Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [ ] Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [x] Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- [x] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- [ ] Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached / Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough / Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

- [x] Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

PROF. DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

OF TORONTO.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1874.

CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS.

It is not long since the writer, with three friends, planned and executed a trip to the country. It was in winter, a few days before Christmas, and the point of departure was the ancient city of Quebec. I am not going to give a description of that renowned place, nor even of the expedition, whose object was the pursuit of game. The inhabitants of the former Capital of Canada are, in the winter time, either blessed or cursed with a superabundance of leisure time; in fact, from the close of navigation, about the middle of November, to the middle or end of April, there is little to be done besides killing time, and to that delightful occupation the minds of all are fully devoted, and to it was due the conception of our trip. Our destination was about forty miles north, and having procured a *berlin* (a box, without a cover, on runners), two Canadian ponies tandem, and looked after the commissariat and ammunition, we started, and after a few hours' driving arrived at our destination. We were sufficiently successful to satisfy all, each member of the party having bagged one cariboo, several brace of partridges, trapped about a dozen hares, and caught a large quantity of fine trout, averaging about seven pounds. It was the morning before Christmas when we started homewards—a bright, glorious morning, with a sky such as is seldom seen out of Canada; a clear, frosty day, when the music of our bells could be heard resounding on the distant pine-clad hills. The snow had not yet fallen to any great depth, and the forest road, although narrow, was good; our ponies were fresh and ourselves in joyous spirits, anticipating the happy greetings of the Christmas morning. We expected to reach the city towards evening and congratulated ourselves on not being overloaded with unnecessary provender—in fact in having calculated the quantity so closely that by our arrival in town we should be without edibles or drinkables, excepting the spoil which we had captured. With song and gossip we shortened our journey, and it was only when we arrived within twenty miles of the town that we noticed that "the sky was changed, and such a change!"—snow-clouds came hurrying from the east, the sun was hidden, and a darkness overspread the view. We were still in the bush, and the snow fell in such quantities that the ponies became fatigued, and were at last compelled to walk through the harassing depths of snow. The clearances were reached, but this added to our discomfiture, as the immense drifts had completely covered the *blazes* which marked the road, and the fences were of course hidden from view. We, however, trusted to the hardiness of our ponies, and still expected to reach home before nightfall. We were soon undeceived; the poor animals, wading to their bellies in the snow, soon became unable to drag the *berlin* after them, so that to give them every assistance we put on our snow-shoes and trudged through the blinding storm. It was use-

less; a mile or so of such work proved its futility, and we now looked for shelter; but in such a place the next house might be miles away, and we were unable to make yards, not to talk of miles. In this desperate state of affairs a council of war was called, and we had almost decided to start for the bush and seek shelter there, when, owing to a sudden shifting eddy in the storm, a building was discovered close at hand. One was sent to reconnoitre and informed us on his return that the house was deserted; this argued a cold reception and no help, but as the gods help those who help themselves we were not without hope, and set to work to get our horses under shelter. If there had once been a stable it had disappeared, and our two ponies were served with the same accommodation as ourselves, namely, the only room in the house, and that but little protected from the storm, as the window panes were all broken and the shutters in bad repair. Finding no firewood we appropriated some of the ceilings, and soon had a fire going; hay and oats we had in the *berlin* for our horses, and having cooking utensils we shortly improvised a supper by cooking some cariboo. Water had to be procured, and I sallied out in the storm in search of it, and was fortunate in finding a spring near the house. We chopped up the remnants of a shed for spare firewood, brought in our blankets, stowed away the *berlin* on the west side of the house and made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night. Rolled in our blankets, with our feet to the fire and our pipes lit, we bemoaned our hard luck. We each had our engagements, and I for one had in my desolate imagination the picture of a Christmas tree, to which I was expected to be a considerable contributor; but now the choice gifts would be distributed in my absence. Williams, who lay next me, had an engagement to drive my cousin Emma, as great a flirt as ever graced a garrison town, to the country, and she I knew would make the excuse of his absence a *casus belli* with poor Williams, and a reason for desertion to the enemy. This was a lieutenant in one of Her Majesty's marching regiments, quartered in the city a year or two previously, who had come out from England to visit the scenes of his former conquests, and perhaps secure one of the few "plums" which some papas in Quebec bequeath to their daughters. I dare say Williams was as well or perhaps better acquainted with Emma's constancy as I, so I did not impart to him my feelings on the subject. My own were bitter enough, for I too had made my own arrangements for Christmas Day, which I was now likely to pass in a barn of a house buried in snow, sleeping with horses, and without any other liquid than water to quench thirst.

At this moment a sound of voices was heard in the storm. Curses, loud and deep, with a strong Milesian accent, grew more perceptible each moment, and at last a succession of blows on the door, accompanied by a repetition of oaths, announced the arrival of visitors. Visitors! no visitor could venture out on such a night; they must be belated travellers like ourselves, and after a few moment's conversation we decided to admit our brethren in distress. They were farmers, belonging to one of the outlying parishes, on their way home from town, after making their Christmas purchases, the greater portion of which must have been drinkables, if we were to judge of the strong smell of whiskey, and the unsteady gait and rambling talk of the wanderers. Being accustomed to similar incidents, they were not so long as we in housing their horse and stowing away their *berlin*, out of which they first abstracted two large demijohns, which they immediately uncorked after closing the door and lighting their pipes. The men had had enough; but if any of my readers has ever attempted to convince an Irishman of such a fact, he can easily imagine the difficulty in the present case. But our visitors were not satisfied in having a taste themselves, but would insist on the *gintlemen* having a drop. I have read a description of the man who swallowed a mouthful of ice cream, and of the concentrated agonies of toothache which each tooth endured. I have also read of the Indian Braves who, at a Commissioners' dinner in Washington, swallowed each a mouthful of mustard and retained their composed demeanor

while the tears ran down their cheeks; but I do not remember to have seen a description of the feelings of the man who unwittingly partook of a glass of over-proof Canadian high wines. I will merely say that at first I thought the brute had rammed a red-hot poker down my throat; but there being no poker in the building, that idea was dismissed. The Japanese trick of swallowing a sword I then suspected had been played upon me; but as the effects of the vile stuff taken increased, I was positive he had poured nitro-glycerine down my throat, and that I was about to explode. Our party were all in this state of frenzy, while the two farmers were again helping themselves to another dose of the poison, when another rap came to the door, and a loud cry of "*Laissez nous entrer*" prepared us for another invasion. Companions in misery, of course; this time, three individuals. The previous passages of our *berlins* had rendered the road to the house less difficult, and we shortly had the new-comers with their horse properly housed, and the *berlin* placed alongside the others. We were at first not curious to find out who formed the accession to the party; but observing that one was tightly bound, so as to prevent the use of his arms, we were informed that he was a lunatic from a distant parish on his way to the Beauport Asylum. The French *habitants* were cold and benumbed, and freely partook of the "over-proof," and we were horrified to see that his guardians allowed the lunatic to indulge his taste as freely as themselves. The wind was increasing, but the snow no longer came in by the shutters, as they were covered by the drifts. All chance of leaving such a place could not be thought of, and we resumed the places near the fire which we occupied before the arrival of the countrymen. One Irishman, lying on the floor, was droning away at one of those interminable ballads so much in vogue among them, while the other was assuring him of his protection under any circumstances. The lunatic, leaning against the wall, was yelling at the top of his voice, and using all the oaths of which the French language is capable, while his two guardians were enjoying themselves, one in a sort of jig or breakdown, and the other in attempting to hum a tune in time. This was certainly Pandemonium on earth, and I thought the night would never come to an end; but sleep, if not balmy, at last, induced by the fumes of the high wines and tobacco, came to our relief, and gradually the infernal noise of the five men faded away to give place to fitful and harassing dreams. Starts, as from an electric battery, continually woke me to the sense of our position; a racking headache and parched throat, both the effect of the liquor, almost drove me crazy. I was in this unenviable state when, towards morning, I managed to procure some refreshing sleep, from which I was awakened by three rapid discharges of firearms. I jumped to my feet, and saw the madman, who had obtained possession of Williams' revolver, and already had discharged three barrels, endeavoring to fire at one of the Irishmen; but his arms being tied, he was unable to take proper aim. Instantly all was confusion; all the party had evidently fallen asleep, and been awakened by the pistol shots. He was instantly seized and dispossessed of the pistol, and bound both hands and feet, the poor wretch struggling violently the whole time, and uttering the most frightful imprecations. Further sleep was now impossible, and a little fresh air seemed to be desired by all. What with the house being completely buried in the snow; the exhalations of the nine men, the effluvia from the four horses, and the fumes of bad tobacco and whiskey, the closeness was unbearable. Opening the door was impracticable, as once open it would be almost impossible to close it from the large quantity of snow against it. The only remedy was to make an opening in the roof, and this was effected without loss of time. Rubbing our faces and hands in the cold bright snow that morning eclipsed the delights of the Turkish bath. The cool application to our splitting heads at once afforded relief, and the refreshing breeze caused a thrill of enjoyment. The storm had ceased, and the sun shone out bright and clear; but on what a picture! The very trees were all but covered, and nothing but their tops ould be seen; no sign of a road appeared,

nor track of civilization; the very house from which we looked was a hill of snow, and its height was hardly perceptible among the surrounding heaps. It was far from a consolatory sight on a Christmas morning, between fifteen and twenty miles from town, with a road before us covered with a depth of four to ten feet, blocked in a house by a depth of, perhaps, twenty feet, and with but one shovel on hand. It was tantalizing, it was mortifying, but had to be faced. Considerably refreshed, we descended from the garret, and decided to replenish the inner man. We had fortunately brought in part of the cariboo, some partridges and trout, or our provisions must have fallen far short of supplying the whole party. This was good so far as eatables went, but as to the wherewithal to abate our thirst we were entirely destitute. What water I had procured from the spring the evening before was entirely consumed, and as to the locality of the spring I was quite ignorant. Snow water, although good for horses, was worse than none, and the poisonous whiskey, which had already been tapped by the farmers, was almost as bad; and yet this seemed our only beverage. Our fire, however, being replenished from the rafters of the house, was burning brightly, and soon the savory smell of venison and trout pervaded the building. Our meal last evening having been greatly spoiled by the disappointment which we endured from being unable to be in the city on Christmas, we were the more ready to do justice to breakfast in the morning. In fact, by the time we had finished and enjoyed a smoke, it was fully noon before we were prepared to set to work to excavate ourselves out of the snow-pit, and this, we foresaw, would be a long and arduous operation, having only one shovel in our possession; but we hoped to advance the work by using the boards from the house as shovels. It was very fatiguing work, and although we had eight pairs of hands at work, the snow was so deep and so soft, and our improvised shovels so unhandy, that it was late in the afternoon before we had the door opened and a path made to the road. Our hard work had prepared us for a good dinner, and the opening of the door was celebrated by a call to that meal, followed by another pull at the pipe and the whiskey jar. Again we set to work, but the snow seemed interminable, and our progress to the *berlins* was slow and toilsome; the sun was gradually falling to the horizon, and we began to fear that we should have to pass another day in the horrid place. We were thus engaged when we heard the lunatic, who of course was not shovelling, making some of his usual hideous noises, but did not pay particular attention to them till they became so outrageous, and were also accompanied by the snorting and kicking of the horses, when one of the guardians went into the house, but as quickly rushed back, crying "*Feu! feu!*" We all ran to the door, but found the building so filled with smoke that it was impossible to enter. The lunatic was all this time yelling fearfully, and, knowing him to be almost helpless, we determined to make an effort to save him. Two of us ran to where the noise proceeded from, and fortunately found the unfortunate man with his clothes just igniting To take him up and roll him in the snow was the work of a minute. Our efforts to save the horses were perfectly useless; they were in a state of abject terror, and even to approach them in the obscurity of the smoke might prove fatal. With them were burnt all our things which we had taken into the house on the previous evening. While some threw snow on the burning house others worked at shovelling to save the *berlins* with their contents, which were at the west end of the house, and must assuredly be destroyed as the fire penetrated the wall. It was in vain; long before we had reached half-way to the *berlins* they were covered by the burning ruins. Our troubles of yesterday were now as nothing; the finale of our adventure seemed to lead not only to a curtailment of our pleasures, but also of our lives. The prospect of sleeping out in the bush, without any covering, without even our overcoats, for we had discarded them in our work, without food and without fire, was full of gloom. The two guardians felt inclined to take summary vengeance on the lunatic, who had caused the disaster, for the fire could not possibly have reached the hay unless placed or thrown there, and it was without question

that there the fire first appeared. The loss of the whiskey was greatly deplored by the Irishmen—in fact the whole party was in a most disconsolate condition. It wanted but an hour to dark, and what we were to do must be done quickly. At this moment one of the farmers recollected a house about a mile or two distant, and thought to reach it was our only safety, and to this *dernier ressort* we all assented. I knew well what a mile or two in the country meant. I shall never forget that walk, and how we waded through the snow up to our waists, how we trod down the common enemy and how he tripped us up. What would I not then have given for a pair of snow-shoes! For three hours we toiled, we swore, we almost fainted, when at last a glimmer of light was seen in the distance. A cheer announced the fact, and we felt renewed strength and bravely fought against death. It was an Indian's hut, and therefore of the smallest dimensions, about ten feet square; one door and one small window admitted light and air; a stove-pipe served as a chimney; a small attic, reached by a ladder, was the only second apartment; one bed, a stove, a table and a chair, formed the only furniture—and here were nine strangers to be accommodated, and one of them a madman! The Indian himself was from home, but his squaw and his two daughters, young squaws of sixteen and eighteen, respectively, received us with a show of hospitality. We told our losses and stated that we wished to remain there all night. The thing seemed ridiculous, if not impossible, for the thirteen persons then there actually crowded the shanty, that even the cabin cur could not find standing-room, and had to be ejected by one of the squaws. In looking round I noticed a pair of snow-shoes, and on enquiry was informed that her husband had four for sale; this was a relief and a certainty of escape on the morrow. Our first business was to procure something to eat, for our long walk and work at the fire had sharpened our appetites. What she had the poor woman gave, some fat, rancid pork, black bread and very weak tea, which we took sitting on the floor or standing up. The two young squaws made us as comfortable as possible; but the more I have travelled in the woods and the oftener I have met these children of the forest the more am I convinced that the race must have degenerated since Intendant Bagot built a castle for one and Captain Smith allowed the embraces of another. I will rapidly pass over the events of the night. The three women slept in the bed, the men shared the lower and attic floor. If it were possible the sensations of this Christmas night were even worse than the previous, notwithstanding the absence of horses and high wines, and the morning breeze was even more inviting and refreshing. A glass of cold water sufficed for our breakfast, and the only other transaction we made was the purchase of four pairs of snow-shoes, on which we immediately started towards home. At the first commodious house we made our toilet, took breakfast, and continued our way. We reached town late in the afternoon, completely used up, out of temper, out of pocket, and out of luck (for my forebodings had all come true), and thoroughly disgusted with Christmas Day in the country.

SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

Hark! those merry Christmas bells,
How they ring!
Peace on earth, good-will to men!—
Thus they sing.

Singing of a Christmas morn,
And a manger so forlorn,
Where the Son of God was born,—
Thus they sing.

Singing messages of love,
From the Father high above,
And the Spirit Heavenly Dove,—
Thus they sing.

Singing charity and grace,
Pardon for a sinful race,
And a reconciled face,—
Thus they sing.

Singing to the rich and poor,
Chanting gladness evermore,
Christ is now the open Door,—
Thus they sing.

Singing to the rich to be
Generous, for Thou dost see,
And the poor belong to Thee—
Thus they sing.

Singing enmity should cease,
Love and kindness too increase,
Christmas is a time of peace,—
Thus they sing.

Singing out a Christmas lay,
Happiness to all! we say,
Wishing you a merry day,—
Thus they sing.

Hark! those merry Christmas bells,
How they ring!
Peace on earth, good-will to men,—
Thus they sing.

A MISTAKE IN LIFE:

A CANADIAN STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY C. E. W.

Richard Grant had arrived at the neighboring town the previous night, and having sent his luggage on by stage coach, had walked the seven miles, and was now leaning over the low stone wall of the bridge that spans the creek just by the mills. He was watching the stream of factory hands, and admiring the beauty of the village and its surroundings.

After all had passed him, and the whole village appeared to be shut in their houses, he soon fell into a reverie. His thoughts again crossed the Atlantic and he saw again the English home, and his thoughts began to weave in fancy the occupations of those whom he had left behind.

He conjured up an imaginary life in Canada, building castles in the air on this new land, determined to make his mark in the colony, and not to go back until he could give a good account of himself and of his doings.

His reverie was very abruptly broken by a sound as of galloping behind him, and suddenly startled from his listless attitude, he saw coming up the road at a furious rate, a pair of horses, yet yoked together. At every jump the loose traces leaped from the ground, and striking the animals now about the legs, now on the flanks, turned what had evidently begun as a quiet runaway gallop, into a furious, maddened rush. From one trace was dependent the ends of a broken whiffletree, and this was the only sign by which the onlooker might know that they had broken from a vehicle.

Grant did not feel that, under the circumstances, there was need for him to run any serious risk in stopping them; he planted himself in the middle of the road, and shouting, threw up his arms; seeing that they were wild with fright and neither saw nor heeded him, he sprang back to the wall, and the maddened creatures, covered with foam, tore up the village street.

In a minute every house disgorged its inmates, who came rushing out to see the cause of such disturbance; but as soon as each saw the horses, the people quietly returned within.

"Well," thought Grant; "this is an extraordinary place; these are cool customers—they seem to make uncommon little of a runaway; there must have been a carriage behind those horses, and I should suppose, somebody in it."

Reflecting thus, he hurried up the village to see what had beome of the horses after they had risen the crest of the hill. At the door of the chief hotel, "The Beaver," a knot of men were standing who had evidently just finished the noonday meal. They were gazing idly up the street to where a crowd, chiefly composed of small boys, had gathered round a door for which the runaway team had made, with the evident knowledge that there was their stable.

Our hero turned under the verandah—"Whose team was that went up the street in such a mighty hurry?" said a man who had just come out and was undergoing toothpick exercise.

"Only the doctor's," was the answer, given in a plain matter-of-fact manner. "Charley Mac' says that the doctor's the best customer he's got. His wife was sick last year for about four months, and his children had a hard time of it all through last winter; the doctor was in the house nearly every day for pretty well on to three months, and off and on right up to spring, and yet when it came to settling up the bill and Charley puts in his account, why the boot was on t'other foot, and instead of

Charley owing anything, what with shoeing broken rigs, and a new buggy made after his own get up, the doctor was in Charley's debt, and paid right straight up without another word."

"Is it Doctor Olmsted of whom you are speaking, and were those his horses that ran away?" said Grant, addressing the previous speaker.

"To be sure," and all eyes were turned on the young man. "I guess you'll be a stranger here not to know the doctor."

"I am, and I am going to see him; will you please shew me his house?"

"Over there, sir, on the opposite side; that large square house in among them chestnuts," and the man walked out into the road to shew the place more clearly.

"Thank you; but hasn't any one gone down to see if the doctor is hurt," enquired Richard; "he may be lying by the road for all we know; can't somebody get a horse and ride off down the road."

"Never you fear, sir, he ain't hurt any, he's had more runaways nor any man in these parts, but he always falls right, and he's not afraid to-day of the wildest pair of colts that ever had a pair of lines drawed over them."

"Don't you go down," the first speaker said, as Grant, disgusted with their coolness, was preparing to run off himself, in the direction from which the team had come tearing up the road.

"He'd be mad enough if we was to go down to look after him, but to have a stranger 'speering' at him would almost send him wild. Don't go; his man'll be down there directly with another rig; the doctor will wait for him and drive home as if nothing had happened."

Grant was undecided whether to go on to the house, or to walk down the street again and meet the doctor. He couldn't take the matter so calmly as those who knew the doctor well; but the anxiety which he would have felt in any other case for a man under similar circumstances was moderated now by the quiet manner in which the runaway had been regarded by the villagers and by a recollection of the sketch afforded by Mr. Ogilvie of the doctor's eccentric ways.

He determined, however, to return and meet his future host. He accordingly walked off down the road. He had not gone very far when, at a sudden turn, he came suddenly upon a gentleman, sitting on a low wall which ran along the bank, and, under the shade of a large umbrella, was evidently deeply immersed in a brown study.

He was a man of a little under the medium height; his hat was off and, laid by his side upon the wall, disclosed a head singularly well developed in all those points which form the outward signs of a deep thinker and man of more than ordinary intelligence; the hair that yet remained upon a head rapidly becoming bald was thrown about in wild disorder, the evident consequence of a common habit, in which he was now engaged, of passing the fingers through and through when in deep meditation. A broad, high forehead surmounted a kind and a genial face: the dark blue eyes were now fixed steadfastly upon the road, and the hand not engaged in ruffling up his hair was idly beating a tattoo upon his knee; a firm mouth covered with a light moustache and a darkly tanned cheek and brow completed a face at once attractive and one that would inspire confidence in a stranger.

"Good morning, sir."

"Ah, good morning; good day, sir," answered the doctor, for he it was, as he awoke from his study and fixed his piercing eyes upon the young stranger. "A fine day, sir; do you come for me?"

"Not professionally. I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Doctor Olmsted?"

"That's my name. I see you're a stranger here, sir," returned the doctor, getting slowly down from off the wall and approaching our hero.

Grant handed his card to the doctor, who, reading it, looked up quickly and, holding out his hand, greeted his visitor frankly and cordially, and in his first look and words took his heart by storm.

"I'm glad to see you; I've been expecting you for some days, but I met Mr. Ogilvie yesterday and he told me you were on the boat with him, but from what he said I gathered that you would take some time

in your overland trip, to spy out the nakedness of the country, before you came on to Ontario; however, I'm none the less pleased to see you," and the doctor shook him warmly by the hand again.

"Come, give me your arm, I feel a bit shaky, and let us walk up home; dinner will be ready, and were it not that in my profession I come home at all hours, my wife would be put out at having to keep things warm. I'm not a gourmand, but after being out in all weather, cold and heat, rain or sunshine, I'm glad of a quiet dinner, that is when people will let me—but, I'm forgetting—What sort of a voyage had you? Fine—that's good. And how do you like Canada? Oh! pshaw, how can you tell yet? By the by, you're a Canadian, though your experience of the land of your birth has been so far con. fined to daily strolls for a week or so on the wharf at Quebec in the arms of a nurse. I was at Quebec the day your father and mother arrived, and was in consultation with the ship's surgeon when your mother was lying so ill in the captain's cabin."

Arm in arm they strolled towards the village, the doctor asking innumerable questions about Grant, his father and mother, England, and the voyage, and occasionally pointing out views of landscape as they turned an abrupt corner or came opposite a gap in the enclosing woods. Grant, who could not keep his thoughts from wandering to the accident, especially as he felt his companion leaning rather heavily upon his arm, tried again and again to break in upon the innumerable questions which the doctor, seldom waiting for an answer, poured out upon him, when at last he managed to interrupt with:

"Were those your horses that ran up the village just now, sir?"

"Oh! by the by, yes; I must be after them," suddenly ejaculated the doctor, and away he sped, regardless of his stiffness, in the direction of the village. Grant followed, but they had not gone twenty yards when the doctor as suddenly changed his mind, and sitting down on the bank, proposed to wait. "I know," he said, "the team will go straight for home, and my man will bring them back, when I can send him down for the buggy, which is just below the hill."

"How did it happen, sir?"

"Oh! only a shy; they're given to that sort of thing. I am afraid I shall find a little difficulty in breaking them off it, too. I was thinking of a bad case, and all of a sudden they gave a jump right against one of those telegraph posts, pitched me out with the jar, the line broke, and they got clear from the buggy, and were off like a shot. Ah, here is Duncan now."

"Are you hurt, sir?" said the man. "The mistress is in a real bad fright."

"Tut, tut, there was no need. What did you let her know anything about it for?"

The man was proceeding to explain that Mrs. Olmsted had heard the horses come dashing up to the stable door, when th doctor interrupted him impatiently:

"Well, never mind, go on down the road and bring up the buggy; you can tie it on behind, and we will walk on home."

The two proceeded slowly towards home, the doctor unfolding a great scheme he had for safety reins. "He proposed," he said, "to have a small reel to his carriage and a pair of extra driving lines to the bridle bits, and these lines were to be wound round this reel so that they would run out about a hundred yards. The danger is," he proceeded to further explain, "when horses break a whiffletree, or shy and upset a buggy, or in any way get away from the vehicle, that, in holding on to the reins, the driver is pulled out and either kicked or run over. Now if he had a long safety rein to pay out, he would have lots of time to drop his driving lines, and consider,—a few moments is quite long enough for a man to gather his wits together in an accident, and by the time he has got his hands again on the horses' mouths, his head would be cool."

The revelation of this scheme occupied the walk through the village, and so thoroughly wrapped up in the plan was the doctor that he appeared quite unconscious of the smile of recognition, mingled with amusement, to which he was treated by persons on the sidewalk. On arriving at the house, the doctor hurried into his surgery, and soon reappearing, ushered his

guest into the house, where the introduction having been made to Mrs. Olmsted, the three sat down to a pleasant little dinner, enjoyed with that rare freedom from punctilious etiquette and fashion which is one of the chief delights of Canadian social habits. Mrs. Olmsted, who, when the doctor had first appeared, had looked pale and frightened, had been reassured by hearing his hearty laugh, and with a gentle admonition—sure to be neglected—that he should be more careful in his daily trips, rapidly recovered her kind and gentle serenity. Grant soon found that the last words of his Atlantic friend, the clergyman, had not been far wide of the mark—for through all the doctor's vagaries, there ran a strong under current of sound common sense, and although he was never tired of unfolding magnificent schemes, such as the establishment of a child's hospital, the union of all Christian churches, common pulpits, and a grand speculation for the establishment of a private model agricultural college, he would also bring from his deep stores of general and special knowledge, much information and instruction in regard to Canada, of which he was a true son, and her future prospects. He was called out at all hours of the day, and not seldom in the night also. In the "wee sma hours" a ring would be heard at the surgery bell, and a hoarse voice would bellow through the trumpet, sounding as if it came from regions far below, and rumbling through the house—"Doc-tor-r-r." The doctor would spring from his bed and shout back down the tube to know "What do you want with me? I'm not deaf." The answer having been given, he would pass his hands through his hair, reflecting, and then deliver an ultimatum, couched in the briefest language: "Shan't come till morning," or "Why didn't you call before?" In the former case, he would retire to bed, whence no amount of ringing or shouting could again make him rise, and in the latter he would dress, silently slip down the stairs, and off to the stable for his horse. Grant was his companion in many rounds, and saw by that means a great deal of the country; for the doctor was called out from all parts over more than one township, and often had to perform very long journeys. Like many professional men, his hobby was agriculture, and he had an excellent knowledge of it as applicable to Canada, gleaned from daily conversations and intercourse with the hardy farmers of the neighborhood. He had introduced our hero to a gentleman who was a large farmer near the village, and had persuaded him to take Grant as a pupil and to teach him the practice and science of Canadian farming. The small capital which Grant had brought out with him had been the subject of many a conversation, the young man often expressing a desire to invest it in some undertaking from which he could secure quicker returns than from farming—the doctor strenuously advising to put it out of his reach, lock it up somehow, until he had been in the country at any rate for a year.

"You see, you know nothing about Canada; you may like farming, but at any rate you should try it for a year; it will give you an insight into the ways of the country, and you will have gained some experience by that time. You must be careful how you enter into any business,—let me tell you there are plenty of rogues in this young country as elsewhere; we've got lots of wolves in sheep's clothing, and yours is just the fleece that they would delight to pluck."

The effect of the doctor's advice was that Grant struck a bargain with Mr. Frampton, and after staying at the hospitable house in the village for some weeks, betook himself one day in the early part of July to "The Maples." Mr. Frampton was a Canadian, born in the Lower Provinces, and of Old Country parents. He was thoroughly conversant with Canadian farming in its practical forms, and being a hard worker himself, and a pushing man, there was afforded to Grant ample opportunity to acquire much practical knowledge. The busy days of haying and harvest had passed rapidly away, finding our hero free to admit that farming "wasn't half bad work." The winter wheat was sown, and the roots and apples had been gathered in, when a cold, stormy, snowy night of the early part of December found Grant again at the Doctor's genial board. It was a dinner party,—not a stiff, dress affair, but a social

party gathering, to which every man had driven his own "rig," and was prepared for an evening unrestricted by idle form or ceremony. The doctor was in his drawing-room, looking as if he had but one care in the world, and that the fear that some of these troublesome women would, as usual, select this cold, stormy night, when everything was bright and cheerful, to call him with immediate and pressing urgency.

The professions were well represented. Talking with Mrs. Olmsted in a gentle tone, of many a poor patient in the poor parts of the neighborhood, was our old friend, the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie. The lawyer was not absent. His keen grey eyes were hidden beneath heavy brows, and there was that indefinable expression about him which says plainly: "I let you talk, but in point of law your evidence rests on no sound basis." Farmers were there; gentlemen who had been born in Canada, generally the descendants of half-pay officers, of either service, and many of them old countrymen, who had settled about Ashton because there was good society, and who found that a couple or three hundred pounds a year went very much further here than the same amount in the old country. Neither was the manufacturing interest without representation. Some years ago, there had been established a cloth factory on a stream not far from the village. Its former owners had fallen into the fatal but too common error of backing the paper of a firm of merchants in the neighboring town, and when the firm came to their end with a crash, the unfortunate endorser found himself a ruined man. The factory had been taken by a mortgagee, and had come under the hammer. A few weeks before the sale a stranger had been seen frequently driving out to Silver Creek, and had called for letters in the Ashton post-office by the name of Roberts, and the report was soon afloat—it was said to have originated at the post-office—that this stranger had come down with an intention of bidding at the sale. However, to those whom he occasionally met, he never disclosed his plans, and the knowing ones amongst the gossips dubbed him as "no fool." The report, however, proved true, and Mr. Roberts had been for eighteen months the proprietor of the Silver Creek woollen mills. He was now leaning with one arm resting on the mantel-piece of Mrs. Olmsted's drawing-room, and was reviewing the company generally. His face was a curious and, indeed, interesting study. A half-open mouth, delicate features, vacant expression, narrow receding forehead, and small figure, with a very decided stoop, gave him at first sight an almost idiotically simple appearance. Nor did his voice belie his looks. With a lisp, he would talk the most senseless twaddle, and was ever ready to manufacture or to laugh at the most vapid jokes; but to those who would observe him closely, there might be seen in the midst of the most meaningless and nonsensical conversation, a quick, sly look, expressive of the sentiment, "I am not such a fool as you take me for." The unfolding of our tale will show how much of his composition was fool, and how much knave. The doctor did not like him. He couldn't, or, at any rate, would not say why it was; but it was evident that he mistrusted Mr. Roberts. The nearest explanation of his reasons that he could be persuaded to give was characteristic: "Well, a man's brain is a very small thing, and there can't be room in it for two characters. The man is either a fool or a knave. I do not know that he is a knave; but I know he is not half as great a fool as he makes himself out in company." But Mr. Roberts was not the only addition brought to Ashton by the purchase of the Silver Creek Mills. He was a married man, and Mrs. Roberts and her daughter were, when our hero entered, engaged in animated conversation with the host. Mrs. Roberts was a counterpart in many ways of her husband. The doctor said to his wife, "I don't like her; her eyes are too close together." But she was yet always considered a pretty woman, and our tale will show that she had a true woman's heart. To regular features was added a well-shaped head, shaded by the most lovely golden hair. We shall meet her again. Lucy Roberts resembled her mother very slightly. From her she had inherited the lovely golden tresses; but a pure

good soul looked out from those frank blue eyes, and the broad white forehead, a nose with the *retroussè* of good nature, and full rich lips, were indicative of a warm amiability and love. That she was a general favorite, there could be little doubt, for as the doctor left her to do his duties to his other visitors, there gathered round her a little knot who were listening whilst she recounted a perilous ride that she had undertaken a few days ago, and in which she had been run away with by her spirited mare, Daisy. The expressions of sympathy which the thoughts of her danger now drew forth were, however, cut short by the announcement of dinner, to which our doctor, leading Mrs. Ogilvie, and the ranks closed by the parson and Mrs. Olmsted, immediately repaired. Shall we describe the dinner? —it is needless. Stars vary in size and brilliancy, and so do dinner parties. The gourmand or the epicure may have been able to pick to pieces our host's table; but the guests felt no such inclination. The lively flow of conversation, "the feast of reason," &c., &c., filled up the moments diverted from the more solemn business; and as all things, no matter how good they may be, must come, sooner or later, to an end, so we find the ladies returned to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen, in accordance with the old English—we must confess somewhat selfish—custom, had drawn together for conversation. Grant was seated next to Mr. Roberts, who was generally a favorite with young men. He had a large number of superficial, but taking qualities; could sing a good comic song, dressed well, and, giving little evenings frequently himself, had an off-hand, captivating style in his hospitality. The two soon found themselves in a lively conversation upon Canada.

"So you are going to be a farmer, are you?" and Mr. Roberts cast into his voice the slightest tinge of a sneer at the word "farmer."

"Yes, I like it first rate; it's a jolly independent life, and a fellow has his own time entirely to himself."

"An excellent reason for liking it," was the answer; "but I fail to see any money in it. It appears to me that the farmers in Canada are just no more than laborers, living from hand to mouth; and don't you think your education will be thrown away upon a farm? Any fool can plough and grub, and raise a potato patch and wheat. You don't get any society. You may raise enough stuff to keep you from starving, but you've got to grub along to do it, and, as for marrying, why, your wife will just become a household drudge. The men all expect to eat at your table, and the farmer is altogether at a pretty low ebb in Canada. Now, all that talk about independence is all nonsense. Of course, you're independent; so are we in our factories. I take my holiday when it pleases me. You're just dependent upon your hands. I think farming would be a jolly life; but not the way you are going to do it. I am making a fortune. I do not mind telling you; but I never say as much to other people; but they can see it. In a few years I intend to retire, and then, perhaps, I'll buy a farm; have everything first class; go into raising thoroughbreds; but as to working and becoming a watch-dog about my own premises, and a dried-up looking old man, like Mr. Wren opposite, catch me doing it. I'll have a comfortable country house, and live there in summer, and put in the winter months in a town residence."

"Your picture is very vivid," said Grant; "but look how awfully confining it is to be shut up in your factory all day long; and then if a man were to invest all his capital, he might get burnt out or fail; and for my own part I do not know the first thing about business."

"My dear fellow, that cant about knowing business is all stuff. Of course it is better for a man to have some knowledge of books and business; but I can show you a dozen men who never saw a spinning-jack in their lives, and who went into manufacturing, and are now rolling in wealth."

"I do not doubt you," answered Grant in a musing tone, for Mr. Roberts' pictures which he continued to draw, of the advantages of business over the farm, were beginning to impress themselves upon his mind; "but on the other hand look at Mr. Bolton, Mr. Frampton, Mr. Wren, all here

to-night, and a dozen more like them in the neighborhood. I am sure their lines have been cast in pleasant places, and they are happy, contented and prosperous; they've all got good properties, and are men of good standing and live well,—at least as well as any reasonable man need want."

"There it is again," answered Roberts; "you look at their position now, but think of the ladder by which they obtained it! They worked like laborers and lived on next to nothing; all the early part of their lives they simply existed. What's the good of making a competence in old age, when you have grown too old to enjoy it? I believe in making a fortune when you are young, and enjoying it before all the pleasures of life are clogged by declining years. Now in ten or fifteen years, if all goes well, and as it is going now, I shall have put by a hundred thousand dollars, and then I will drop what little risk there is and invest. Money makes money; and a hundred thousand will keep increasing by good safe investment and give me an income of, at least, two thousand pounds. Now what I tell you is in strict confidence; I should not like it to be repeated. I am making now at the factory seventy dollars a day, clear of expenses. I could show you by my private books. I ask you not to repeat it, because I do not even allow my bookkeeper to know. I get his balances in such a form that he cannot obtain a full idea of our business. And let me see," he added in a half undertone, as if this was of no interest to his hearer, "that is from the cloth business; if I could only manage a separate establishment to supply yarn to my customers, and get some of that out of the hands of the knitting places, the whole thing would be helped and profits would be, at any rate, half as large again; but—All right doctor, we are not talking treason."

This abrupt change in the conversation was due to a remark from the host, who had, while apparently fully occupied in the unfolding of a noble scheme for the establishment of his favorite model farm and training school of agriculture, been not unmindful of the general nature of Mr. Roberts' remarks to young Grant, and who now, in order to break in upon the influence which the oily tongue was evidently producing, had asked for the benefit to the whole table of some of the manufacturer's eloquence; for, said the host, "You're such an awfully deep fellow about your business that we musn't let you off when we get you in the humor to enlighten us."

"My dear sir," was the reply, and the face looked as innocent as it were possible to look, "I was enlightening our young friend as to the opening prospects of Canada to commercial and mercantile interests, with a few illustrations from my own experience."

An adjournment was shortly after made to the drawing-room, and Mr. Roberts left our young friend to digest the illustrations drawn between the several businesses in which they were mutually interested.

If Mr. Roberts had a sinister motive in view when he was engaged in disparaging the life of a farmer, and had thrown out a gentle hint that he, Grant, might find an opening for himself for a more profitable investment of capital, the views of his daughter were far different. The evening was passed in merriment and fun. The duties of the piano were willingly performed by the several ladies in the room, and when the dancing had left its reaction from the fast and furious, charades were entered into with great zest.

These evening parties in our Canadian country homes acquire much of their popularity from the absence of all conventional style.

The young officers who vote waltzes and the gallop the only dances fit for a fellow to enjoy, seem oppressed with little boredom by the lively games and less fashionable dances with which the evenings hours were beguiled.

(To be Continued.)

EDGAR HUNTER'S PROMISE.

"Promise me, Edgar, that you will never touch wine."

"God helping me, mother, I never will."

The scene is a darkened and silent chamber, with death angels hovering near, and a dying mother parting with her son. The boy is kneeling beside the bed, clasping in both of his hands the thin, emaciated hand of his mother. The silence of the room is broken by the sick woman as, turning feebly on her pillow, she looked with a fond, earnest gaze into her boy's face, saying, "Promise me, Edgar, that you will never touch wine." Clear and distinct through that still chamber sounded the solemn words, coming from those boyish lips: "God helping me, mother, I never will."

"My son," said the dying mother, in a low, agitated voice, "you have made my last moments on earth happy; may God give you strength to keep that promise ever sacred. But I would warn you, my son, against venturing where the wine-cup may be offered to you. Do not think yourself strong enough to withstand any temptations that may be placed before you. Do not rely on your own firmness of mind; but look to God for guidance and counsel, that you may ever be kept in the right path. I must soon leave you, but it will not be friendless and alone. Our good friend, Doctor Norton, will care for you as his own son, and endeavor to be to him all that a loving son should be."

"Oh! mother," sobbed the boy, "do not talk of dying; you must not die and leave me."

"Hush! my son," entreated the mother, her voice thickening with emotion; "you must not talk thus. God's will, not ours, be done."

Just then the door of the apartment softly opened, and a pleasant-faced, middle-aged gentleman entered. A faint smile crossed the face of the dying woman as she silently motioned the doctor—for Doctor Norton it was—to her side. Looking up into his face with a grateful look she said:

"My dear friend, I have been telling Edgar of your generous offer, and I hope that you will never regret your great kindness to the widow and fatherless."

Something like a tear glistened in the Doctor's eyes as he took the sick woman's hand, and his voice faltered as he said:

"You must not exert yourself so much, Mrs. Hunter; I am confident that Edgar will give to me what I have so longed for—a son's loving affection, and as I deal with him may God do the same by me."

Mrs. Hunter could not speak, but her eyes were full of gratitude as she sank back exhausted on her pillow. For a long time no sound was heard in that darkened chamber save the low, quick breathing of the woman, and the sobs of the boy kneeling beside her. At length the fast glazing eyes opened, and in a weak voice she said:

"Edgar, my darling boy, come nearer to me; it is getting dark, and I would look once more on your dear face."

Gently the boy bent over his mother and pressed his lips to her brow, where the death dews were fast gathering. Feebly the mother's arms were raised until they encircled her boy's neck. Yearningly she gazed into that beloved face, as though she would bear the remembrance of it with her to the shadow land. Suddenly a quiver passed over her, a look of great agony crept into her countenance, her arms dropped from the boy's neck, a severe struggle shook the slight frame, and then all was still. Once more she spoke; the words were low and feeble, but the two standing beside her bent eagerly down to catch them. They were:

"Edgar, keep your promise ever sacred, and be sure to meet me in heaven."

One long shuddering sob, and the spirit of Annie Hunter passed through the golden portals and before the great white Throne. With gentle hand Doctor Norton led the weeping boy from the chamber of death, and with loving words of comfort he sought to soothe the wild anguish of the boy, in this his first great sorrow.

* * * * *

Sixteen years before the opening of our story, with the broad blue waters of the Atlantic intervening between the place where the above scene took place and her beautiful English home, Annie Hamilton became Richard Hunter's bride. She was the only child of wealthy parents, indulged in all that wealth could procure, her every wish anticipated almost before expressed. In the fashionable circle in which she moved she was a petted favorite, receiving an unusual amount of worldly homage. Yet she did not seem to care for these caresses, and ever remained a gentle, pure-minded girl; seeking a higher and nobler position in life than that of a courted and leading belle in the shallow fashionable world. Richard Hunter was also a favorite, his generous nature and frank easy manners gaining him many friends. He loved Annie Hamilton with all the strength of his noble nature, and she in return gave him her heart's lasting affection—a pure, holy love, that would never wane and never grow old. Their union met with satisfaction on all sides. Not only did their immediate friends appear suited, but society in general nodded a pleased approval. For some months after their marriage nothing seemed wanting to complete their happiness; but too soon a cloud arose to disturb their joy and shroud their happy household in gloom. A malignant fever swept over the town, and the reaper of Death paused at the home of the young bride, and it went not away empty-handed; it bore away both Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, the beloved parents of Annie. For a time after she had seen them laid under the green sod, she was utterly prostrated, and for weeks her life was despaired of; but at length she rallied, and as soon as her strength returned she begged her husband to take her away from the scene of so much sorrow; she could not endure the sight of the dear old home where every hour the familiar objects brought so vividly to her mind her lost loved ones. Willingly did Richard Hunter consent to her proposal; for he, too, longed to leave the spot where their happiness had been so suddenly and bitterly clouded. So when the mild, hazy September days came, they bade farewell to their beautiful home, paid a last sad visit to the silent churchyard where rested their dear ones, and on a calm, clear morning they stood on the deck of the vessel which was to bear them across the ocean, and watched their loved native land fade from their sight.

They chose their home in one of America's largest and most beautiful cities. There, surrounded by new scenes and forming pleasant acquaintances, Annie became like her former self. But, alas! this new happiness was not to last. A cloud was again gathering over them, dark and sullen, bringing trouble and sorrow, as surely as a floating cloud in the clear summer sky heralds a storm. The numerous temptations which are spread before the young in great cities were not withheld from Richard Hunter. Young, wealthy and generous he proved a valuable victim to those who sought to allure him to ruin. For a long time Annie tried to put away the thoughts that would force themselves into her mind that her young husband was becoming dissipated. But, at last, she could deceive herself no longer; for one night he returned home to her intoxicated. Bitter, indeed, was the shock to the young wife. When he came to himself again, gently and lovingly did she chide him, and earnestly did she beseech him to conquer himself before it was too late. Humbly he asked her forgiveness and promised that it should not occur again. But that promise was not kept. Again and again he yielded to the temptation, until there was rarely a day passed that did not find him intoxicated.

At length when their little boy was given to them, the hope that had almost died out revived in the young mother's heart, that her husband would become a sober man.

She cherished the hope that this little one would prove an endearing tie that would draw the wandering husband back to the right path. And for a time her hopes were realized; for when the babe was placed in his arms to receive his blessing, he felt as he looked upon his firstborn that he must and would lead a better life, and in his heart he made a solemn vow that never again should the accursed wine stain his lips; and that vow was strengthened by the words of his young wife as with a feeble voice, and with a yearning look on her pale face, she said, "Oh, Richard, my husband! if not for my sake or your own, for our child's, do not become a drunkard."

Solemnly and earnestly he repeated aloud the vow he had made in his heart, and the young mother's fervent "Amen" told the joy she felt, and her heart went up in prayer to God that her husband might have strength to keep always the promise he had made.

For two years Richard Hunter kept his pledge faithfully, carefully shunning all places of temptation. At the end of two years he became engaged in business which brought him in contact with many of his former associates. But he did not think himself in danger; he thought himself strong enough to withstand any temptations that might be placed before him, to allure him back into his former course. But he was wrong; though possessing many noble qualities, he lacked that firmness and decision of character he most needed to enable him to refrain from yielding when sorely tempted; and again he fell. This time his wife's prayers and tender entreaties, and the earnest advice and warnings of friends, seemed of no avail. Those connected with him in business, being men of no honor, took unjust advantage of his neglect in attending to his affairs, and one day Richard Hunter awoke to find himself a ruined man. Instead of arousing himself, and making an effort to regain his lost fortune, he only sank lower and lower, and sought to bury his misery and shame in drink.

They were obliged to give up their beautiful house and move into cheap lodgings in an unhealthy part of the city. The wild life Richard led soon broke down his constitution, and in a short time he became a helpless invalid; his health destroyed, and mind and energies weakened; and for nearly three years he lived dependent upon his wife for everything; for with the exception of a few pounds of his wife's private fortune, all their wealth had been squandered.

During his time of helplessness the past life he had led was ever before him. Very bitter were his thoughts as he looked into the past, and how dark seemed his wasted life! How earnestly did he wish, as we all do some time in life, that the past could only be lived over again! How differently those precious years would be spent! His gentle wife sought to draw away his mind from these sad reflections, and lovingly did she guide him to the throne of God, there to seek forgiveness and mercy. And there let us hope he found the pardon he sought.

After the death of her husband Annie removed with her little son, then a lad of seven years, to a small town many hundred miles from the great city where she had known so much misery. In her new home she found many kind friends, but kindest of all was Doctor Norton and his wife; in them she had found a loving sister and brother. Here she lived a peaceful life for six years; then God called her to Him, and her sad life was ended. Her cross in life had been heavy, but she bore it meekly, and felt that through suffering she was made perfect.

Chapter II.

Ten years have passed by, bringing their joys and sorrows, and when we again look upon Edgar Hunter we find him changed from a boy to a young man of twenty-three. We must pass over the years intervening since we last saw him at his dying mother's side, and only tell you how tenderly he had been cared for by Doctor Norton. He had received a brilliant education, which, with his uncommon talents, and honest, upright character, made the future seem bright before him. He chose law as a profession, and the openiug of this chapter found him settled in the city of B——,

where, although he had been but a year there, he was already gaining for himself many golden opinions and many firm friends. Faithfully he had always kept the promise made to his dying mother; never had he yielded to temptation, though sometimes the struggle was hard.

It was shortly after coming to the city that he became acquainted with Marion Arnold, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, Meeting her often in society, as well as at her own home, where Edgar had become a frequent and ever welcome guest, he grew to feel something more for her than mere admiration for her dazzling beauty and winning manners; and as day after day found him at her side, she ever smiling and gracious, he felt that in Marion Arnold was all his noble heart wished. But could he have looked beneath that fair exterior he would have been amazed at the false, cruel heart that throbbed there. Could he have known that on many others her dazzling smiles and bewitching manners had been practised, he would not have thought her all that was pure and good. But as he is sitting in his office busy with his law books, let us visit the home of the fair young mistress of his heart.

Within a handsomely furnished apartment, in one of the finest mansions in the city, where the winter sun came streaming into the eastern windows on the rare pictures and costly ornaments that adorned the room, sat two ladies. The one with the haughty, handsome face is Marion Arnold; the girl sitting on a low stool at her feet is Winnie Norris. Though not possessing a face of such perfect beauty as her cousin Marion's, yet there was something very attractive in Winnie's sweet face, with its soft brown eyes and frank, honest expression.

"Then you do not love Mr. Hunter, Marion," said Winnie in a surprised tone.

"Love him!" and Marion laughed scornfully. "Do you think I would love a poor man? Love Edgar Hunter!" repeated Marion; "how absurd!"

"Then why do you lead him to suppose you do?" replied Winnie.

"I should like to know what right you have to question my actions?" said Marion, flushing with anger.

"Pardon me," said Winnie; "I did not mean to offend you; but I do think that Mr. Hunter is too good a man to be thus deceived. Marion, why are you so gracious and cordial to him, while to others you are so cold? You do not know what you may do. He is a good honest man, and you have no right to deceive him."

"Yes," sneered Marion; "among his numerous good qualities strict temperance ranks first. He even in society refuses a glass of wine; but I have resolved to bend his stubborn will, and will yet see the wine cup lifted to his lips and drained; he bows, a willing slave to all my wishes with that exception, and he shall yield in that. Next week, at my birth-night party, I have decided to conquer him. He shall not refuse to drink my health. When I once see Edgar Hunter flushed with wine, then my victory will be complete."

"Oh, Marion!" cried Winnie; "you cannot be in earnest; you surely would not lead a good man to ruin. I beseech you not to do so!"

Marion's face was dark with anger as she replied, "I have yet to learn in what way I am answerable to you, or any one, for my actions. I think," she said, a sneer curling her lips, "that you take a great deal of interest in Mr. Hunter. I do believe you are in love with him yourself."

"Hush, Marion!" and Winnie's face was covered with a blush of wounded dignity; "you shall not say such things. Knowing as well as you do the misery and shame I have known from the effects of wine—how it has clouded all my young life—can you wonder I shudder at the thought of a person being deliberately led on to touch the accursed wine-cup?"

Seeing the face of her cousin growing darker with passion, Winnie rose quickly and left the room.

* * * * *

The large mansion of Mr. Arnold was ablaze with light; the avenue is thronged with carriages; servants are bustling about disposing of the occupants of their carriages, or chatting in groups. There is a crowd of elegantly dressed people within, They have gathered there to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of Marion Arnold's birthday. Marvellously beautiful is the

young hostess this evening, with her robes of pure white, her only ornament a cluster of starry jessamine interwoven in her dark glossy hair. Marion Arnold understood the charm of dress. Beside her stands Edgar Hunter, his tall figure making him conspicuous among the moving throng. Winnie Norris is there, also, her sweet face sadder than usual to-night, but many turn to admire the little form in her deep mourning robes, standing beside her brilliant cousin. Merrily pass the hours away. Attentive and courteous to all is Marion; but when she speaks to Edgar Hunter her voice is soft and her eyes are raised to his expressive of what Edgar reads as love. At length, at the magic hour of midnight, supper is announced, and to Edgar is the honor given to lead the young hostess in. The repast is sumptuous, and the wine in costly decanters is brought in. Why is it that Marion's eye flashes with renewed fire? and why does Winnie's cheek grow paler? Oh, Marion! your hour of triumph is coming.

One after another rises and drinks the health of the fair young daughter of the house. At length an old gentleman exclaimed,—

"Come, come, Hunter; after you have carried off the highest honor of the night, are you not going to wish her good health and long life?"

"Most willingly I will drink it with pure water, but not with wine," replied Edgar.

Marion's face darkened; but it was radiant and smiling as she looked up into his face, placing one white hand on his arm as she spoke.

"Edgar, would you drink my health in so cold a beverage. I should think your wish for my health and long life was as chilly and devoid of warmth as itself. Just this time, just this once," she pleaded.

"Forgive me, Marion, but I cannot."

"Not for my sake, Edgar," said the fair temptress, lifting her soft eyes to his. "Will you not for my sake?" and her eyes filled.

For a moment he hesitated; that moment proved fatal to him; for filling a glass with sparkling old wine, she gave it to him with her own fair hand. Filling another for herself, she rose, saying,—

"See, my friends, together we drink our mutual health." Lightly touching her glass to his she lifted it to her lips and drank it off. Almost a groan burst from Edgar's lips as he laid his empty glass down. Once, twice, thrice, the fair charmer made him drain the wine-cup, and when he left the house in the small hours, it was with a promise that on the morrow he should learn his fate from her lips.

Once in his own chamber the thought of what he had done came with blinding force over him. For a moment he almost hated the woman who had tempted him; then softer thoughts came to him of her. He tried to convince himself that she did not realize what she had caused him to do; and, as her fair, charming face stole into his vision, he thought how unjust he had been to blame her for it all. He loved her so well he was unwilling to think that had it not been for her he would have still held the pledge given to his sainted mother.

The next day found him early at the house of Mr. Arnold. Marion's welcome was as cordial as ever. Honestly and earnestly he told her of his love for her, and in simple words asked if she would give that priceless gift, her love, in return to him.

"Mr. Hunter," said Marion coldly, "I was sorry last evening to learn by your parting words to me, and in asking for this interview, that you felt more for me than mere friendship; for, Mr. Hunter, though I feel deeply the honor you have conferred upon me, I really do not love you. If I have given you reason to think otherwise, I am sorry. Believe me, I only thought we were having a pleasant flirtation," and Marion laughed lightly.

In that moment Edgar Hunter's love for the fair false woman died. Rising hastily he stood before her, and looking sternly into her face, he said,—

"Marion Arnold, you do not know the wrong you have done me. You must have known this long time that I loved you, and you gave me reason to think that you loved me in return. But I will not speak of that, it is past. But you knew last night, when by your influence, I drained the wine-cup, that it was for your sake I did it; it was for your sake I broke a solemn promise made

to a dying mother. I pledged myself, with God's help, never to touch wine, and through all these years since her death, I have kept it. Last night it was your hand that placed the glass in mine; it your sweet voice that tempted me; you begged me to drink, just for your sake, just one glass. I forgot all else in my passionate love for you; my promise to my sainted mother—everything—but my love for you. Three times I drank at your command. I left this house a partly intoxicated man; all this for your sake! And this is my reward! Woman, if you did it to show your power over man, you have succeeded; and perhaps you may find enjoyment in the thought that you have been the means of placing a shadow over my whole life. For never, though I may not ever touch wine again, can I forget that I have broken my sacred promise. I will leave you now. May God forgive you as freely as I do; and may He teach you Christian charity towards all men."

And hastily wishing her "Good morning," he left the room.

In the hall he met Winnie Norris. Reading in his face what had passed, she came up to him, and gently placing her hand in his, said,—

"Believe me, Mr, Hunter, I am sorry for you."

Clasping closer the tiny hand he held, and looking down into her sad brown eyes, he said,—

"Thank you, Miss Norris; sympathy is sweet in time of trouble. I shall not soon forget it;" and raising her hand to his lips he was gone.

Chapter III.

AND LAST.

Once more the veil is raised, and we look upon those we have followed through life's journey.

It is New Year's Eve, and the old year was going out with storm and sleet. But a happy group around the ample grate in the parlor of one of the most imposing mansions in B——, heeded not the howling storm, for the closely drawn curtains excluded even the murmurs of the raging without.

In the noble-looking man seated beside the fire, we recognize our old friend, Edgar Hunter; beside him, her brow as fair and face as sweet as ever, is Winnie Norris, now Judge Hunter's wife. The three little ones playing on the rug before them, and the noble boy reading beside the table, are their children; or, as Judge Hunter loves to call them, his jewels. There is no need to question whether Edgar Hunter is a sober man. One glance at that pleasing face confirms the truth that the wine-cup is never raised to those lips. Nor is there need to ask if their's is a happy family. With such a kindly father and gentle loving mother, there can be no doubt that peaceful happiness reigns there.

But we must leave this happy home, and visit another, far away in a distant city.

In a gloomy room, where there is no warmth, save from a few smoldering coals, crouched over the fire, sits a pale, hollow-eyed woman. Ever and anon she looks towards a miserable couch, where, locked in each other's arms, sleep two little ones. We can hardly trace in the gloomy, sad woman, any likeness to the once brilliant Marion Arnold; but she it is. Her heart is sad and heavy to-night. The coming new year promises no joy for her. To-day her husband was laid in his grave—in a drunkard's grave—and Marion and her children are beggars. Her punishment has been hard, but just. But we will draw a veil over her errors, and speak gently of her, while we remember that there is good in all, and none all good.

LIFE IN THE EAST INDIES.

The East Indies is a name generally applied to the archipelago lying S E. of Asia, containing the islands of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes and others. It was visited by voyagers from the Western World in the 16th century, and since that time Portuguese, Dutch, English and French have controlled parts of its domain.

I wish I could affect the reader's imagination as my own senses were impressed, when after a stormy night, in which we barely escaped shipwreck, we sailed in the early morning along the shores of Java, an island so beautiful in its aspect, so luxuriant in its productions, and so delightful in its varied climates, as to have been claimed by many as the veritable locality of the Garden of Eden. As we sail along monkeys chatter at us from the trees and rocks that girt the shore; bright plumaged birds are seen on the wing, and the dewy air floats off to us so loaded with odors suggestive of delicious fruits, that one instinctively opens his mouth to devour it. This makes plain an idiom of the Malay language. "To take a walk" is expressed in that tongue by words meaning to eat the air. I can hardly recommend this chameleon diet as a staple food, but it is most excellent for desert.

Saiiing up the Straits of Sunda the waters attract the notice by the curiosities floated on their surface. Cuttlefish bones, such as our canaries use, cocoanuts, a great variety of fruits and leaves, and even floating rocks, which are found to be pumice stone, pass the vessel in continual procession. Besides these an evidence of civilization is usually noticed in the form of square-faced gin bottles, for these abound in the neighborhood of the Dutch settlements.

At Anjer, a little village nestled among dense foliage, "bumboats" come off to supply the ships with fruits and provisions. One of these making fast to the vessel, a man climbs up on deck, dressed in jacket and pants of striped red and yellow cotton and introduces himself as Paul Jones; but if he visits an English ship he, perhaps, knows enough to select a name less offensive in its allusions. This boat contains yams, the eastern substitute for potatoes, cocoanuts, bananas, fowls, shells, Java sparrows, and always monkeys. A sailor sometimes sets these last loose, and they escape on board the ship and retain their liberty. The last time I passed Anjer homeward bound, my previous experience with monkeys led me to send word to the crew that they might buy as many monkeys as they wished, but I should charge $10 for each one's passage to New York. The consequence was that no monkeys were bought; but after getting to sea I found the crew had invested in squirrels, which had the art of taking very long leaps through the air, so that one was often startled by hearing a whiz, and feeling an animal alight on the back of the neck. I resolved that in future squirrels should also be excluded from the free passengers' list.

Rounding St. Nicholas Point into the Java Sea, we sail among small islands, each a perfect gem of landscape beauty. All have read of the formation of these coral islands; how the little insects rear the structure and die at the water's surface when their work is done. Then the drift of the sea collects upon the coral, earth slowly accumulates; cocoanuts are washed up, and, taking root, send up the tall palm trees; finally, the whole island becomes a mass of luxuriant verdure. A glistening white sand beach surrounds it, and at a little distance it is encircled with a wreath of foam, as the sea ceaselessly breaks over the surrounding reef. These are the jewels of the eastern seas—the emerald brooch with silver setting, fastened upon the bosom of the deep.

Anchoring in Batavia harbor, native boatmen row us ashore, giving monotonous grunts as they ply their oars; and pulling up a long canal, we land at the "boom," or Custom House. A carriage is secured, a sort of barouche, having four wheels, one seat with projecting hood. A driver sits on the box, wearing a loose bright-colored frock, his head being covered with an enormous gilt hat, in shape like an inverted wash-bowl. Two ponies are attached to the carriage; the driver cracks his whip and beats them to enforce a start, but in vain. This carriage, in the Malay tongue, is called a "crétur," but an Irishman would certainly apply that term to the horses, for of all created animals, donkeys not excepted, these East Indian horses are the most erratic and unaccountable in their movements. In this case an appeal to the bystanders brings a crowd to push the vehicle ahead, until the ponies, through fear of being run over, decide to get out of the way, and start off upon a gallop, which is maintained till the destination is reached; unless they should happen to stop suddenly, stand on their heads and kick their heels at the driver's wash-bowl hat; or else, turning at right angles, dash off the road into a hedge fence. I was once driving in Penang, in the Straits of Malacca, with a gentleman, in an American buggy drawn by a Sumatra pony; a horse passing at a gallop infuriated the animal and he rushed at his utmost speed along a smooth, wide road. At its sides were ravines fifteen or twenty feet deep, at the bottom of which ran streams of water. No obstruction was in sight save a solitary buffalo cart on the left hand side of the road; and because that was the only point where he could not have the freedom of the whole road, there that pony deemed the path of duty to lie. As he approached the cart he bolted off to that side of the road, tottered a moment on the edge of the bank, and over it we went. Flying through the air I struck my head on the opposite side of the ravine, and rolled down into the stream under the pony, who looked as though he wished he hadn't done it. Some natives helped me up into the road, and when I appeared on board ship the next morning with my bruised and battered face and soiled clothing, the sailors cast suspicious glances, and I learned afterwards were quite elated at having detected their moralizing captain in the indulgence of a night long spree with such results. This injury to my reputation may account for my prejudice against East India ponies; but now that I have given them a bad name I have had my revenge. It must be admitted that they are indispensable to comfort, with all their ills, for the fierce tropical sun forbids noonday walking, and some covered conveyance is an essential of life in the East; so, in China, each person has his sedan chair carried by two coolies; in the Straits' settlements, his one-horse gharry, and in the Dutch places his crétur. Some security is given against the waywardness of the ponies by the frequent practice of building embankments at the sides of the roads; and some escape their dangers by using good horses from Australia, or, occasionally, fine Arab steeds.

The hotel at which we arrive is a two-story building, and in the rear extend lines of one-storied structures, with wide walks covered by verandahs, upon which the rooms all open. Upon my first arrival at this hotel I entered the office, but saw no person there, unless Mr. Darwin's friends should insist that I applied that term to a large monkey, who was seated upon the table and engaged in pouring the contents of a capacious inkstand upon the open pages of the hotel register. My presence ended this evidence of a dawning fondness and aptitude for the fine arts.

Allow me to describe a day's life as a sample of the mode of existence among the foreign residents. In the morning one is awakened by a servant entering the room with a cup of tea; looking out upon the verandah, another servant may be seen engaged in cleaning the shoes. He plucks a flower from a plant close at hand, rubs it over the shoe and then applies the polishing brush, with brilliant effect. This is called the shoe-plant; and nature makes another appropriate arrangement in producing the soap tree, with the fruit of which the hands may be cleansed. Seizing the towels, one next proceeds, in his sleep-

ing costume, across the court yard to the bath house; this is a room paved with tiles, containing a large tank of water. The mode of bathing is that practised by the natives. Standing alongside the tank the person dips out water in a small bucket and pours it on the head. This becomes a very favorite method of performing ablution. Returning to the room, the sleeping costume is laid aside for the habiliments of the day; but it demands a description, for few things are more peculiar or essential to a comfortable life in the East. It consists of loose trousers, called pajamas, and a jacket, called bajou. The pajamas are made of colored calico, the more brilliant in color and startling in pattern the better. They are gathered about the waist with a string. The bajou is of white calico, buttons closely about the throat and reaches to the hips. This dress is worn not only at night, but whenever in the day one is free from business or society. The first morning I spent in Java I encountered a lady robed in white. I averted my eyes, but saw another lady approaching; and then another, and finding them unconcerned, I gained assurance enough to inspect their costume. I learned that in the Dutch settlements in the East Indies ladies adopt a dress corresponding somewhat to that of the native women, which they wear during the heat of the day, and only appear in European costume in the evening. This dress consists of the "sarong," or loose skirt of colored calico reaching to the ankles, and the "cobaiya," a white sack descending to the knees. Sandals are worn, but no stockings. The first impression upon the masculine beholder is not pleasant. It seems a decidedly slipshod attire; but we soon become accustomed to it, and admire, at least, the good sense that leads to the consideration of comfort, rather than fashionable appearance.

After the bath the gentleman dresses for the day, either all in white or with a loose black sack coat. Breakfast is served, consisting of broiled fowl, eggs, fruits, &c., and at about ten o'clock the carriage takes him to his office. Between twelve and one a lunch is served on the business premises, the chief item of which is curry. This demands description. We have all seen bottled curry powder, but what is used on the spot is made fresh every day. The ingredients are ground upon a stone and mixed together. The meat of a cocoanut is grated, moistened with water and squeezed by the hand over the curry powder. Into this prawns, or bits of fowl or meat, are placed and the dish is ready. Rice is first taken upon the plate and curry is added. A tray is handed containing a dozen little plates, each holding some kind of peppers, pickles, spices or chutney, and one is supposed to take a little of each, or else to make a judicious selection. A dried fish, called a Bombay duck, is broken up over the pile and more meat or fowl may be added, or else some fricadel, a delightful compound of hard eggs and minced fowl. Finally all is thoroughly mixed together and eaten with the aid of a spoon or fork. This tastes better than it, probably, sounds to the reader's ears, and there is no recollection of the East more suggestive and fascinating to a former resident than the curry. It seems strange, however, that in such warm climates nature should crave such heated and stimulating food.

If it is not steamer-day, the gentleman will probably drive home at about four o'clock; the pajamas and bajou are donned, a book or short nap occupy an hour; another bath is taken, and the evening dress is assumed, which usually will be of white, with a short jacket, such as is worn by waiters in our hotels. A walk or drive is taken in the cool of the evening, ladies and gentlemen appearing without hats or head-dress; or if hats are worn, they are light articles, made of cork or pith, with good ventilation. They meet where the band may be playing, or drive along the charming suburbs, or saunter to the club house. Between seven and eight they sit down to dinner, and get up at some indefinite period between nine and daylight. The men smoke their cigars between the courses, drink liquors throughout the meal, and afterwards take a night-cap of brandy and water. They retire finally to beds covered with rattan mats, and devoid of bedclothes. A lamp remains lighted all night in the

room, and consists of a glass tumbler half full of water, with cocoanut oil poured in, and a small wick floated on top in the centre. This is the lamp of the East.

The houses of the foreign residents are one-story structures, raised a few feet from the ground, built of brick or stone, covered with plaster and whitewashed. A broad flight of steps leads to a wide verandah, which is supplied with furniture, especially easy chairs of luxuriant model, and this place is the sitting-room and reception hall of the family. Within are parlor and bedrooms, and at the back of the house is another verandah, generally used as a dining-room. One who takes an evening's walk, and as he passes each house looks through the dark foliage at the brilliantly lighted verandah, with its family and social groups, will get a series of most enchanting tableaux. When the residents wish to be "not at home," they darken the front verandah and get further into their houses, so callers are spared useless enquiries. In the rear of the house the servants' lodgings, kitchen and bath house are placed. The kitchens are a novelty. A raised platform runs the length of the building, and on top of it, or in arches near the top, several fires are built as needed, one for each dish to be prepared. There is no chimney; the smoke not absorbed by the food, escapes through the doors. The servants are numerous, and each has his separate sphere. There is no "maid of all work" in the East. Every person has his "boy," who hovers about him in all his waking hours, and cares for him much as a nurse for a child. The boy is called for every trivial service, and I have heard the master shout repeatedly for the "suppada," as servants are called, and when he came running breathless from the rear of the house, he was ordered to move a chair that stood a few yards off, in order that the luxurious master could put his feet on it.

The vegetation of the East impresses the traveller with its luxuriant growth and beauty of form and color. There is no "Fall;" all is evergreen. The cocoanut trees abound, perhaps, most commonly. The form of its straight stem, with branches spreading from the top, and the fruit nestling at the summit, are familiar to all. It is interesting to see the natives climb these tall trunks to gather the cocoanuts. Sometimes they ascend by stepping upon notches cut in the tree, and at others they put a loop of rope around both ankles, and seize another loop with both hands, their arms encircling the tree; then alternately grasping the trunk with feet and hands they ascend swiftly, and soon the thumps of the nuts on the ground is heard. Picking up a green one, and cutting a hole, you may obtain a delicious drink of sweet water. The "flame tree" attracts especial notice in Batavia. Its lower leaves are of a dark green, and grow gradually lighter until at the top they are straw-colored, forming a pyramid of light. Outside the limits of the town one comes to the jungle, which may thus be described: Imagine a forest of gigantic trees standing together almost like the stalks in a wheat field. They are smooth and branchless for four-fifths of their height, and then spreading out, interlacing, form a complete canopy. Then a growth of shorter trees springs up, winding their branches in and out among the trunks; then comes a growth of ferns, palms and plants, and, finally, the whole mass is woven together by a network of creepers and parasites, from the slender rattan to the vine as thick as a man's body. In the elbows of the trees are many orchidaceous plants thriving on the air and sending down their shoots into the network below. This jungle is absolutely impenetrable by man, but the tiger roams through it, and lurks on its border for the unwary passer-by. Beyond the jungle may be seen the "Paddy-fields," the light green color of the growing rice, pleasing the eye in contrast with the copper-colored beeches and the purple mountains beyond the plain. The graceful bamboo waves in every direction, and gains respect as being the most useful growth of the East, though botanists term it only a grass. Its uses are innumerable; but two extremes may be mentioned. With it the natives build their houses and beat their children. The tropical fruits require a word of mention. There is the durion, the favorite of the natives, smelling, it is said, like a dead elephant, and tasting,

to my palate, like a mixture of nuts and onions. The mangosteen, the choicest of fruits; the delicious mango, the pummalow, rambutan, duroe, and banana,—all awaken pleasant memories as the favorites of the table.

The natives are short, homely and copper-colored, or, as they like to describe themselves, "the color of gold." The men dress in jacket and pants, with the sarong wrapped about the waist, or hung loosely from the shoulders. The women wear the sarong and cobaiya previously described, and their general appearance so much resembles that of the men, that it is sometimes difficult for an impartial eye to distinguish the sexes. The teeth are filed and stained black from chewing the betel nut, as it is deemed unbecoming to have "white teeth like a dog." The houses are of bamboo, covered with a thatched roof, and mounted on posts, and the front-door steps consist of a ladder. The food is chiefly rice; but if report is true many revolting creatures are devoured, and worms and white ants are occasionally taken "as a relish." The buffalo is a member of society that deserves notice. A hump on his back serves to hold the yoke, and he is driven by a string tied to a ring of rattan passed through the nose. After work they delight to stand in the river or canal, and with only their heads above water, enjoy a cooling off. The Dutch Government require every native who walks after dark to carry a torch. This is composed of stems from the cocoanut tree, and is fanned into flame as the holder hears an approaching footstep. They vie with the fire-flies in making the night attractive.

Many customs are striking to the visitor. The woman walks in front of the man, so that she may regulate the pace as she desires, a refinement we might copy. After marriage the husband goes to the bride's home and resides. A man leaves his property to his nephews and nieces, not to his own children, for he casts a slur upon female virtue by saying: "A man may be sure his sister's children are of his own blood, but who knows that his own are?"

Descriptions of life so luxurious as that of the East Indies may seem attractive and fascinating to dwellers in the harsh, northern climes; but there are compensations. The enervated East Indian resident sighs for the cold winter, the bracing sleigh ride, the animating change of seasons, cultivated society, the intellectual stimulus of scientific investigation and literary criticism, and though myself partial to the East in many respects, I would say with England's poet:

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

TWILIGHT.

BY REBECCA PERLEY REED.

The glowing day had faded,
And twilight still and dim,
Dropped down the western heaven
Her soft, gray brooding wing.
Tired of life's noise and bustle,
I lay and watched the light
Fade slowly and serenely
Into the coming night.

And soul with self held converse:
"No day with hasting feet
Shall bring its heavy burdens
Thy timorous trust to meet;
Or, to thy slow solution
Its urgent problems bear,
So that by halting ignorance
Wisdom's own garb must wear.

"No day so worn with labor,
And vexed with chill or heat,
But hath at last its ending
In twilight dim and sweet.
And in its rest and silence,
We half forget the glare
Through which we toiled reluctant
Into serener air.

"But calmer still the twilight
That with its vaster wing
Shall lapse all human life at last,
And longer silence bring;
Oh blessed, beauteous twilight,
If earth's horizon line
Merged in the coming glory
With heavenly light shall shine!

"Ah, waiting then, and smiling,
We shall not grieve to know,
That dark the sky above our heads,
Doth surely swiftly glow.
'Twill be enough that any road
Hath led us to His rest,
Who is with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest?"

— *Christian Weekly.*

A NEW LOVE A TRUE LOVE.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Thurston was going away, to be absent for some weeks. He would have taken Juliet with him, but Juliet was not well, and the doctor had pronounced the cold from which she was suffering as likely to be increased by the journey.

Mr. Thurston was very reluctant to leave his wife. If it had been possible he would have given up the idea altogether; but business rendered it imperative that he should meet certain persons, and be in certain places at particular times, and so the arrangement had to be carried out.

He had exacted from Juliet a promise that she would permit her mother, or one or both of the girls, to stay with her during his absence. She had given the promise reluctantly.

"I don't want Mamma," she had said, with a touch of her old pettishness; "or the girls either. You know I would much rather be alone."

"I should feel uncomfortable if I left you alone," Mr. Thurston had answered; and he had urged his point until Juliet had been obliged to yield.

He was to leave the next day, and Juliet had followed him into the library, where she found him busy over his papers.

"I felt so horribly lonely that I thought I'd join you," she said with a half shiver. It was August, and the soft warm air was coming in through the open windows with a scent of the late roses; but she had wrapped herself in a great shawl and complained that she was cold.

"I am afraid you are really ill, my dear," Mr. Thurston said in genuine alarm, as he proceeded to close the windows. "I'll send for Hayes immediately. If you are not better than this I cannot think of leaving you."

But she dissuaded him from sending a second time for the doctor, saying that she had not yet taken all the remedies Dr. Hayes had left, and that it was only a cold, which, like a woman's anger, had to run its length before it could turn.

He drew the sofa close to the table where he was writing and settled her down upon it, adjusting the cushions for her and wrapping an additional shawl carefully about her.

"You are very good, Miles," she said, gratefully; "I wish——" and then she stopped, and the tears which had been gathering in her eyes began slowly to fall.

"Why, my darling child, what is the matter?" said Mr. Thurston anxiously, pushing away his writing and coming to her side, and taking her into his arms as he might have done if she had been his pet daughter.

"What is it that you wish, my darling?"

"O Miles," she said impetuously; "I am so unworthy of it all."

And then her tears fell faster, and laying her head upon his breast she sobbed aloud.

Mr. Thurston felt disconcerted as well as alarmed. Only once he remembered to have seen her weep as she was weeping now. It was when first he had asked, or tried to ask, her to be his wife. He recalled the time now, and her emotion, involuntarily, and, as involuntarily, that time and this, that emotion and this emotion, linked themselves together in his mind.

Without knowing why, and without any apparent reason for it, a vague dread took possession of his mind.

"Juliet," he said gently, but very gravely, "Why should you talk like this? Are you not more than worthy of all the love I can give you? Are you not my wife?"

She was silent, but for her sobs; and he went on:

"My darling, you are ill. I will not take this journey. Come what may, I will put it off until you are strong and well, and can come with me."

"Miles," she said, lifting her head from his breast and speaking with forced calmness, though he could feel her trembling all over. "Miles, if I were to tell you something that would make you think me very false—very different from what you have always believed me to be, do you think that you could pity me and love me still, if it were only a little?"

He looked at her, his face growing stern with the feeling he was struggling to suppress.

"Speak plainly, Juliet," he said, with forced composure; "I cannot pretend to understand you."

"I have wanted to tell you for a long time," she began; "but it has seemed so hard, so very hard; and I have dreaded to lose your good opinion. It has seemed to me as if I could not live if I knew that you despised me. And so I have let you go on trusting and loving me, when I was unworthy of it all."

She looked at him appealingly; but his face was as hard as if it had been carved in stone.

"Go on," he said coldly; "pray go on."

And in a few broken sentences she told him the pitiful little story of her first love and its unhappy termination; of her object in marrying him; and how the old love had still weighed heavy on her heart.

He heard her to the end without a word, and when she had finished he put her from him gently, but with a shudder as her hand touched his.

"Oh, Miles!" she said imploringly, as he was turning silently away; "cannot you forgive me? Cannot you speak one word to me? You do not know how hard it has been for me."

"Perhaps not," he said bitterly; "perhaps not." And then he turned and left the room.

She heard him go into his study and lock the door after him. There was something in the hard-set, resolute face that warned her not to follow him. Something that seemed to set them very far apart now, for all they had once been near.

She did not see him again till dinner-time. When the bell rang she crept down from her own room where she had taken refuge from the servants, and sat down in her old place opposite him at the table. He was in the room when she entered, and one glance at his face told her that he was still unaltered, still inflexible.

It had been their custom from the first, when they dined alone, to dismiss the servants when the covers were removed, and ring when their attendance was required. In their familiar home life they had dispensed as much as possible with the more formal restraints which the presence of strangers imposed; and it had been one of the reasons why, when she had learned to know her husband intimately, she had grown to like and respect him, that he was without the vulgar love of display, so often characteristic of the man who has risen.

She sat opposite to him now, in the old place; but all the ease, the pleasant genial warmth of their intercourse, had vanished, and in its place was a rigid formality, an icy courtesy that struck hopelessly upon her heart. Never till now had she felt afraid of him. Never till now had she felt how hard and stern and implacable he could be. She tried to gather courage to speak to him—to appeal to him again—but the words died upon her lips, and only the bitter tears, which would not be forced back, came to plead for her.

At last, unable to endure it longer, she rose from the table, and with a scarcely audible apology, was leaving the room. He, too, rose, and offered her his arm, as he might have done if she had been a duchess; but she rejected it passionately, her temper roused at length by a sense of cruel harshness and injustice.

"If you cannot forgive me, don't mock me with your courtesy," she said; and swept scornfully from him.

"I have something to say to you," he said, as he followed her into the drawing-room and closing the door after him. "After what you have just told me," he began, "you cannot wonder if I do not—if I cannot feel towards you as I once did. But I wish to be just. I ought, perhaps, to thank you for undeceiving me even thus

late. I am glad that it was arranged beforehand that I was to leave home, for I do not think I could have remained under the same roof with you just now, knowing how you feel towards me, and how your heart has never been mine. I do not say that I will never come back. We are bound to each other now, outwardly; and though for my own sake I would willingly break the false tie that makes us man and wife in the eyes of the world, for yours I will not. I shall leave to-night, instead of to-morrow. Make what explanation you like to the family about the change of time, and expect to hear from me as usual; for, understand me, it is my intention that outwardly there shall be no difference."

She bowed her head in assent.

"Be it so," she said coldly; "I am quite willing. At what hour do you wish to start?"

He told her briefly, and she left to give orders that all should be in readiness when the time came. And he had left her thus, without a word of pity or forgiveness. Only at the very last, and for a single moment, had he seemed to relent.

"Good-bye," he had said; and his voice had faltered; and then he had hesitated; had turned away, and come back irresolutely, and finally had stooped down and kissed her passionately, tenderly, before he was gone.

Chapter VII.

Then it was all over. There was no more hope of happiness for her in this world,—perhaps not in the world to come; for if she was so guilty, so utterly past forgiveness in her husband's eyes, would God be merciful?

Yes! oh, yes! She clung to this hope. She could not give it up with the other.

Her mother came the next day; affable, obsequious, profusely communicative of Juliet's indisposition, of which Mr. Thurston had told her, calling on his way to the station to insure her coming to Juliet in his absence.

"He seemed to feel dreadfully at leaving you, Juliet," Mrs. Amhurst continued; "and charged me over and over again to see that you were very careful of yourself, and did just as Dr. Hayes said. He told me he was hurried, but that he was going to see Hayes before he left and order him to watch your case carefully, and if there was the least change for the worse, or any possibility of danger, we were to telegraph to him instantly."

Poor Juliet! She was growing very weak and childish, she told herself; for the slightest word of kindness brought the tears unbidden to her eyes now; but it was not to be wondered at that her poor little unhappy heart quite melted, and her forced composure quite gave way, when Mrs. Amhurst told her of her husband's care for her. And then she recalled, as she was beginning to recall often now, with a wild hope, the passionate tenderness of his parting kiss. Oh, if after all he did really love her still! If some time, though it might be years hence, he might learn to think kindly of her again; to take her back to the old place in his confidence, to give her the love she had seemed to forfeit!

But why should it pain her so, she asked herself, if he never could love her again? Why should his love be a necessity to her if she could not love him in return? Then as the days of his absence passed slowly on, she began to ask herself another question—a question she had never asked herself till now. Could it be possible that she was learning to love him? The bare possibility startled her as nothing had ever startled her before. What if in these dreary, slow-passing days, when she had looked into her own heart and searched it as she had never searched it before, she found tokens, faint at first, but growing stronger with every day that parted him and her, of a feeling for her husband that once had not existed there—that once would have been impossible? She trembled at the thought.

Letters had come from Lucy and Mark announcing their arrival at their new home in the Prairie Province, there—and Juliet wondered in herself at the perfect indifference with which, as Mrs. Amhurst, to whom the letters were addressed, read them aloud for her benefit, she listened to the bride's

rhapsodies on Mark's devotion during the long and somewhat tedious journey and since. What was it to her, now that her own husband was away from her, and that a dark cloud had loomed up between them, if Mark was Lucy's devoted lover and husband? Nothing—literally nothing. She could afford to smile without a shadow of pain or regret at the thought. Or, if it moved her in any way, as she thought it calmly over afterwards, she was glad that Mark and Lucy were happy, and that she was not Mark's wife.

Yes, it had come to this now. She was glad that the little brief love-dream of her early youth had melted away, and that a better, truer love had succeeded. For she loved her husband now. She doubted it no longer. Mark's marriage with Lucy had made it a double sin in her eyes to cherish for him any but a sister's feelings; but she was ignorant of her own heart, distrustful of herself, unwilling or slow to believe with all her determined purpose to be good and true to her husband, that her romantic, girlish dreams could be dispelled; and but for this bitter parting which had opened her eyes at last, but for the confession which had made the parting so bitter, she would have gone on secretly cherishing and mourning over her love for Mark, when every day the love was becoming more and more a fancy of the past.

She had heard twice from her husband. His first letter had been cold and brief, informing her of his own movements and expressing a hope that she was better; and she had answered it in much the same spirit. Then after a lapse of a few days had come another, less cold. A letter in which there was an evident struggle to keep back the real feelings of the writer, lest they might betray him into a warmth and tenderness of expression foreign to the course he had marked out for himself.

She read this letter over and over again with a wild hope at her heart—a hope that sent the color flashing to her cheek and the light to her eyes. She had carried it away to her own room that she might be quite alone when she broke the seal. She could not bear to read her husband's letters in Mrs. Amhurst's presence, with Mrs. Amhurst's curiously expectant eyes upon her, Mrs. Amhurst's facetious remarks ready to fall from her lips at the slightest hint of its contents. He called her "wife" in this letter, not simply Juliet as in the last, and signed himself her affectionate husband. It was commonplace enough, but it brought hope to her heart, and courage too. Yes, she would answer this as she had not dared to answer the other. She sat down to her desk, and with trembling heart and fingers began to write. She would tell him now what she could not have told him at the first, what, until now, she could not herself have thought possible she could ever be able to tell him—that Mark Ardesley was nothing to her now, but Lucy's husband; that the girl's fancy had all passed away with the wife's love. And he would believe it; yes, he must believe it. He must know that she would not stoop to deceive him in this. She would tell him how the love had been growing upon her all unconsciously; how she had been fearing, and in her fear believing that it would never come, when all the time it had been there, and only this cruel separation had been needed to convince her of the fact. It would not be a cruel separation, after all, but a blessed one, if it should bring them together in the end.

She wrote on, filling page after page in her eagerness, never heeding that visitors were waiting in the drawing-room, and that Mrs. Amhurst had twice sent to apprize her of the fact.

She went down when she had finished, looking flushed and eager.

"We have just been hearing that you were ill," Mrs. Routh said, prepared to be sympathetic, but surprised at the beaming, hopeful face that answered her enquiries; "Mrs. Amhurst tells us you have been quite a sufferer since Mr. Thurston left, and we are so sorry. We did not know before."

"Yes, I have had a cold," Juliet said indifferently; "and it made me feverish. It is almost well now."

The Rouths stayed to luncheon, and there was a good deal of talk over family affairs. Mrs. Amhurst grew confidential over Mark Ardesley's prospects of advancement in the New Province.

"You see it is not as it is in Canada proper," she observed sententiously; "where there are fifty applicants for every place, even the unimportant ones. As yet, men like Mark are at a premium in Manitoba; though I must say, I am just as well pleased he decided not to lose time, for delays may be dangerous there as elsewhere; and the thing might have slipt from him altogether."

"It is a Government situation, is it not?" Mrs. Routh asked, hazarding a question about which there had been considerable speculation in the circle of their mutual acquaintance, since Mark had, at Lucy's direction, observed a discreet reticence on the subject when interrogated by any of his friends.

"Ahem, yes. Oh, yes! A Government situation, certainly," Mrs. Amhurst responded, hesitating a little, nevertheless. "And a very good one too, and certain in time to lead to something still better, if the present Government remains in power, as it is sure to do. And Lucy is so much pleased with Winnipeg; and likes the people so much, and is already on terms of the closest intimacy with the family at Silver Heights."

She went on volubly, but with secret uneasiness, not certain how far she might rely upon Juliet to leave unexposed the falsehoods which she knew she was despising her for uttering.

Juliet, for her part, listened with a burning cheek, and with all the old disdainful fire of her girlish days kindling in the glances which she threw, from time to time, at her mother across the table, and which, at last warned Mrs. Amhurst to desist.

"Why cannot you describe things exactly as they are, mamma?" she exclaimed indignantly, the moment their visitors had departed; "surely it is not worth while to be ——" false about them, she would have added, but checked herself, seeing the look of discomfort on Mrs Amhurst's face.

"I know it, Juliet; I know it is very wrong," the poor woman admitted humbly, "but the fact is there have been so many ill-natured remarks about Lucy's marriage. We are hearing things all the time, and Mrs. Hayes told me only yesterday that Bella Routh had told Fanny that Mark's situation was only a clerkship at $400 a year, and that we were keeping back the fact and trying to make people believe that it was something grand, and that Lucy had done splendidly."

"Which is just what we are trying to do, some of us at least," Juliet responded with severe candor. "O, mamma, I don't see how you can be insincere about it. For my part," she went on defiantly, "you need not count upon me to let such statements pass uncontradicted again. If anything more is said about it at any future time, I'll tell the truth about it—the exact truth. There is no disgrace in Mark's having only $400 a year; but there is a very great disgrace in telling stories about it."

She swept from the room like a youthful Nemesis, and went to quiet her outraged feelings among her flowers in the garden. She took out her husband's letter and read it once again.

"If he was harsh with me at first," she thought with a feeling of deepening tenderness; "he was, at least, true. Oh, if I had but been true with him from the first!"

Then she remembered how she had striven to do what was right even from the first; and her heart, even while it sorrowed over the months when her fault had remained unconfessed, yet acquitted her to the full of intentional deceit.

"I never meant to deceive him," she thought; "if he had asked me if I could love him I should have told him no, in the face of all their anger, all their reproaches; but he never asked me; and so each day it grew harder to face the prospect of telling him. I ought to have done it though, for all that; and now, I thank God that I have done it. Yes, however it may end, I thank God that my husband knows the truth."

Chapter VIII.

Juliet was counting the days that must elapse before she could receive an answer to her letter. It would take two days for the letter to reach him: then, if he answered it immediately, as she felt sure he would, his reply would come to her in two more. It seemed a long time to wait; and this was only the first day.

Her father came in while she was thinking it over. She was always glad to see him. He had not been without his share in the family deception which had insured her marriage with Mr. Thurston, and at first she had found it hard to forgive him; but, after the first passionate outburst, she had let love and pity plead for him as they had refused to plead for her mother and sisters. And now when her heart had learned to love her husband, her heart turned to her father in tender confidence. For she knew that there was no deception in the high estimate which he had from the first formed of her husband's character. She felt sure that if Miles had not been his son-in-law and the family benefactor, he would still have loved, revered and admired him more than any man in the circle of his so-called friends.

With her mother and the girls it was quite different. Loud as they were in his praise, profuse in their professions, she yet distrusted them, and shrunk at times from the fulsomeness of their flattery.

"It is impossible that they can like him as they profess to, for all that he is continually giving to them," she concluded within herself, remembering the one or two occasions when Mr. Thurston's innate scorn of falsehood and the little petty meannesses which had grown to be second nature with Mrs. Amhurst and her elder daughters, had broken the bounds of courtesy and vented ttself in some scathing rebuke or withering, sarcasm under which they had shrunk abashed and mortified. True they had seemed to forget the unwonted rudeness very soon, not even resenting it afterwards with Juliet when they might have done so; but Juliet felt sure, for all that, that there was no love lost between Mr. Thurston and his wife's mother and sisters.

"I have brought your letters," Mr. Amhurst said; "I met John on the way and took them for him as I was coming directly here and he said he had another errand to do before he could return with them. And here is one from Miles."

Another letter from Miles! Mrs. Amhurst caught facetiously at the announcement. Miles was devotion itself. The most unremittingly attentive, lover-like husband that she had ever known. This was his third letter, and he had only been from home a week. Would not Juliet read it for the public benefit, and not take it away to devour its contents in secret as she had done the letters that had preceded it?

Juliet smiled in spite of the half-contemptuous feeling in her heart, and opened her letter a little tremulously. She had no intention of reading it aloud for the public benefit, as Mrs. Amhurst had suggested; but there might be some word or message for her father, or for Mrs. Amhurst herself, or the girls; and she ran her eye hastily over its contents. A rapid change, a look first of surprise and disappointmeut, then of pain, passed into her face with the first glance.

"Miles is going away—very far away," she said, turning instinctively to her father, and striving in vain to keep her voice steady; "to New Brunswick. He finds that he must see parties there," she went on falteringly, "and there is an excursion trip on the steamship 'Southern,' from Quebec, on the 23rd, and he has arranged to go then."

"That is hard for you, little girl," said her father kindly; "I dare say you were expecting to hear more agreeable news than that in your letter."

He could not mistake the look of pain and disappointment in her face; and a feeling of relief that it was so, mingled with his regret for her sake at the announcement of Mr. Thurston's prolonged absence.

She went away quickly, without further apology. She must be alone for a little time to learn to bear this quietly, without any show of deeper emotion than ordinarily a loving wife might feel at such an announcement. When she came down half an hour later, she had quite recovered her self-possession and could discuss quietly with her father and mother Mr. Thurston's projected movements. He was not to return for a fortnight at the earliest, and possibly it might be three weeks. But she would hear from him whenever it was possible.

"And let us both forget, dear wife," the letter went on, "the cloud that came between us for a little time. I was harsh and

unjust. I can acknowledge it now. I ought to have remembered that it was harder for you; but I was cut to the soul, and my only refuge was in the sternness that gave me strength. When we meet again, and God grant that we may meet soon in safety, there must be no feeling of distrust on your part, or coldness on mine. Let us be to each other all that we can. For all that you have been to me in the past I thank and bless you from my heart; and if you can still look upon me with the friendly feeling you have had for me since I have been your husband, it will be enough. I will not ask for more till you tell me yourself that you can give it me."

Juliet's thankful, passionate tears had fallen in secret over the blessed words. He had forgiven her, then, before she had again implored forgiveness of him; before her last beseeching letter had so much as reached him. It could not reach him now at all, as he would have left the place to which it was addressed, and be far out at sea before it could possibly arrive.

Perhaps it was better so, she argued; since it had given her another proof of the noble nature of her husband. Yes, she had been blind and insensate ever to have preferred another to him; ever to have placed another in the lists against this man. Would Mark Ardesley have acted thus, she asked herself, if his position and Mr. Thurston's had been reversed? No; Mark's nature was incapable of attaining so grand a height. Mark might be loving, but not self-abnegating, not morally sublime.

Mr. Amhurst brought from the library a Dominion atlas, and went patiently over with Juliet the route which her husband must traverse. She was notoriously stupid in the matter of geography, as a general rule, and had vague and misty ideas of the "Gulf," locating it sometimes in her own mind as not far from the Pacific Ocean, and again growing confused over its possible proximity to the great Red River people were beginning to talk so much about now. Mr. Amhurst tried very patiently to make it all plain to her, and thought he had succeeded tolerably after a time, her heart being for once in the study.

"But Miles will be near that dreadful coast where the 'Atlantic' went down, and hundreds of people," she exclaimed, shudderingly, again growing confused in her mind, and mixing up the "Atlantic's" course hopelessly with that of the "Southern."

"We must notify Mr. Routh immediately," Mrs. Amhurst pronounced with decision; "so that the choir may practise the hymn for those at sea, and sing it on Sunday. You remember we had it when the Blonds went to Europe, and, of course, Miles is of ten times more consequence than they are."

Yes; Juliet was willing that they should sing the hymn whose noble words and deep, heart-reaching minor strains would make her feel as if she was listening to the sob of the ocean, and following Miles through every league of his outward course. Mr. Amhurst left charged with the message to Mr. Routh and the choir. It was beginning to rain; a fine, continuous, depressing rain, that made the August evening so chilly, even indoors, that Juliet had ordered the servant to kindle a fire in the grate. To-morrow her husband would set sail, and the next day, Sunday, would be tossing in the Gulf. She listened to the wind which was beginning to rise, and hoped that it might fall before morning, and that the next day might be bright and pleasant for the out-going "Southern" and her precious freight.

"Of course, it will," Mrs. Amhurst said, encouragingly; "or even if it should not, you know the weather is not the same everywhere, and it might be delightful with them, when it was blowing a perfect hurricane with us. The season is certainly in their favor. One could not ordinarily choose a pleasanter month for a sea voyage than August; and I am sure Miles will enjoy it heartily, but for one regret, that he has not been able to take you with him."

But for all that Juliet listened with an anxious heart to the soughing of the wind, and the rain, which was beginning to come down faster now and in larger drops.

Mrs. Amhurst found her but a dreary companion, and at length took refuge in a book, and left Juliet to her own sad thoughts. Sad they were and anxious, but not unmixed with comfort. It was so

sweet to know that he had forgiven her; to know that when he should return again all would be peace between them once more. She pictured to herself how he would look when she should tell him how that, after all, she had mistaken her own heart; how that she had loved him even then; how that she knew it now; that she loved him first and best of all. She could see the surprised, half-doubting, radiant look that would come into his face, beautifying it in her eyes like the face of an angel. She had learned long ago to find beauty in that massive, rugged face, with its lines of tenderness and power; its great, clear, truthful eyes. The wonder with her now was how those compassionate eyes had not betrayed him from the first, when he had been seemingly cold and unrelenting with her. How would the time pass with her now until she could look into them again, feeling that they loved and trusted her still? And, oh, how devoted and loving would she be for evermore!

"Mamma," she said, abruptly, interrupting Mrs. Amhurst, who started nervously from a half doze, "Mamma, have you thought all along that I was really very fond of Miles?—I mean fond of him in the way that I used not to be; in the way that you know I was not when I agreed to marry him?"

Mrs Amhurst was very much startled. She thought at first that she must be dreaming, and that Juliet had not really spoken the words she heard.

"Fond of your husband!" she repeated. "Why, Juliet; why, my dear, you astonish me! What a very extraordinary question!"

"O mamma," Juliet rejoined impatiently, "you know what I mean. You and Hester, and Penelope, and Lucy have all along professed to take it for granted that because I was married to Miles, I must love him; but I believe that in your hearts you have doubted it, one and all. Tell me truly, have you not?"

"We may have thought that perhaps just at first you were not quite so romantically in love, to use the current phrase, as Mr. Thurston was," Mrs. Amhurst admitted evasively. "But I am sure we have all agreed that nothing could be nicer than your behavior to Mr. Thurston from the time you were engaged to him, and ever since your marriage. And indeed I have said repeatedly to dear Lucy that it was a most gratifying corroboration of what I have always believed, that where there are respect and confidence to begin with, love is sure to follow."

"It has assuredly followed in my case," Juliet answered, amazed at the effrontery of the concluding assertion; knowing as she did full well that had Mr. Thurston been idiotic or blind, and deaf and dumb, Mrs. Amhurst would have all the same bestowed her daughter's hand upon him, in consideration of his wealth, and the benefits that must accrue to the family from the match.

"You know I did not love Miles once, but I do now, better than all the world."

She made the confession deliberately, feeling that it was her husband's due; and with a thankful heart. They must never misunderstand her again, never again attribute to duty or to the pride that would not brook their pity, the perfect confidence that henceforth would subsist between her husband and herself. They must know henceforth that the old feeling for Mark Ardesley was dead forever, that it could never trouble her peace again, never rise up in judgment against her at the last, when Miles and she should stand together at the bar of the Judge, and the secrets of all hearts should be revealed. They had made a cruel experiment, but it had ended well for her and for him, and why should they not know it? If the day should ever come when their consciences should accuse them to themselves, and they would tremble for their act, let them know then that it had ended well.

(To be continued.)

Young Folks.

THE STORY OF ONE CHRISTMAS

BY C. A. G.

A little face was pressed close against the window, careless of the frosty chill beginning to creep over the pane, while two gray eyes gazed into the gathering twilight. The view without was not so entrancing, one might think, as to attract Max Kendall for its own sake. Passers-by were very few, but Max scrutinized each one, beating his little foot against the wainscot and idly half-hearing the talk behind him, as his twin-sisters crouched before the open coal-grate.

"No real Christmas at all," sighed Dot. "What did you set your heart on, Ditto?"

"Same as you; furs," was the laconic reply.

"I don't believe we shall have one mortal thing," said Dot, disconsolately. "But then we are no worse off than the children and Rite. She never grumbles."

"She's Rite, not us," said Ditto.

"I went by our old house to-day," said Dot, after a little silence. "It made this one look so dingy. No wonder we can't have any Christmas, living here."

"If we lived there we shouldn't have papa, now," said her sister, softly.

Max stopped his tattoo suddenly, having lost this whispered sentence in his interest in the preceding remark.

"Dot, can't Santa Claus find us here?" he asked, wonderingly.

"I'm afraid not, Max, my precious," said Dot, with a sorry little laugh.

The question on the boy's lips was arrested as he turned to nod and smile at some one hastening through the gloom and up the steps.

"Here she is!" cried Max, hopping down from his perch, and the next moment "she" was in the room.

"Well, twinnies, is it good cheer to-day? Ah, my little knight, sister saw you at your post from far down the street."

So, stooping to kiss Max, passing caressing hands over the twins' brown braids, and bestowing a skilful poke on the sullen fire, Rite Kendall took off her wraps, and you saw why Max was content to stare into the twilight for her coming.

She was not beautiful; keen intelligence shone in her clear dark eyes; her face mirrored candor, courage, and the tenderness of a strong heart. Her voice had a cheery ring, as if used to encouraging feebler souls; and truly that had been no small part of Rite Kendall's work since her father died nearly a year ago. From his grave she came back to find herself the stay of an invalid mother, the authority and guide of four robust, rollicking children, and the contriver to make a scanty income stretch over large needs. A move from the pretty home-like home, a settling into cheaper lodgings, a picking up of music scholars here and there, a fortunate engagement as soprano in a church choir, and the new life began—the new life that begins for us all when a familiar face is shut away, and a loved presence called from the home, with, in this instance, the added burden of unaccustomed toil and unwonted privations. The story is not uncommon; perhaps that very fact makes it the more pitiful. Rite's voice gave no hint of it as she greeted the children and asked tenderly for the invalid.

"How is the mother? Is Elsie her nurse this evening?"

Elsie was, and proclaimed the fact by coming down stairs to say that "mamma's nap was comforting, and had given her a 'strordinary appetite."

At this welcome news a daintily appointed tray was carried up by Rite's hands, and presently she, with the children and Aunt Theodosia, had tea in the sitting-room.

A cheerful meal she made it, with pleasant talk of things she had seen in her round of music-lessons, and never a suggestion of her own weariness and discouragement; so that the twins grew merry and said to each other, that perhaps it would not be so dismal a Christmas after all, and Max and Elsie prattled gleefully of past delights and expected pleasures.

"How those children believe in that heathenish Santa Claus!" said Aunt Theodosia, as Rite came down from seeing the four safely tucked up for the night. "Isn't it time they had some ideas of things as they are?"

"It pleased papa to have Max and Elsie believe in that legend," said Rite gently; "and they are not ignorant of the best part of Christmas. I only wish there might be something to put in the stockings they will hang up with such faith."

Aunt Theodosia sighed.

"This is a crooked life; up hill all the way."

"But every hill climbed brings pilgrims higher up," said Rite with a sad smile. "It will be a great hill if I lose my place at St. Jude's; they talk of closing the church awhile until the new rector comes. But perhaps—yes, surely—there will be a way over it. I will not lose heart and faith, as well as place."

Aunt Theodosia sighed again. Rite looked into the coals and prayed; up-stairs the children dreamed of Santa Claus, and "visions of sugarplums danced through their heads."

So the Kendalls waited for Christmas.

In a village two hundred miles away some other people were thinking of Christmas. The snow lay drifted about the little buff cottage; ruddy light streamed from the blazing wood-fire through uncurtained windows upon the white path which no one watched longingly, waiting for the coming of dear footsteps. The elderly couple who sat by the fire had long ago passed the days of restless looking forward and eager-reaching out toward future good, yet when the shrill whistle proclaimed the brief stop of the train that whirled express from the distant city through the quiet valley, the woman stirred uneasily, and looked up at her husband with eyes whose wistful language he answered.

"I don't look much for a letter, wife; but Joel shall go down first thing in the morning. Dick don't write very often."

"No," with patient acquiescence in her voice. "But it's coming Christmas, father; seems as if he must think we wanted a letter then."

The old man nodded, but did not speak.

"He was born on Christmas, you know, father. We always taught him what a blessed star rose in the East that night for all the world, and told him how we took comfort that it was our boy's birth-time—as if it had been a token. For we were in sore grief then, you know, over little Alice. Dick will write, father; he can't forget Christmas; perhaps he will be a better boy for thinking of it."

The son was a boy still to the mother's heart; she did not recall how the years had fled, taking so much y othe boyish truth and innocence andf purit. She thought of the Star in the East, and in patience of hope waited for the Birthday so full of promise.

"Elsie, are you awake?"

"Me? yes; do you want to talk?"

"Whisper, Elsie, or Rite will come and speak to us to be still. Elsie," with an impressive sinking of the voice, "don't you think Dot said Santa Claus couldn't find us here!"

Elsie sat up suddenly on her pillow, and stared across at her small brother's bed in the opposite corner.

"Why, Max Kendall!"

"She did, Elsie. We have moved, you know, and I suppose he will look for us in the old house, and won't know where we have gone. Dot 'most cried."

"But, Max, if Santa Claus goes there, won't the people tell him where we are?" said Elsie.

"Nobody sees him, don't you know?" with a touch of scorn at Elsie's ignorance. "He just comes down the chimney when people are asleep. I wish I knew how to let him know we have moved. He will never think of looking in this ugly street."

Elsie gave a puzzled sigh; she could act; she could not plan.

"Elsie!" after a long silence; "Elsie, we will write to him; all ourselves, and tell him about it."

"But you don't know where he lives,' said the practical little woman; "and letters directed wrongly get dead, and nobody reads them. Dot said so."

"Well—but—then we will take it to our old house, Elsie, and get leave to put it by the chimney, where he will see it when he comes down with our presents. Then he can drive right over here, don't you see?"

Max was triumphant, and Elsie doubted no more.

Writing was an unknown art to the little ones, but Max could print, and the important letter was begun. It took much time, especially as it was to be kept a profound secret from the elders.

"We will surprise them," said Max gleefully.

"Dot will jump and laugh, but Rite will smile the nicest."

The days went by and Rite's clear eyes had a troubled shade. She knew definitely now that she was to sing no more at St. Jude's, and the salary, small as it was, could ill be spared. It was not now a question of how to provide Christmas cheer for the little ones. but of coal and flour and delicacies for the invalid, of the wherewithal to be clothed. If she could only get part advance pay for Lucy Jewett's music-quarter, the children should have something, Rite thought, if she had to deny herself food afterwards to make it up in the family expenses.

So on this errand of uncertainty—a pitiful Christmas errand—Rite joined the gay hurrying crowd on the street that afternoon, never dreaming that Max and Elsie were a dozen paces behind her, tripping with joyous, childish faith on their mission, the precious letter to Santa Claus safe in Max's deepest pocket.

"This is the house; don't you wish we lived here now? Don't bite your gloves

now, Elsie, while I'm asking about putting the letter by the chimney."

"As if I should!" cried Elsie, indignantly, as Max tugged at the bell.

Alas for the little hearts beating so high with hope and courage! A surly servant opened the door, and not waiting for Elsie's gentle voice, said:

"Nobody at home; gone for the holidays."

Max thrust out a sturdy arm to bar the closing door, and began:

"We used to live here, and please—"

"Nobody at home!" and the door went together with a snap.

Two forlorn little faces looked at each other, and then Elsie began to cry. The disappointment was so bitter. Max swallowed hard to keep down a sob, then suddenly dashed down the steps and grasped the coat of a gentleman passing.

"Please, won't you ask him to let us in?"

"Do you live here?" asked the one thus unceremoniously addressed.

"No, we used to, and we brought a letter because we have moved, and now he won't listen, so we sha'n't have any Christmas!"

The gentleman, not unnaturally, looked perplexed and a trifle annoyed; but the children's distress was evidently great, and he would not leave them without an effort to alleviate it.

"Tell me all about it," he said, and so drew from Max the story; how papa was in heaven, and they had moved to an ugly little street where Dot said Santa Claus could not find them, so they had written him a letter. It was not merely that they wanted presents themselves, but they wanted to surprise Dot, and Rite, who was so good and worked so hard for them all.

"Did you expect Santa Claus to mind your letter?" asked the stranger.

"Why, yes; Santa Claus loved children and they tried to be good. Didn't he know all about that?"

"May I see your letter? Perhaps I can help you send it," said the gentleman.

Max hesitated, but other resource he had not, so he slowly gave up the precious paper and eagerly watched the eyes that scanned the funny, pathetic, crooked sentences.

"DEAR SANTY CLAWS: When papa went to heaven we moved to 28 Sowth Z street—cum pleas tho it is not nice like this one—but thair is a chimney and we luv you and be good—pleas bring Rite a present and the twins but Rite most partickly—mamma is sick. MAX AND ELSIE."

"If you will trust me, Max and Elsie," said the stranger, and the children thought his voice much more kind than when he first spoke to them, "if you will trust me, I will be sure that Santa Claus has the letter to-night. He will certainly mind it."

How the children's faces glowed at the promise; then turning back with them, the stranger walked almost to "28 Sowth Z street,' encouraging them to prattle of Rite and the twins, and the happy Christmas times when papa was with his darlings.

"That's Rite's church," said Max, as they passed it. "She sings there. Nobody sings like Rite. Don't you want to hear her sing about the Star? She sings it to-night, and Elsie and I are going to church to hear her."

"Do come," said Elsie, "you will like it so much."

The children dashed into the house full of their secret, sparkling and glowing with hope the brighter that it had come so near to disappointment; and the stranger went his way, fingering absently the little note and thinking of matters that had not stirred his heart for years. He smiled at himself more than once that afternoon as he went from shop to shop, gay with holiday adornments; he had never been Christmasing like this before. But he could look back to days when a little lad like Max had rejoiced in the contents of his stocking, hung over night by a wide chimney where a generous wood-fire leaped and glowed; he could plainly see a loving face that smiled on his frolics and rejoiced in his joy.

Somehow, after that shopping and those memories, with that little trustful note in his pocket, with Elsie's kiss on his lips, and Max's gleeful voice yet almost in his ears, he could not spend Christmas Eve quite as he had planned. It was folly which the next day's light would drive away, but just now he could not shake it off. So he strolled aimlessly about until he chanced, or was guided, to enter the street where stood "Rite's church." Perhaps it was not chance that caused the Kendalls just then to be at the steps, and Elsie turning, dimpled with glad recognition, and beckoned vehemently as he stood in the shadow.

Rite's Christmas errand had been unavailing. Yet in her little room she must have found some comfort, for she left it with her eyes clear-shining and serene, and the people at St. Jude's had never heard her voice so rich, so pure, so exultant, as when she sang the carol—old, but new each year:

"In the East a star doth rise
  Grand and rejoicing;
Look unto it, heavy eyes,
  Hear the angels voicing,
Glory first to God, and then
  Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

As the last note died away, one in the listening congregation bowed his head in unaccustomed emotion. How far the years had drifted him from the little lad who at his mother's knee had learned of that star of hope, that wonderful birthnight! If it were possible to strip off the sins and ne-

glect, yes, the vice of these later years, how gladly would he hear her voice—tremulous now, it must be—repeat the old words, and accept them with the boyish faith. It was too late now. Yet through the silent church seemed to echo the words:

"All ye guilty, all ye weak,
It shines for you!"

When the lingering people went out, one followed whose face was changed from the expression it had worn on entering; and when the night of sore travail and conflict and bitter shame was ended, in the dawn the Star in the East shone newly in one life, and in one heart the Christ was born.

When Rite left the children in their beds that night and came down stairs, Aunt Theodosia met her with mysterious gesture.

"A bundle; what does it mean, Rite? All tied up, addressed to you, and left at the door while you were at church."

"For me? It must be a mistake."

But there it was, name and street correctly written; a great knobby brown-papered bundle, suggestive of Christmas cheer which Rite had so longed to give the little ones.

To open it was a moment's work, and there were toys, pictures, books, bonbons, a goodly array, labelled variously, "For Max," "For Elsie;" no member of the family forgotten, and in the midst a card bearing the brief explanation, "From Santa Claus."

Rite's surprise was as complete as ever Max could desire, and her joy as great. To unravel the mystery was hopeless, and with grateful smiles and tears Rite filled a row of small stockings, while Aunt Theodosia exclaimed and shook her head, doubtful, lest after all some evil might be hid in the mystery.

Max and Elsie needed no explanation the next day. To their sight the matter was clear; Santa Claus had received their letter and answered it. Rite, watching them, and rereading a note that had come at breakfast-time inviting her to sing for another church at a salary that far exceeded the one lost at St. Jude's thanked God and took courage.

She did not know that the childish belief and action of her little brother were links in the chain that led one erring soul back to the light; she could not see the mother in the valley two hundred miles away, welcoming to heart and home that day the son so mourned, yet followed by prayers of such unfaltering faith. Rite never learned how nearly another life had touched hers, and how much more she and the spirit within her had given, than she had received that Christmas Day. But gladly and gratefully she sung, and the children's voices joined hers,

"Glory first to God, and then
Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—*Christian Weekly.*

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Ted and Mattie had finished their work. It was hard, cold work, dragging dead wood on the old broken hand-sled, clear from Deacon Turner's wood lot to the little tumble-down log house by the four corners. But the children did not mind the cold, or the work either; they were so glad to have plenty of wood to fill up the great yawning fireplace, and keep the frost from curdling the air in the one room, and pinching the baby's fingers and toes as she sat in her cradle.

"There," said Ted, taking off his mittens to blow his cold, red fingers; "if we don't have anything else for Christmas we've got lots of wood, and I mean to fill the old fire-place chuck full to-morrow."

"I wish we did have something else, though," said Mattie gravely; "something nice for mother and the baby; but you mustn't speak about it, Ted, not before mother, because it makes her feel bad."

"I've got something for baby," said Ted, mysteriously. "Miss Spriggins gave it to me when I took her work home yesterday;" and he drew from his pocket a little round block on which ribbon had been rolled. It was papered on the ends with pink paper, and both Ted and Mattie admired it very much.

"How pleased she'll be!" said Mattie. "Are you going to hang up your stocking, Ted?"

"'Course I am," said Ted. "Something might happen, you know; and, anyhow, I like to pretend I'm expecting lots of things."

The two children went into the house, where their mother was sewing by the last light of the short winter day, while the baby sat in her cradle playing with a string of spools. The mother was pale and thin, and looked, oh! so sad and tired; but the baby was as fat, and round, and rosy as a nice plump apple, and didn't look as if she knew anything about the hard times that had come to the little log house when the father died, just about the time she first opened her wondering eyes on the world.

"The wood is all in the shed, mother," said Mattie; "a nice big pile of it; and when that is gone, Deacon Turner is going to draw us a load himself; he said so this afternoon."

"And to-morrow'll be Christmas," said Ted, "and I s'pose I'd better catch that turkey before dark."

The mother smiled at merry Ted, and Mattie drew out the small table and spread their simple supper of brown bread and milk. The children ate with hearty appetites; and though they sometimes felt a little dissatisfied with their plain fare, yet the milk was sweet and rich, and the bread wholesome, so they were in no danger of suffering.

After supper the lamp was lighted, the small room made as neat as could be, fresh wood heaped upon the fire, and after a frolic with baby, Ted and Mattie crept up the ladder to their bed in the loft, while their mother sat down again to her sewing. She had sad thoughts for company that Christmas eve, and she sighed a good deal as she plied her needle, glancing sometimes at the rosy baby in her cradle, and sometimes at the three little stockings hanging there by the chimney. They were a good deal worn, those little stockings, and Mattie's careful fingers had darned them here and there. Dear, patient, helpful little fingers —how ready they had been to take up the burden of life—how the mother's heart longed to fill them with good gifts this blessed Christmas; but, alas! she had nothing to give! She was not even so rich as little Ted, who had squeezed his precious block into the baby's stocking, and gone to bed happy. It was almost midnight before the work was finished, and already the baby was stirring uneasily in her cradle, and once or twice the mother's heart was startled into a quick throb of terror at hearing her hoarse, threatening cough.

"Dear heart," said the mother, anxiously, running to the cradle; "if she would have the croup again, and not a thing in the house to give her!"

Half an hour more and the little creature was gasping and struggling, with dark rings about her pretty blue eyes, and an ashy whiteness around her mouth.

"Run for the doctor, Mattie," called the mother, and Mattie never stopped to think of the night or the cold, as she tied on the old blue hood, and wrapped herself in her thin, worn shawl, and pattered away down the lonesome road, just as the clock struck twelve. I daresay the doctor was tired and sleepy, and I do suppose that doctors need rest as much as other mortals; but Mattie never would have guessed, by any word or look of Dr. Ashley's, that it was not the most delightful thing in the world to him to get up at midnight and go half a mile to see a sick baby, with no earthly prospect of any fee. I said no earthly prospect, but I make no doubt that a good many of Doctor Ashley's bills were kept safely for settlement by and by, when the great Paymaster up in heaven calls His stewards to account.

"Hadn't you some simple thing to give her;" said the doctor, examining the baby.

"*Nothing*, doctor," said the mother sadly.

"No sweet oil, butter, molasses? Even lard would have done."

"Nothing, doctor," said the mother again, her lip quivering a little now; no butter, molasses, or even lard."

The doctor bent a pitiful face over the baby, and he gave his directions in a low voice; but he stayed patiently by her until he saw the difficult breathing relieved at last, and the little creature sleeping safely in her cradle. He had found time to note the three empty stockings by the chimney before he went; and he rightly guessed that in a house so poor there was nothing to fill them. But whatever he thought about it, he made no remarks, and when the baby was out of danger he went away. The tired mother slept late into the next morning, with her rosy little treasure folded close in her arms, and the womanly little daughter came quietly down the ladder and began to build up the fire from the coals that still smouldered in the white ashes. She saw the stockings empty still, but she had not the heart to take them down. Her fingers were cold and stiff, and somehow she found it hard to open the door, but when it did come open, there was a big basket fastened to the latch, heaped with bundles great and small. She took it down, half doubting if she really were awake, and read upon the top, in big letters:

"*Merry Christmas from Santa Claus to Ted and Mattie.*"

I cannot tell you half there was in it, but even the turkey had been remembered, and though there was not a word to make one suspect anybody but Santa Claus, yet I happen to know that Dr. Ashley had no turkey for his Christmas dinner, though he certainly bought a nice one the day beforehand; but one thing I do not know, and that is, where they had the merriest Christmas, at the white house on the hill, or the little log-house at the four corners. —*Little Corporal.*

HOMELESS:

A TRUE PICTURE

BY GRACE EDDY.

'Tis Christmas Eve—hark, the great bell chimes
Forth joyous notes, for Christmas times
Are come once more, to one and all,
To the poor man's cot and the rich man's hall.

Alone, alone, in the dark chill night,
Two homeless children, a piteous sight
Are the baby faces, with care grown old,
And the tiny feet so blue with cold.

Asleep on the church-step, with arms entwined,
Through leafless branches the wandering wind
Sobs on, while the wavelet with murmuring sigh
Chants them a strange wild lullaby.

Near the old grey church with its ivied dome,
And its portals grand, stands a happy home;
Where soft curtains shut out the pitiless night,
And little ones play in the warm fire-light.

A fond mother joins in the innocent glee,
As she sings to the baby asleep on her knee,
And she smiles as she lists to the gathering storm,
" Thank God that my darlings, my loved ones are warm."

Aye, mother, sing on, let gay smiles wreathe thy face,
But say, has thy living heart never a place
For the outcasts, the wand'rers, the sorrowing poor
Little children, as fair as thine own, near the door?

Hast thou no care for these? yet perchance thou will spare
From thine own little circle, so favored, one prayer,
That the pitying Saviour may hear when they cry,
And give them a home in " the sweet by-and-by."

NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

"But isn't it right to keep on asking till we know whether it is denied or not?" enquired Trudie anxiously.

"'He loves our importunity,'" quoted Helen; "but sometimes we keep on asking after we see that it is refused, as a child *teases* her mother! A teasing spirit isn't a praying spirit."

"And if it isn't really refused we may keep on asking!" exclaimed Marion with more than her usual earnestness.

"I think we have a warrant for that, but we must not shut our eyes when it *is* refused. I have done that to my repenting afterward. Can't we be willing, Marion, to let God refuse if it be His good pleasure?"

"Oh, yes," was her quick reply.

"We can't want anything that God knows is not good for us," said Josie; "but still, Miss Helen, if we *can't* have it, it hurts us to be disappointed."

"Yes, but that is a little hurt, as we shall see afterward. He sometimes explains by the events of our after life the reason He has withheld the thing we asked. We don't want leanness sent into our souls, Josie."

"Oh, no," shivered Josie; "oh how dreadful that would be!"

"No one knows *how* God answers prayer. He knows and that is enough. Prayer is one of His appointed means. Now *what* may we ask for?"

"Everything" replied Trudie. "'Ask, and it shall be given thee.'"

"'If ye ask in my name, I will do it,'" repeated Marion.

"'If ye abide in me, ye shall ask what ye will,' quoted Helen. "If we live in Christ we cannot ask contrary to His will."

Josie's sensitive lips quivered, "He tells us to ask that our joy may be full."

"There isn't any joy like knowing that God is pleased with the thing we ask, and loves to give it to us. If we ask the thing according to His will, it is one sign that we live in Christ."

"We must ask in faith, nothing wavering," Trudie went on.

"Submissively," said Josie.

"With all our hearts," from Marion.

"*When* may we ask?" queried Helen.

"Till our last breath," answered Trudie; "every minute till then."

"There is no time to stop praying," said Helen.

"When we stop needing!" suggested Josie.

"The widow's oil gave out when her vessels failed," said Trudie. "It seems to me I should have had faith enough to get an endless number."

"What kind of vessels did she get?" enquired Helen, smiling as the thought came to her.

"Stone," answered Josie, "or glass. What do you mean, Miss Helen?"

"They were *empty*, Helen; is that it?" asked Trudie.

"Oh!" exclaimed Josie, with a sudden brightening.

"We do have things in our jars," commented Marion.

"Cares and fears," said Josie.

"I fill mine with my own self," confessed Trudie ruefully. "I'm afraid I think about honoring myself."

"I'll take mine empty next time," said Josie "with nothing but faith in it."

"Don't let it be too small, Josie," warned Helen.

"It will take a large vessel to hold all the patience I need," acknowledged Josie. "I do need patience more than anything."

"I need to be unselfish," said Marion. "Josie, you help me to confess."

"I like to confess: it does me good. My confessions do not enlighten my friends; they see my wickedness."

"I need humility," said Trudie; "Helen knows I think too much of myself."

"I need the faith that is not only willing to wait, but *loves* to," resumed Helen. "We all need to take many jars, and large ones."

"Do you expect really to have so much faith as that, Miss Helen?" queried Marion much astonished.

"Do you think I could ask it, Marion, if I did not expect to have it?" answered Helen gently.

"But I didn't know anybody could *love* to wait," she persisted.

"If we love God's will, we love to wait, don't we? He keeps us waiting a long time, Marion."

Helen did not raise her eyes, but she was seeing Alf's face. With what "long patience" was she waiting!

"We fill the jars with our own wisdom, too," said Josie, slowly. "I do think I could plan wisely for myself. My head is full of plans about getting a school."

"Your plans have failed so far, Josie; suppose you let God plan for you."

"I will," promised Josie, emphatically.

"But perhaps," suggested Marion, timidly, "it isn't good for you to have a school, Josie."

"Then—I'll have to bear it. I'll know about it, some time, won't I, Miss Helen?"

Josie's voice and face, both so full of faith, brought the quick tears to Helen's eyes.

"Yes, dear," she said, as she would have said it to little Con Lucerne.

"But," Marion hesitated, "don't people ask for foolish things, Miss Helen?"

"He knows all about our foolishness. He made our foolish hearts, Marion. The feeling that prompts the prayer is not foolishness. He will give us something better than the foolish thing we ask. If the feeling be pleasing to him, He turns it into good, so I wouldn't think too much about foolishness. David said God knew his foolishness. I am glad He knows mine. The wisest man is but a foolish child before God. Paul, says 'everything,' remember."

"Well, I'd be willing to pray a year on my bare knees to have a school," sighed Josie.

"I don't quite understand the place the bare knees hold," returned Helen, very gravely.

"People do say such things," said Josie, looking ashamed.

"It reminds me of a question a lady in our church asked me. I had always supposed her to be an intelligent Christian. I know a lady who *does* kneel upon bags of salt with her bare knees, but she is a Romanist. The question was this: 'Miss Helen, do you think God is as well pleased with me when I pray in a warm room as when I go up in the garret? I had such a cough last winter I was afraid of the garret.'"

"*What* an idea!" cried Trudie, "what could you say, Helen? It doesn't seem possible."

"I told her the thought dishonored God! I was too much surprised to say any more."

"Perhaps she will think it out!" said Josie. "I didn't think when I spoke, Miss Helen."

"We don't often hear people giving thanks for answered prayer," said Marion. "I wish they would—people that pray in prayer-meeting, I mean. How it would help everybody!"

"Perhaps they are all waiting for answers," replied Josie. "I heard a minister telling a story of a wreck, and how the people were all praying to see a sail, and, 'wonderful to say,' the minister went on, 'a sail appeared in sight.'"

"And I heard a minister say after a week of prayer in the church that, because no one had come out on the right side, the week of prayer *had done no good*," said Trudie indignantly.

"Such things *are* said by people whom we believe to be Christians, girls, but let us not stumble because of them. We can give our witness that God answers prayer. I could give you numerous instances in my life, some of them apparently about trifling things. Not long ago I asked God to let me do something for Him, and He gave me this thought of asking you to talk about prayer for our mutual help and comfort."

"It *is* a comfort to me, Miss Helen," said Josie impulsively; "you don't know how much stronger I am already."

"I know he has answered *me*." Trudie spoke with an effort.

"I know He *will* answer me," added Josie.

Marion could not speak of herself before them all. She colored painfully, and began to flute with her fingers the ruffle of her white apron.

"Sometimes we have the answer and don't know it," Helen went on. "I think it is well to ask God to tell us when He answers us. We are dull, but He is a patient teacher. We need patience to await the development of His plans. He shows it to us, but our eyes are shut to it, unless He opens them. Patience to wait and faith to trust. First faith, then build other graces on it. When faith gives out, we have nothing to wait *on*."

"Sometimes I have thought,"—Josie liked to talk—"that my life was all confusion, with no plan at all in it."

"O, Josie!" This was Trudie. "I know there is a plan, but I suppose I want to help fill it out."

"And yet, knowing that God is planning for us just the same when we are disappointed, when a prayer does not bring a speedy answer, why should we ever be cast down? All we have to do is to trust Him and obey Him, He will do all the rest. We are sure He never makes a mistake."

"And every plan is different," said Trudie; "just think how different our lives are."

Josie was thinking how could the "little heiress" at Sunny Plains, as people called Trudie Grey, know anything about the life in *her* world!

And to Helen the sorrows of these three girls seemed very small sorrows.

"But our lives are near enough alike to give us sympathy," she hastened to say. "We have one Father."

"And when things hurt, they hurt just the same even if they are not the same things," said Trudie.

"They are the same, I think," reflected Josie, "only we call them by different names. Perhaps the angels call them all by the same names. Miss Helen, I just thought of it, but how often the angels are sent to answer prayer. I believe I will look through the Bible and find all the instances."

"Helen meant to set us to studying," declared Trudie. "Setting people to help themselves is the best way to help them. That's a good thought of yours about the angels, Josie; suppose you bring your list next Wednesday."

"Oh, may we come again?" exclaimed Josie joyfully. "I was afraid this was all!"

"Helen's 'all' is all the time," said Trudie. "You have us on your hands, Helen, and you can't let us go."

"What is on the heart often gets into the hands, Trudie," returned Helen. "I'll be glad of you every Wednesday, as long as we help each other."

"I am satisfied if that is the condition," said Josie. "Miss Helen, you don't know how you have helped me. I was needing a helping hand dreadfully. And I'll talk it all over to my girls in Sunday-school. There is no end to a good beginning."

"If we could see our lives, how much we would see!" Helen loved to look at Trudie's face when a new thought shone in it.

"We would see prayers, spoken and unspoken, with their merciful, loving, patient answers. The prayers we have prayed today began to be answered when we were born. We are asking for what is already laid up for us, for what was set aside for us when God first thought of us. The loving to pray is in answer to our prayers. Often when God designs to give a good thing to us, the first we know of it, we are moved to ask for it, or for something that means it. The asking is as happy as the having. A thought He sends cannot be wasted."

"That's true!" assented Trudie, with emphasis.

"I met with this thought not long ago," said Helen: "if we *knew* God's will thoroughly, and *submitted* to it heartily, it would be impossible to ask anything for the spirit or the body which He should not perform.'"

"But how can we know His will?" enquired Marion.

"*Do* as far as we know: we know something, and He will teach us the rest. He has promised that if we do, we shall *know*. And whatever we want to know, ask Him. We pray that His will may be done on earth as it is done in Heaven. The Lord's prayer tells us what we may pray for. 'If ye abide in me, and *my words* abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will.' But first, His words must abide in us, not visit us, coming and going, but *abide*, staying always, never leaving us!"

"That will set us to studying His words," said Josie, thoughtfully. "How much there is for us to learn!"

"A part of our hundred fold!" said Marion, smiling as she met Helen's eyes.

Then Josie asked what she meant. By way of reply, Helen found the promise and shewed it to her.

"And we think we are *poor!*" was all Josie said.

"We are sure the gift is good because it comes from Him," said Helen. "It is so good to have daily proofs of His love. We may live so near to Him that to die will not be to *go* to Him, it will only be being still nearer Him. I was reading of one who said that he felt better acquainted with Christ than with any friend he had on earth."

"I am glad we can keep reminding Him," said Josie, with her eyes on the oleander that stood outside the window on the balcony.

"We know that His sympathy is perfect. We know something of what His love is by our own love. All the love that *is*, comes from His abounding fulness of love. The more unselfishly we love, the better do we understand His love. I pity those who do not know what God's love is: by love, they know themselves. Now shall we go down to the piano, and finish with a hymn?"

"Don't say 'finish,'" interposed Trudie, rising, "it is only going on."

Helen opened the piano and looked at Marion.

Marion loved to play too well to be shy. She seated herself, with a light breaking over her face that Trudie, with a look, called Helen's eyes to.

"Now, Marion, let us see your soul," said Trudie.

If Marion's soul was in her playing, it was in her singing also. At Helen's request they sang one of her favorite hymns:

"'Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be,
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might,
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it, be Thine;
Else I must surely stray.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem,
Choose Thou my good or ill.'"

As Helen looked around upon the earnest girlish faces, she was wondering if the way would be long for them before they would feel those words as she felt them. In their measure they felt them now. But God had proved her; He would prove them in His time.

"How is Eloise to-day, Marion?" she enquired as Marion wheeled round on the music stool.

"Bright!" answered Marion; "enjoying every breath she breathes, because it's in the country."

"Do play more, Marion," coaxed Josie; "I love to hear you."

"We all do," said Trudie; "we'll sing all Helen's favorites."

At five o'clock, Marion broke away from the group. "We have an early tea for the children, Miss Helen, and mother is busy to-day."

"Come in again, we will wait for you."

"Oh, there's ever so many things to do! And then I promised Eloise I would sing to her; she doesn't go to sleep easily. She coaxed me to sing while I was ironing this morning; I thought she deserved it if she would stay in that hot kitchen to listen. I began and ended with 'Bonny Eloise.'"

"I heard you," said Helen, "and I am glad you can't come back, Marion."

"I'm not," declared Trudie; "are you going to be that child's servant all the summer, Marion?"

"It begins to look like it," replied Marion; "but I must go now."

Marion thought as she passed under the gateway, that she was glad that it had *begun* "to look like it."

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTMAS GREENS.

We may suppose that the pressed leaves and the evergreens have been collected for the Christmas decorations, and that nothing remains now but to arrange them. For those unfortunate people who have not themselves brought the odor of the woods with the vines, and pressed the sunniness of the October days into the leaves, who go out to the corners of the city streets and buy the wreaths and crosses, and leave Maggie and Denis to hang them in the windows just as the rest of the brown-stone block has them hung, we have nothing but commiseration. They can no more buy the charm of the Christmas greens than they can buy the love which is the heart of the Christmas gift. Let the heaps of glossy holly and delicate cedar wait for the eager hands of the mother, who has got no nearer view of the woods than these bring her for many long years, and who counts over her bits of change after the needed marketing is done, to see what can be spared for these bright tokens of a loving Father's perennial goodness to cheer her tenement rooms. Let them lie at the corner-grocer's door to remind the father, whose Christmas will, this year, alas, be burdened with fears of January cold and a hard winter's hunger, that this is a better place to spend a little money than at the groggery on the other side, and a tiny green wreath and cross will help to brighten a sad house for days and weeks.

But in many homes there are stores of gossamer clematis, and clusters of bittersweet berries, that were brought from the summer haunt, and are now to be contrasted with cedar and fir, with brilliant branches of maple leaves, with the rich yellows and browns of the oak and the graceful ferns. Over the windows and doors gorgeous groups of coloring can be easily placed by sewing the various sorts on to common palm leaf fans, which can be fastened to the casing of the door and the cornice over the window. Strong cord, wound with evergreen, can be passed in graceful festoons from one to another, and if there be a gas fixture in the centre of the room, and the young people are not easily tired, the rope of green can be tastefully brought from the corners of the room to the centre, and coiled about the fixture, with care, however, to arrange it so that it shall not come over the flame and take fire. Then something of the best must be put in the windows to testify of good-will to man. If there be such a blessing in the house as a white-haired grandfather and grandmother, give some of the choicest of the trimming to their room, and make it musical with loving words as the vines and branches are fastened there. Then gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, and take with your own hands some peace tokens to the basement, and, while you make the kitchen join the rest of the house in an external honoring of Christmas, strive to gladden the hearts of the busy workers there with some gleams of that blessed love which this joyous festival but feebly commemorates.

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

BY MARY A DENISON.

"Dear Nellie:

Come the night before,
On merry Christmas eve,
For we're to have a houseful,
As you can well believe.
There's Cousin Will expected
From countries over the sea;
What wonderful things he'll bring us
To put on the Christmas tree!

"Mamma wrote to Grandpa Martin
For a well-grown pine or fir,
And he said he would send a 'Martin box'
Especially for her;
But he won't forget us children,
He never did at least:
I only wish he could be here
To share in our Christmas feast.

"We are all so very busy
Getting our presents done;
You can't think what I am making
Of all things under the sun—
I mean for your special pleasure:
I can tell you about the rest,
For Nettie and Carrie and Hattie
Are doing their very best.

"I've made an embroidered apron,
And tatted a lovely set,
Worked a pair of elegant slippers,
And a collar and cuffs for Net;
For papa a yard-long watch chain
With beads of gold and black;
And a pair of crimson wristers
And pretty blue neck tie for Jack

"You should see us girls together
After our lessons are over,
Up in the old-time nursery,
Busy as bees in clover;
Busy with needles as nailers,
Talking and laughing and humming,
And building such glorious castles
Against the time of your coming.

"There are so many aunts and cousins!
And the tree is to be so fine!
And we always get something we wish for,—
I wonder what gifts will be mine?
I almost think I can guess though,
For papa has measured the wall,
And perhaps it will be a piano;
I want that the most of all.

"Don't laugh at my funny grammar,
You know it is Christmas time,
And when I'm so wild and happy
The sense runs away from the rhyme.
Netty longs for a set of garnets,
And Hat for a watch and chain,
And Jack will be quite delighted
With a dainty rosewood cane.

"And Carrie is almost certain
Of furs, a beautiful set.
I'm sure we ought to be thankful
For anything that we get.
So on Christmas eve you must be here,
For our tree will be loaded down,
And we look for a glorious frolic
With cousins from city and town.

"I wish every soul the world over
Could be happy at Christmas time;
So with a kiss and good wishes
I close my letter in rhyme.
P. S.—We have made up ten dollars
To send to a Widow Brown—
A poor soul with three pretty children
Who lives far away down town."

Part II.

"The fire is out, and the ashes
Are cold as my heart is cold!
I hope my babies are dreaming
As I stitch fold after fold;
They talk of the happy Christmas—
Dear Christ, oh! teach me to bear
The sad, sad lot of the hopeless,
That my soul may not despair.

"Dear little Ned and Harry!
They wanted a ball and top;
'I saw such pretty ones, mamma!'
Said Ned, 'in the fancy shop.
Won't you get us a tree for Christmas?
If it's just as small as can be,
As small as my little finger,
Still you must get us a tree.'

"Dear hearts! and so near is the Christmas,
And I toil so hard for bread!
And he who made holiday sunshine
Is lying low with the dead:
I'll search for the rich man's gleanings,
The crumbs that fall heedlessly,
And I'll weave a gay little garland
And call it a Christmas tree.

"And I'll hang it full of good wishes—
But oh! if I had a doll
For Bess, and a top for Neddy,
And for Harry a bright, red ball!
Alas! for the tears are falling,
This work is too costly by far,
The flash of a bitter tear-drop
Its wondrous sheen would mar.

"'Tis for limbs so daintily covered!
While my poor babies weep
When the cold gets under their patches
And smile only when they sleep.
I wish I could die to-morrow
And take my babies away,
We'd have such a Christmas in heaven?
Such a glorious Christmas day!

"But no; through the cold and hunger
We still must wearily plod,
We must think that others are happy,
And trust—if we can—in God.
If we can—I am wicked to say it——
A letter! how strange there should be
In all this wide city a creature
To write a letter to me!

"Dear Lord! why here's money—ten dollars
'Ten dollars for Christmas,' signed Friend!
Ten dollars for gifts for the babies!
Oh darlings! ten dollars to spend!
And we'll have a dinner for Christmas,
And shoes for the baby so wee;
And coals for the fire and, bless them,
For my darlings a Christmas tree.

"Oh! dear hearts so true and tender!
I wish you could see into mine,
And know that your sweet gift has kindled
A love that is almost divine.
I wish I could thank you—yes, kneeling
Close at your very feet,
And my little ones all beside me
Their innocent thanks to repeat.

"You may whiten! O cold ashes,
For I see in your midst a flame
Kindled by some good Christian,—
I wish I but knew the name.
You may cover the windows, O frost king—
You may sleep, my babies, in peace.
For my heart is as warm as the sunshine,
And my faith has found release
From the cold, and the hate, and the terror,
Into the blessed light,
And I wait with a new sweet longing
For the coming of Christmas night."

—*Hearth and Home.*

The Home.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

Day after day, poring over journal, cash-book, and ledger, I have drawn pictures of what my life might be when I could lay business aside and be a farmer myself. I was interested in the price of crops, although the only crop I raised was my monthly balance-sheet; and I took an interest in stock, although I was but the owner of a very scrawney-looking dray-horse.

But there came a time when my business could be laid aside, and I at once started out among the people I had envied so many years. Of course you all know how soon the charm was dispelled. The farmer might be independent, but he was very slovenly; he might be exceedingly "jolly," but his wife was dying of overwork; the only part of my early impressions that I found to be true, was that one which told of his living on the fat of the land. He did; on the fat and on but little else.

I had pictured the pleasantness of being among the soft-eyed cows; the graceful, innocent-looking sheep and lambs; the gobblers and other poultry; and there was even a pleasant note—in the distance and in imagination—to be found in the porcine-grunt. But I found the farmer pounding his cows with his milking-stool, kicking his sheep as they passed through the bars, beating his pigs with the most convenient stake, and throwing rocks at the hens and turkeys, as he cursed them in language as coarse as uncalled for.

But if there was aught of the charm still left in my mind, it was dispelled when I sat down to the family meal. Shades of departed dreams, what an awakening! Where were the juicy roast, the tender steak, the fine potatoes, with feelings too big for their jackets, the crimson beet, the sugary parsnip, the golden butter, and the "Adam's ale?" Even echoes fail to answer the question. They were probably on the table of the city boarding-house; they were not here.

The etiquette of the dining-room—of *their* dining-room—was an etiquette peculiarly their own. Preparations for dinner consisted of a hasty wash in the tin basin, and an equally hasty brush of the hair. The men in shirt sleeves, the "women-folks" with faces red from the stove, sat down at the table, which, to make less work, was placed in the warm kitchen where the dinner had been cooked. The "hearty hospitality" of which I had so often read, consisted in an order from the head of the house, to help myself, as they didn't stand on ceremony there.

But the bill of fare! It consisted of fried ham, fried potatoes, and fried turnips; bread without butter, and very strong coffee. These were put away without much ado, and then, what was evidently the crowning pride of the house-wife, an immense pie, was attacked, and demolished.

There was but very little conversation during the meal, and each one helped himself, if he could stretch far enough, and reach what he wanted.

Supper should be the daintiest meal of the day, and a farmer's supper more tempting than any other man's; but my friend's table was decidedly prosaic and plain; the ham had been warmed up so that it could swim in fat; the bread, cold potatoes, and pie and cake with tea completed the bill.

After supper the family was too tired to sit up long, and I was shown at a very early hour to the "spare" chamber, where I might repose on an immense feather-bed. If I tossed and tossed about that bed all night, the fault must have been in me. Was it not their best bed? and did they not use things all the plainer on their own, that this one might be as good as their neighbors' best.

An early call to breakfast, found me with a splendid appetite. I could have appreciated a broiled steak, but I probably was over particular, and it served me right, to have to sit down to "the plain food of the farmer." Again the everlasting frying-pan had been brought into use, and instead of a juicy steak, it was fried hard and white. The potatoes almost floated in the grease they had been fried in, and those who wanted butter on their bread might dip in the gravy, as some of my companions did. There was thick black coffee, and the perpetual pie.

Such was the bill of fare for the three meals, and they were fair samples of our board during the month that followed. What was most noticeable to me was the entire, or almost entire, lack of vegetables on the table at every meal. Of course I did not mention the subject so that they

would connect it with their own table, but I was curious to learn why it was they ate no vegetables but potatoes and turnips. The answer was they didn't like vegetables; they would as soon eat a pill as a pea; would rather have chopped leather than string-beans; and thought carrots and parsnips were only fit for cattle! When the subject of cooking came up, I noticed they prided themselves first, last, and always, on their cakes and pies.

Where, oh where, were my visions now? Dead, dead, beyond hope of resurrection! And now I find that these farmers whom I have mentioned are really typical of their calling. The great State of Massachusetts, through her Board of Health, has been looking a little after the farmers of that State, and publishes the result in the last Annual Report of the Board. Among the many questions of the Board to their correspondents, were questions as to the farmer's diet. The result of the questions prove:—

1. Good bread is scarce.
2. There is too little variety in food.
3. Meat is too apt to be fried.
4. Baked beans and salt pork too generally used.
5. Pastry and cakes are used to an injurious extent.
6. Too little time is allotted for meals.
7. Coffee and tea are too freely used.
8. Water is used to excess.

After quoting from the replies of correspondents, the author of the article in question says: "The suggestions of our correspondents are admirable and worthy of heed. The general opinion is, more fresh and less salt meat; less frying and more boiling, broiling and roasting; a greater variety of vegetables and fruits; less pies and cakes; more well-kneaded bread, raised with yeast; less tea.

"It is a somewhat singular fact that farmers live so little upon their own productions. They send their fresh vegetables, fruits, eggs and poultry to market, and live themselves upon salt pork, pies and saleratus.

"The poor cooking which prevails among our farmers, as well as all other classes, doubtless results from *hurry;* frying takes but little time and trouble, saleratus bread can be made in a 'jiffy,' and bread and pastry are heavy and sodden, because kneading requires time. The *overwork* of farmers' wives is, therefore, in great part, responsible for inferiority of farmers' diet."

Alas! and again, alas! that my fancies should have been thus rudely killed; and yet—it may be that the dream dies slowly—I can't help thinking that the fault is with the men and women who do not improve their opportunities, and not in the calling itself. I cannot help thinking that their life *ought* to be what it is not. Perhaps, after all, the poets wrote of *what might be,* hoping their prophecies would become realities. Would that the time was here!—*American Agriculturist.*

TEACHING FALSEHOOD.

In a hundred different ways mothers deceive their little children, not thinking for a moment that they are teaching them a lesson in falsehood which may bear fruit to their latest hour, and educating the children to doubt the one in whom, of all persons, they should put implicit confidence.

Riding in the cars a few weeks since I heard a mother say to an uproarious child, "Jamie, be still! If you don't stop screaming I'll throw you out of the car window, certain, sure! Hush, now, or you'll see what I'll do!"

The child, a boy about two years old, looked his astonishment at the threat, but his cries were not much lessened. Then the mother took him up in her arms as though she would throw him out, when he screamed in frantic terror and clung to her neck with such appalling fear that she was forced to hush him with kisses, caresses and candy. After a while he fell asleep worn out with his tumultuous passion. Poor little child!

A little girl of four or five, who had watched the whole scene silently but with the deepest interest, and who, when her mother motioned to throw her little brother from the window, had caught her arm in terror, now said:

"Mamma, would you have thrown Jamie out?"

"No, indeed child," replied the mother; "I only wished to frighten him."

"*Frighten him,*" forsooth! She succeeded in it far better than she expected, and at the same time taught her little girl a lesson in falsehood, and also in contempt for her mother, for the expression of that child's mouth betokened the feelings of her heart. How I longed to cry out to her, in Othello's words:

> "You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
> Upon my soul a lie; a wicked lie!"

Of course she would have thought me an escaped lunatic, so I forbore; but I could not help my lips wreathing in scorn at the woman's perfidy, and I did wish to tell her that if she disciplined her children in that style she was surely sowing "the whirlwind to reap destruction."

The child who imbibes with his first nutriment a reverence and love for truth will become a man of honor. Holy writ assures us that it were better for us to have a millstone about our necks and be drowned in the sea than to offend one of these

little ones. And when a mother utters a deliberate falsehood to her children it seems to me that she has committed an unpardonable sin and will surely suffer for it. O mothers, be warned in season and take counsel with your own wisdom, and make a compact with yourselves that from this time forth you will never deceive a child. The battle of Christianity is to be fought in the family rather than in the Church. See to it that you are not deserters from the ranks!—*Daisy Eyebright.*

OBSERVATION OF THE SICK.

There is no more silly or universal question asked than this, "Is he better?" Ask it of the medical attendant, if you please. But of whom else, if you wish for a real answer to your question, would you ask? Certainly not of the casual visitor; certainly not of the nurse, while the nurse's observation is so little exercised as it is now. What you want are facts, not opinions—for who can have any opinion of any value as to whether the patient is better or worse, excepting the constant medical attendant, or the really observing nurse?

The most important practical lesson that can be given to nurses is to teach them what to observe—how to observe—what symptoms indicate improvement—what the reverse—which are of importance—which are of none—which are the evidence of neglect—and of what kind of neglect.

All this is what ought to make part, and an essential part, of the training of every nurse. At present, how few there are, either professional or unprofessional, who really know at all whether any sick person they may be with is better or worse.

The vagueness and looseness of the information one receives in answer to that much-abused question, "Is he better?" would be ludicrous, if it were not painful. The only sensible answer (in the present state of knowledge about sickness) would be "How can I know? I cannot tell how he was when I was not with him."

I can record but a very few specimens of the answers which I have heard made by friends and nurses, and accepted by physicians and surgeons at the very bedside of the patient, who could have contradicted every word, but did not—sometimes from amiability, often from shyness, oftener from languor!

"Do you think the patient is much weaker than he was six weeks ago?" "Oh, no, sir; you know it is very long since he has been up and dressed, and he can get across the room now." This means that the nurse has not observed that whereas six weeks ago he sat up and occupied himself in bed, he now lies still doing nothing; that, although he can "get across the room," he cannot stand for five seconds.

Another patient who is eating well, recovering steadily, although slowly, from fever, but cannot walk or stand, is represented to the doctor as making no progress at all.

It is a much more difficult thing to speak the truth than people commonly imagine. There is the want of observation *simple*, and the want of observation *compound*, compounded, that is, with the imaginative faculty. Both may equally intend to speak the truth. The information of the first is simply defective. That of the second is much more dangerous. The first gives, in answer to a question asked about a thing that has been before his eyes perhaps for years, information exceedingly imperfect, or says, he does not know. He has never observed, and people simply think him stupid.

The second has observed just as little, but imagination immediately steps in, and he describes the whole thing from imagination merely, being perfectly convinced all the while that he has seen or heard it; or he will repeat a whole conversation, as if it were information which had been addressed to him; whereas it is merely what he has himself said to somebody else. This is the commonest of all. These people do not even observe that they have *not* observed, nor remember that they have forgotten.

Courts of justice seem to think that anybody can speak "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," if he does but intend it. It requires many faculties combined of observation and memory to speak "the whole truth," and to say "nothing but the truth."

"I knows I fibs dreadful; but believe me, Miss, I never finds out I have fibbed until they tells me so," was a remark actually made. It is also one of much more extended application than most people have the least idea of.

Concurrence of testimony, which is so often adduced as final proof, may prove nothing more, as is well known to those accustomed to deal with the unobservant imaginative, than that one person has told his story a great many times.

I have heard thirteen persons "concur" in declaring that a fourteenth, who had never left his bed, went to a distant chapel every morning at seven o'clock.

I have heard persons in perfect good faith declare that a man came to dine every day at the house where they lived, who had never dined there once; that a person had never taken the sacrament, by whose side they had twice, at least, knelt at Communion; that one meal a day came out of a hospital kitchen, which for six weeks they had seen provide from three to

five and six meals a day. Such instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, if necessary.

Questions, too, as asked now (but too generally) of or about patients, would obtain no information at all about them, even if the person asked ot had every information to give. The question is generally a leading question; and it is singular that people never think what must be the answer to this question before they ask it; for instance, "Has he had a good night?" Now, one patient will think he has a bad night if he has not slept ten hours without waking. Another does not think he has a bad night if he has had intervals of dosing occasionally. The same answer has actually been given as regarded two patients—one who had been entirely sleepless for five times twenty-four hours, and died of it, and another who had not slept the sleep of a regular night without waking. Why cannot the question be asked, "How many hours sleep has —— had, and at what hours of the night?" "I have never closed my eyes all night," an answer as frequently made when the speaker has had several hours' sleep as when he has had none, would then be less often said. Lies, intentional and unintentional, are much seldomer told in answer to precise than to leading questions. Patients are completely taken aback by these kinds of leading questions, and give only the exact amount of information asked for, even when they know it to be completely misleading. The shyness of patients is seldom allowed for.

How few there are who, by five or six pointed questions, can elicit the whole case, and get accurately to know and to be able to report *where* the patient is!

I knew a very clever physician, of large dispensary and hospital practice, who invariably began his examination of each patient with "Put your finger where you be bad." That man would never waste his time with collecting inaccurate information from nurse or patient. Leading questions always collect inaccurate information.

I had rather not say how many instances I have known, where, owing to this system of leading questions, the patient has died, and the attendants have been actually unaware of the principal feature of the case.

It is useless to go through all the particulars, besides sleep, in which people have a peculiar talent for gleaning inaccurate information. As to food, for instance, I often think that most common question, "How is your appetite?" can only be put because the questioner believes the questioned has really nothing the matter with him, which is very often the case. But where there is, the remark holds good which has been made about sleep. The *same* answer will often be made as regards a patient who cannot take two ounces of solid food per diem, and a patient who does not enjoy five meals a day as much as usual.

Again, the question, "How is your appetite?" is often put, when "How is your digestion?" is the question meant. No doubt the two things depend on one another. But they are quite different. Many a patient can eat, if you can only "tempt his appetite." The fault lies in your not having got him the thing that he fancies. But many another patient does not care between grapes and turnips—everything is equally distasteful to him. He would try to eat anything which would do him good; but everything "makes him worse." The fault here generally lies in the cooking. It is not his "appetite" which requires "tempting," it is his digestion which requires sparing. And good sick cookery will save the digestion half its work.

There may be four different causes, any one of which will produce the same result, viz: the patient slowly starving to death from want of nutrition:

1. Defect in cooking.
2. Defect in choice of diet.
3. Defect in choice of hours for taking diet.
4. Defect of appetite in patient.

Yet all these are generally comprehended in the one sweeping assertion that the patient has "no appetite."

Surely many lives might be saved by drawing a closer distinction; for the remedies are as diverse as the causes. The remedy for the first is to cook better; for the second, to choose other articles of diet; for the third, to watch for the hours when the patient is in want of food; for the fourth, to show him what he likes, and sometimes unexpectedly. But no one of these remedies will do for any other of the defects not corresponding with it.

I cannot too often repeat that patients are generally either too languid to observe these things, or too shy to speak about them; nor is it well that they should be made to observe them; it fixes their attention upon themselves.

Again, I say, what is the nurse or friend there for except to take note of these things, instead of the patient doing so?

It is commonly supposed that the nurse is there to spare the patient from making physical exertion for himself—I would rather say that she ought to be there to spare him from taking thought for himself. And I am sure, that if the patient were spared all thought for himself, and *not* spared all physical exertion, he would be infinitely the gainer. The reverse is generally the case in the private house. In the hospital it is the relief from all anxiety, afforded by the rules of a well-regulated institution, which has often such a beneficial effect upon the patient.

As long as observation is so little cultivated as it is now, I do believe that it is better for the physician *not* to see the friends of the patient at all. They will oftener mislead him than not. And as often by making the patient out worse as better than he really is.

In the case of infants, *everything* must depend upon the accurate observation of the nurse or mother who has to report. And how seldom is this condition of accuracy fulfilled!

A celebrated man, though celebrated only for foolish things, has told us that one of his main objects in the education of his son, was to give him a ready habit of accurate observation, a certainty of perception, and that for this purpose one of his means was a month's course, as follows:—He took the boy rapidly past a toy-shop; the father and son then described to each other as many of the objects as they could, which they had seen in passing the windows, noting them down with pencil and paper, and returning afterwards to verify their own accuracy. The boy always succeeded best, *e. g.*, if the father described 30 objects, the boy did 40, and scarcely ever made a mistake.

I have often thought how wise a piece of education this would be for much higher objects; and in our calling of nurses the thing itself is essential. For it may safely be said, not that the habit of ready and correct observation will, by itself, make us useful nurses, but that without it we shall be useless with all our devotion.

I have known a nurse in charge of a set of wards, who not only carried in her head all the little varieties in the diets which each patient was allowed to fix for himself, but also exactly what each patient had taken during each day. I have known another nurse in charge of one single patient, who took away his meals day after day all but untouched, and never knew it.

If you find it helps you to note down such things on a bit of paper, in pencil, by all means do so. I think it more often lames than strengthens the memory and observation. But if you cannot get the habit of observation one way or other, you had better give up the being a nurse, for it is not your calling, however kind and anxious you may be.

I remember when a child, hearing the story of an accident, related by some one who sent two girls to fetch a "bottle of sal-volatile from her room;" "Mary could not stir," she said, "Fanny ran and fetched a bottle that was not sal-volatile, and that was not in my room."

Now this sort of thing pursues every one through life. A woman is asked to fetch a large new bound red-book, lying on the table by the window, and she fetches five small old boarded brown books, lying on the shelf by the fire. And this, though she has "put that room to rights" every day for a month, perhaps, and must have observed the books every day, lying in the same places, for a month, if she had any observation.

Habitual observation is the more necessary when any sudden call arises. If "Fanny" had observed "the bottle of sal-volatile" in "the aunt's room" every day she was there, she would more probably have found it when it was suddenly wanted.

There are two causes for these mistakes of inadvertence. 1. A want of ready attention; only a part of the request is heard at all. 2. A want of the habit of observation.

To a nurse I would add, take care that you always put the same things in the same places; you don't know how suddenly you may be called on some day to find something, and may not be able to remember in your haste where you yourself had put it, if your memory is not in the habit of seeing the thing there always.

Surely you can learn, at least, to judge with the eye how much an ounce of solid food is, how much an ounce of liquid. You will find this helps your observation and memory very much; you will then say to yourself, "A took about an ounce of his meat to-day; B took three times, in twenty-four hours, about ¼ pint of beef tea;" instead of saying, "B has taken nothing all day," or, "I gave A his dinner, as usual."

In hospitals, those who cut up the diets give with sufficient accuracy, to each patient, his 12 oz. or his 6 oz. of meat without weighing. Yet a nurse will often have patients loathing all food, and incapable of any will to get well, who just tumble over the contents of the plate, or dip the spoon in the cup to deceive the nurse, and she will take it away without ever seeing that there is just the same quantity of food as when she brought it, and she will tell the doctor, too, that the patient has eaten all his diets as usual, when all she ought to have meant is that she has taken away his diets as usual.

Now, what kind of a nurse is this?

I would call attention to something else, in which nurses frequently fail in observation. There is a well-marked distinction between the excitable and what I will call the *accumulative* temperament in patients. One will blaze up at once, under any shock or anxiety, and sleep very comfortably after it; another will seem quite calm, and even torpid, under the same shock, and people say, "He hardly felt it at all;" yet you will find him some time after slowly sinking. The same remark applies to the action of narcotics, of aperients, which, in the one, take effect directly, in the other, not perhaps for twenty-four hours. A journey, a visit, an unwonted exertion, will affect the one immediately, but he recovers

after it; the other bears it very well at the time, apparently, and dies or is prostrated for life by it. People often say how difficult the excitable temperament is to manage. I say how difficult is the *accumulative* temperament. With the first you have an outbreak which you could anticipate, and it is all over. With the second, you never know where you are—you never know when the consequences are over. And it requires your closest observation to know what *are* the consequences of what—for the consequent by no means follows immediately upon the antecedent—and coarse observation is utterly at fault.

Again, the nurse must distinguish between the idiosyncracies of patients. One likes to suffer out all his suffering alone, to be as little looked after as possible. Another likes to be perpetually made much of and pitied, and to have some one always by him. Both these peculiarities might be observed and indulged much more than they are. For quite as often does it happen that a busy attendance is forced upon the first patient, who wishes for nothing but to be "let alone," as that the second is left to think himself neglected.

Again, I think that few things press so heavily on one suffering from long and incurable illness, as the necessity of recording in words from time to time, for the information of the nurse, who will not otherwise see, that he cannot do this or that, which he could do a month or a year ago. What is a nurse there for if she cannot observe these things for herself? Yet I have known—and known too among those—and *chiefly* among those—whom money and position put in possession of everything which money and position could give—I have known, I say, more accidents (fatal, slowly or rapidly), arising from this want of observation among nurses than from almost anything else. Because a patient could get out of a warm-bath alone a month ago—because a patient could walk as far as his bell a week ago, the nurse concludes that he can do so now. She has never observed the change; and the patient is lost from being left in a helpless state of exhaustion, till some one accidentally comes in. And this not from any unexpected apoplectic, paralytic, or fainting fit (though even these could be expected far more, at least, than they are now, if we did but *observe*). No, from the unexpected, or to be expected, inevitable, visible, calculable, uninterrupted increase of weakness, which none need fail to observe.

Again, a patient not usually confined to bed, is compelled to keep his bed for a few days; he gets up for the first time, and the nurse lets him go into another room, without coming in, a few minutes afterwards, to look after him. It never occurs to her that he is quite certain to be faint, or cold, or to want something. She says, as her excuse, "Oh, he does not like to be fidgetted after." Yes, he said so some weeks ago; but he never said he did not like to be "fidgetted after" when he is in the state he is in now; and if he did, you ought to make some excuse to go in to him. More patients have been lost in this way than is at all generally known, viz., from relapses, brought on by being left for an hour or two faint, or cold, or hungry, after getting up for the first time.

Yet it appears that scarcely any improvement in the faculty of observing is being made. Vast has been the increase of knowledge in pathology—that science which teaches us of the final change produced by disease on the human frame—scarce any in the art of observing the signs of the change while in progress. Or, rather, is it not to be feared that observation, as an essential part of medicine, has been declining?—*Abridged from Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing."*

HOME HINTS.

No Eye, No Ear.—The child has no eye for drawing, no ear for music. Are you sure? When the rude efforts to sing or to draw meet with nothing but ridicule, or have no encouragement, there must be a very strong love for the art, a love amounting to genius, to surmount the difficulty. The eye and the ear must be cultivated, and if they are not, the faculty diminishes. Many men and women daily regret their inability to enjoy what they might have done had their early tastes been cultivated. Economize in dress or some other luxuries, before you deny to children any opportunity within your power to give them that which will widen their horizon of enjoyment. It may perhaps save them from the destruction which awaits the unhappy and the unoccupied.

Why This Waste?—How much time and strength are wasted on unprofitable labor! It is best always to consider whether work will pay, not always in money, but will the product justify the expenditure? Careful enquiry would show that daily life costs us much more than it need. Happiness and comfort might be secured in a much greater degree, by a far less wearisome method. Try to-morrow's life by this test and prove whether the assertion is not true.

Sit Down to it:—Dish-washing is good for dyspeptics. It is light exercise of the arms and chest soon after a meal, and it may be done sitting as well as standing, A high office-stool is very useful in the kitchen. Feeble women, who do their

"own work," often stand upon their feet more than is necessary. You can sit down to dress vegetables, to wash and wipe dishes, to knead bread, to iron, and to do many other things. You may be a little more slow about the work, but you will get through it in a better condition. Housekeepers would often like to take an out-door walk, only their "feet are so tired!"

Dish-washing would not be half so disagreeable as it often is, if the dishes were lightly scraped free from crumbs, and neatly piled up for washing. There should be a large dish-pan and plenty of hot water, with which to fill up the pan gradually as its contents cool. I seldom use soap for washing dishes, but to the unskilled, or to those who use much butter and fat in their cooking, it seems a necessity.—*Faith Rochester.*

EASY TO MANAGE.—The more we reduce the mere drudgery of housekeeping, the higher will be woman's place in the home, because she will have time to labor as the true housewife, instead of the mere house slave; to use her forces in the higher kind of service to which she is, or ought to make herself competent. To arrive as near to this as we can is one of the points to study in building a house. Before the parlor chandelier is thought of, the kitchen range should be discussed; every labor-saving device should be examined; all the cook's implements arranged to her hand; her fuel so placed that she need not lug it up from the cellar; water should flow freely in and out of her premises; her kitchen should be not only handy, but comfortable and cheerful, all which will enable the mistress to command a choice of help, or to do her own work with less toil when left alone.

SELECTED RECIPES.

BEAN SOUP.—Put a piece of pickled pork in a pot with two quarts of water. In another pot put one quart of dried beans, after being picked and washed. As soon as the beans begin to boil take them out, put them in a colander to drain, then put them in with the pork, and cover the whole with water. Boil them till they are quite soft.

RUSSIAN SALAD.—Take about eight medium-sized potatoes nicely boiled and floury; peel, and while hot, with a silver fork, break them into little pieces about the size of small nuts. Boil hard about five or six eggs, chop the whites and yolks separately; take about half a tumbler of best Lucca oil, a little vinegar, pepper, salt, capers; a couple of chopped anchovies, if for a fish salad, or the liver of a fowl bruised in the sauce, if for fowl, is a great improvement; if the latter, chop the meat into small pieces; or if fish, shred it into little bits. Take half the eggs and mix with the sauce, place it on the dish you intend serving it in; smooth the surface, cover it lightly with the remainder of the chopped eggs, and garnish with pickles and beet-root, cut into shape, with a tiny bunch of flowers in the centre. The great advantage of this dish is that you may put with your potatoes any scraps of meat or fish you happen to have cold, and it makes a very pretty dish. You must regulate the quantity of oil by the meat put in the salad, as some meats and fish are much more dry than others. The object in breaking the potatoes while hot with a silver fork is that they are much more light than if cut with a steel instrument.

GRAVY FOR CHOPS.—Take out your chops when cooked; keep a large spoonful of fat in which they were cooked in a pan; dredge in as much flour as will make a paste; rub this well together over the fire until a light brown, then pour in as much boiling water as will reduce it to the thickness of cream, and add a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, and a little salt; let this simmer five minutes, and pour it through a sieve over the steak.

OMELETS.—In mixing omelets, two general rules should never be forgotten. One is, not to use more than eight eggs for any one omelet. Some cookery books fix the limit at twelve., but that is too many, especially if the operator be new at her work. Two omelets of six eggs each are far preferable, for many reasons, to one of twelve. The other rule is, not to beat up the eggs too much; the object of beating them is simply to mix the whites and the yolks together, and this should be done only just before the mixture is put into the frying-pan. From this simple dish spring many varieties. Minced bacon, ham, sardines, salmon, onions, etc., beaten up with the eggs in due quantity, will give us many different kinds of omelets, Then, also, the omelet may be served over many kinds of thick sauces or purees, such as sorrel, spinach, tomato, endive, lettuce, celery, etc.

CHEESE TOAST.—Grate a teacupful of cheese of a mild flavor. Take half a pint of milk and boil it on the stove; beat to a froth four eggs, season the milk with salt and turn the grated cheese into it. Let it come to a boil, then add the beaten eggs and a small bit of butter. Have some thin slices of bread toasted hot, and spread each slice with a thick layer of melted cheese and egg. Serve like cream toast. This makes a fine relish for either supper or breakfast.

THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxi. 25.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por - tals gleam - ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all, Who seek through it sal - va - tion;
3. Press on - ward then, though foes may frown, While mercy's gate is o - pen;
4. Be - yond the river's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

A ra-diance from the Cross a - far, The Sa - viour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - ery tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ever-last - ing to - ken.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in hea - ven.

Refrain.

Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for

me? for me, for me, for me, For me? Was left a - jar for me?

Literary Notices.

SALEM: A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By D. R. Castleton. New York: Harper Brothers.

It is very difficult to realize in this age of liberality that so short a time has elapsed since such atrocities have been committed in the name of religion, as was the case in Salem at the time of the executions for witchcraft. It is, however, important that students of history and of human nature should keep in mind the possibility of such fanatical excitements affecting at times the most intelligent and religious minds, and to this end the history of this period is filled with important lessons. The book before us, however, is not an history, but a romance; in which, however, historical facts are carefully interwoven. As a specimen of the style we give several chapters much abridged:—

It was late in the morning of the third day when Alice awoke from her restorative sleep, calm and refreshed, and with a clear brain; but weak—oh! weak—to almost infantine weakness. Instinctively she turned her head to address her faithful watcher; but she missed the dear familiar face, which she remembered had bent like that of a guardian angel above her. But with returning clearness of mind had come back Alice's habitual thoughtfulness for the comfort of others; and remembering her grandmother's patient and protracted watching, she naturally concluded she had left her to seek the refreshment of needed sleep, and she kept very quiet, resolved not to disturb her, but to wait patiently until she came to her.

But she waited long and vainly—no one came; and at last, feeling the need of nourishment, and hearing Winny moving with restless steps in the room below, she called to her, faintly at first, for fear of disturbing her grandmother; but as her call seemed unheard or unheeded, she raised herself painfully from her pillow and called again.

And Winny came—but oh! merciful heavens! what had happened! What was the awful horror that spoke in those great wildly rolling eyes—which had blanched to a gray ashiness that dusky face?

"Oh! Winny, Winny, what is it? Oh! tell me—tell me at once," murmured the girl's pale, quivering lips—"tell me what it is. I can bear anything better than silence. Tell me—oh! tell me—or I shall go mad."

And poor Winny, thus adjured, did tell. She had been cautioned not to tell—to wait, and let others break the sad tidings carefully to Alice; but grief and horror rendered all precaution impossible to her, as, throwing herself down in abject terror, she burst out with the terrible truth in all the passionate volubility of her race.

Goody Campbell had been cried out upon by the accusing girls—the constables had come with a warrant that morning and taken her away to jail, to be tried as a witch, like poor Goody Nurse!

And Alice heard and comprehended it all—and then, shrieking in wild delirium, she sunk back upon her bed in utter unconsciousness, and knew no more.

When poor Mistress Campbell, dizzy with want of sleep, and worn and weary with her anxious and long-protracted watch, was summoned from her grandchild's sick-bed, in the chill gray of the early morning, to encounter the stern messengers of the law, her first instinctive thought was the fear that Alice might be disturbed.

Of her own impending danger she took not the slightest heed—indeed, she scarcely realized it; for, conscious of her own entire innocence of the crime imputed to her, and ignorant that she had any enemies or ill-wishers, she never doubted that the whole thing was a mistake, and that it needed only to be explained to be rectified at once; and she confidently made this assertion. But in answer to this, the officers produced the warrant for her arrest, in which her name was plainly inserted.

Still, though surprised and indignant at the ignominy and shame which such a charge, even if unfounded, must leave upon her hitherto spotless good name in the little community, she felt no personal fear for the result. Her only thought was for Alice.

She told the officials of the dangerous nature of her grandchild's illness, and tried to touch their feelings. She promised, with solemn protestations, that she would not leave the house, but would consider herself their prisoner—and wait, and be found there, ready to answer any future

legal summons, if they would only leave her for a few days to watch over her sick child. But the officials were deaf to her tearful pleading, inexorable in the performance of their cruel duties, and would admit of no delay.

Still, even then, amid all the agitation of that hurried and terrible home-leaving, with true motherly love, the afflicted woman thought only of Alice, and contrived to send a message to her friends at Nurse's Farm to inform them of her own arrest and Alice's illness, and asking them to come and comfort and care for her darling in her own enforced absence from her home.

And these sisters in affliction answered the appeal at once, and hastened to Alice's bedside—though not, as we have seen, in time to prevent the terrible disclosure which poor terrified Winny had made. But they found poor Alice wildly raving in a relapse of the fever which her grandmother's devotion and skill had so nearly averted, and they took charge of the desolate household, and watched over the suffering girl with sisterly love.

But while Alice, blessed by her very unconsciousness, lay battling with the fierce fever which had fastened upon her, and tended by the loving care of the few true and faithful friends whom misfortune and danger only drew more closely to her side, her grandmother's free and active spirit chafed in her close confinement within the narrow limits of the jail.

At length, when worn with her confinement and irritated with delay, she was arraigned for trial, and the same formulas were gone through with that had marked the trials of her unfortunate predecessors; but Elsie Campbell, with her heart full of anxiety for her child, and bitter contempt and hatred of her judges, was a sharp match for the sharpest of her opponents.

Reckless of all possible consequences—fearless by nature—sure that a trial must make her innocence clear to all—and stung to madness by the uncalled-for malice of her accusers and the injustice of her confinement, her sharp Scottish shrewdness and quick mother wit flashed back upon them in angry, scornful words.

When she was placed at the bar, Justice Hathorne (who seems to have combined in his own single person the several duties of judge and prosecuting officer, in a manner that is incomprehensible to our modern ideas of legal etiquette) thus addressed her:

"Elsie Campbell, look at me. You are now in the hands of authority; answer, then, with truth."

"I kinna answer ye wi' ony ither. The truth is my mither tongue—I aye speak it."

"Tell me, then, why do you torment these children?"

"I dinna torment them. I niver hurted a bairn in my life—I'd scorn to do it."

"But they say that you do."

"I kinna help wha' they say. I am jist an honest, God-fearin' woman; I dinna ken aught o' yer witchcraft."

"But what, then, makes them say it of you?"

"Hoo suld I ken? I kinna fash mysel' to tell hoo ilka fule's tongue may wag."

"But do you not know that if you are guilty you cannot hide it?"

"Faith! an' I ken that weel enow; an' sae do the Lord abune us."

"Yea, He doth; and He hath power to discover the guilty, and bring them to open shame."

"In varry deed He hath. He kin gie wisdom to the simple—may He open the een o' magistrates an' ministers."

"Do you think to find mercy by denying and aggravating your sin?"

"Alas! that is a true word—na', I dinna think it."

"You should look for it, then, in God's way."

"An' sae I do; an' in nae ither."

"Here are three or four witnesses who testify against you."

"Weel-a-weel, an' what kin I do? Many may rise up again' me—I kinna help it. If a' be again' me, what can I do?"

"You said just now that we magistrates needed to have our eyes opened."

"Did I say that? Na'—na', I but said I prayed it might be."

"Do you mean to say that we are blind, then?"

"I suld think ye maun be, if ye kin see a witch in me."

"I hear you have said that you would open our eyes for us."

"Na'—na', I ne'er said the word; I wad na' be that presumptuous."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That I think it is far abune me. It wad tak' the power o' Him who opened blind Bartimeus his eyes."

This allusion to the supposed professional blindness of the court which the prisoner at the bar was accused of having made, seems to have rankled in the breast of Justice Hathorne with peculiar bitterness; and her spirited answer, although it might silence, was certainly not calculated to conciliate him—indeed, the whole conduct and bearing of the prisoner, both in confinement and upon trial, was rasping and irritating in the extreme, and such as to increase the prejudice already existing against her.

But it must be remembered in her extenuation that, believing the charge brought against her had originated in some absurd ignorance, which would be brought to light in the course of events, and would triumphantly vindicate her good name, she could not believe that even her persecutors really believed in it; and exasperated at what she considered an unauthorized and unlawful

interference in her private rights, in compelling her to leave her home and the bedside of her sick child, she assumed a defiant and even contemptuous attitude, to which the sharpness of her foreign tongue gave perhaps additional point.

Up to this time, this rather pointless examination had failed to prove anything; and now the accusers, seeing doubtless that the popular sympathy was on the side of the spirited old woman, and that the case was evidently going against them, fell into dreadful convulsions, and writhed in strong contortions, giving utterance to fearful groans and shrieks. When this disturbance was over, and quiet was again restored, the magistrate asked the prisoner: "Is it possible that you have no pity for these afflicted ones?" and she calmly replied, "Na'; I hae nae pity to waste on them."

"Do you not feel that God is discovering you?"

"Ne'er a bit; but ye kin prove me guilty, I maun lie under it."

At last, after a consultation, the magistrate informed her that one of her accusers had testified that she had been known to torture and cruelly use the young maid, her own grandchild, living with her.

"Alas! that she is na' to the fore to speak for me," said poor Elsie; "*she* wad na' say sae; but she is lyin' deein' at hame, her lane, puir lambie." And at the thought of her darling's danger, thus suddenly brought before her, tears, that her own woes had not called forth, fell thick and fast upon her fettered hands.

The wily accuser saw her advantage, and hastened to press it on.

"She has said so—she has been heard to say it, and you yourself have heard her."

"She ha' said it—said what?" said Elsie, starting like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet. "What ha' she said?"

"That you were cruel to her; that you had no mercy; that you stabbed her to the heart and tortured her."

As these terrible words fell upon her ears, a burning flush rose to poor Mistress Campbell's brow; too well she remembered Alice's passionate and heedless words—too clearly she realized now who had been listening beneath her window on that sad night; and as the utter impossibility of ever clearing herself from this new and horrible imputation broke upon her, she wrung her fettered hands in anguish, sank back and groaned aloud.

Of course the impression this made was overwhelming: it was regarded as a clear and signal proof of her guilt. There was a momentary silence, and then the justice spoke again:

"Did I not say truly that God was discovering you? What have you to say to this?

"That it is fause," said Goody Campbell, starting up: "it is as fause as the leein' lips that say it."

"Do you deny the truth of it, then? Can you say that your grandchild never said it?"

"Na'!" said the unhappy prisoner, trembling with wrath and shame, "I'll na' deny it; but they were thoughtless, heedless words if the lassie did utter them, and had naught to do wi' witchcraft."

"How did the maid happen to use them then?"

"She did na' mean them; I wa' tellin' the lassie somewhat that happened at hame, years agone, afore iver she wa' born, when she said it."

"And what was the strange event which, happening so long ago, called out so much feeling? You will please state it to the court."

"It wa' somewhat wi' which the coort ha' nathing to do," persisted Elsie, who would have died sooner than tell the story of her daughter's wrong in open court. "It wa' jist an auld world story, an' I am na' free to tell it here."

Insinuation, question, and cross-examination failed to draw anything more from the wary and determined old woman, and she was remanded to jail.

Of course the impression she had made was a very unfavorable one; her sharpness had irritated her judges, and the pertinacity with which she refused to gratify the curiosity of the court was looked upon as a sure test of her guilt.

Twice more she was arraigned, and still she refused to give any further explanation of the ominous words; and her refusal to comply being regarded as contumacy and contempt of court, in addition to the primary charge against her, the verdict of the jury was "Guilty"—and she was condemned and sentenced to death.

And Alice, raving in the delirium of fever, was spared the agony of knowing that her passionate words, caught up by revenge and repeated by malice, forged the terrible link in the chain of evidence which condemned her grandmother to a felon's death.

But youth is strong, and Alice had a good constitution, and she rallied at last; but oh! to what a bitter awakening!—to find her nearest and dearest, her only known relative, languishing in chains and bondage, and under condemnation to death.

But the moment she was able to stand alone she insisted upon going at once to her grandmother; and dreadful as their meeting must be, her friends felt there was nothing to be gained by delaying it; while Alice felt as if every moment of that doomed life was far too precious to her to be wasted apart; and soon the morning, noon, and evening found the faithful child feebly

creeping, with weak, tottering steps, back and forth, to and from the miserable prison, where her presence brought the only ray of comfort that could enter those melancholy walls; and even the hardened jailers grew to know and pity the beautiful and desolate young creature, and opened their doors to her, when they refused admittance to others.

But though Alice's presence gave comfort to the weary prisoner, the grandmother was the one to essay the part of comforter. By a strong effort of her indomitable will, she had reconciled herself to her fate. She knew she was to suffer unjustly; but surely, she argued, it was far better so than if she had merited her sentence. Death, early or late, was the natural finale of every life, and what did a few more years of old age and infirmity have to offer her?

The last terrible day—the day appointed for the execution—had come.

The unhappy prisoner, who though worn and pallid with the rigorous confinement, which told fearfully upon her active nature, used to sun and air and unlimited liberty of motion, had borne it uncomplainingly, had made but one request—and that, alas! could not be complied with. She had prayed that Alice might be kept away from her on that last solemn occasion.

But Alice would not be thus kept away. She counted as a miser does his treasure every moment that remained to her of that precious life, although she too well knew that every moment was a renewed anguish. She could not be kept back except by actual violence, and that no one had the authority or heart to use. She was early at the prison doors, and would be admitted. But over those last sad moments we must drop the veil of silence—they are too sacred for words.

The last terrible moment had come. The sun had climbed to the mid heaven, as if to look down upon the sacrifice, when the door of the prison was opened, and the unhappy prisoner came forth—not led forth, for the brave and dauntless old woman came out unsupported, and walking with a firm, unfaltering step.

There was a marked and striking difference between Goody Nurse and Mistress Elsie Campbell. Both went to their death unflinchingly; but one had the meek resignation of a humble Christian, the other the fierce heroism of a Stoic; the first was saintly, the last was majestic

Conscious of her own integrity, and of the falsity of the malicious charges against her, and full, as we have seen, of unmitigated contempt for the tribunal before which she had been so unjustly condemned, the spirit of the old Scottish Covenanters was roused within her. Her face, though perfectly colorless, was set as a flint; and, like the Indian warrior at the stake, she was fixed in her purpose that no trembling nerve, no faltering step, should gratify the malice of her enemies by a token of her suffering.

So she came out, disdaining support, and would have mounted the fatal cart unaided, had not her manacled limbs forbidden it.

When she was placed in the vehicle, another vain attempt was made by Alice's friends to withdraw her from the awful scene; but the faithful child would not be removed. With wild eyes and piteous hands she waved them back. Twice she essayed to speak, but the unuttered words died on her feverish lips. Again—and they who stood nearest to her caught only the words, "Having loved His own, He *loved them to the end;*" and awed and silent, they desisted, and made way for her.

Clinging tightly with both her clenched hands to the back of the cart, to support her tottering and uncertain steps, with her uncovered head bent down upon her hands, and her bright, dishevelled hair falling as a veil about her, Alice followed as the melancholy procession moved onward—up the length of Prison Lane (now St. Peter's street) into Essex street.

The street was crowded with spectators, as upon the former executions; but it was clearly evident there was a change of sentiment in the lookers-on. Possibly the thirst for blood had now been satiated, and had died out—the tide of popular feeling was evidently turning. The faith in the accusers, once so unquestioning, had been lessening; the girls had become too confident and too reckless. Or it might be that possibly a new-born pity was awakened in behalf of the victims; and who could wonder?

As the sad procession wound its slow way beneath the scorching noonday sun, toiling up the little crooked, narrow street, an interruption occurred. In one of the narrowest portions of the street a gay cavalcade was seen approaching—their gay military harness ringing out and glittering in the sunbeams.

It was the new Governor, Sir William Phips, who had only arrived in the country in the previous May; and who was now riding into town, accompanied by a party of officers, most of them composing his suite, and one or two personal friends.

Laughing and jesting in true military style, they drew near; but the street was too narrow to allow of two such pageants at one time, and for once grim Death stood back, jostled out of the way by busy, joyful Life.

The miserable, creaking, jolting death-cart drew up on one side of the narrow street, and halted, to allow the Governor and his suite to pass by.

At the sudden stoppage of the cart, poor Alice started from her ghastly drowse—possibly she thought the terrible goal was

reached. As she lifted her head and looked wildly around with her sad, frightened, bewildered eyes, the words which were passing from lip to lip around her fell upon her ear: "It is His Excellency, Sir William Phips, the new Governor."

In one instant, straight and clear as a flash of light from heaven, broke in upon her clouded mind an intuitive ray of hope; in one moment she had quitted the cart to which she had convulsively clung, and with one bound, like the death-leap of some maddened creature, she sprung directly in Sir William's path, and flinging up her wild arms to arrest him, she raised her sad, beseeching eyes to his, and faltered out her impassioned appeal; "Mercy! mercy! your Excellency; pardon—pardon —for the sweet love of heaven—*she is innocent!* Oh! as you hope for mercy in your sorest need hereafter, have mercy upon us —mercy! mercy!"

As the frantic creature paused for breath, she sank exhausted upon the ground just in front of the Governor's horse; and startled by the sudden apparition of the fair, spirit-like thing, Sir William sat in silent bewilderment, reining in his plunging, snorting horse with a powerful hand, till the spirited animal sank upon his haunches beneath the strong control.

But Sir William's were not the only eyes to which that fair, frantic face appealed; one of the officers in the company, who had come out from England with the Governor, galloped to the scene, and forcing his horse up to the side of the death-cart, peered with quick, enquiring eyes into the face of the prisoner, who had sat with closed eyes and tightly compressed lips, not turning her head or moving hand or foot since she entered that car of death; then suddenly, as if his gaze had assured him of her identity, he bent forward and shouted close to her ear, "Elsie Campbell: —look at me!"

With a mighty effort, the fast sealed eyes unclosed; and the thoughts which had, it would seem, already preceded her to the unknown and eternal world she was so soon to enter, turned back once more to earth; she did not speak, but her involuntary start, and the sudden rush of color that flushed her pallid face, betrayed her recognition of him.

Grasping her firmly by the arm, he asked in breathless entreaty; "Tell me—who is that girl? I adjure you—by the memory of Alice—answer me."

For one moment Elsie Campbell wavered —here was the betrayer of her only child— and for one moment revenge seemed sweet to her still; but then she thought of Alice, her darling, left alone in the wide, cruel world—no friend, no protector; this man was her father—and love conquered pride; the rigid lips painfully unclosed, and with an evident effort she murmured hoarsely: "Your child, my lord!—my Alice's daughter."

Another moment and the officer had sprung from his saddle and stood by Sir William's side, his eager hand upon the Governor's arm.

"Sir William—hear me; you know my life's sad history, and my unsuccessful search; I believe that girl to be my long-sought child; that woman is the mother of my sainted wife—she is the sole possessor of the coveted secret; I will answer for her innocence of this absurd charge. I ask you, by our life-long friendship, to use in her behalf the executive clemency which you hold."

The hands of the brother officers met in a wringing clasp; and then, while the father pressed forward and raised the unconscious form of Alice from the ground, there was a sudden stir and conference among the officers of the Governor's council, a few words to his secretary, a few hasty formulas—and then the magic words, "A reprieve—a reprieve! pardon—pardon! the Governor's pardon!" were caught up by the nearest by-standers, and spread rapidly through the sympathizing crowd. The Governor and his suite galloped onward; the clumsy, creaking death-cart was turned about, and followed them down to the "Ship Tavern," where Alice's father had already preceded them with his precious and unconscious burden; and here, when her swollen and long-manacled limbs were once more set at liberty, the trembling and half-bewildered grandmother assisted in recovering the still fainting and exhausted girl.

"Oh, tell me!" said the father, who was supporting his child in his arms—looking up into Goody Campbell's face as she too bent over her darling—"Oh, tell me those blessed words again—tell me that this is indeed the child of my beloved Alice—my precious wife."

"An' wa' she your wife—in varry deed?" asked the still doubting listener, with her keen, penetrating eyes fixed full upon his face.

"Was she my wife? Good heavens! yes —ten thousand times yes! who dares to question it? Yes! my sainted Alice was my dear and honored wife; did you—did any one ever doubt it?"

"Yes," said Elsie Campbell meekly, "I did doot it—I wa' told it wa' a sham marriage, an' I believed it; I thought you had done me an' my dead a mighty wrong, an' I could na' forgi'e it. But I see now that I hae done ye a mighty wrong, an' I dare na' ask ye to forgi'e me."

"I can forgive anything to-day," said the father, tremblingly, "if only this precious one, so long and so vainly sought, is

spared to me; but we have each of us much to explain."

And Alice was spared to them—but not till a long and dangerous illness had resulted from the unnatural strain of mind and body which the poor girl had undergone did they dare to hope; and while hovering in united care and anxiety over their mutual treasure, the two watchers learned each other's mutual worth—and if they could never forget the heart sorrow they had each suffered and occasioned, at least they learned to forgive and respect.

Review of the Times.

The decision of the Privy Council, in what is known as the Guibord case, brings to a point—we can scarcely say to a close—one of the most remarkable controversies that has ever been known in Canada. The contestants, who affirmed the right of the survivors of Guibord to have Christian burial in the Roman Catholic cemetery, are sustained in their appeal against the decision of the Courts of Quebec. The decision of the Privy Council. from which there is no appeal, is, that the relatives have the right to bury the body in the cemetery; but, so far as appears by the cable despatch, the Court has abstained from ordering that the curé perform the burial service. There the matter rests, until advices *in extenso* are received by mail.

The case is one of numerous others in which Catholics themselves have shown that there are limits beyond which they are not disposed to recognize the authority of priests. The Ultramontane doctrines now in vogue at Rome, and generally in Roman Christendom, stretch this authority to limits which place every interest, civil and religious, secular and sacred alike, absolutely at the mercy of the priesthood for the time being. This is a doctrine which has always been galling to the neck. For the infallibility of the Pope can not be practically enforced except through the medium of a local priesthood, who are his representatives and vicegerents, as he claims to be of Jesus Christ himself. Ultramontanism, fully developed, would make the priesthood of every district absolute dictators in civil life, in politics, in law, in literature, and even in commerce. The Society of the Jesuits have always been remarkable for the strenuous manner in which they have upheld and enforced the most extreme views on priestly authority, and their history is an instructive commentary on the consequences of stretching dangerous principles to rigidly logical conclusions. They have repeatedly provoked rebellion against their measures—of course, from Catholics themselves. They have been more than once driven from nearly every Catholic country in Europe. They have been formally dissolved by Papal authority, that authority being compelled to yield to the pressure of Catholic opinion, outraged by extreme Ultramontane pretensions. Events during the last few years in Europe, and in various parts of this Continent, notably in Central America, have only been the reappearance of old pretensions and of old conflicts against them. Whenever there has been an assertion of extreme claims, or a forcing of tyrannical issues, the people have first been irritated; then they have combined, and then resisted. This Guibord case, and that in which a curé was recently punished for libellous language against a parishioner, are signs of the times, which only show how strong the opposing tides are within the Romish Church herself. It does not, perhaps, occur to everyone, but it is true nevertheless, that all the outbreaks against Rome, including the greatest of all, in the sixteenth century, have been of Catholics themselves. Luther was not a Protestant when he began to doubt and to enquire; he was a Catholic, and a very devout and honest one too. So of his contemporaries, both priests and laymen. They were all Catholics. So were nearly all the infidel Frenchmen of the last century, whose outbreak against Christianity was, in reality, a rebellion against Rome.

They were mostly educated in Roman Catholic schools, and all they knew of Christianity was what they had learned there and in Roman Catholic churches. It is probable that little may result from these occurrences in the way of moderating Ultramontane pretension,—at least during the life time of the present Pope. He is now a very old man, and more set than ever in his own way. A change of Pontiff may bring a change of policy. It may, indeed, bring a change even in the direction of tightening the cords still further. A fanatical Rehoboam at the Vatican may even attempt to rival Pio Nono, and declare that as the late Holy Father had chastised the people with whips, he would chastise them with scorpions. Such things have been. But if such a thing is to be, it will certainly bring on that great conflict which many look for as the most stupendous event of modern times.

We referred in our last review to the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in this city, and its probable results. One result, entirely unlooked for, but which may prove of a deeper and more permanent influence than the reading of learned papers and the utterance of eloquent speeches, has been the singular awakening of religious interest through the preaching of Mr. Henry Varley. The influence he exerted in Montreal was more in the direction of quickening enquiry amongst professing Christians; but in Ottawa, Kingston, and still more remarkably in Toronto, there was not only this, but the awakening to spiritual life of very many from amongst the careless and ungodly of the people. Great crowds have come to hear him night after night; even afternoon meetings have been thronged, and the powerful interest awakened bears a striking similarity to that we have lately heard of as taking place in Scotland. So far as mere human instrumentality is concerned, this remarkable development is worthy of careful attention and study. Mr. Varley is now wholly devoted to the office of the ministry, but he has not been educated for it as a profession, and for many years, marvellous to say, he followed his calling as a prosperous and busy London butcher. All his leisure, however, during this time was devoted to study and to the teaching and preaching of Christian truth, and, indeed, no one that hears him can doubt his vocation for it. He has a fine presence and a noble utterance. He is a natural orator of the finest kind, master of the springs that move and sway the souls of men. This, however, is saying little. His knowledge is equal to his power of utterance. He has a marvellous acquaintance with the most marvellous of all books—the Scriptures of God. This "Sword of the Spirit" he has thoroughly studied, and is master of it in all its passes, strokes and movements. His utterance is instinct with its poetry, and he draws from its deep wells of doctrine and revelation the mighty truths that irresistibly convince the understanding. Whether there is agreement with him or not, the attention is absorbed, and there is this, which is the most powerful of all elements in producing impression, the conviction of his honesty. Hard-headed men of the world have been struck with this,—men who have looked upon the ordinary teachers of religion as merely performing a professional part when they stood in the pulpit and spoke of divine things. This of itself is no slight gain, and such a conviction is fruitful of all good, if it is allowed honestly to work its way. It was precisely thus with Nicodemus and the Saviour of men. Mr. Varley very strenuously enforces the possibility by the power of a divine life in the soul, of a far higher standard of Christian living than what generally prevails; and this, not in the case of a few rare and exceptional natures, but as the common duty and birthright of all. And it is impossible to read the Scriptures thoughtfully, or to hear him expound them, without being convinced that this is really true; for Mr. Varley, if he is singular in anything, is singular in the closeness with which he confines himself to the truths taught in the Scriptures. Of traditional interpretations he brings forth nothing. In dealing with those who have hitherto been strangers to the power of a divine life, he is singular in proclaiming the perfection of the salvation which arises from the simple acceptance by the soul of the message of grace. To many he would appear presumptuous and over-confident in his method, but results have proved that this has the very deepest power over every form of character, and that its fruit abides in the choicest form of goodness.

England, in fact, for many years, has

had a number of rare and choice spirits who have drank deep into the higher teachings of the Word of God. These have been found in all denominations, and they have been in the habit of often uniting in conference in various parts of Britain. Of these Mr. Varley is one, and it may be said that he brings across the Atlantic a condensation of the best Christian thoughts of these modern days. But there is evidently something beyond all this in the results of his labor, and it can be explained only by the simple acknowledgment of the "great power of God."

One result of the searching application of the Election Law by independent judges has been the unseating of one who has exercised far more political power in Canada than any man of this generation. Sir John Macdonald, for many long years, managed the destinies of this country with a more complete control than any man has ever exercised in England, save, perhaps, William Pitt, in his palmiest days. To think of Sir John Macdonald out of Parliament would at one time have been a mental impossibility. But it must be confessed that a great change has come over Parliament during the last year or two. And the change is for the better. There is undoubtedly less of corruption, and that abominable "log-rolling" which once made our parliamentary government a by-word. Sir John Macdonald, with all his splendid qualities, was deeply imbued with the very worst views of that system. In fact he made it his own. He ruled by studying the weak points of men. He was a thorough Walpole in his style of administration. Completely unselfish himself, so far as money was concerned, he knew to an iota the power of money and place and honor over others. This system of ruling, however, must come to an end some day; and the overwhelming defeat he sustained at the last general election was the Nemesis of many political misdeeds. And now he is not only out of power but out of Parliament. He cannot even set foot in that Chamber in which, for many years, he exercised such absolute sway that his very beck and nod could make or unmake men. He will, doubtless, be returned for some constituency, if he wishes; but the lesson is impressive, and should be studied by all our young politicians.

The contemplated action of the Midland Railway Company, in respect to the withdrawal of the first-class carriages from their road, is an interesting evidence of the superior force in modern times of economic law over social usages and prejudices. To those who hold the theory that all things tend to revert to their primitive type, this movement will, doubtless, afford consolation, as it is a return to the primitive order of coaching days, when only two classes existed, the inside and outside passengers. It has been again and again remarked by statistical-minded observers, that the first-class carriages on the English lines must be run, not for profit, but in deference to social ideas. They cost a large percentage more than other coaches; they are more liable to injury, and when full, only contain about half those of the second class, so that to make them as remunerative as others it would be necessary for the fares to be double, and for the percentage of passengers, in proportion to accommodation, to be higher than carriages of a lower grade. These conditions are both signally unfulfilled by first-class traffic. A coach-full of first-class passengers pays only about 75 per cent. of one full of second class, and the latter cost less to provide for, and fill up their carriages to a very much higher percentage in proportion to the seats than those who require the dignity of isolation and privacy of first-class. One very odd result of this constant emptiness of these solemn and stuffy carriages has been to make them the receptacle of the overflow of the second and third-class traffic, a practice which has done much to lessen the occupants of these stately vehicles, as a not unreasonable objection was entertained to pay for privacy, and be made the companion-traveller of drunken rowdies returning from prize fights, foot-races, fairs, and other popular gatherings of a so-called Christian nation. But a social millenium has not come, as some think, because of this; nor a social revolution, nor a break-up of caste distinctions, but otherwise. The railways will be compelled by the same economic law they are now obeying to provide for those who require high-class comfort in travelling; but the accommodation will be made more costly and less open to chance demand. Thus, a sharper time than ever will exist between the first-class of the future and the second and third. The social reformer rejoices, however, in the increased facilities of travel given to the humbler classes, as that means enlarged opportunities of social advancement and intercourse, and that education which comes from contact with varieties of men and circumstances.

The taunts launched since the last election in England against the clergy of the Establishment, on account of their quasi-alliance with the publicans, making "Our Beer and Bible" a political cry, are likely to have an important bearing upon the Temperance movement. The Archbishop of Canterbury, a man of so fine a nature, so exemplary a life, as to render him cruelly sensitive to a taunt of this character, has taken up the movement in the Church of England to carry on a special crusade against intemperance. He has spoken out with his usual manliness to the workingmen, in a speech at Sheffield, saying, "The enormous sums spent in drink cast deep dishonor on the nation. In 1869, the nation spent 112 millions (that is, $560,000,000) in drink, and since that period the sum had considerably increased, especially on the increase of wages. There was annually spent in drink *twice the revenue of the country*." The Archbishop then put out this home-thrust, knowing, no doubt, that he spoke to the most politically-minded class of men living, the artisans of Sheffield: "Why," said he, "why should the workingmen think so much about the putting on or off of some inconsiderable tax, when he could relieve himself from immense taxation by abstaining from beer?" Surely, if a National Church has any function at all, it is as a corrector of national vices; and if the Church of England grapples, as a Church, with England's great curse, it will be a struggle in which she will enlist such sympathy as will go far to make her enemies bless her. A speech at the same date by the Solicitor-General, points out that the capital invested in the drink trade exceeds that in the cotton, the woollen, the iron trade, all put together! Here is a nice political question for those who contend that property is the true basis of the franchise. Surely, if the drink trade has the preponderance of capital at stake, it ought to have the preponderance of political power to protect it? But, happily, the notion that Governments have merely police functions, is not yet universal, or else an archbishop who agitates, so as to disturb the trade value of capital, might be in danger of prosecution as a disturber of the good order of the State.

Kulmann, for trying to murder Prince Bismarck, is sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment, 10 years' loss of civil rights, and, subsequently, police surveillance. The two latter are rather amusing in the connection with penalty for murder, as they are the very common lot of the best men in Europe, in almost every State except one. It is only too well known by the leading Liberal politicians of England, both speakers and journalists, that in Prussia they are received by the police, and most tenderly watched over during their sojourn, and now and then carefully put out of harm's way in a guard-house, and passed back to the frontier. Herr Kulmann, for murder, when out of prison again, will only have the privileged attention afforded to any man who, by word or pen, has, in England or elsewhere, criticised Prussian institutions in a manner objectionable to the Chief of Police. In commenting on this criminal, some months ago, we said that while direct instruction to him from the Catholic Church could not be proved, yet that the most palpable evidence existed that language was used by the priests which could not help inflaming the murderous instincts of some fanatical Romanist. Our remarks were quoted in a London daily paper, and an article appeared recently in the *Times*, containing a sentence singularly like one which appeared in this magazine. The position of Lepine and of Kulmann should give the Roman Catholic authorities occasion for thought. Religious murders, or attempts thereat, are, to say the least, behind the times, and their people should be taught not to commit anachronisms, if they cannot be taught to keep the commandments when their breach seems in the interest of the Church.

A very decided threat was used by the anti-Monarchical section of the Radicals of Birmingham, that the visit of the Prince of Wales to that town would be made an opportunity of a popular demonstration against him. The threat looked awkward, but it turns out to have been a mere bag of wind. There never has been in that town such a turn-out as greeted the Prince and Princess of Wales. For miles into the country the highway was thronged, the trees and hedges were crowded with people, who sought thus to obtain a "coign of vantage." Few soldiers were present. The royal carriages were literally jammed into the massed people, and there was not a sign of unkind or disloyal feeling shown on the entire route through some three miles of crowd. If aught can stir the Prince of Wales to a life worthy his calling, as a social example and force, surely such a welcome must move him to high resolves.