eternity; and Dame Hildreth sat in the opposite chimney-nook, her knitting in her idle hands, perhaps dreaming back to the days of her far-off love-lighted girlhood, there came a knock at the door—a deeper, more meaning knock than any that had sounded upon it that day.

"Who is it?" said the dame, peering into the gathering dusk.

"Don't you know me, mother?"

"Roger, Roger, at last!" half sobbed, half laughed the happy old creature, throwing her arms around him, quite regardless of the woman who followed, and the little golden-haired child, bearing white lilies in her hand, that had pressed the waxen cheek of a dead boy.

"Where is father?" huskily whispered the strong, broad-shouldered man, bowed and broken in some strange way.

"Here, here," and she led him weeping to the old man's chair.

"Grandpa, here is Roger come home."

"Roger," murmured the old man, half asleep. "I dreamed he was a little lad again, standing by my knee to read his primer."

"No, no, father," cried Roger, kneeling down at those aged feet; "not an innocent child, but a sinning, sorrowing man. From the death-bed of my brave, beautiful boy I come to implore your forgiveness." His voice was choked with tears.

"Nay, nay," said the old man, soothingly. "I have known what it is to be tempted, to be weak, to sin. How could I hold resentment in my heart? I pardoned you—fully, freely pardoned you—long years ago."

His arm slipped about Roger's neck; the

little child, with her snowy lilies, crept into his lap, and laid her golden head against the old man's breast; the repentant wife knelt on the other side, and clasped hands with both of those she had so deeply wronged; and over that group of feeble age, strong manhood, and sinless infancy was breathed the Christmas spirit—"Peace on earth, good-will toward men."—*Independent.*

INFLUENCE OF YOUNG LADIES.

I am glad to listen to the notes of warning sounding from time to time respecting the evils of the intoxicating cup. Notwithstanding all that has been said, the young are still unaware of the danger that lurks within it, and are too often found tampering therewith, and using the thoroughly exploded arguments, "What harm in a single glass," "Surely I am to be trusted." Ah, my dear young friends, how little do you know yourselves! But suppose *you* are to be trusted, how many are there who are not; and would you jeopardize your neighbor's soul for the enjoyment of a social glass? Pause before you incur so tremendous a responsibility, and ask yourself, "How shall I meet it, if this should prove the first step in the downward road to that soul?" Ask, too, what will be the limit of your soul's joy, should you find at last, that your example or your counsel had been the means of shielding one from temptation, who might otherwise have been dragged down to eternal ruin.

Perhaps many in the country, whose lives pass on in one uniform round of well-ordered usefulness, are not aware of the class of temptations which beset youthful feet in the city, during the season of holidays, and especially New Year's Day. Many of us remember how this day was spent in our early youth—in prayer, social and private, in renewed consecrations to a life of diligent work for the Master. We remember the earnest exhortations with young friends to begin the New Year with God, and we remember, too, how earnestly we strove, as good soldiers, to secure some trophies for our great Captain. We cannot but feel that the good old ways were the best, and will show best in eternity.

But I am wandering from the point I intended to make, which was this. The customs of society may prove a stumbling block to the weak, and when this is the case, let us do all we can to remove the obstruction, or to help timid and weak ones over it.

Years since, I spent New Year's Day in New York with a Christian family, where were several young people. Memory then laid up in her secret chambers many an

item for future consideration, one of which has been an unfailing source of pleasure in the years between then and now. Among the numerous callers, old and young, grave and gay, was a youth in his teens, handsome and dashing, evidently the child of wealth and high respectability. He was young America right out, self-willed, not afraid of a venture, and bent on having a good time generally. It was easy to see that, like the silly fly, he could soon be entangled in the spider's web. My interest was intense. Will these young ladies, I queried, let that young man plunge without a word of warning into all the temptations of a day like this? Great was my gratification on observing how, with woman's tact, they contrived, while enjoying his harmless pleasantries, to intersperse their rejoinders with such gentle suggestions as could in no wise be considered personal, and yet had all the effect of a direct appeal. After a call of unusual length, he rose to go, when one of the young ladies earnestly said, "Now I want you to promise me that you will not taste wine to-day." He hesitated, but was manifestly pleased with her artless ingenuousness. At length he said, "I should be very glad to promise you, but if a beautiful young lady were to ask me to drink a glass with her, you know it would be rude to refuse." Here was a tempting bait, and to argue with him would have been no use. To intimate that he was in danger would amount to nothing, for he did not believe it. A suggestion from the mother of the young lady who had asked for the promise, helped to decide the matter. She pleasantly remarked, "You could say that you promised another young lady this morning that you would not taste wine to-day, and you cannot break your word." "Yes, I can do that," said he, "and I will. I promise. Good morning." Was the promise kept?

Many months after, two ladies sat conversing respecting the future of their children, and opening up to each other their hopes and fears and anxieties. Said one of them, "I was much encouraged in regard to one of my sons last New Year's Day. He came home early, very pleasant and thoughtful, and said he had been making calls all day, and thought he would return and spend the evening with me. I was delighted, for I was very unwell and should otherwise have passed the evening alone. We had much pleasant conversation, in the course of which he remarked, that he had not tasted wine for the day, that a young lady had asked him to promise her in the morning that he would not, and he had kept his word. Oh," said the mother, "I have often thought if I could only know who that young lady was, I would go any distance to thank her for her influence over my son." "It was my daughter," said the

other, "and let us give thanks where alone it is due, that the expedient had the desired effect." And now, when we look at this youth, a respectable business man, in middle life, and hopefully a child of God, who can say that the events of that New Year's Day did not help to make him what he is?

Let me conclude this article by giving extracts of letters from three young men, who feel greatly indebted to a young lady for a similar interest in their behalf. Says one, alluding to a scene of conviviality, at which he was present: "I was the only one who did not drink, and this I owe to your influence. I shall never cease to feel grateful for what you have done for me. You seem the only one who cares whether I go to destruction or not. Often when tempted, I think of you and your kind advice, and it holds me back." Another, who had been drawn from the very edge of the precipice, and who nobly bore the cross, and now we trust wears the crown, says: "What do I not owe to you? Under God you have rescued, saved me. I have passed through many and sore trials, and have found Jesus an ever-present Help and Comforter." The other, who had often been the subject of counsel and earnest persuasions not to visit the theatre, etc., writes: "I thank you for your interest in the salvation of my soul. I humbly hope I have now found Christ precious, and I desire that you will still plead in my behalf, that I may be able, with God's grace assisting me, to prove true to the calling of Christ, and be an instrument in His hand of doing good and leading souls to heaven."

Now, my dear young-lady reader, does conscience accuse you of having done anything to draw young men into the snares of the intoxicating cup? If so, make haste to retrace your steps before the curse pronounced upon him who "giveth his neighbor drink, who putteth his bottle to him and maketh him drunken," fall upon you. If conscience does not accuse you on this wise, have you done what you can to break the chain, and lift up the fallen one? Have you done what you can to persuade the young men of your acquaintance—not, to drink moderately—but to touch not, taste not, handle not? If not, do it quickly. It may not be too late to save one whose influence may come back into your own family, in the salvation of some beloved one.

And to young men and lads I would say, if young ladies ask you to drink, resist the temptation. Adopt right principles, and do not hesitate to avow them. Avoid the rock of *moderate drinking*. Many a strong man has been wrecked upon it. Take warning in time, and do not madly run so terrible a risk.—*Advocate and Guardian*.

THE LAST MILE-STONES.

BY PEARL RIVERS.

Sixty years through shine and shadow—
Sixty years, my gentle wife,
You and I have walked together
Down the rugged road of life.
From the hills of spring we started,
And through all the summer land,
And the fruitful autumn country,
We have journeyed hand in hand.

We have borne the heat and burden,
Toiling painfully and slow;
We have gathered in our harvest,
With rejoicing, long ago.
Leave the uplands for our children—
They are strong to sow and reap;
Through the quiet winter lowlands
Our level way we keep.

'Tis a dreary country, darling,
You and I are passing through;
But the road lies straight before us,
And the miles are short and few;
No more dangers to encounter—
No more hills to climb, true friend;
Nothing now but simple walking,
Till we reach our journey's end.

We have had our time of gladness;
'Twas a proud and happy day—
Ah! the proudest of our journey—
When we felt that we could say
Of the children God had given,
Looking fondly on the ten:
"Lovely women are our daughters—
Our sons are noble men!"

We have had our time of sorrow—
Our time of anxious fears,
When we could not see the mile-stones
Through the blindness of our tears.
In the sunny summer country,
Far behind us little May
And Willie, too, grew weary,
And we left them on the way

Are you looking backward, mother,
That you stumble in the snow?
I am still your guide and staff, dear,
Lean your weight upon me, so!
Our road is growing narrow;
And, what is it wife, you say?
Yes! I know our eyes are dim, dear,
But we have not lost the way.

Cheer thee! cheer thee! faithful hearted!
Just a little way before
Lies the great Eternal City
Of the King that we adore.
I can see the shining spires:
And the King, the King, my dear,
We have served Him long and humbly;
He will bless us, do not fear.

Ah! the snow falls fast and heavy—
How you shiver with the cold!
Let me wrap your mantle closer,
And my arm around you fold.
We are weak, and faint, and weary,
And the sun low in the West.
We have reached the gates, my darling,
Let us tarry here and rest.

Young Folks.



A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY JENNIE BELL.

On a New Year's Eve a little girl might have been seen picking her steps as carefully as she could over the dirty pavement in one of the most populous and crowded lanes of London. Patter, patter, came the rain-drops on the little uncovered head; while the thin worn shoes let the wet in at every step. No wonder the poor child shivered, as she drew the shawl closer about her, and walked as quickly as she could, wending her way in and out among the groups of wretched-looking children, with an ease that proved she had trod the same road many times before.

At last she reached the door of the best-looking house in the street, and yet this was bad enough, with the door off the hinges, and scarce a window but had a stuffing of rags. Mounting to the second storey, she opened the door of a small room. The room had little furniture in it, yet, someway, it had a look of gentility about it that none of the others had. A piece of faded carpet was neatly spread in the centre of the floor, while a rather worn hearth-rug adorned the fire-side. The table at one side of the room boasted a green-and-black checked cover, and the chairs were covered with the same. A few books were tastefully laid out on the table, with the gilt side up, helping, in their quiet way, the adornment of the room. On the hearth-rug sat a pale, delicate boy, trying to blow a bit of wet stick into a blaze, and so make the kettle boil; but, on hearing the door softly open, he sprang to his feet, saying—"Have you sold it, sister Maggie; and what have you got for supper?"

"Have patience, James," Maggie answered, with a sad smile, as she wearily

drew a stool near to the fire and sat down. But James was hungry, and he couldn't wait; so he began to take out the contents of the basket. First came a loaf of bread, then butter, a few eggs, and some coffee. Poor James! how his eye brightened as he saw the eggs! Not for months had he tasted an egg, and these looked so fresh—so unlike London eggs—that he could hardly wait until they were cooked.

Slipping off her wet shoes, Maggie got a pair of dry stockings—a good deal too large, to be sure—but they were dry; and the color came into her cheeks a little as she stood before the fire making the coffee. Child as she was, one could see by a glance that she must have had careful training. Her setting of the table was so neat! the books were taken off the little table, then the green-and-black cover was carefully folded; and a white towel, a little thread-bare, was spread. The cups and saucers, bread and butter, did look very inviting, so tastefully were they arranged. By this time James had boiled the eggs to perfection. They sat down, but did not begin to eat, as many children would have done, until Maggie had said her little grace—taught her long ago by her mamma. After tea, Maggie told James of her walk; how, as she was carrying a book to exchange for food at the grocer's, she was knocked down by a gentleman who was turning the corner of a street, and not hearing her soft footstep, the result was a collision. "When I fell," Maggie continued, "I must have struck my head on the corner of the pavement, for I remembered nothing more until I opened my eyes in a druggist's shop; and such a pleasant-looking gentleman was holding a glass of water to my

lips. As I looked up he smiled, and asked if I was hurt; and in such a kind tone, and in a voice so like dear mamma's, that I burst into tears. As soon as I could speak, I told him why I cried. I also told him about our home, and you, and of the kind grocer that took anything we wished to exchange for food. After seeing me get these things at the grocer's, he walked with me to the head of our street, asked me where I lived, and when he said 'good by,' slipped a half-crown into my hand, promising to come and see us to-morrow. The gentleman was so kind, brother, I could not help thinking of the angels mamma used to tell us about—who sometimes, in disguise, go about the world helping God's children out of their difficulties."

After clearing the table, and putting away the dishes, Maggie drew her little brother down on the hearth-rug to talk about papa and mamma who were in heaven. Wise little Maggie, but a child yourself, and yet trying to fill a mother's place to your little brother! But she had known what sorrow was, and trouble had made her wise beyond her years.

"I don't believe God will help us," said James. Before mamma died, she said that God would send some one to care for us, and it's ever so long ago since then, and nobody has come yet."

"Hush," replied Maggie, "don't you know God hears us every word we say, and maybe papa and mamma too? Perhaps Uncle James may come to-morrow; only it is strange he has not written. Nearly a year since mamma wrote to him, and a letter does not take six months to go from England to Australia."

"Suppose uncle should be dead, Maggie; or perhaps your letter gone down to the bottom of the sea, like the ship you were telling me of a few days ago."

"Well, if it did," replied the brave girl, "God will find some other way of answering mother's prayers; for don't you remember she often said 'No mother's prayers would go unanswered.'"

"Well, all I wish," James answered, "is that mamma had taken me with her. I never would be hungry in heaven, and everything is so beautiful there! the streets all gold, instead of greasy mud, like Lon-

don; and the people that dwell there dressed in white, with their harps, singing all day long."

"But then, James, it was not God's will to take you then; and who knows what great work He has for you to do? You know mamma said—'God has a work for each of His children to do in this world, and we must be brave and trust Him that all will come right.' Can you say the verse about the orphan's stay and God's promise to be a 'Father to the fatherless?'"

"Oh, yes, Maggie, I can say them both. But do you think papa and mamma will be angry if they know what I said?"

"About what, dear?"

"About not trusting God?"

"Not angry, but grieved, dear James; as they would be if they saw their boy doing wrong," and Maggie patted the thin cheeks, and smoothed the curly hair, till James' eyes were nearly closed in sleep.

Just then a light knock came to the door, and the kind-hearted Irishwoman who lived in the room below, entered, saying with a smile, "Sure it's good luck that is come to you childer to-night; for here's a basket for 'Miss Maggie George,' the man said; and I'm sure it's plenty there's in it."

"For me, Mrs. Brady?" said Maggie. Then it must be from the kind gentleman I met when I was out. Oh, how good, how kind of him! But it is from our Heavenly Father, after all, Mrs. Brady; for it is He that puts it into the hearts of people to do kind things."

"It's yourself that's always right, honey, and I'm after thinking the same. I had better take off the cover for you, for them little fingers of yours will never unfasten these hard knots." And sure enough it was a serious matter; but this only prolonged the pleasure.

The children who read this story cannot know the joy of opening a basket like this, because you, perhaps, never missed a dinner in your life; and, unlike our young friends, you have many kind relatives who always provide a nice dinner for New Year's Day.

When the cover was fairly off, James danced about the floor for joy. Just fancy, two large chickens, ready cooked; with a bun and plum-pudding; and a pair of

warm shoes for each of them! Was there ever anybody so kind as this unknown gentleman? James was the first to speak:

"Maggie, I'll always trust God now. Mamma knew best."

"I'm just as glad as if it came for myself, childer," said Mrs. Brady.

"A part of it has come for you, dear Mrs. Brady," replied Maggie, putting her arms round the kind-hearted woman's neck. "You shall have one chicken; and you will boil the pudding, and your children shall have a feast for one New Year's day. But for to-night the basket goes under the table."

"Good night, my dears, and the Lord be with you;" and with tears of joy in her eyes Mrs. Brady closed the door.

Maggie and James talked a good while about the gentleman who had been so generous, wondering if he would come on the morrow. But nothing could keep James' eyes open much longer; so Maggie and he knelt hand-in-hand by the bedside, and thanked God for His love for them, and His care over them—not forgetting to pray that Uncle James would come home soon.

Next morning they were up before it was light, for London is often dark on New Year's morning. They had breakfast and then Maggie set to work to make the room as neat as possible, feeling sure the gentleman would come. James, meanwhile, read his lesson, for his sister taught him every morning, as her mamma used to; then, they dressed themselves carefully, putting on their new shoes. Mrs. Brady had the pudding in the pot some time before. So they had leisure to do as they liked; often Maggie gathered the little children in the stair, and took them up to a garret room that she kept clean, and seating them on the floor, she would sing them a hymn, then make them repeat a verse after her, till they knew it thoroughly, until by this time they could sing several hymns very nicely. Maggie did this partly because she was so fond of singing hymns, and then she knew she was doing good, keeping the little ones out of mischief, and teaching them something about Jesus and heaven; doing this the forenoon soon slipped away. Then came dinner, Maggie and James taking it with Mrs. Brady's family, that the little ones

might get a larger share. The dinner was a very pleasant one, far pleasanter than many a rich child's, for it was a feast to children who seldom got enough even of the coarsest food.

An hour after 12 o'clock and still no sign of the gentleman. Maggie's head had been out of the window for the fifth or sixth time, when she saw a figure turning the corner, that she thought was the person she watched for. No coaxing on James' part would induce Maggie to let him have just one peep; it wouldn't be polite, Maggie thought, to be seen watching; yet she had the door open long before Mr. Howard reached the top of the stair. Something seemed to affect the gentleman sadly as he entered the room, for he could scarce greet his young friends for a minute or two. Maggie thought he was even more like mamma in daylight, but said nothing when she drew the chair near the fire.

"So this is your home and this your brother, Maggie," said Mr. Howard as he patted James' curly head. The child was quite at home at once with this kind friend and chatted away, thanking him for his present and such warm shoes, and the boy stopped.

"What is it, my boy?"

"Maggie says I have more reason to thank God, for He put it into your heart to send the basket."

"Quite right, child; your sister knows who cares for the orphan."

As he put his arm round the little girl, he asked her if she could tell him about their former life; how they lived, and about her mamma.

"I can tell you it all, sir—for after papa died, mamma used to talk to me of her early days. You know it was a comfort to her to talk to me. We were not always so poor, and mamma was a lady; she could speak two or three languages, and long ago when we had a piano she sang so beautifully. Mamma said she had displeased her friends by marrying papa, who was poor; he was an artist, and if he had kept strong, would have made plenty of money. Grandma died before mamma married, and grandpa was proud and thought mamma had thrown herself away, and he would not help us, although we wrote to him when papa took

ill. Mamma always said that if her only brother, who was in Australia, knew how poor we were, that he would help us; but we could not get his address until just before mamma died and we have got no word from him yet—but I have forgotten to go straight on with my story. Papa got on very well for a few years after he married, and we lived in a pretty house, just out of London—and we had a garden and kept a servant, and papa was much looked up to, because of his talent, mamma said. Just after this papa took cold, and, not being strong, it settled on his lungs. The doctor said that perfect rest, and a change to some warmer climate, would restore him; but then we had only a very little money laid past, and papa would not take that, although mamma urged him to do so. He would say, 'What are you to live on, if I take that, Maggie? No, if it's God's will He will restore me to health again;' but it hadn't been God's will, you see, sir, for papa got gradually worse, although he lingered on some four years able to earn enough now and again to keep us in food. We removed to a smaller house in London, for it was too far for papa to walk in and out, and he could not afford a conveyance. Oh, how sad it made mamma to see papa pining away, and she unable to obey the doctor's orders! But papa never grumbled. He used to say, 'It is darkest before the dawn, dear;' and mamma explained afterwards that he meant—'The brightness of Heaven would make up for the darkness here.' Sometimes papa would wish he had left mamma in her comfortable home; but mamma said she preferred poverty with him, and God would provide for the future. Shortly after papa died. Mamma and he often spoke of the parting, but far oftener of the meeting again; and mamma would say—'It won't be a long separation, Henry; then we will have an eternity to spend together.' The night papa died, he asked James and me to sit on the side of the bed; and then he spoke to us, oh! so solemnly! of the way we were to live so as to meet him in heaven, and how kind we were to be to dear mamma! Then he prayed so beautifully that God would comfort us

when he was gone, and bring us all together at last in the heavenly mansions.

"After the funeral expenses were paid, we removed to two small rooms, but in a respectable locality. Mamma got fine sewing to do, and I helped as much as I could. But often mamma hadn't enough sewing, and then we had less and less to live on. Mamma never complained, but grew pale and thin, and couldn't eat much; but sometimes I thought she could have eaten, but did not want to take any for fear James and I hadn't enough. By and by, mamma didn't feel strong; the constant sitting caused a pain in her side, and she found she couldn't sew so much. The rent of the two rooms was more than we could pay, so we came to this room just two years ago. Mamma lived a year here, but she was never able to do much, and so papa's watch had to be sold, and, being a good one, it brought us enough of money to keep us nearly a year; and since then we have just had to sell things bit by bit, to get food. Mamma tried to get well for our sake, but who could get well in this little room? But from the first, mamma knew her trouble would end in death. All this time she was teaching us, especially out of the Bible, telling us how much Jesus loved us, and that He would raise us friends when she was away. Then she would pray with us; and often, at night, I heard her asking God to care for her 'dear children.' Before she died, she wrote to Uncle James, telling him to be a father to us. Grandpa died some years before, and left all he had to uncle; so Uncle James is very wealthy—but then he is in Australia, and we haven't had an answer to the letter mamma wrote. I can hardly bear to tell you of mamma's last moments, sir—it's so hard, even yet—but she died so happy! Her last words were—'Children, follow Jesus.' I was alone with her when she died; but I wasn't afraid—she was so pleasant, and the neighbors were kind."

Here poor Maggie's voice failed, and the tears would come; and Mr. Howard and James wept too. Maggie was the first to speak:

"I am sorry I have made you sad, sir; but I'm sure mother's prayers will be ans-

wered, and Uncle James will come home soon."

"Yes, my darling," said Mr. Howard, "he will, and he has come home, for I am your Uncle James;" and he clasped them in his arms, and wept over them, and their sad story. When somewhat recovered from their surprise, Mr. Howard told them of his having removed several hundred miles further from the place he formerly lived in, and so their letter had lain in the post-office for several months; but as soon as he did get it, he started at once for England. The night before he was out searching for them, when he accidentally came against Maggie, whose name and history made him sure he had found his nephew and niece. Mr. Howard accepted the precious legacy with joy, and they were now his adopted children.

"What a happy New Year this has been after all, Uncle James," said Maggie, as on New Year's night they were snugly seated in an elegant room at their tea. "Do you think mamma will know, uncle."

"We cannot be sure of these things, Maggie; but it is pleasant to think she knows and rejoices too. One thing we do know—with all things dark around her she had faith to believe God would bring all things right; and her faith in God's promises made her last hours free from care."

"So will I trust God always," broke in James; and he did, as after years proved.

Now that the orphans were rich, they did not forget their poor friends. Mrs. Brady was well cared for; and often Maggie delighted the old neighbors with a visit, always bringing them some substantial comfort.

I wonder if any of the children who read the *DOMINION MONTHLY* ever think of the orphans who have no kind friends to provide comforts for them at Christmas and New Year's times. And I wonder if they ever think what a profitable way it would be to spend some of their pocket-money in buying comforts for some poor little ones! Wouldn't it be worth while to see the pale faces brighten with pleasure, and to hear the mother's "God bless you?" And, better still, to hear your Heavenly Father's voice, saying—"Inasmuch as ye have done

it unto one of these the least of My children, ye have done it unto Me."

MOTH AND RUST :

PRIZE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALE, PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT, BOSTON.

Ralph Morley, a respectable and well-to-do merchant of Fenton, had given up his business, sold his comfortable home and purchased a saw-mill in the lumber region at the head waters of the Alleghany, in order to make a fortune. Ralph was a church-member; he observed all the ordinances faithfully and went regularly to prayer-meeting; but his donations were not large. His plan was to save all he could and use the money in his business, so as to be able to give largely at some future time; he would do the thing handsomely then. For the present he had four children to educate and establish in life, and he must make money. So, in spite of his mother's prayers, in spite of Aunt Stacey's warnings, in spite of his pastor's faithful exhortations, he cut himself loose from church and religious society, and all restraining influences which might have helped himself and his children, and started for "Dodson's Mill." Mrs. Morley was a weak woman, who always meant to do her duty sometime, but was likely to be led by her husband whichever way he went. Aunt Stacey, who had nursed Ralph, and now nursed his children, was a faithful Christian, and did what she could to make up for the deficiencies of the parents.

The Sundays at "Dodson's" were a great difficulty. After the first two or three, spent with nothing to do, had made holy time a terror to the little Morleys, Frank, the most impressive of the boys, recalling the exhortations of friends in Fenton concerning efforts to do good, proposed that he and his brothers should hold a Sunday-school for the children of the workmen. This idea was received by Ralph with rapture, but the first attempt ended in a general fight among the boys, which put a stop to any further efforts in that direction. At this point we take up the story this month.

CHAPTER III.

DODSON'S MILL.

"He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."

For some weeks after the affair of Sabbath afternoon at the mill, the Gospel and Morley piety were very much at a discount at Dodson's. Ralph, with hasty parental feeling, informed Peter Perkins that the Perkins's eldest was "a rascal;" whereupon Peter, with equal parental feeling, had quickly replied that he did not care, and had declined to work any more at Dodson's. Peace was made between master and man, however, though the boys were inveterate foes.

During these weeks, Mr. Morley was incessantly occupied at the mill, and his wife was over-pressed with spring sewing; neither of them had time to inaugurate that "home school" that had been projected; and the children were rampant, wasting their time, learning nothing but mischief, destroying their dry-goods, and getting to look and act like young Hottentots; insomuch that Ralph was forced to leave the mill three several times to read the Riot Act, and administer condign punishment with birch-rods to the violators of the public peace. Matters were coming to a crisis; and Ralph and his wife bestirred themselves. A room was set apart for a schoolroom; three desks were made, books put in order, the mother's work-table was set by a window, and Helen's little chair placed near; and, on Monday morning, the three young Americans were put in their places, and ordered to begin a general review.

By noon, Mrs. Morley had begun to envy Stacey, and feel that she preferred doing the family washing to shooting such truant ideas as were indigenous or exotic to the youthful Morley brain. But a mother is capable of almost any exertion on behalf of her children: these lads *must* be taught, and there was only the mother to do it at present. So she bravely held her post while they spent an afternoon-hour looking over next day's lessons, and gave them to understand that six mornings in a week would find them busy with their studies.

Mrs. Morley's post as teacher of these infants was not particularly enviable: it was up-hill work. Richard was proud and morose: if he failed in his task, he became angry at himself, his book, and his mother. Frank, of a jollier temperament, rushed at his book as some would-be heroes rush at a fortification, loudly resolved to do or die; but, like these same braves, fell back when he encountered a real resistance. Frank was gloriously successful over what was easy; but the rivers of Europe could at any time cause him to beat a retreat. Long-

division took him a hopeless prisoner; he hung out a white flag in the shape of a wet pocket-handkerchief at the first charge of a battalion of three-syllable words. Freddy had an inconvenient habit of falling ill as soon as school-time begun. The First Reader gave Freddy a severe headache; his copy-book caused his eyes to smart, and a ringing to be heard in his ears; while the multiplication-table acted like a green apple, and occasioned a violent cramp in regions unspeakable.

One may be inclined to think that Mrs. Morley's task was hopeless; that, in view of all these difficulties, she might as well have yielded at once, and resigned her sons to mental anarchy. But perseverance is a grand conqueror, and has won more laurels than Cæsar, Alexander, or Napoleon. Mrs. Morley persisted, and she achieved some success; but there was a way in which she might have made more peaceful and satisfactory progress. There is a certain parable of the talents, which many professing Christians, and some possessing Christianizing Christians, fail to see lies at the ground-work of all successful training. Why not give the child from its earliest day, first in short and simple speech, and afterwards in more extended instructions, to realize that it holds all its advantages from One who will, at the great day of account, demand his own with usury. If only the one talent of time is possessed cannot the child be taught to respect that? Why keep the soul tied to the lower matters of earthly praise and blame, of holidays and dollar-prizes, when over all is the high thought of Him who keeps and balances the books of reckoning, and will say, "Well done! enter into joy?" It seems to me that Mrs. Morley might have dedicated the study-hour to God by words of Scripture and prayer *suited to the work in hand*; that she might have taught her children that even these initiatory studies took hold on eternity, and that God could be glorified even by the geography and grammar lesson well learned, the spelling and reading properly recited, and the morning honestly devoted to improvement. When shall we have a higher standard of Christian living in Christian homes? Lacking these higher incentives to effort, matters moved on at the mill in some slow fashion; and we do not wish it to be inferred that the Morleys were unhappy or disappointed. Ralph found his business a pecuniary success; he began to make money even beyond his expectations. Very unfortunately, he was given the desire of his heart; and whatever he did had a worldly prosperity.

Mrs. Morley rejoiced in her husband's joy. She felt contented to live at Dodson's just now; for she lived in her children, and thought the place suited them; therefore it suited her. The children exulted in the

freedom of the woods and perfect health. They had pic-nics and walks; they built houses about the mill, and set up house-keeping; they had ovens where they roasted apples and potatoes; and they caught squirrels and rabbits. They had a cow and plenty of chickens; they had a buggy, a wagon, and three horses; and with child-like facility accommodating themselves to new circumstances, they were glad.

Had the Morleys gone to Dodson's Mill from duty or necessity; had they been earnest, practical Christians,—we know they might have strengthened the kingdom of Christ in themselves, their children, and their new neighborhood. But we admitted from the beginning that they went to Dodson's Mill from covetousness; and as we do not intend to trifle with wickedness, we refer you to the declaration that the Lord abhorreth the covetous. How, then, could the Morleys look for a blessing while they held to their greed? The logs came to the mill, and sawn lumber went from it. The saws cut and whirred, and planks rattled down upon planks. The spring grew into summer. Mrs. Morley's flowers blossomed in bright succession; vines grew over the bare porches and about the shutterless windows. The family—we except Stacey—became accustomed to the loss of church and Sunday-school. Mrs. Morley did not remit the learning of verses and catechism; neither did she arrive at any profitable way of applying this learning, nor of conducting Sabbath exercises. A walk in the afternoon became tacitly permitted to the boys; and when the *tasks*—for they were tasks, and nothing higher or better, under Mrs. Morley's administration—were ended, they were allowed to read any kind of book or paper to be found in the house.

Stacey, as opportunity offered, taught and interested the younger children Sabbath evening; and sometimes the elder pair were beguiled into listening and learning by her quaint speech and evident earnestness.

We wish we could tell you, as they do in some story-books, that, in less than six months from the arrival of the Morleys at Dodson's, Dodson's became Eden restored; that John Thomas left drinking, and preached the Gospel; that Peter Perkins was an ornament of his race; and all the little Morleys, and Perkinses, and Dodson juveniles generally, held prayer-meetings, while a church's white steeple pierced a sea of leaves, and a pastor was settled among a band of primitive Christians. We can tell none of those things, because none of these things happened. Had Ralph been a live Christian, we believe we might tell you of a Sunday-school and a temperance society; for we think these would have been the natural outgrowth of his godliness. Had Mrs. Morley been an active Christian

woman, we feel sure, that, by the time her dahlias bloomed, her neighbor women would have been tidier, quieter, more Sabbath-keeping, less lazy and gossiping, and better mothers. And, above all, we are sure that the four Morley children, like that immortal Child, would have grown "in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Had the life of Ralph Morley and his wife had all its springs in God, this verdure and beauty had blessed its flowing; but, as it was only a poor, bitter spring of earth, it ran on through the devil's territory; and swearing and Sabbath-breaking, drinking and fighting, coldness and hypocrisy, were the ill weeds that flourished unchecked about them.

Before the dahlias reached their decadence, a stranger stopped at the Morley gate. He was mounted on a stout horse, and had a pair of large, well-filled saddlebags, and a big parcel. His name was Luke Rogers; and, as he laid the rein on his horse's neck, a look of surprise and pleasure brightened his eyes, as he noticed the air of taste and thrift that prevailed at Dodson's, and especially at the healthy appearance of the four well-dressed children who were playing at a swing near the kitchen-porch. Helen Morley was surely a dear little girl, and the pet of her brothers; tastefully dressed, with floating sash and curls and happy face, she would have won an approving smile from the surliest, to say nothing of a man so genial as Luke Rogers. It was Helen, indeed, who was the bright spot in this family. Helen learned her primer and hemmed her seam when her brothers were sulky or idle; and Helen soothed wrath and placated offended powers when open war had been declared in the family. Lastly—Helen, sooner than any other, could bring Stacey's turban down from its loftiest altitude. Ralph Morley, at his mill-door, saw the stranger alight by his gate, and came over with a hearty hand-shake and bland smile ready, which he counted it good policy to give to every man he met. Mrs. Morley rose from her sewing, and appeared on the threshold. The stranger introduced himself as Luke Rogers, a colporteur, who paid a yearly visit to that region, looking after the spiritual interests of the community. He usually spent several days at Dodson's, and had, heretofore, been entertained in that house, the only one suitable in the vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. Morley at once made him welcome, and hoped he would remain with them as long as suited his convenience. Frank showed the guest to the spare bedroom; Richard led the horse to the stable; and Stacey, hearing the stranger's words, patted her turban down to its lowest, smiled all over her face, and proceeded to broil a chicken for tea in her best style, singing meantime, "Here I

raise my Ebenezer." Ralph went back to his mill, not decided whether to be glad or indifferent about Luke Rogers's visit. He decided that he ought to be very glad, and regard it as a high privilege; and he was very glad, and regarded it accordingly. Mrs. Morley was delighted at any relief to Dodsonian monotony; and Stacey fairly smacked her lips, as she said to herself, "Now we hab some religion."

The colporteur and the family met at the tea-table. "Were the Morleys Christians?" Indubitably, yes! Ralph answered in the affirmative without a moment's hesitation. He regarded his name on the church-rolls as earnest of his right and title to an inheritance with the saints in light. If his view were correct, dear friends, heaven would be fuller!

Luke Rogers took his acquaintances at their word, and rejoiced. He questioned of religion at Dodson's—what was doing and what might be done. Ralph woke up to eloquence: he meant to build a church, and call a pastor, "as soon as he got fairly on his feet." Might Luke hold a meeting in the mill on Sunday? Oh, certainly! perfectly delighted to have him. And Ralph, without intending to be false, gave such hints of the effort at a Sunday-school, that he held the Morley boys up as saints beside the Perkins sinners. Luke Rogers patted Freddy's head, and said, "they would make it all right now;" and Freddy incontinently observed—"It was all right now; his tooth had grew!"

Tea over, and lo! Helen at papa's elbow, holding the Bible. A happy thought struck Ralph, and he gave over the book to Luke Rogers; and Luke grew happier than ever to know this was a home where they had family worship.

"Are you reading in any special place?" asked Luke, as the family took their seats.

"No," Ralph said; "no."

"Just dip in anywhere, and get done;" whispered Richard to Frank. But his mother caught the whisper, and motioned him to a place at her left, which he took promptly.

Luke Rogers chose the account of the transfiguration. "He took Peter, James, and John," Luke read; and asked, "Who were these, Frank?"

"Sir!" cried Frank, who fell into chronic deafness at prayer-time, and heard nothing.

"I always ask questions when I am reading," said Luke. "Richard, do you know who Peter and James and John were?"

Richard was fully prepared to say "No, sir!" but his mother whispered, "Apostles;" and he answered accordingly.

The Morleys showed, during the colporteur's questioning, that lamentable ignorance of Scripture common to children who are not instructed in the Bible by their parents. However, Richard came out bril-

liantly once, recalling that Elias meant Elijah; and Helen electrified the family by knowing that Moses "went sailing in a basket, when he was a teeny mite of baby." She added also, "Stacey told me so."

Luke Rogers saw that there was a painful laxity in religious teaching in this family, but he trusted they might reach better things. He read only nine verses, but he forced attention to those verses. He explained them—he brought out their meaning and bearings, and impressed them upon the minds of the family. At the thirty-sixth verse of the chapter, Luke turned to the corresponding account in Mark, and read the words "Jesus only." On these he paused to make some remark: "Notice this, Richard, 'Jesus only.' Why? because in Him 'all fulness dwells.' 'Jesus only,' Frank; why? because He is enough—enough for time and for eternity. He supplies all our need. Having Jesus, dear friends, we have all things. Jesus ours, and we want nothing more—nothing more."

"Oh!" said Helen, rising from her chair with big, wise eyes, and hands clasped in eagerness; "Jesus ain't enough for my papa. He wants lots of other things; he wants a lot of money—he said so!"

Poor Helen was drawn back into her chair by Stacey; and her two eldest brothers went into indecorous convulsions of laughter. But, alas! should not Ralph's life rise up in the judgment, like this little child, to condemn him, that he had not made God's beloved Son his chief good, and followed him first of all before his children and the world?

We question if any man is allowed to run unhindered towards destruction. The divine call comes to every heart, and to some hearts right often. This is especially the case with those, who, coming swiftly along the world's way, keep turning their faces ever and anon towards a heaven, which lying far enough out of their present course, they nevertheless hope to reach at last. Helen's remark, that Jesus was not enough for her papa, cut Ralph sorely; nor was this the only time during Luke Rogers's stay, that circumstances wielded heavily the lash of conscience. Ralph was fond of talking; he tried to make up for what he did not do by telling what he meant to do,—a kind of promissory note or mortgage on the future, that is fully a hundred per cent below par.

Said Ralph to Luke Rogers, "I intend to set up a school here. My wife teaches our children now, but it wears on her; and I feel interested in the children of the vicinity; they ought to be educated. Now they have only a district school, poorly taught and thinly attended; and, for three months in the year, I want some well-informed and pious young man,—one who

can take charge of a Sunday-school. Do you know of any such?"

"Yes," said Luke promptly: "I know of one who will be the very man for the place. I will write to him to-day if you like. When would you want a man whose recommendations suit you? and what salary would be given?"

"Hm, ah, um," said Ralph, drawing back. "Yes, I am glad you know of such a man. I will bear it in mind. I shall start this matter as soon as I get on my feet fairly. In a year or so. Yes, certainly."

"But, as to the Sunday-school that could be started at once," said Luke.

"Oh!" replied Ralph hastily, "that has been tried and failed."

"Try again," said Luke briskly. "Your colored woman tells me that in these houses near you are twenty children, all of whom spend Sabbath in playing or quarrelling. The salvation of these souls is precious, and a Sabbath-school might be the appointed means to that end. Let us start one next Sunday; after our service we will organize. Yourself, your wife, and Richard would be teachers; and you would while benefiting the neighborhood, teach your children to come up early to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

"The fact is," said Ralph, "that my wife and I have no knack at this sort of thing. We are not accustomed to it: it would be useless to undertake it; and then I,—I am just now so very busy, my mind so occupied, that I could not do the work nor myself justice."

"My friend," said Luke seriously, "Would it not be well to consider, that the work of the Lord is the most important business we can possibly have? We are not called to serve ourselves, but to serve him. I think it would pay you well in time, and in eternity, to put the work of the gospel first. Let me beg you to start this Sunday-school."

"It cannot be done," said Ralph; I could not undertake it. I am not fitted for that business."

"My God shall supply all your need," began Luke; but Ralph retired into himself, like a snail in its shell, and was inaccessible all that day. Luke spent the time visiting the laborers' homes, and having in the afternoon some serious conversation with M^rs. Morley. He found this lady, like the eldest son in the parable, assenting but never doing. Aunt Stacey was more satisfactory; talked with as she prepared biscuits for tea, she admitted herself "starving for religion" in the Dodson territory; but brightened with the confidence that "she could'n't lib forebber; but up dar was feastin' and no famine all de time."

Next morning, at breakfast, Ralph was still in his shell, and not at home to the

outer world; but, by dinner-time, he returned from distance, and Luke approached him on the subject of temperance. "I see that man Thomas makes you some trouble, drinking."

"Yes," assented Ralph; "he understands his work, but he is a miserable sot."

"Then there is another man who keeps a little groggery, consisting of one barrel of beer and one barrel of whisky. Does he work for you?"

Yes; this poison-seller worked for Ralph!

"Couldn't you start a temperance society; beginning at your own family, for example and fashion's sake, and drawing in every man, woman, and child in the community?"

Luke warmed up at the proposition; but Ralph felt no kindred glow. Ralph liked temperance; wished there were a society; had no objections to signing the pledge, and wanted his family to do so. But to start and keep afloat a temperance society required time; and time was money; and time was something Ralph needed very much more of than he had. Several of the men drank; one or two of the women took a little; but the failing wasn't universal. And what could Ralph do, any way?

The failing would be universal by the next generation if it wasn't nipped in the bud. Now was the time to resist successfully. What could Ralph do? If Luke were in Mr. Morley's place, he thought he should have Henry Brown leave his employ or whisky-selling, and John Thomas give up his place or his dram; and, having thus vindicated his thorough temperance principles, Luke thought he would fight King Whisky, and hold up the standard of abstinence, if it took half his money and half his time. Luke was warm on the subject, for souls were at stake.

Ralph felt ashamed of his own chilliness; he was rebuked for his selfishness; and, as he finished his last cup of coffee, he said he should certainly look after this matter very soon, and have a change. As he stood in the mill ordering, inspecting, and putting his own hand to the work, conscience cried out to him, how this younger man was distancing him on the road to glory, and how much more in earnest was Luke Rogers than Ralph Morley. Ralph felt angry. He roundly declared, "It was no wonder: religion was Luke's business, and he ought to be well posted in it; but lumbering was his own business, and he meant to make his mark in it." This blow quite stunned conscience; so much that it fell down senseless, and revived no more until Sunday.

Very likely Luke Rogers, who felt himself the messenger of God, and was neither afraid nor ashamed to deliver the message wherewith he had been charged, chose his text for Sabbath with some reference to the

people by whom he was surrounded. Luke had made friends already with the people near the mill; indeed, most of them had seen him in other years, for Luke had cultivated, to the best of his ability, this part of the Lord's vineyard during a past year or two. The trouble had been, that hitherto he had no one to second his endeavors—no one by example and precept to uphold the good work while he was gone. When Luke came to Dodson's, and found a family professing religion there, he thought his chief hindrance had been done away; but he soon began to wonder whether a greater hindrance had not been added.

"My lad," said Luke to Peter Perkins's eldest, "come over to the mill to-morrow; we are going to have a very nice meeting."

"Is that Richard Morley going to be there?" asked young Perkins. "'Cause if he is, I ain't going. He'll sass me. I know his tricks. He told me I was a sinner—a bigger sinner nor him"—went on this wrathful and illogical scion of the Perkins tree; "and I told him he lied, for I wasn't. And even if I was, he lied all the same. And he needn't go to crowing over me 'cause I swear; for I guess I would'n't neither, if I had on my good clothes every day, like he does."

By this we see that it is much easier for enmity to be stirred up than quelled. Luke Rogers, however—perceiving that good clothes were considered by this Perkins an antidote for swearing, advised him to don his best, and appear at the mill next day; promising that Richard should give no more offence. "I am sure he did not mean to provoke you," said Luke; "but he took a wrong way of trying to benefit you. You must blame his head rather than his heart." The Perkins, however, was implacable, and replied "that he blamed Richard all over, from his head to his feet."

A Sunday service did not occur more than once a year at Dodson's Mill; and the occasion brought out some forty people,—all that dwelt thereabouts, in fact. A room had been cleared out. Some of the lumber put up on trestles served as seats, and Mrs. Morley sent over a chair, a stand, and a large Bible from the house, for the use of the speaker. The seven members of the Morley family occupied one corner of the room; and the people from the neighborhood were scattered about on the improvised seats,—sunburnt and freckled faces, some of the men with hats on all the time of service, homespun dresses and blue overalls, and the best suits of some of the juveniles being such marvels of color and cut that Richard gave more attention to them than to the sermon.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal." Clearly came the monition from the preach-

er's lips. Sharply he showed his hearers the fatal results of cleaving to these lower things. The infinite soul twines itself around finite treasures; time and change perform their work. How low the soul has fallen when all its support has gone! The gnawing moth of care destroys the beautiful fabric of our patient weaving; the slow rust of time, the damps of tears, and the secret corrosion of unbelief and injustice eat away the precious store, in winning which heaven has been lost. Beggared and hopeless, the soul reaches eternity, and stands a stranger at the gate of a city where no friends or kindred in spirit are dwelling, where none know the comer's name, where no Surety has been bespoken, no Advocate retained to plead its cause, no treasure sent before, no mansion prepared; and the glorious accents of that far-off land are all unknown to the tongue that has hitherto made only bargains, and counted the gains of that dim planet—Earth, that has faded out of its sight. Luke Rogers quoted from the Koran:—"When a man dies, the people, as they gather round his coffin, will ask—'What *property* did he leave?' but the angels, as they bend over his grave, will question, 'What *good* did he send *before* him?'"

Now, as he said this, he glanced over his little congregation, and his eyes settled in a full gaze at Ralph Morley, and the look cut Ralph to the heart. This arrow had not been shot at a venture, and it had gone home. Now, shall Ralph fly to the Healer of Gilead for relief, or go to one Dr. Delay, and be cured with the salve of "by and by?"

At evening, Luke instructed the family. When the boys were gone to bed, Ralph walked out of doors, and looked at his lumber-mill in the moonlight. The moonlight was flickering and treacherous; and to Ralph, looking, it seemed as if his mill and all his logs and lumber were worm-eaten so as to be utterly worthless. He thought of his bank-stock in Fenton; and over it all a rust had crept thick and red, that cleaved to his touching fingers, and would not be wiped away. Before his fancy rose the palatial city home, on obtaining which his heart was set; and lo! its carpets and its hangings, its velvet and brocade, were riddled with the moth. Ralph shook himself to see if he were asleep, and turned to go into the house. "Pshaw! what a fool I am!" he cried impatiently; and truly he was a far greater fool than he thought. At night, his troubled thoughts swarmed in his brain as he slept—they took no settled form; but he trembled and woke suddenly, and sat up in bed with the impression that he was covered with rust and eaten with moths, and that the room was full of imps laughing at him. The room was orderly; the moonlight fell whitely over him; there was no sound but

the happy Helen laughing in her sleep over some bright remembrance of the day. "Nonsense!" said Ralph. "It is right to make money—it is necessary. I shall do good with it; I shall build a church, ah"—and again he slept.

Luke Rogers went away on Tuesday. The children and Stacey were sorry to have him go. Ralph shook hands, and said he was sorry too; but as Luke's horse whisked his tail at the first turn of the road, and the colporteur's bags and bundle disappeared in the shadow of the autumn leaves, the sunshine to Ralph grew brighter, the mill-wheel creaked a glad refrain, and the saws whirred merrily through the logs.

Luke had stirred the impressive Frank up to do something. Richard also was moved—partly by Luke's words, partly by weariness of doing nothing, and a natural go-a-head-iveness—to make further efforts for the improvement of Dodson's, and the exaltation of himself. Luke, among other things, had left at the Morley's a story of a Temperance Society started by some boys, and having in it a pledge and proceedings. Richard concluded to write the pledge on foolscap, get the children in the neighborhood to sign it, and, when he had twenty-five names, to organize a society, with himself for president. He quite liked the idea. Mr. Morley was quite willing to give a lead-pencil, a sheet of paper, and his consent, but said he had no time to give anything more; and this Richard was not sorry to hear; he wanted to be leader himself. The pledge was against whisky, beer, and tobacco. Richard and Frank were diligent, and at last had fifteen names. They concluded they could not wait for any more, and appointed a meeting for Saturday afternoon. Seven boys came first; and, waiting the arrival of the others, a big ring was marked out, and our juveniles began a grand game of marbles "*for keeps*," wherein Frank lost all the marbles he had, but Richard won ten.

Three boys more came. Marble-playing was a drug in the market; and a riot of "hi-spy" ensued, which lasted for an hour, when it was four o'clock, and the remaining four signers had come. Richard called the meeting to order, and mounting a barrel, made this speech:—

"Boys, we're going to form. You have all signed the pledge, and you've got to keep it. If you don't we'll turn you out. You must do what I say; for I'm going to be president."

A voice from Frank, "That ain't fair, Dick!"

"And Frank's going to be vice-president."

A voice from Frank of a more cheerful tone, "All right."

A loud voice from the eldest Perkins:

"Who said you two could be presidents? Who 'lected you? I guess I'm a year older than you, Dick Morley; and I have just as good a right to be as you have, if I don't wear my good clothes every day:" this angrily.

General cries of, "That's so!" from the boys, who looked on the Perkins's hope as their leader and the defender of their rights.

The Perkins continued, "I ought to be president 'cause the most of them'd rather have me."

"I know more than you do," said Richard the lofty.

"No, you don't. You don't know a beech from a butternut, nor a squirrel from a chipmunk."

"Well, but I know English grammar, and can beat you at making a speech," said Richard still from his barrel.

"Bah!" said the expressive Perkins; "I can beat you at—at"—casting his eye about, "at running on stilts!"

"I bet!" said Richard defiantly.

"And so I bet! Get out of the way, boys, and hand over the stilts!"

The stilts were handed over. Richard and the Perkins sprung upon them, and began frantically tearing about the yard while the other boys cheered them, crying, "Hurry up, Perkins! Run, Dick! That's you! Dick for president! Perkins for president!" The racers were growing weary, when a small John Thomas shouted, "Who gets first to the bar's president!" Both the stilts made a rush for that high end; but, each taking a cross-cut towards the summit of his ambition, they ran violently against each other. Both fell backward, and lay at full length on the ground. Up they sprang, fiercely: "You did that!" "You meant to!" "You did!" "I didn't." And there was a lively mixing of blows with words, when Mr. Morley ran up, parted them, ordered Perkins "never to step into the yard again;" reproached his son as a "rowdy," and bade him go in the house; and, finally, looking all about, proclaimed the Temperance Society broken up, disbanded and dead.

Was it dead? Yes: dead like the flowers that withered in the woods; but, like them, it should have a resurrection in the spring.

Winter came; it killed the flowers, and chilled the earth and trees, and piled the snow over the summer's buried beauty. It was a cold winter, a long winter, a winter of no outward incident; but during it died many of the blossoms of Ralph Morley's fair profession. That church-membership wherein he sheltered was chilled at its root, and the cold snows of manifest indifference lay over all religious practices. Despite Helen and Stacey, the family-prayer was dead and in its coffin. It breathed a little in its shroud on Sabbath mornings. The

neglect began by Ralph proclaiming himself one while too busy, and another too weary, and again saying that the children were too sleepy. Sunday mornings were not all spent with church history held decently in hand, nor even with the newspaper; but Ralph was lost for an hour or so in the mill; and a smoke was seen to curl from his office chimney; and it was understood by those sharp observers—the children—that papa was looking over his books. No one will be surprised to learn that, with this certainty pressing upon their brains, the Morley children were more than ever restive over catechism and Bible-lesson.

In February, Mr. Morley went off on business for a week, going in his sleigh, and taking Helen with him. Helen found at the house where she staid a very delightful institution called a grandmother. When she came home, a grandmother filled all her thoughts, and was the height of her ambition. A grandmother she must have. Her father was importuned to set up a grandmother immediately. He must invest in a grandmother if it took all his fortune. The mail brought a black-bordered announcement that Helen, was to be satisfied; for a fever had carried off Ralph's only sister and her husband, Mr. Douglass; and Grandmother Morley and Cousin Stella were now without a home. Ralph was sincerely sorry to hear of these deaths, and he set off at once to bring his mother and niece to his own house. But I must not conceal it from you, that, as he pursued his journey, he thought that his mother had some property which he would now put in his mill, and that Niece Stella was undoubtedly an heiress, and he would act as her trustee, with much profit to herself and to him. Thus Ralph mused of increased wealth, in the midst of poverty of soul.

(To be continued.)

A PUZZLE.

MR. FIVE QUARTER WOOD:

Your who, which and that came to see me the other day when the most extraordinary word connecting sentences of curious circumstances took place.

But I must recount the facts, in order that you may see the position without magnitude of my story. They had brought with them a beautiful 21s. hen, intended as a gift for a neighbor. During the night it escaped from the public 16 ozs., where had been left some poisoned thirds of an inch with which to kill rats, at which it began to 8 quarts away as fast as it could.

As a matter of course a . was soon put to its existence. They were much alarmed when they found it was gone, and even made no 20 grains to hint that a distinguished and exiled 5½ yards, who was staying at my house, knew about it. Of course I was shocked at no 12 doz. an insult to my friend; it incensed me to that 360th part of a circle that I felt it would not be too 40 rods under the circumstances to order them to leave my house. Why! they might as well have accused me of being in 3 miles with a rogue! Happily, however, the keeper of the 20s. who is a leader of the 24 sheets of this village, found the body, brought it to my house and explained the matter. Your who, which and that apologized to me and the 5½ yards. We smoked 2 hogsheads of tobacco a-piece, and happiness was once more restored.

Business is good, the 10th of a cent is running again, and every 4 inches is again employed.

Yours truly,

THREE BARLEY CORNS WITHOUT HAIR.

[Can any of our readers give us a corrected version of this letter?—Eds. N.D.M.]

RIDDLES.

You soon will guess me if you try;
For such a useful thing am I,
Go where you will, you'll me descrie.
You'll often find me in the sea;
I'm sometimes placed upon a tree;
I'm sometimes on a lady's head;
I'm sometimes on a table spread;
I'm sometimes on a donkey's back,
And very grateful seems poor Jack;
And then again the window-frame,
If it could speak would tell my name;
For like the window, I suppose,
I'm sometimes open, sometimes close.
Indeed, I'm almost everywhere,—
On sofa, couch, and easy chair.
I'm in the Dictionary, too,
So take it down, and look it through.
Transpose my letters, strange to tell,
An X will represent me well.

A beggar asked an alms
Of a person in the street,
And for an answer got my *first*,
Which oft his ears did greet.
He told another man
Whom unto him he beckoned:
He did not seem at all surprised,
But only said my *second*.
My *whole* a voyage made
In a very precious ship;
'Twas not for purposes of trade,
He took the wondrous trip.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL'S SONG.

A BALLAD.

By H. MILLARD.

1. Oh, meet me when day-light is fad - ing, And is dark-en-ing in-to the
 2. 'Tis said that what-ever sweet feel - ings, May be throbbing with-in a fond
 3. And in the long years of the fu - ture, Though our du-ties may part us a-

night;
 heart,
 while,
 When song-birds are sing-ing their ves - pers, And the day has far vanished from
 When listn'-ing to whip-poor-will's sing - ing, For a twelve-month will nev-er de-
 And on the re-turn of this even - ing, We be sev-er-ed by many a-

sight;
part;
mile;

And then I will tell to you, dar-ling,
So then we will meet in the wood-land,
Yet deep in our bosoms we'll cherish

All the love I have cherished so
Far away from the hur-ry-ing
The affection so fer-vent and

long,
throng,
strong,

If you will but meet me at even-ing, When you hear the first whip-poor-will's
And whis-per our love to each other, When we hear the first whip-poor-will's
We pledged to each other this even-ing, When we heard the first whip-poor-will's

song.

Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! You hear the first whip-poor-will's

The Whip-Poor-Will's Song.

song; Oh, meet me; Oh, meet me When you hear the first whip-poor-will's

Sva.....

song.

Sva.....

ff *p* *ff* *p* *mf*

Sva.....

Leggiero.

The Home.

KATE'S FIRST TWO YEARS OF MARRIAGE.

BY HELEN R. THORNTON.

Kate Vernon had been scarcely two years wedded, when her aunt, with whom she had formerly lived, and from whose house she had married, came to spend the winter with her.

Mrs. Beverly had not been long with her niece before she saw, or thought she saw, that things were not going right with the young couple. Kate often looked as if she had been crying. Her happy expression and fresh color had disappeared. On his part, Mr. Vernon was strangely silent and moody. After the few first evenings, too, he began to absent himself.

It was on one of these occasions that the wife broached the subject that had often been on her lips since her aunt's arrival.

"I suppose I ought to apologize, aunty!" she began, with some confusion.

"Apologize, my child! What for?"

"For Edward's going out and leaving us alone so much. I know you think it strange; it isn't a bit like he used to be."

Here the young wife burst into tears.

"My dear," said Mrs. Beverly, soothingly, "I have always been in the place of a mother to you. I took you from her arms when she was dying, and I did the best I could for you till you left my house, a happy bride."

"Yes! I was happy then; I was happy then," cried Kate. "But now no one cares for me but baby."

It was a relief to her to have made her confession. She had been miserably unhappy for a long while: and now she flung herself on her aunt's bosom and wept as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Beverly drew the poor child to her heart, and kissed her again and again.

"I have seen you have been unhappy ever since I came here," she said, after a pause. "But I have seen, also, that the cause is one easily corrected—"

"Oh! no, no!" interrupted the young wife. "Edward doesn't care for me any more. He goes out almost every evening, as he has done to-night: he who never could stay one evening away before we were married."

"Kate, my child," said her aunt, seriously, "I want you to listen to me. Don't be angry if I say things you dislike, but reflect on them, and in a day or two give me

an answer. Your case is not an exceptional one. Many young married people make the mistake that both you and Edward have made, for I believe you and your husband to be equally to blame; but it is a mistake that, generally, their own good sense corrects, though not till they have suffered much. Now I wish, as your mother, if she had lived, would have wished, to save you some part of this suffering. May I go on?"

Kate did not reply. Her face was buried in her aunt's lap, and she was sobbing hopelessly, sobbing like a child, Mrs. Beverly took the silence for consent.

"You say your husband does not love you," she continued. "You quote his going out of evenings as a proof of it. I admit the neglect." Kate winced. "But is there no cause for it? You used to be, my dear, scrupulously neat in your attire. I do not say you are now untidy. But there is a very great difference, as I plainly see, between the way in which you come down to breakfast now, and that in which you used to at my house. There, your face was always fresh, your hair nicely arranged, your collar unwrinkled, your gown spotless as snow. Now, I grieve to say, my darling, things are very different; and what is worse than carelessness in dress even, your countenance is, sometimes, the least bit sour."

Kate, during this plain speech, had gradually ceased sobbing; and now, with her hands holding back her hair, was staring up into her aunt's face, half in anger, half in astonishment and dismay.

"Sour! I didn't know it. Are you sure? Oh! it's when Edward has been scolding me."

"Scolding you, my dear? Edward don't look like a man who would scold."

"Well, he's jealous of baby; he looks it often; and he is good as says it sometimes. He has even hinted, once or twice, that, since baby was born, I don't care as much about my—my good looks, as I used to do. That's the way of them all, I suppose—they marry us for our beauty, and when our health fails—then they blame—blame us for it—," she said, brokenly.

"My daughter," answered Mrs. Beverly, kindly, too much in earnest to smile, as she would have done if it had been anybody else, "I think you are unfair to Edward. Certainly there is nothing in your state of health to spoil your looks. You are, or might be, far prettier than when you

married. A very little more attention to your dress would render you more attractive than ever."

Kate was blushing crimson, in secret pleasure at this flattering speech. She hid her face again in Mrs. Beverly's lap. At last, as her aunt appeared to be waiting for some reply, she stammered, though without looking up.

"I cannot be always freshly dressed, now that I have to look after baby. If that is what Edward expects, he is unreasonable and cruel."

"Men are often unreasonable and cruel, my child; but that is no justification for wives being so also. It would be very easy, however, for you to be just to baby, and yet to be nicely dressed when Edward came to breakfast or returned to tea. All husbands like their wives to look neat, but Edward is even fastidious. On the other hand, young mothers are too apt to neglect their husbands for the sake of baby. They forget that, until baby was born, their husbands were everything to them. It would be too much to expect of a man; he would have to be more than mortal, if he did not notice, and occasionally feel, the change, and sometimes think it neglect."

"But I'm sure I love Edward just as much as ever," said Kate, looking up, her large eyes dilated with surprise and a little indignation. "And it's very unjust of him to think I don't, because of baby." And then she burst into tears again.

"Perhaps he is a little to blame, my dear," said her aunt, kissing her. "What I say is, that it is not so very strange he should feel hurt. Consider! Love is to be judged, like everything else, by its works. If Edward finds you no longer paying any attention to your personal appearance; if he sees that you take offence when he hints he would like you to dress as you used to, is it absolutely cruel, or even unnatural, on his part, that he should think you hardly can love him as you used to love him? He reasons, remember, that, if you did, you would have some regard for his comfort. And further, if baby is made the excuse for this, he becomes, not exactly jealous of baby, but occasionally the least bit cross. You must not forget, darling," and she fondly stroked Kate's hair, "that I have had a husband and children myself, though God saw fit long ago," she added, with a sigh, "to take them to Himself."

She waited for a moment; and then, as the wife made no reply, she went on.

"I think I see how it is. I love both Edward and you. I believe I can judge fairly between you. Your husband has seen this untidiness in you; has hinted what he felt; and you have resented it. This has been, perhaps, in the morning. Instead of forgetting all about it before night, and meeting him, when he came

home to tea, with smiles and in your nicest dress, you have been reserved, and, perhaps, and on purpose, just the least bit careless in your toilet. Few words have been spoken between you; the constraint has grown more and more painful; Edward has sought refuge in the newspaper; you have said you must go to baby, and have left him without the usual kiss; and then he has lost his temper, and gone out to spend the evening. When these scenes happen often, the wife becomes soured in heart, if not in looks, and things, as a natural result, go from bad to worse."

"A wife," continued Mrs. Beverly, "should try to look at these matters, not only from her own point of view, but also from that of her husband. There are very few questions to which there are not two sides. In so important an affair as domestic happiness, it is more desirable than ever to be right; and this we can never be if one looks at every subject of difference solely through one's own eyes. We sometimes think others selfish, when we are quite as selfish ourselves."

Much of this had its effect on Kate, who, after all, was a sensible, kind-hearted woman. She replied by pressing the speaker's hand.

"If I am right," said her aunt, "as to the origin of this misunderstanding, there is no reason why the neglect of your husband should continue longer than your coldness. Be the first to make advances. I do not say you are the most to blame: I do not ask you, on that account, to take the initiative. But it is always more womanly, nay! more Christian-like, for a wife to be the first to relent."

"What must I do?" whispered Kate, her face still hidden in her aunt's lap.

"Come down to breakfast, to-morrow, in your neatest dress and with your hair nicely combed. Do not be late, as you have been. Get up in time to have baby off your hands before the hour comes for your husband's coffee, so that you may be at the urn yourself, and ready to give him his first cup. Be as cheerful and pleasant to him as if nothing had ever happened. Let the past few weeks be ignored entirely. Meet him at night in your freshest attire, and have everything about the room cheerful; if you can, let there be something for the evening meal to show you remember his likings, and are thoughtful for his comfort and happiness. Why, my dear, it is the easiest thing for a wife to retain a husband's love. If she will only show the same interest in him that she exhibited for the lover, all will be well."

"But what of baby the meantime?"

"You have the whole day, darling, to devote to baby, and surely that is enough. The little fellow is a dear, sweet child; but you must not let him monopolize all your

time. You must think of your health—and—yes, of your good looks, as involved in your health; and of your husband, and of your future happiness—which depends, in so great a degree, on your husband. Be assured, my daughter, if you will act in this way, Edward will love even baby better. Only be your old self for one week and your truant will be won back again.”

Kate took her aunt's advice. The next morning she was down even before her husband; had seen that the breakfast table was perfect in all its arrangements; and had even ordered the cook to prepare Edward's favorite dish, as a little surprise to him. Edward saw, with half-concealed astonishment, the brighter look of things; gave one quick glance at his wife; flushed with gratification; and fell at once into something of his old lover-like manner. Certainly, Kate had never seemed lovelier. “You are as fresh-looking as a June rose, my dear,” said her aunt, kissing her, when Edward had left for his office. “The battle is half won already, I see.”

That evening was quite like old times. Kate welcomed her husband in the hall with a kiss. The fire had been newly made, and the hearth freshly swept up; there was a little vase of flowers on the reading-table; and Edward's favorite magazine—which had come that day—was ready cut for him. There was no going out. Part of the time was spent in cheerful talk, and part in reading aloud. The husband could not keep his eyes off his pretty wife. In the loveliest of blue dresses, and with her color heightened by many emotions, Kate looked more beautiful, he thought, than even in the days of their courtship.

What commenced so favorably, went on happily ever after. Edward—no longer finding baby thrust into the foreground for ever, but rather kept back—began to wish for the presence of the little fellow himself occasionally. It was a happy, happy evening, when Kate heard her husband, for the first time, plead that baby should not always be put to bed so soon, but be allowed, sometimes, to make his appearance, for half an hour or so, after pa came home. That was the crowning act. After that, Kate's felicity was perfect.

“I can never thank you enough, aunty, for your advice,” said Kate, kissing Mrs. Beverley enthusiastically, when the latter was leaving, at the end of her visit. “Your coming was a real blessing. How long Edward and I would have gone on at cross-purposes—loving each other in spite of all, perhaps, but still getting more and more unhappy—I cannot tell; probably all our lives. And if so,”—and here she burst into tears, the prospect her fancy had conjured up being too much for her.

Mrs. Beverley kissed the tears away and

said, “Go on as you are going now, my dear. It is too often a wife's fault, if a husband ceases to be a lover.”—*Peterson's Magazine.*

THE COMING HOUSEWIFE.

Among all the jeremiads that are delivered upon the degeneracy of modern days, there is none more frequent or more bitter than the lament over the loss of house-keeping abilities among women. So highly do men eulogize the domestic arrangements under which they spent their happy youth, so keenly do they expose the jars and deficiencies of the present system, that one would think that the art of good house-keeping perished with our grandmothers; and that their descendants were utterly unworthy to hold a candle to them in everything that concerns the care and management of a home. And the feminine world—worn and jaded with their daily duties, consider the marvels that were wrought by the matrons of that golden age—the yards of cloth they wove in stout looms at home, the skeins of yarn they spun, the stockings they knit, the quilts they sewed, the cheeses they made, the butter they churned—and can only murmur in wonder “There were giantesses in those days.” With machines to lighten every labor, they can never accomplish one-half as much; with a library of cook books and a course of lessons with Professor Blot, they can produce no viands to haunt the memory like the dishes of those ancestral boards.

Why a fish weighed nothing when dropped into water puzzled many wise heads, until one was daring enough to weigh him, and found the assertion false. It is always well to be sure of a fact before attempting to account for it; and we are not certain that the housekeepers of other days, all things considered, were able to accomplish more than is possible at the present time. Those who dwell in country towns, presiding over the economy of those great farm-houses, performed many illustrious labors, but were also spared many duties which occupy the days of their successors. The world without made no inroads upon their time, and few interruptions disturbed the even tenor of their occupations. There was no open house to be kept swept and garnished for constant use, for in one wide kitchen all their avocations were performed. There they received their visitors, if any came, but no gossiping caller expected to disturb the regular whirr of their spinning wheels. Fashion's tyrannical sway never invaded their domain; garments were made of the stoutest cloth, and once made were allowed to wear out without change. The sewing necessary for their households was probably but one-half what the same number of people require at the

present day. The numberless little ornaments and conveniences which make our homes attractive, and whose manufacture and care consume so much time, were then all unknown. Books were few, and newspapers rarely seen within their walls; and no leisure need be spared for their perusal. We remember dimly that their cookery was delicious, but forget that we eat it with the eager appetite of childhood. Time, like space, softens all outlines, and wraps everything in the roseate hues of distance. It is thus that we look back upon those old-fashioned mansions, and regret their happy, well-ordered cheer; but compared with the thousand elegancies and comforts of our modern dwellings, they would seem barren of attractions, and the life which satisfied their inmates narrow and intolerable. Those traditional housewives would never meet the demands of our present society, and would display but a few of the excellencies which the housewife of the future must possess.

And even the good housekeeper of to-day—except among the most enlightened class—is too often lacking in an intelligent estimate of the value and influence of her work. The family intrusted to her care she regards too much as mere animal beings—precious and noble, to be sure—but still animals, for whose physical wants it is her duty and delight to provide. When she has fed and clothed and housed them, she believes her mission fulfilled. But, while ministering to their needs, she scarcely realizes that she is laying the foundation of bodily health or disease, which shall render them happy or wretched for life, and form an inheritance for their children.

So, according to the tradition of the feminine elders, she makes her feather beds before breakfast, airs her rooms when convenient, stews acid sauces in tins, raises biscuit with salerat, and fries her steak. In failing to cultivate in the minds of her children a love and appreciation of beauty, by pictures, books, and her own cultured discourse, she does not see that she is denying them a source of the highest pleasure, and rendering their characters hard, cold and sordid.

But she believes in the great beauty of cleanliness. Her floors are kept spotless; her windows glitter to passers-by, and her mahogany is resplendant from frequent rubbing. She rejoices in her name and fame as a housekeeper. Neighbors come to her for recipes of her puddings; her ginger-snaps are famous; her pickles and jellies the wonder of her friends.

But to preserve this reputation she too often sacrifices the ease and comfort of all about her. Children, with their innate love of chaos and misrule, behold her arrangements with dismay. She may not meet them at the door to pin towels around

their boots—as George Elliot makes Aunt Pullet treat poor Tom—but they feel that when they cross her threshold, they become straightway a plague and a pestilence. There is no frolic for them in the hall, for the mats will be left askew; no peeping from the windows, lest their fingers touch the glass; no playing hide-and-seek behind chairs and tables, for every article of furniture has its set abiding place, from which it is never to be dislodged by profane hands. And the little prisoners, finding that the wildest kind of hilarity attainable within doors is to sit on the edge of remote chairs, making signs to each other and watching developments, after the manner of Joe Gargery and Pip, soon escape to the boundless freedom without, and return only when hunger and night drive them there. Thus, rather than encourage games and sports at home, which might dislocate the chairs and raise a dust from the carpets, these mothers allow their sons to wander idly about the streets where liberty is found and with it numberless temptations to wrong; and that they may preserve their parlor curtains from any taint of smoke, they allow their sons, when older grown, to seek any questionable society where cigars are not contraband. And yet the homes they leave may contain for them no sharp reproofs, nothing even but the smiles and welcome of one who loves them fondly; but the rigor of the regulations there needs to be enforced by no spoken command.

Thus, the good housewife of to-day has virtues that we all recognize, but she can never become the ideal housewife of the future. That will demand a higher type of the home priestess than this. It will see more and more how important in the state are wisely ordered homes; and its housekeepers, retaining all the thrifty virtues of their predecessors, shall ennoble and increase them by the highest intelligence.

The coming housewife will keep her dwelling daintily clean, for the sake of health as well as beauty. Its walls will be neat and stainless, but no green traceries of foliage on their hangings shall impregnate the air with floating arsenic. No fresh paint with poisonous exhalations shall be needed on the woodwork, for the varied graining of unvarnished woods will only grow richer and more beautiful with age. Fastened carpets of wool will be cast out as abominations, vile receptacles of dirt which housemaids are powerless to remove; and over inlaid floors of polished woods shall extend soft, heavy mats, whose dust may be given to the breeze each day. The heavy curtain draperies that make our parlors no better than dungeons will be banished to Limbo, and the blinds swung open to sunlight and air. The walls will be overhung with the immortal dreams of

artist brains, for culture will have taught her that the beautiful is always useful. Her silver; but she will administer no daily poisons from her board. We question whether pastry and cake shall ever receive honor there; but ripe fruits from many climes shall furnish the dessert, and good humor and pleasant converse make the hour a delight.

Method and regularity shall simplify her cares; and each day she will make leisure for her own improvement, both for her own sake and for others, whose intellectual progress shall be so dear an interest to her. Not only the physical but the mental training of her children will be under her watchful care. The conversation will not exclude her from a share, if it happens to glance toward abstract matters and those of national import; and beyond her own little circle she will have an interest in the spread of goodness, sincerity and benevolence among mankind.

This may do for a pretty sketch of the domestic millennium; but how, it will be asked, are such results to be achieved? what is to transform women from the hard-working, harassed housekeepers of the present day into happy queens reigning in the midst of order and quiet, and blessing all about them?

First of all in importance toward effecting this result is the conferring upon women a deeper and more liberal education. A training in mere chemistry and physiology is not sufficient; the culture required must strike its roots deeper than that. Half knowledge is worse than ignorance, for it is too arrogant to follow, and not wise enough to lead; but full knowledge sees all things in their true proportions, and controls them with a moderate hand. The most intelligent mind will the best fill any station, even the lowest; and it will not despise it, for the widest culture must recognize the value of labor, and acknowledge it as the blessing, and not the curse of the human race. When culture and labor shall work together, our life will be rid of its blunders, which make one half of the unhappiness of the world. American citizens were all the better soldiers that they knew how to construct bridges, build boats and repair engines, and even to write thrilling accounts of the battles they were fighting; for a mind well trained in any one thing is the better fitted to accomplish any other. Dr. Johnson was surprised that Mrs. Carter, who translated Greek so well, could also hem a handkerchief as neatly; but we must believe that a thorough knowledge of any language will lead one to sweep a floor better than she could without it. It is the girls whose perfect demonstrations of Euclid at school eclipsed our rambling logic, whose house-

keeping now puts our own to shame; and among our acquaintance, the women whose knowledge of literature and science and ready thoughts make their conversation a charm, and who find hours each day for the study of French and German with their children, are the very ones who rule their household with the wisest sway, and dispense the most genial hospitality in their well-ordered homes.

We hear a great deal about the noble duties of the wife and mother, and the far-reaching influence which she exerts in her own peculiar sphere; but to discharge these noble duties well, no corresponding range of instructions is thought necessary. Instinct is supposed to be sufficient for all such demands; and the being from whom all men inherit their strength of body and tone of mind, who holds in her control the bent of their powers, and the foundation of their moral and spiritual life, is the only one to whom they deny the benefit of their highest education. Not until our nation sees the necessity of the greatest possible intelligence in its women, for their own sakes and as the most valuable of its citizens, can we hope for any thorough reforms in our social economy.—*Selected.*

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

A writer in *Hearth and Home*, speaking of the difficulty of finding occupation for little children when confined to the house in winter, makes the following suggestions, which we are sure many an overtaxed mother will thank us for copying:—

For little boys, first of all blocks. My little boy of three years delights in them. He builds houses, boats, stables, yards, and innumerable things, which occupy him hour after hour. Sometimes, smoothed sticks of kindling-wood evenly sawed, and nearly of a length, serve the same purpose, and keep him busy and happy. Just now, he sits at my feet stringing buttons—another favorite amusement. Save all the old buttons for your boy; the greater the number and variety, the greater the quiet enjoyment to him, and also to his mother. Little boys are naturally so noisy, that it well pays to devise quiet amusements for them. If not laughed at, they enjoy playing with dolls or rag-babies, almost as much as little girls.

I know it is not very agreeable, when one's sitting-room is put to rights, to have it littered with a child's toys, but is it not better than to have the dear little one continually teasing or fretting for something to do? I can recall a very tidy home, where everything was always in its place, yet it made me sigh when compared to my

own home, where things wouldn't stay in place when put there. I was not long in observing that the little ones were, generally, either standing listlessly about, with a discontented expression of countenance, or quarrelling with each other, occasioning a sharp rebuke from the mother. One day, she remarked to me: "My children are so cross and troublesome, that I don't know what to do with them."

I ventured to ask if they never had any playthings with which to occupy themselves.

"Yes," said she, "they have a plenty which have been given them, but I won't have my rooms all littered up with them. Emma is crazy for papers and scissors, but I can't have them scattered about."

Ah! this is the trouble! Before the little ones come, our house is in perfect order, and it annoys us that we cannot continue to keep it so. Better paper and scissors (provided there are no sharp points) than an unhappy child. Little ones can be taught not to scatter the scraps about. In their own corner, when tired of playthings, let them cut papers, string buttons or spools, sew, mark with pencil on slate or paper, drive tacks with a carpet-hammer in a block of wood, or any other harmless amusement of which we can think. Is it not better to spend ten minutes in "clearing up" after them than to suffer their tempers to be marred by weariness and indolence?

I used to think it foolish to fill the little heads with the nonsense of "Mother Goose," when they might as well learn something better, but I see more and more of wisdom in "Mother Goose's Melodies." They contain nothing to trouble the little heads, making them cry and say, "I don't like that story," as many children's stories do. They amuse them by day, and do not disturb their dreams by night.

I will mention one other simple amusement which I have successfully tried. Procure a dish of clean sand—either common sand or the silver sand sold at groceries—spread a newspaper on your kitchen-table, and seat your little one in his high chair, with spoon, tunnel, and various tins. If he is not happily and quietly occupied in this way, he is not like my own little one.

SELECTED RECIPES.

MEAT CROQUETTES.—Mince cold chicken very fine; moisten with rich gravy; season with pepper and salt. Shape them by pressing tightly into a jelly-glass or long, pear-shaped wine-glass; brush over with beaten egg after they are shaped, and roll in bread crumbs, and fry in lard. Drain, and send to table hot. Or, beat together

one pint of cream and one pint of minced chicken, three tablespoons even full of butter, salt and pepper. Fry in lard.

A DELICIOUS SOUP.—Peel and slice six large onions and four turnips; fry them in one quarter of a pound of butter, and then pour over them four quarts of boiling water. Toast a good-sized crust of bread, hard and brown (but take care that it is not burned at all), and put into the soup, with a little celery; sweet herbs, salt, and pepper to suit your taste. Stew gently four hours, stirring often to prevent it from scorching; strain through a coarse cloth or strainer, when it has cooked the four hours. Have ready a little thinly-sliced carrot, turnip, and celery—a few slices of each will be sufficient; put these into the soup after straining it; return to the fire, and stew till these last vegetables are tender. A spoonful or two of tomato catsup will improve it for some people.

POTATO PASTRY FOR MEAT PIES.—Six good-sized potatoes, boiled and mashed mealy and white, one teacup of sweet cream, a teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make it stay together and roll out. Work and handle as little as possible, and roll thicker than common pastry.

SPICED OYSTERS.—Two hundred oysters, two dozen cloves, five dozen allspice, also mace, cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Strain the liquor through a sieve, put it in a saucepan and add the oysters, spice, pepper, salt and a half a pint of cider-vinegar; place them over a slow fire, and as soon as they come to a boil take them off, pour them into a large bowl and set them away to cool; when cold cover them close.

TO MAKE NOODLES FOR SOUP.—Beat up an egg, and to it add as much flour as will make a very stiff dough. Roll it out in a thin sheet, flour it, and roll it up closely, as you would do a sheet of paper. Then, with a sharp knife, cut it in shavings about like cabbage for slaw; flour these cuttings to prevent them from adhering to each other, and add them to your soup whilst it is boiling. Let them boil ten minutes.

SNOW-BALL CAKE.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, the whites of three eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, one spoonful of cream of tartar, sifted with the flour; beat butter and sugar thoroughly together; add the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff foam; then the flour, and milk and soda the last.

BARLEY WATER, FOR INVALIDS.—Wash two ounces of pearl barley well in cold water; put it into a saucepan with half-a-

pint of boiling water; let it boil for five minutes, then strain off the water, leaving the barley dry. Pour over the barley two quarts of boiling water; put it on the fire, and let it boil till the water is reduced to one quart; then strain through coarse muslin, and it will be ready for use. It must be flavored according to taste.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Dip in a moderately strong solution of nitric acid, cover with salt and lay in the sun. When the spots are out, wash and rinse thoroughly, or the acid will rot the fabric; or mix lemon-juice with salt, powdered starch, and soft soap; apply with a brush, and lay on the grass till the stains come out; or rub soap on the mildewed spots, scrape chalk on them, moisten and lay in the sun. Repeat till the stains come out.

EAU DE COLOGNE.—Oil of bergamot, lavender, and lemon each one drachm, oil of rose and jasmine each ten drops, essence ambergris ten drops, spirits of wine one pint. Mix and keep well stopped in a cool place for two months, when it will be fit for use. I am sure ladies will thank me for this if they have had the same trouble I have to find a refreshing cologne, which does not smell like cooking extract of either lemon or vanilla.

A GOOD WASHING RECIPE.—Mix half a gallon soft-soap with half a gill of alcohol; rub this mixture on the soiled clothes, and soak them three hours in moderately warm water; then rinse out nicely in clean water.

CRANBERRY-SAUCE.—Stew the berries in plenty of water, until the skins are thoroughly done; then add pint for pint of white sugar, and cook slowly twenty minutes.

WINTER FASHIONS.

Never was there more variety in the style and material of ladies' dress than is presented this winter. Though the general outlines of Fashion are rigidly fixed, yet within these boundaries great latitude is allowed to individual taste and ingenuity. We may possibly hope for some modification of the extreme and expensive modes of the past few years, since the Tuileries can no longer dictate to the world.

One step has already been taken. We hear that the Parisian ladies are rejoicing greatly in the dearly-bought liberty of displaying their own hair. In the States, the downfall of the chignon is also decreed,

but it is only to make room for still more elaborate styles. The hair must now be arranged in the most loose and *negligé* manner. A mountain of curls is now the most stylish coiffure a lady can wear in the evening. For the promenade or shopping, braids and puffs are worn. In general the coiffure is arranged lower in the neck, but still extends very far forward. Many ladies, alarmed at the rapid loss of their hair occasioned by constant frizzing, and wearing heating chignons, have grown wise in time, and adopted the most simple style of hair-dressing, merely tucking their own hair into a small net. Some young ladies have decided to cut their hair short, for one season, at least. All ornaments must be placed on the left side. Shell-combs, or long pins with shell or jet heads of exquisite design, are very stylish and really useful with the present loose coiffures.

Bonnets are increasing in size; but, except for ceremonious occasions, hats are more worn. These are still very high, and the most usual trimming is feathers and velvet—the latter cut bias, and arranged in bows, with a wide end, finished with fringe or lace, falling over the hair behind.

Suits are much plainer than last season. The overskirt is often round and long, simply looped up at the sides. The sash and panier are quite behind the time. Ruffles, frills and flounces are giving way to flat trimmings, which do not interfere with the outline of the dress. Velvet ribbon, fringe and lace are much used. Raveled ruchings are a new and very effective trimming for silk.

There is little change to chronicle in other matters. Jackets are gradually giving place to cloaks and mantles. Crinolines are still worn, and are not likely to be soon discarded. They are, however, only just large enough to keep the dress from clinging about the ankles. One yard and thirty-one inches is said to be the proper size for walking. A short skirt when trimmed with ruffles should be about three yards and a quarter in width; with flat trimming, it should be from a quarter to half a-yard wider. A good width for a trained skirt is five yards, provided the train does not exceed half a-yard in length.

Literary Notices.

MIRIAM AND OTHER POEMS. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

In the dedication with which the poet prefaces this volume, he speaks touchingly of himself as perhaps too old to write poetry:—

“And if perchance too late I linger where
The flowers have ceased to blow, and trees are bare,
Thou, wiser in thy choice, will scarcely blame
The friend who shields his folly with thy name.”

But the reader of the beautiful poems in this book will not be able to discover any signs of approaching age. They are equal in style to anything Whittier ever wrote, although not so spirit-stirring as some on subjects of national interest. “Miriam,” the longest poem in the book, is an Eastern tale:—

“A story of the days of old,
Not found in printed books,—in sooth
A fancy with slight hint of truth,
Showing how differing faiths agree
In one sweet law of charity.”

It possesses much merit; but we do not like it so well as the poem entitled “Norembega,” which follows it. Norembega, as our readers may be aware, was the name given by early explorers to a fabulous country supposed to have been discovered by Verrazzani, in 1524, to the south of Cape Breton. Rumors of a magnificent city, bearing the same name, were eagerly listened to, and maps were made, showing its situation on the banks of a great river. Champlain, in 1604, sailed up the Penobscot in search of this city, but found no evidence of civilization, only a cross in the woods, very old and overgrown with moss. The poem pictures the journey and death of the first explorer—“a Christian knight”—whose tomb the cross is supposed to mark. He wanders wearily through the forest, expecting to see at every turn “the domes and spires of Norembega town,” and, hearing continually in the breeze, chants and holy hymns. At length he fancies he sees a cross, and though his henchman tells him that it is only a blasted

tree, he replies that it is the cross for his grave:—

“My life is sped; I shall not see
My home-set sails again;
The sweetest eyes of Normandie
Shall watch for me in vain.

“Yet onward still to ear and eye
The baffling marvel calls;
I fain would look before I die
On Norembega's walls.

With failing strength he sends his henchman forward to look from the heights for the longed-for city; but, when he returns unsuccessful, he finds his master thinking but of death.

“No builded wonder of these lands
My weary eyes shall see;
A city, never made with hands
Alone awaiteth me—

“*Urbs Syon mystica*, I see
Its mansions passing fair,
'*Conditæ calo*'; let me be,
Dear Lord a dweller there!”

Thus praying he died, and the faithful henchman buried him under

“The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot
And made it holy ground.”

And this was the cross that was found

“Years after when the Sieur Champlain
Sailed up the unknown stream.”

The story is a pretty one, and is told with great power and pathos.

“Nauhaught, the Deacon,” is a graphic description of the triumph of faith in the case of a Christian Indian, who was strongly tempted to keep some money that he had found, as it seemed the only way to save his family from starvation. “In School-days,” is a simple incident of child-life such as Whittier loves to describe:—

“I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because”—the brown eyes lower fell,
“Because you see, I love you!”

Space forbids us to attempt to give any idea of the other poems, which are mostly short, though some of them contain very fine passages. Many if not all of these have already appeared in the periodicals of the year, but the admirers of the poet will be glad to be able to obtain them bound together in this neat yet handsome volume.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By Rev. William Hanna, D.D., LL.D. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. The 6 vols. in 3. Toned paper. \$4.50. F. E. Gratton, Montreal.

In these volumes Dr. Hanna makes a valuable addition to the large list of works devoted to Jesus and His life upon earth. In a fresh, picturesque, yet unlabored style, he gives us a continuous narrative of the Saviour's life, grouping around the great central character all the minor actors in the scenes portrayed in the Gospels, in such a way as to show how naturally one incident follows another. There is no fanciful conjecture in the book. The imagination, which the writer evidently possesses in no common degree, is strictly restrained within bounds, and used only to make more vivid the representation of the scenes described in the Bible. Having visited and examined with loving care the places in the Holy Land consecrated by the footsteps of Jesus, he is able to photograph them for us with a few strokes of his pen, in a way that no amount of study would otherwise have rendered possible. Who can help sympathizing with him in his disappointment with regard to Jacob's Well? He says, in a note to the chapter on the Woman of Samaria:—"You cannot in all Palestine draw another circle of limited diameter within whose circumference you

can be absolutely certain that Jesus once stood, except round Jacob's Well. I had the greatest possible desire to tread that circle round and round, to sit here and there and everywhere, around that well-mouth that I might gratify a long-cherished wish. But never was disappointment greater than the one which I experienced when I reached the spot. Close by it, in early Christian times, they built a church, whose ruins now cover the ground in its immediate neighborhood. Over the well itself they erected a vaulted arch, through a small opening in which travellers, a hundred years ago, crept down into a chamber ten feet square, which left but a narrow margin on which to stand and look down into the well. This vaulted covering has now fallen in, choking up so completely the mouth of the well, that it is only here and there through apertures between the blocks of stone that you can find an entrance into the well. You cannot sit, then, by Jacob's Well, or walk around it or look down into its waters."

The volumes entitled "Passion Week" and "Last Day of our Lord's Passion," give a wonderfully vivid account of the events clustering round the Crucifixion. No one can read them without experiencing a deeper feeling of the matchless love of Christ as manifested in the Gospel story. To preachers and teachers we can heartily commend this work of Dr. Hanna's, as one which will materially assist them in gaining for themselves, as well as in giving to others, an accurate, comprehensive, and discriminating knowledge of the life on earth of our great Master.

Editorial Notices.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORN.

The following biographical notices are condensed from "The Queen":—

We must go a long way back in English history to discover a precedent for the alliance which is so shortly to be consummated between an English Princess and a British Commoner, for, although princes have once and again broken through the bar of birth, princesses have been instinctively obedient to family law, and we do not find an instance of a daughter of a monarch, during her parent's lifetime, marrying a subject, since the days of Edward III. Marriages between princesses and subjects have occurred since, but at most in five cases, and all under

peculiar circumstances. The marriage of a member of the royal family with a subject has been illegal during the last century, except with the special sanction of the sovereign.

This was stringently laid down in what is known as the Royal Marriage Act, which was passed in 1772, at the instance of King George III., who was indignant at the marriage of his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, with the widow of Earl Waldegrave. His brother, the Duke of Cumberland, offended in a like manner, and it is well-known that the late Duke of Sussex braved his father's displeasure, and in defiance of the enactment alluded to, went through the ceremony of marriage with Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. George IV., when Prince of Wales, is said to have married the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert, but in none of the above instances

was the Royal consent given, and the marriages were legally invalid. The Queen has put aside precedents which had been established by her predecessors, and shewed her preference for the happiness of her daughter to traditional principles of State policy, which were always at variance with popular opinion.

H. R. H. Princess Louise Caroline Alberta is the fourth daughter of the Queen, and was born at Buckingham Palace on the 18th of May, 1848. She is a very accomplished young lady, and has developed decidedly artistic tendencies in drawing, painting and sculpture. A bust of the Queen from her studio, in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1870, possessed real merit of execution, and some specimens of her skill are now exhibited in the collection of pictures and sculpture in Bond street, London, destined to aid the fund for the relief of the destitute widows and orphans of German soldiers. She has, also, very decided literary tastes, and is so assiduous a reader as to deserve the name of a student. The Princess has been for years the closest companion of the Queen, and on several recent occasions of State ceremony she has officiated for her mother, and has always been admired for a combination of dignity and kindness rightly considered to be the perfection of royal reception.

THE MARQUIS OF LORN, although a subject, is one of the highest in the realm, being heir to an ancient ducal peerage, and, by right of descent, a Scottish chieftain of the first rank. John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorn, M. P. for the County of Argyll, is the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll. He was born in 1845, was educated at Eton and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge, and was appointed Captain of the London Scottish Volunteers in 1866, and to the same rank in the Sutherlandshire Rifles in 1869. In person he is handsome, although very youthful in appearance. He has an agreeable ease of manner, and an expression of great goodnature and kindness. He has, since 1868, acted as Private Secretary to his father, who is Secretary of State for India; and at one time, when his father was preparing an important legislative measure, he undertook, and carried on with success, an amount of business not usually within the sphere nor the ordinary capacity of a private secretary. In Parliament he has distinguished himself by a conscientious independence, which has at least once led him to vote against the ministry of which his father is a member. He has travelled extensively—notably in the United States; and the book which he published on his return, entitled "A Trip to the Tropics," is a very creditable production. In the

circle in which he moves he has acquired unusual esteem and affection, and he promises to inherit, with the high rank, the equally high character of the Duke of Argyll.

The projected alliance between this young nobleman and the Princess Louise is regarded with great satisfaction by the English Press and people. We give in the present number of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, as good likenesses as we have been able to obtain of the young couple, and we do so knowing that the people of Canada feel as happy over the matter as do their brethren in the old country.

The position of the parties after marriage will be in several respects very remarkable. The Marquis being, like his father and ancestors, a staunch Presbyterian, the Queen's son-in-law will be a dissenter in England; and as his brother is a Liverpool merchant, the Queen's daughter will be a merchant's sister. The Duke of Argyll himself, will occupy the unique and proud position of being linked by one branch of his family with monarchy and by another branch with the great trading interests that have made Britain what she is. It is almost to be hoped that the Marquis and his bride will be sent out before long to preside over Canadian affairs—political and social.

SALUTATIONS.

In wishing all the readers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* a very happy New Year, the editors avail themselves of the opportunity to present their best thanks to the press of the Dominion of Canada for its favorable notices of the magazine, and likewise to all who, by their patronage and influence, have supported it. Especially do they thank the numerous able contributors who have kindly aided it by sending articles from time to time.

The publishers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* have much pleasure in announcing a gradual extension of its subscription list, and warmly thank all who have aided it. Having no regular canvassing agents, they hopefully depend on the influence of present subscribers to induce others to subscribe.

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