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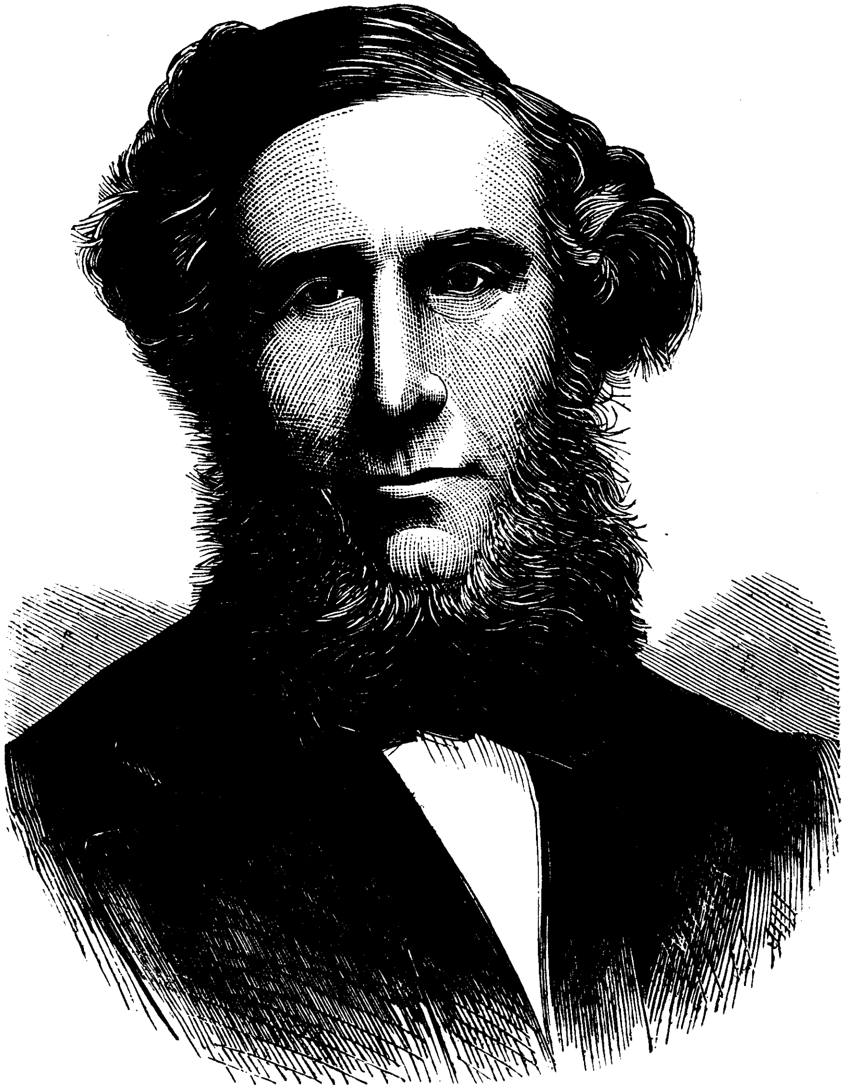

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

FRANC LESTER.

It was a cold, cheerless evening in November. Dr. McAlpine sat in his office enjoying a cigar and the evening paper, when the door opened and John Earle walked in. He was a man about thirty, with a tall, massive frame, cool gray eyes, and a finely formed head, about which thick brown hair clung in close curls: altogether he was a man to be admired—so far, at least, as appearance goes.

"Good evening, John. Disagreeable night this. Come to the fire and make yourself comfortable."

Allan Mc Alpine's office was a cozy place; and Earle threw himself into an easy chair put his feet in another, and prepared to enjoy it.

"Can't offer you a cigar, old fellow, for I know how you hate tobacco," said the Doctor rising; "but I know what you will take,—and I rather think by your looks you need it to-night;" and he brought out a bottle of brandy.

"Thank you Mac," said John as he took a glass; "I've had a miserable headache all day; but this will make me all straight—nothing like it for me."

"I told you so when I prescribed it a year ago. How is Miss Kate to-night?"

"Very well. Oh, by the way, we have taken a boarder; or rather Kate has. I had nothing to do in the arrangement."

"Who is it?"

"Miss Lester, the new teacher in the Seminary. You should come over and see her, Mac—a frail, delicate-looking little being, only eighteen, with a wistful look in her face that goes straight to your heart."

"I've got one woman's face in my heart already, so I guess I had better not expose myself to her fascinations. Look out for yourself, John."

"Don't talk of her in that way, Allan McAlpine; she is only a child. Besides, I hope I am master of my own heart."

"Verily, if ever man was, you are."

In the meantime, Miss Kate Earle was making the acquaintance of her boarder, in the dear old farmhouse which had sheltered her and John all their lives; and where, as soon as she was old enough, he was very proud to install her as mistress.

Franc Lester was an orphan; and had neither brother nor sister. Her father had been a country physician, who died a drunkard's death when she was only nine years old. Her mother died in less than a year after, leaving her to the care of a wealthy uncle in the city. He educated her as if she had been his own, paying little heed, however, to the principles which were instilled into her young mind. She was a gentle, quiet child, whose ruling passion, indeed whose only passion, seemed to be an intense hatred to strong drink.

At her first appearance in society she firmly, her uncle said rudely, refused to taste wine. He remonstrated with her, telling her that as long as she was his child she must conform to the usages of society; and she quietly replied that she would do anything to please him, except drink wine.—she could not do that. It all ended in her answering an advertisement for a teacher in the Seminary at Denton.

The two girls made a pretty picture, as

they sat chatting over their work that night.

Kate Earle was a merry laughter-loving girl of twenty; brown hair, that curled and danced about her head defying all control; witching brown eyes, and the ripest of red lips; while the rich color was constantly coming and going in her cheeks. The prime article in her creed was, unbounded faith in "John." She was at this very moment holding forth on his numerous virtues to the demure little figure in black, so quietly rocking to and fro as she listened. She had heavy, dead-black hair, brushed back from her temples in rich waves; a face that was perfectly colorless, except at rare intervals; and a mouth that had, as John said, a wistful sweetness to it; but the charm of the face was the eyes—deep blue eyes, that had a world of meaning in them when they were lifted to yours.

It was a marvel to Kate to find one two years younger than herself, who seemed, as she characteristically expressed it, "old enough to be her own grandmother." She did not know that Franc Lester had gone through an ordeal, when she gave up her home for the sake of her principles, which had developed the womanliness in her character as nothing else could have done. Before John returned they were fast friends; and destined to be helps to each other in the battle of life.

The next day Dr. McAlpine was called away to attend a sick brother, so it was nearly a month before he saw Miss Lester. John had one or two headaches immediately after the Doctor's departure, for the relief of which he promptly applied to the prescription; and, as he assured himself, it was wonderful how it relieved him. Then he became sensible that evenings out were not so pleasant as evenings at home; and in consequence had no headache next day.

Walking rapidly towards home one evening, with coat buttoned to the chin to keep off the blinding storm, John felt a hand laid on his arm, and turned to meet Dr. McAlpine's familiar face.

"Come right home with me to tea, and tell me all about how you found Hugh."

"Well, I found him poorly enough; but I left him a good deal improved, only still very weak. He had typhoid fever."

Kate met them in the hall, and while they were divesting themselves of their wraps, she said with a nod towards the parlor door,

"There's the greatest fun going on in there. Lawrence was trying to impress our Franc with a sense of his goodness, when, unluckily, he made a remark about drinking that roused the little woman, and she has been ever since pouring down arguments on his devoted head, while he tries in vain to dodge and escape them. It's the greatest fun imaginable; but I'm tired enjoying it alone. Come and hear her."

She ushered them in, and as soon as the presentation was over Lawrence appealed to Dr. McAlpine.

"Miss Lester has been trying to convince me that drinking is a great social evil—in fact, that everybody should quit it."

"A hard task, I should say, to convince you of your duty in that respect," said Allan."

"Well yes," said Lawrence, "I do take a glass now and then, and I feel sure I am no worse for it."

"Are you any better for it?" asked Miss Lester gently.

"Yes, I think I am. You see sometimes when a fellow has been out late in the evening he feels dull next morning; and then a glass sets him up. Then when he is driving in the cold, nothing will keep out the cold like a glass of brandy. Oh yes, Miss Lester, it is undoubtedly a good thing; I think the Doctor will agree with me in that."

"In some instances, yes, Lawrence; but still I quite agree with Miss Lester that it is a social evil. Half the misery in the world is caused by its use, or rather its abuse."

"Will you instance a case in which it is a good thing?" said Franc.

"As a medicine I have often found it very beneficial. In my brother's case I ordered it. He had absurd notions about it, and was determined not to take it; but I persuaded him, and before I came away he was ready for it whenever I brought it to him. He saw its good effects, and came to his senses you know."

"What were the good effects?" asked Franc.

"Well it gave him strength—the fever left him miserably weak—and kept up his spirits; a great thing you will acknowledge.'

The summons to tea interrupted the conversation, and it was not resumed after tea until the gentlemen left. Then Kate said: "John, Allan has ruined his brother Hugh."

"How, pray? You are wild, Kate."

"No, I'm not. Did you hear what he said about his drinking? Now I know when Hugh has once broken his promise not to drink he will never stop short of ruin."

"Nonsense, Kate; Hugh has more wit than that."

"Hugh Mc Alpine has not your force of character John; and you know he once before drank hard."

"Did Dr. McAlpine know of his brother's appetite for it when he ordered it?" said Franc.

"Of course he did," said Kate; "there is where the blame lies."

John rose impatiently.

"Kate Earle, do you suppose Allan would deliberately ruin his only brother?"

"No, John, I don't. But I do suppose he has unintentionally roused a demon that will not soon be subdued."

"Its all nonsense! Of course he will take it while he needs it; and when he gets strong leave it off."

"Well I hope so;" and Kate relapsed into silence.

Franc roused from a reverie and said, "Is Dr. Mc Alpine what people call a moderate drinker?"

"By no means," said John. "He very seldom tastes anything of the sort,—only uses it as a medicine; and is always ready to speak a word against intemperance."

"I hate that sort of character," said Franc, vehemently.

"Franc!" John looked at her in astonishment. The slight figure was drawn to its full height, and the flashing blue eyes grew dark as she went on. "Yes, I hate them. Those are the men that make scores of drunkards, while they escape the toils themselves. They lead their poor victim blindfold right to the edge of the pit, and the descent is all too easy then. I know—I've seen it done. Heaven forbid I should ever see it again!" and she shuddered as she spoke.

"What in the world has come over you two girls?"

"Nothing new has come over me; but don't bring me into too close contact with that man, or I must tell him what I think."

John walked the room, when he was left alone, and mused something after this fashion: "Wonder what the little girl would say if she knew how much brandy I drink, and I'm sure I'm a temperance man. I've seen enough of its evils to cure any man of being a drunkard. But I only take it when I feel I absolutely need it. After all it's my own business;" and he strode to his room with a firm step, and the air of a man who had the mastery of himself, and intended to keep it.

New Year's evening Dr. McAlpine was talking to Miss Kate, when two other callers were shown in.

"Franc Lester, as I'm a sinner!" and a handsome, fashionable-looking young man came toward her with unsteady step, and offered his hand.

"How do, old girl! How on earth did you stumble down into this out-of-the-world place? Thought you'd have turned the heads of half the men in the city before this," and he laughed a rude, boisterous laugh.

"Stewart!" but he was not to be stopped.

"I say, Francie, Mollie sends her love; at least she would if she knew I was here. I'm out on a lark, though! Mollie don't know where I am, poor little dear."

Flashes of scarlet shot across Franc's face.

"Now, don't go getting your spunk up. —— you do look awfully pretty, my dear! But I must go now. Good-bye! I'll call again."

"Not until you are sober," said Franc, deliberately.

"I'm not drunk now! Who says ——" But his friend hurried him out, and as the door closed after him, Franc said:—

"That is the brother of my dearest friend; and a fine fellow Stewart Longley would be but for that accursed drink!"

"What a shame," said McAlpine, "that any gentleman should so far forget himself as to intrude his presence upon a lady in such a state! What a shame, I ought to say, that a man should ever allow himself

to get in such a state! A *man* should have better control of himself."

Franc Lester's blood was up.

"Dr. McAlpine," she said, "what do you suppose made Stewart Longley a drunkard? I can tell you. When he was preparing for college, he studied too hard; and his physician ordered porter. He took it regularly, and, as he thought, it benefited him. When he went to college, he found the porter losing its effect, and he commenced taking something stronger. One night he took a little too much, and went to bed—drunk! Next morning, fully aroused to his position, he went to an old doctor—a friend of his father—and told him the whole story.

"'And now,' said he, 'I am determined never to touch another drop of any sort of stimulant!'

"'How long have you taken it?' asked the doctor.

"'Oh, a year or more.'

"'The sudden leaving off will probably make you sick.'

"'I can't help it, Dr. Leech. I dare not go on this way, making a drunkard of myself. Of what use will my education be if I am a sot when I am through college?'

"'I should be very sorry, my boy, to see you a drunkard,' said Dr. Leech; 'but you need not be one. Of course you took too much last night; but it was the first time, although you have used it more than a year. I would advise you to go on taking it as before, only being careful not to overdose yourself. It is the abuse, not the use of it, that is injurious.'

"He took his advice and came home what you see him. He told me himself that the appetite fostered on ale and porter and wine had gained the mastery over him; and,' said he, 'if I go down to perdition, those two doctors have sent me there! I did it in all innocence till the chains were too strong for me to break.'"

"You are heated, Miss Lester," said Dr. McAlpine. "I will wait for you to cool down before I attempt a reply; so good-evening, ladies," and he bowed himself out. Meeting Earle down the street, he said: "You had better start that school-ma'am of yours out as a temperance lecturer, John; she certainly has zeal enough for one."

"I am not sure that she is not more needed as a home missionary," laughed John, as he passed along.

Spring had come with all its freshness, and was just giving place to early summer. Franc Lester sat alone in the little room which she had called home for the last six months. She was reviewing those months, and thinking how different they had been from what she had expected. The leaving her city home, and coming to Denton, had been a turning-point in her life. The future looked very dark, and yet on looking back, she had never spent a happier winter. "So much," she said to herself, "for not sacrificing my principles." A little bird sang just outside the window, and with a happy feeling at her heart, and a rare smile lighting up her face, she leaned out and listened. Presently two hands were laid on her shoulders, and her face turned around to meet Kate's laughing eyes.

"Here I've gone and put myself to the trouble of coming up-stairs two steps at a time, and losing my breath to bring you the news, and lo! I find you so serenely happy in your own society that you don't even hear me come in. I'm exhausted now," she continued, sinking into a chair; "don't ask me to make any further communication."

"I don't intend to," said Franc. "You can't help telling me if I keep quiet."

"You provoking little wretch! Well, there is to be a pic-nic next week, over in Maple Grove. It's a lovely place ——, and I tell you what, Franc, I'm going to get one of my old schoolmates over to that pic-nic on purpose for John to fall in love with."

"For John to fall in love with!"

"Of course! why not? Did it never occur to you that he must marry some time?"

"I don't think it ever did," said Franc, slowly.

"Well, he must, of course; and I am going to exert myself in his behalf. I intend to be married myself in a year or two ——"

"To whom?" broke in Franc.

"Don't interrupt me, if you please. How can I know to whom? But, of course, he'll come. So will John's wife; but I in-

tend to help that along a little. Not that I intend to bring her here and say, 'Please, sir, go on now and make love to her.' Not by any manner of means; but just let him once get acquainted with May Merton, and he can't help it."

"May Merton! Why, I know her, Kate! John will never fancy her, I'm sure."

"You can't tell. Nobody ever knows what notion a man may take about marrying;" then suddenly, as if a new thought had struck her, she held up Franc's face in both her hands, and looking down into her eyes, said: "Do you love John, Franc Lester?"

Franc returned the look honestly and said, "No; I do not."

"Does he love you?"

"No; certainly not."

"I thought not. You see I don't mean to plot against anybody; but if you have been here six months, and have had all those long talks, and still are right where you began, it's time some one else was brought into the field. Next to you I had rather have May Merton; so I am going this very minute to write to her," and she vanished as she had come.

The picnic was to be on Thursday, and on Tuesday Miss Merton arrived. Before night, she and John were chatting as easily as if they had always been friends; and Kate thought her plan a success. Next evening, however, John seemed to be affected with low spirits, and lay on the sofa, his hand carefully shading his eyes; but a close observer would have seen that he was intently watching the fair young faces drawn closely together in the deep bay window at the other end of the room.

"Look, girls, what a lovely horse!" cried Kate, as a carriage dashed past. May sprang up, and ran directly into the arms of a gentleman who was entering the room. With a polite little scream, she extricated herself, and as soon as Kate could smother her laughter, she introduced Mr. Hugh McAlpine. Franc thought as she looked at him, that she had never seen a man's face so singularly beautiful. The features were delicately chiseled as a woman's, and the light of intellect shone in the restless eyes. Every motion was quick and nervous, and she thought, with a foreboding, of what she had heard of him before. "Just the sort of man to fall under severe temptation," she thought.

When they were taking leave, Dr. McAlpine said, "Miss Kate, you were exclaiming at the beauty of a horse when we came in. I drive a better horse than that. Will that tempt you to ride over to the Grove with me to-morrow?"

"I am afraid I am not proof against such a temptation," she said with mock gravity.

The morning was beautifully clear, and in the best of spirits they started.

After dinner, when everybody was beginning to look tired, Mr. Lawrence sauntered up in his usual lazy fashion and said, "There's a gipsy tent over there in the woods. Any of you girls want your fortunes told?"

"I should think some of you men would," said Kate Earle; "you all have such curiosity."

Lawrence was coolly fanning himself with his hat, and took no notice of her remark; but Dr. McAlpine seemed nettled.

"I think I must ask you to make me an exception to the general rule, Kate," he said. "I certainly have no curiosity about *my* future. I believe man to be the architect of his own fortune."

It was decided that Kate should be the first to consult the oracle. She told her the old story, of a long and happy life—of the handsome lover who would come to take her across the sea—and of the good she would do in the world.

Dr. McAlpine came next. The gipsy said, "You are strong, but in the battle the strongest sometimes fail. Never nurse a viper; some day it may—nay, *will*, turn and sting you."

Just then, they heard Hugh's voice outside, repeating the text from which he had lately heard a temperance sermon:

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Allan winced under the look in the blue eyes that met his, as he moved away to give Franc his place.

She took her hand, and with a quick look at the fair young face, she said, "Lady, you have had trouble—you will have more

—we all do. I can tell you nothing more;" but she still retained her hand, and stood looking down into those magnetic eyes as if spell-bound.

John came forward, saying,

"I wonder if you cannot tell me something better than that."

She looked in his hand, and, without a word, placed Franc's hand within it, and turned away.

He drew it through his arm, and so they walked in perfect silence, back to their party. Only once, just before they joined their companions, he turned, and their eyes met. Franc never forgot that look. After that she would not have dared to say what she had said to Kate the week before.

A rising cloud gave promise of a shower, and in haste they prepared to return home; but they had scarcely gone a mile when the rain came down thick and fast. They took refuge in one of those little hotels with which our country is cursed, and some of them being quite wet, Dr. McAlpine prescribed "something warm." Accordingly, he brought a glass to Kate. She held it up, looked through it a moment, just touched it to her lips, and then, with a quick shudder, let it fall to the floor.

"Allan, that's my last glass of wine," she said.

"Pshaw! Kate, don't go making a fool of yourself," said he. For an answer, she pointed to Hugh just lifting the second glass of brandy to his lips. Allan quietly laid his hand on his arm, saying,

"Hugh, my boy, you have taken quite enough."

Hugh turned towards him, his eyes flashing, and his lip curled as he said, "It's only for my health, you know. My physician ordered it. I'm not strong enough yet to do without it," and he drained the glass to the very bottom. All the glasses were instantly put down, and there was no more drinking there that night; but on a sofa in his brother's office, the handsome Hugh slept the sleep of a drunkard.

During the drive home, John Earle suddenly reined in his horse, and, bending down so as to catch a glimpse of the face at his side, said,

"Franc, it needs no words of mine to tell you that I love you. That old gipsy gave you to me. Will you sign the contract?"

"Don't ask it, John."

"I have a right to ask it, Franc. You dare not tell me you cannot return my love. That one look down into your soul told me that." He bent nearer to her, but there was no answer, even by a look. He grew pale as he said,—

"Franc, does any one stand between us?"

"No, no one, but—"

"But what, Franc. I must know all."

"Well, John, I couldn't quite trust even you, so long as you keep up that habit of drinking." The words were simply spoken, but they went like a dagger to John Earle's heart.

"That shall not separate us, Franc. Would three months of total abstinence satisfy you, and dispel your doubts of me?"

"Yes, if at the end of that time you are willing to take a pledge for life. But, John, I do not ask you to do this. I only ask to be left to go my own way alone."

"I shall never leave you to go your way alone," said John, resolutely, "unless you first tell me you do not love me."

"I cannot tell you that," she said, quietly. "What I have given you I can never take back. I could not love twice."

"With that knowledge to keep my heart warm, I could overcome any obstacle." How vain is man's trust in his own strength!

When Franc reached home she found a letter for her from her uncle—the first she had received from him since she left the city. It was very short, and evidently written with a trembling hand. It told her that he was sick and alone, and wanted her to come to him. There was no allusion to the past; he merely said:—"Franc, my child, you are my nearest of kin, and I want you. Do not refuse me."

She went straight to her own room, to decide whether or not to go; but the struggle was more than she had thought. This was in all respects a home to her, and a very dear one; and she dreaded the dull, stately home of her uncle. Then, she thought, "He turned me away from it; what right has he to expect me to return?—and without any apology for the past." On the

other hand, there would rise up before her a vision of him who had cared for her like a father—who had given her the education by which she supported herself—sick and lonely, and needing her care. And so the battle went on between pride and principle.

In her perplexity she thought of her mother; and remembered that she used, in such times as this, to seek guidance and strength from a higher source. And she fell on her knees and prayed to her mother's God—prayed that she might have strength to do what was right in His sight—prayed for guidance and for help—and the victory was won. How thankful she was for that decision when she arrived at her uncle's! She was shown at once to his room, and he received her with tears of joy—told her how he had, since she went away, become a Christian; asked her forgiveness for his past harshness; told her with child-like simplicity of the plan of salvation; and how, wearied and worn with life's struggles and failures, and sinfulness, he had come to Jesus at last, and found rest. As he talked, a great longing to possess this strange peace which it was so evident he enjoyed sprung to life in her heart. He talked to her of her mother—his sister—told her what a pure, good life she lived, until she buried her face in her hands and sobbed like a child. In the long days and weeks that followed, they had many of those long talks. This wondrous new-found peace was his favorite theme, and she never grew tired of hearing it. The Bible was the book he loved best to hear, and so it came to pass that she grew to love and dearly prize the precious truths recorded in that wonderful book, and to treasure them up in her heart, until, at last, she could kneel and say, "Our Father," feeling that she was indeed His child. A new bond of union this was between uncle and niece.

One day he had been speaking of his death, which he felt could not be far distant, when she said,—

"How can I ever learn to live without you?"

"You will miss me, dear, I do not doubt that; but you have a strong refuge. And, Franc, I leave my life-work with you. You are young, and have life before you. It is all behind me. There are many benevolent schemes that I have thought over, lying on this sick-bed. I leave them with you to carry out. I can only say,—

"'I have spent all my strength,
And my labor is done,
Holy Father receive me,
Through Jesus, Thy Son.'"

Meanwhile, how were things progressing at Denton? For several weeks John kept his promise faithfully. There had not been much temptation. It was a busy time of the year, and he stayed closely at home, attending to his farm.

Allan McAlpine had asked the hand of Kate Earle in marriage, and had been refused; and forthwith proceeded to make himself agreeable to Miss May Merton.

Meeting John one night on the street, he asked him to come into the office for a chat; and told him that May had consented to be his wife.

"She's a woman to be proud of, John," said he. "None of those croaking old notions about her. Never saw a woman in my life that could drink a glass of wine so gracefully. Do you know, old fellow, I'm glad that preaching Miss Lester has gone away. She would have had you her slave, fast enough, if she had stayed much longer; and I should hate to see you tied to a woman's apron strings."

John had had it in his heart to tell him of his last interview with her; but now his lips were sealed.

"You are looking awfully pale, John; not feeling well?"

"Not very," said John, shortly.

"Take this;" and he gave him some brandy. It is singular that just when he was boiling over with indignation at his most intimate friend for speaking lightly of Franc, should be just the time for him to disregard her wishes and his own promise; but so it was. He took the brandy—an unusually large dose—without a thought, and found his feelings wonderfully soothed thereby.

He was unusually fluent in his conversation that evening, and congratulated himself on his clearness in an argument he and Allan had on some of the leading questions of the day.

Next morning he awakened with a fear-

ful headache, and a general feeling of having done something to be ashamed of. It took some time to so arrange his ideas as to tell where he had spent the evening, and what time he came home. All at once the blood rushed to his heart with a bound, and then back again, leaving his pulses to stand still, as a thought entered his mind. He sprang to his feet. "Is it possible that I, John Earle, was drunk?" He remembered sensations very like these in days past. He went down and asked Kate if she heard him come home.

"No, you must have been out late. Where were you?"

"Over at Allan's office. I have a bad headache. Make me a strong cup of coffee, please." His breakfast was eaten in silence, and he went out as soon as it was finished. All that day he struggled with himself. He thought he ought to write and tell Franc. Then, he argued that she would feel badly, poor little girl, and he would wait until he could send good news with it. Again, if it was only this once, she would forgive that when he told her about it, at the end of three months; and so it was settled.

But this was not the only time. Again and again it happened. Not that he was ever intoxicated again—he took care of that; but a thousand and one instances seemed to come up, making it almost necessary to take just a little.

At last, in despair, he wrote to Franc, telling her the whole painful story in all honesty;—and he hoped—he was almost sure—she would answer, giving him, at least, sympathy. But he waited in vain. No answer came. The truth was, the letter never reached her.

About this time her uncle died, leaving her sole heir to his vast wealth; but he had left her a better inheritance in the teachings of the last few weeks. She wrote to Kate, and got in reply a letter full of heart sympathy; but with no mention of John, and no invitation to go back to the old home. Kate, poor child, was experiencing her first trouble. She more than suspected that John took too much brandy, and the knowledge completely crushed her. She could not bear that Franc should come to know what she knew, and so did not ask her to come to them. Franc wondered that there was not even a message from John; but, with woman's trustfulness, she never attached any blame to him.

Not being very strong, the strain upon her strength began to tell, and the old family physician recommended a sojourn at the seaside; and so she went.

Passing along the street one day, she heard a voice that touched a tender chord in her memory. Turning in the direction of the sound, she saw, through an open window, a scene that struck a chill to her heart.

It was John Earle seated, with two or three other gentlemen, at a table on which were decanters and glasses. She knew at a glance that he had been drinking. He lifted the goblet of cut-glass almost to his lips, when a delicate hand was placed suddenly over the top, and gently forced it down to the table again. He rose with an angry exclamation; but the anger died out of his voice, and the flush out of his cheek, when he met a pair of sorrowful blue eyes looking steadily and fearlessly into his. He went out with her instantly.

Not a word was spoken until they reached her private sitting-room. She gave him a seat, and laying a light hand on his shoulder, said:

"John Earle, I've been your friend, have I not?"

"Yes, Franc; you trusted me, and I betrayed the trust. Leave me now to complete my ruin."

"No, John; I shall never desert you, and I feel sure you will not go to ruin."

John looked up to assure himself that she was in earnest.

"Franc, do you really mean it? Could you ever trust me again?"

"Yes; I could trust you again. Surely I, who have received so much mercy, ought to be glad to reach a helping-hand to an erring brother. But, John, you have tried only in your own strength. No man is strong enough to battle such a foe as this alone. Since I last saw you, I have learned to love, and look for strength, to the great God, who is all power as well as all love. Do you go to Him, too, John? He surely will help you." She was kneeling at his side now, her clasped hands resting on his

arm, and her eyes lifted beseechingly to his.

"Franc, you almost give me courage to try."

"You must try, John. With God on your side, there is no such thing as failure."

He walked the floor in gloomy silence. Stopping suddenly, he asked, "Why did you not answer my letter?"

Then followed explanations, and an agreement was entered into that he should write to her weekly, giving a faithful account of his success. Although no word was spoken of renewing the old engagement, both felt when they parted that they were better, truer friends than ever before.

The next day Franc was unable to leave her room, and so could not see Mr. Earle when he called; but she got a little note that gave her inexpressible comfort. It ran thus: "Franc, I am going home to try. Pray for me."

Many a fervent petition was breathed to heaven for him in the busy weeks that followed.

In a few days Mr. Graham, an old family friend, and one of her uncle's executors, came down, saying that he and his wife were going to Europe, and very much wanted her to accompany them. It was business connected with her estate that was calling him there, and he wished her to be with him. So after a little hesitation, she decided to go.

In Edinburgh, they were joined by Fred Landon—a nephew of old Mr. Graham. He proved a valuable acquisition, as Mr. Graham had no inclination to do much sight-seeing, and he was Miss Lester's ready escort at all times.

One day, in speaking of some college scrape, he mentioned Earle.

"Is it John Earle? Do you know him?" asked Franc.

"Yes; dear old John Earle, the very best fellow in all the world. Now, let me ask, do *you* know him?"

"I boarded with them for six months," Franc said, very quietly.

"Then you know his sister—Kate. Is she married? and just what is she like now, Miss Lester? I went home with John and spent one vacation, and I thought her — almost perfect!"

"She is just the dearest, warm-hearted, lovable girl I know," Franc said, warmly.

"She promised to make all that, I thought," and the subject was dropped; but only to be resumed again and again ostensibly to hear about "dear old John;" but Franc noticed that Kate was always very soon introduced, and she was only too glad to turn from John to her.

One day he asked Franc if Kate was engaged; "or, in plain words, Miss Lester," said he, "do you think there would be any chance for me, if I went home?"

"I cannot, of course, tell what she might think of you," she said; "but I am nearly sure she does not care for any one else."

"Then I'll go right home at once. Dear Miss Lester, you don't know what a favor you have conferred on me. I should have sought her long ago; but I heard, on what I thought was good authority, that she was engaged to Dr. McAlpine."

"It is not true, Mr. Landon. They did not agree on temperance principles. Kate will marry no one who is not a total abstainer. Are you one, may I ask?"

"Yes; I never drank a glass of anything intoxicating in my life."

"Then you have my free consent to win dear Kate," she said, as they parted.

To return to America. Were John Earle's efforts at self-control successful? Yes; in the main they were. Franc prayed for him, and he knew it, and the knowledge gave him courage.

Once or twice he had stumbled, and come near falling, and often he was depressed and gloomy; but all the dark side had been faithfully recorded in his weekly letters to Franc, and in return she wrote words of counsel and encouragement.

One evening he was driving home when Dr. McAlpine called to him. He had avoided his old friend of late, knowing that a visit at his office was sure to be attended with more or less of temptation.

"John," said he, "Hugh is down here on a spree—he has been drinking dreadfully lately, and I can't bear to have them see him in that state at my boarding-place. Could you oblige an old friend by taking him in for a day or two, until I get him sobered down and take him home?"

"Certainly, Allan; it would be a pleasure. Where is he?"

"In here."

"Tell him to jump in and I'll drive him up."

A strange sort of smile passed over Allan's face as he said, "Come in and see him."

John went in, and there, on the floor, lay Hugh, "dead drunk."

With difficulty they got him into the buggy, and John drove home with him. Kate was standing in the porch.

"John Earle, what in the round world have you got there?"

"I've got what was once Hugh McAlpine."

"John! Is he dead?"

"No, but he had better be, poor lad. He's awfully drunk, Kate."

Kate made ready a bed, and Allan coming up, they managed to tumble him into it. For a week those two men labored to get him sober; but all to no purpose. Notwithstanding their vigilance, he would steal a march on them and get whisky. One night Allan came and wakened John, saying, "I'm afraid he's safe to have *delirium tremens*. Stay with him, won't you, John, while I run down to the office for some medicine."

It required all John's strength to keep him in the room while Allan was gone; and then there was no more sleep for either of them that night. Sometimes he was quiet, then again in a perfect frenzy.

Days went by. Sometimes they hoped he was better; and then they feared there was no hope of ever seeing him himself again. At last, his father was summoned: a stern, proud, old Scotchman he was; but when he came to see his beautiful boy so near to death, and so unprepared, his forced calmness gave way, and he groaned aloud in his agony.

It was a calm, beautiful Sabbath afternoon that witnessed the last scene. Without, all was peace. Within, in the chamber of the dying, the most horrid imprecations; piteous calls for help, interrupted by blasphemies that made the by-standers shudder. Altogether it was a scene that cannot be described. After lying quiet a few moments, his eyes wandered around the room, and rested on his father's face with a look of recognition.

"Do you know me, my boy?" he asked, coming nearer.

"Yes, father," he answered, feebly. Then, seeing Allan, with an effort he raised himself upon his elbow, and cried, "and I know you too, you cursed sneak."

"That is Allan, my boy, your brother."

"Yes, I know it's Allan McAlpine, but he's no brother of mine. You black-hearted scoundrel, you made me what I am with your cursed brandy. I told you plainly that I dare not take it, and you laughed at my squeamishness. Oh, you're a precious villain!"

"Hugh, lad, remember I only prescribed it while you were sick. You know I advised you to stop when you got well."

"O, yes! Set a house on fire, and advise it to go out when it has burned the roof off. There! they're after me—they're coming. Oh! father save me; Al's driving them towards me! Save me! save me! Father—John—Oh——"

A moment of quiet—a quick contraction of the features, and with a pitiful moan he died.

John Earle was powerfully moved. It was the first time he had been brought face to face with death, and he said to himself, "But for God's mercy, that is what I might have been."

Alone in his own room, when all was over, John Earle prayed—prayed as a drowning man prays for help, for he fully realized his sore need; and his prayers were answered, and rest and peace came down into his storm-tossed soul. From that hour John Earle had help in his struggles, and he gained the victory over his besetting sin.

Daily he thanked God; not only for deliverance from the bondage in which he was held by his appetite, but for bringing him to enjoy the peace that passeth knowledge.

Scarcely had the Earles become quiet and settled again, when Fred Landon made his appearance. He found Kate all he had expected, and with John's full consent, won her promise to be his wife.

Allan McAlpine left Denton immediately after Hugh's death, and went to the city.

Shortly after he settled there, he married May Merton. Her friends were influential, and he at once secured a good practice; and now the current of his life glides smoothly along, undisturbed by remorse for the act which sent his only brother to a drunkard's grave. He excuses himself by saying, "He ought to have held his appetite in check. Even so, since the world began, have men asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

One morning's mail brought to John Earle the intelligence that Mr. Graham and party were homeward bound; the next day found him in the city awaiting their arrival.

It was with a strange feeling of mingled pride and humility that he stood on the dock, watching the ship come in which was freighted with his life's hopes. His gaze was fixed on a slight girl-woman, clad in deep mourning, who stood on the deck looking down on the crowd below.

"She does not see me yet, I am sure," he was saying to himself, when she bent eagerly forward, her pale face flushed, and such a light in those luminous blue eyes as he had never seen there before. A moment more and he held her hand in a close, warm clasp.

"Franc!" "John!" Nothing more was said until they were driving homeward; then John said,

"Franc, can you trust me now?"

"Entirely, John."

"I am going home one week from today. Will you go with me? I need you, little girl."

One swift look into his eyes, bent so lovingly upon her, and she put her hand in his, saying simply,

"I will go with you, John."

He lifted her hand to his lips, that was all; but it well expressed his thanks.

And so one bright June morning, they were quietly married in church. She laid aside her mourning for pure white, and never had she looked lovelier—so thought John Earle, and so thought Mr. Graham, when he gave her away.

"Who ever heard of a wedding before without wine!" said Mr. Graham to one of the guests at breakfast; "but it was one of Franc's whims, and had to be indulged. She was determined to be married on temperance principles."

When they reached the old farmhouse Kate met them with a very merry face. The world was dealing kindly with her just then, and child-like, she had thrown care to the winds.

"Such a wedding! got up at a week's notice," she said, as between hugs and kisses, she was taking off Franc's hat and making her generally comfortable. "*I'm* going to have six bride's-maids, and be married in an orthodox way. Shall deliver over the keys to you this very day, and give myself up to preparations."

"How soon is it to be?" asked Franc, smoothing down the tangled mass of curls, in a motherly way.

"All depends on when I get ready. I've promised to try and do it within a month. O Franc!" she said, suddenly becoming serious, "I am so glad to leave you here with John when I go away. I've been uneasy about him, do you know."

"John is safe now, Kate, because he has been to the Fountain-head for strength." Kate looked up with eyes full of tears, but made no reply, and the subject was never again mentioned between them.

Fred Landon was there, and before they separated for the night, they entered into a solemn covenant to spend their lives in fighting the giant evil Intemperance.

THE DIAMOND-FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Chapter I.

The New York *World*, of October 10th, 1870, contained a letter from their special correspondent in South Africa, headed in staring capitals, "Wonderful Discoveries of Diamonds in South Africa!—The Dreams of Sinbad more than Realized!—A Pebble worth Two Hundred Thousand Dollars!—Diamonds on Land Water, and Sparkling in the Walls of Negro Huts!" It fell into my hands, and prompted me almost immediately to throw up my business and start for this El Dorado. Consequently, a few weeks after found me in England, *en route* for Algoa Bay, the Diamond Fields, and a fortune. The steamers of the Union Mail Company left Southampton fortnightly for the Cape of Good Hope, and at the time I went out, the majority of fortune-hunters took passage in them. The reader must not suppose they were equal to the floating palaces of the New York and Liverpool lines. Far from it; for in 1870 the Union Company had no rival in their trade to the Cape; so they kept in service an old class of steamers, the best of which were culled from the discarded fleet of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. As they were not limited to a certain length of passage, like a great many other monopolists, they took advantage of the public in various ways. When once the steamers had cleared the Bay of Biscay and its wild commotion, and were enjoying the benefit of the fair north-east "trade winds," the orders were "Put out the fires, unship the screw, and spread the sails," thereby saving fuel to a large extent. The crack steamers thus crippled, jogged along in company with bluff-bowed brigs and old snail-paced barques, until head-winds forced them to steam up again.

In December, the "Celt" left Southampton with about as motley a crowd of passengers as could have been found. Fully two-thirds of them were bound to the Fields; the balance being respectable Cape people, who were returning home from visits to England and Holland, after spending their surplus money made in raising sheep or selling wool. They hardly appreciated the jovial digger band, and towards the end of the voyage their feelings turned to positive dislike. The diggers little cared who smiled or frowned, and seemed to feel that dull care had flown and taken all its troubles with it, as they sailed day by day through a tropic sea towards the land of romance and of gems, where anyone might be a second Livingstone, and where all were sanguine of getting rich sooner or later. In crossing the dreaded Bay of Biscay, we had a regular "sneezer," as the mate said. I think it was, for we sacrificed two boats to its fury, one of us nearly washed overboard, and another tried hard to break his neck in tumbling down a hatchway; but storms always have an end, and this one ended in a fine fair breeze, in which several insurgent stomachs returned to duty, and many pale faces changed to their natural color. Three Californians were on board, who looked with contempt on our "diving bell," as they called the ship, refused to believe we had passed through a gale, and fortunately for themselves enjoyed the use of their legs and a good appetite throughout the passage. They were strange characters, and amused their fellow passengers immensely by their dry wit and continued railing against anything English. When the order came, "out fires," they stared, and when the vibration of the engines had ceased, and they saw the canvas being hoisted, things reached a climax. Zeke Bontir, the leader, ran up to the mate, and with a look expressive of much anxiety, asked, "What's up, old fellow; is she tired out?" The mate was a gruff seadog, and turned away from Zeke as if beneath his notice. Next the engineer came in view.

"Hey, Cap, is the biler leakin'?" "No." "Has the piston-rod broke?" "No." "Wall, has the screw fell off?" "No; nothing is wrong, but we have such a good breeze we have let the steam down." Zeke squinted one eye, and, looking very solemnly at the man of steam, said, "On the Mississippi the boats have only one wind, and that's always right ahead." Engineer: "How's that?" "Why they go so fast the wind never catches up to 'em." The Engineer left, and Zeke, turning to us, said, "Gents, I'd back a one-legged Indian against this boat, and give her half an hour's start!" Zeke's brother was tall and lanky, and though young, his face had a determined and energetic appearance, which argued an intimate acquaintance with bowie knives and Col. Colt's revolvers.

Among our cockney passengers one Smith shone conspicuously. He was always smoking or drinking brandy and water, and declared most emphatically that it was only a steady use of such a beverage that could insure good health on the Fields. His nose was evidently a strong believer in the system, for it presented a most brandified appearance. A pale young Londoner, one of Professor Tobin's "respectable" diggers, was down-hearted over the prospect for the future. His ideas of life centered so closely around a counting-house and its murky depths, that it appeared to him an appalling affair to have ever started on such an expedition as ours. He had several voluminous works on mineralogy and geology, and gave a number of hours a day to their study. In point of information on the subject, he was equal to any professor; but his practical knowledge was small indeed. He had a very showy ring, which was set with a piece of colored glass. It evidently came from Birmingham, and was worth perhaps two and sixpence. From his books he decided his ring contained a "hemerald," but another authority was equally certain it was only a "hagate." Having made a bet upon the subject, they referred to a jeweller of the Jewish persuasion, who took the ring, and, in sheer mischief, so defaced it with nitric acid, and the "hemerald" with his emery file, that the owner did not know it a few minutes after. In his rage he went to the captain, and complained that the Jew had stolen his "hemerald" ring, and given him one of brass instead. The skipper was much pestered with our continued noise and commotion; so all he said, was, "Don't bother me." However, we passengers concluded to organize a court of justice; try the Jew (acquit him), and then arraign the plaintiff for creating a row. Accordingly after dinner, Zeke Bontir, our judge, arrayed in a patent wig made of oakum, and otherwise patched up for the occasion, took his seat at the head of the table; the clerk, two barristers, and two constables next filed in, while the rest of us formed a jury and audience combined. Proceedings commenced by hearing the plaintiff's evidence. "I had a valuable ring worth two pounds." Judge: "Remember you're on your oath, old feller." Plaintiff: "I hope your Worship don't think I could perjure myself?" Judge (in a voice of thunder): "Proceed." Plaintiff: It was set with a hemerald——" Judge: "Set with a what?" "A hemerald, your Worship." Judge: "Where's an interpreter?" One of the lawyers here suggested he meant an emerald. Judge: "Why don't he say so then; it beats me clean holler the way the gent uses his eddication." Plaintiff: "But my friend here was certain my ring held a haggate." Judge: "What gate?" "Haggate, Your Worship." (Cheers and much laughter.) The constables attempted to restore order, which interrupted the proceedings for fully ten minutes. Silence was again obtained, when the plaintiff was cross-examined. Lawyer: "Where were you born?" Plaintiff: "In Goswell Road." "Was your father in the jewel trade?" "No, he followed my profession of book-keeping." "In the practice of your profession did you pay two pounds for this piece of brass?" (holding the ring up to court, amid much laughter.) "Yes I did." Jew: "Shents, he did'nt. I sells him a petter ring for three shillings." Plaintiff (very angry): "You're a liar!" A general row here ensued which lasted twenty minutes. The captain and stewards now appeared on the scene, and I expected a pitched battle between the rival heads of justice; but after some loud talking, order was restored, and the case for the defendant

came on. The Jew made a short speech, nearly as follows: "De judge and jury, shentlemens all; I stand up to-day an injured man. De blaintiff swear I shteal his brass ring; it be a goot ting if somebody do, for it look fery blue and green shust now." (Judge: "Hear, hear.") "I tell you, Mr. Blaintiff, I am not a rogue——" Here the defendant came to a sudden stop, as some waggish sailor, leaning over the sky-light, let fall a drop of tar, which lit on his nose, and then took a journey down to his chin. It was too much—such roars of laughter never echoed before. Several burst open their waistcoats in their agony. There in our midst stood the wrathful Jew, cursing the ship and sailors, while, like the oil on Aaron's beard, glistened the tarry ointment on his. The wig fell off our learned judge, he shook so; the lawyer for the defense pitched the disputed ring into a neighboring state-room in his capers; and a steward near by, who was carrying a bucket of slops, was so overcome that his strength failed, and down went the greasy mess over breeches and boots, to the serious damage of the assembled court. After a long interval we regained our gravity; the steward recovered his bucket and contents, and our newly-anointed defendant, having wiped his beak-like nose as clean as possible, was (after much entreaty) prevailed on to continue his defense. It was singularly laconic and pointed. "Shents, after such an insult as I have received, I will only say de blaintiff is one fool——" Here that exasperated being made a rush at him, and it took the combined efforts of constables and jurymen to keep the peace. The length of the proceedings having worn out the patience of all, the judge pulled off his wig, put his pipe in his mouth, and the court adjourned *sine die*.

The day after this episode, we entered the lovely harbor of Funchal, Madeira—an island over which poets and painters have been in raptures, and which is yet but little known to the world in general. In most people's minds, it is associated with the making of expensive wines, or as a sanitary resort for consumptives. But for several years the vineyards have proved unfruitful, while invalids find it more expedient to reside in Italy or the South of France; consequently, the island is not in a flourishing condition, and much suffering exists among the poor. The town is compactly built, and the streets well paved. Back of it lie plantations ranged in terraces on the hillsides. Here one sees vegetation of the richest and most variegated kind. Quantities of sugar-cane are grown; pepper, fig, guava, plum, cherry and peach trees mingle; while banana and orange groves greet the eye. Also, we were told, wheat prospered, and was often planted next a field of sugar-cane. In fact, here the extremes of vegetation fraternize—wheat and corn grow side by side with cane and cotton. The island is one collection of hills; so no wheel carriages are used. The traffic is carried on by small sledges, which are drawn by oxen. In these conveyances the fashionables take their airings, and when coming down the hills, the cattle are unyoked, and their own weight sends them ahead. Our guide showed us a place where three miles are done in ten minutes! All of us regretted leaving this veritable gem of the sea, forming such a contrast to the barren coasts of Barbary, east of it; and as we steamed away we gave three times three cheers for the fairy land we left behind us.

Cape Town, the only city in South Africa, is prettily situated under the frowning brow of Table Mountain, while before it lies a magnificent bay. On entering this from the sea, a panoramic view bursts upon the gaze. From Green Point, on the right, rise the Lion's Head and Rump, with other elevations of less note. We look directly into the docks filled with shipping, while on the left are the white and picturesque buildings of the city, forming a contrast to the green sides and grey summit of the mountain. We reach the pier, on which a motley crowd are collected. "Is the French war over?" "Have they had another battle?" "What are your dates from Southampton?" and such like eager interrogatories filled my ears as I landed on the African strand. "Mister Captain, Masonic de only hotel." "Prince ob Wales dis way." "Ho for de Fountain." The excited throng of porters, &c., seemed as much alive to business as in New York, or the "Hub" itself, and they waylaid me in

such an offensive manner that I was obliged to run for a cab. Fortunately there are two or three hotels, clean, comfortable, and cheap, and in the Fountain I found all necessary comfort for $1.60 per day. English, Dutch, Afrikanders (native whites), Malays, Kafirs, Hottentots, and Coolies all have a home in Cape Town; while the mixture of races has evidently reached a head unknown in other parts of the world. The fact is, it would puzzle an ethnologist to separate Cape children into races; he would say with Artemus Ward, "Its not to be did." The town has the usual complement of banks, halls, and churches, with the addition of the Parliament and Government Houses. The architecture, however, is tame and heavy, and has all risen under the hands of ponderous Dutch masters. The town owes its cleanliness to the dry and stony nature of the soil, which absorbs what in most cities runs into the sewers. In fact, if New Orleans or other tropical cities in flat positions were to adopt the rules and customs of Cape Town with regard to drainage, they would be depopulated in a twelvemonth.

Two great routes present themselves to the traveller who desires to proceed to the Diamond Fields. They are respectively from the Cape and Algoa Bay. I chose the shortest land route, and so made the voyage of four hundred and eighty miles around the bleak and desolate coast, which presents a barrier to the Indian Ocean. Port Elizabeth, the town on the shores of Algoa Bay, is small, but very busy. Here is the centre of the wool trade, and where a great portion of the inland traffic is concentrated. The town contains 15,000 inhabitants, who are all engaged in the commercial or shipping business. The country surrounding it is absolutely a desert; and the citizens consider it to be "the baldest spot on the earth's crust." From this place I found regular and frequent communication with the diggings. In 1870 crowds of fortune-hunters left here for Pniel, and the majority took passage in the antiquated Dutch bullock waggons, which are safe and sure, though most intolerably slow. A waggoner (or transport rider) considers fifteen miles in twenty-four hours as an excellent day's march, and drinks his coffee in the morning in a very contented frame of mind. Waggons that are unfortunate or heavily loaded, are often forty and fifty days in traversing 450 miles! However, this means of travel affords you comfortable sleeping accommodation, room for heavy boxes, and opportunities to study the habits of the natives, to hunt, and to appreciate the pastoral life of the Boers. We left the Bay in high spirits, on a substantial waggon loaded with merchandise, and having on its hinder part a cabin made of bamboo poles, bent around, which are covered with canvas. In this were our beds. We were prepared to "rough it," to make our own fires, do our own cooking, and in fact to be both landlord and servant in all household affairs. We were drawn by eighteen large, lean oxen, and each one seemed conscious that there were seventeen others to do the pulling which it shirked. Our Hottentot driver, however, was not so easily imposed on, and wielded a most formidable whip, the handle fully twenty feet long; while from it depended a lash, the very remembrance of which makes me shudder. O Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, protect the South African oxen! When struggling in sloughs or half-starved and thirsty, and dragging their load of four and five tons over a fiery desert, they are suddenly enveloped in the whirl of this mighty lash, which, swung round and round by practised hands, descends with frightful severity, often cutting out sections of flesh and hide, and scarring the poor beasts' backs in all directions. An expert driver will bring as loud a report from the snapper of his whip as I could from a heavily charged gun. With noise and torture they urge them on, giving them barely a minute's rest when exhausted. I once asked a conveyer why he so cruelly abused his property, and why he tortured the dumb brutes. He laughed; "Why, this is nothing. I have often been on the road when the cattle would lie down in their tracks, they were so weak and tired. The whip and shambok * were no use then. The only way was to build a fire under one or two of them; that

* A flexible and tough strip of rhinoceros hide. It is used when oxen refuse to pull.

would start them after they'd shut their eyes!"

The rule of travel allows the oxen to be "out-spanned" from 4 a.m. to sundown, during which time they are supposed to be feeding, while you can go hunting, sleep, or kill time the best way you can. Thirty days or more in this state of inaction, worried by the flies and burned by the sun, often drives people nearly crazy. The following anecdote from a colonial paper shows one way of killing time: "Five gentlemen coming up to the Fields by one of those delightful, swift, and comfortable conveyances, a bullock waggon, had as usual outspanned, and found the time hanging somewhat heavily on their hands. They had deposited themselves in various attitudes of listlessness and disgust under the shelter of the waggon, and felt themselves unutterably bored. Thrown on his own resources for amusement, one of the number was beguiling the tedious hour by examining a medicine-chest, which amongst its other contents boasted of a box of a dozen Holloway's Pills. A brilliant idea flashed across the jaded party:—'Let us toss up for two pills at a time; the odd man to swallow them immediately.' The notion tickled them, and they at once proceeded to carry out the bargain, till the contents of the box were finished. We believe they are still all alive; but they must be men of superhuman capacity."

Towards evening the cry is, "Coffee drink, inspan, and trek." We speedily eat our supper and pile our utensils in the waggon, while the "totties" are after the cattle. They soon appear over the neighboring rise of ground, driving the unwilling brutes, who perceive another night of torture in prospect. The pole of the waggon, or the "diesel boom," affords accommodation to the wheelers, while from its end the "trek-tow" a stout leather rope, leads on; to this the other oxen are fastened, and away we go.

The road gradually ascends from the sea, and after crossing Sunday's River, we enter the Addo Bush, a dense thicket of acacia and the "wait a bit" thorn. Here we noticed numerous large footprints in the sand, which to our astonishment we learned were those of the elephant. There are several here of a small species, and very shy, as they are much hunted. In former times they were dangerous, and often attacked belated travellers in the bush. Years ago an Englishman who was journeying on foot, happened to approach this thicket at night-fall, and knowing its bad reputation, he stopped at a boer's house on the outskirts, and craved shelter for the night. This was refused; when the poor man rashly plunged into the bush to his death. His body was found next day fearfully mangled. Fifty miles from the sea, the road leads over the Zuur-Berg Mountain. The scenery here is fine, and we were told to take a good look, as there were more trees and forest-land here than in all the remaining four hundred miles. I was much amused with the large monkeys called "black-boys," who in troops would jump from bough to bough, and tree to tree down the mountain sides, making the gorges ring with their chatter, while brilliantly plumaged birds would start up in affright at their approach, and soar away into the clear blue sky, until their line of flight was lost around some distant crag or cliff. The road over this mountain has been constructed very substantially and cheaply by convict labor; still it is very narrow as it winds among the cliffs, and I was shown a yawning chasm (that our wheels cleared by only a few feet) into which a waggon, oxen, load, and driver had been precipitated. Strange to say, the man escaped by falling into the bushy head of a tree, where the thorns acted as so many life-preservers, by hooking into his dress and fixing him safely far below the edge of the road, and far above the mangled oxen and crushed waggon. Indeed we witnessed a waggon accident which fully proved the danger to life and limb which results from the clumsy nature of these vehicles. At a sharp turn in the road, we met a wool-laden chariot; its mighty load towering in the air, on which was perched the black driver. Here the road was walled up some twenty feet, and below are thorns and thick shrubbery. By some unfortunate turn of the leading oxen, the waggon described a curve, which to our horror sent one of the four wheels over the edge of the wall. One moment the great load swayed as if in

suspense, when over it went, turning a somersault, and landing on the bushes exactly reversed, the wool below, the waggon next, and the four wheels in the air, while the unlucky oxen were bellowing and groaning in an agony of fear and pain among the thorns. The driver—lucky dog—had sprung to the road, and now stood in dismay, looking on the ruin one slight error of his had accomplished. His face wore such an expression of blank amazement that we burst into peals of laughter at the situation, and did not cease our merriment until the "transport rider" inflicted summary punishment on the black, and his cries were added to those from the gulf below.

Along our line of road the country was very barren, and my ideas of South African fertility and verdure fell fifty per cent. by the time we reached Cradock. In fact the grass of these plateaus is nought but small bushes, from six inches to a foot and a half in height, and as they grow separately, the grassy plains of the boers turn out to be barren wastes of gravel and reddish sand, with the blue bush and other varieties growing thickly over it, but at no time approaching the condition of our fields and meadows. One can walk miles anywhere in the country, and always step on the bare surface, and as the herbage has a brownish hue the peculiar green cast of an American landscape is never seen. However, as if to make amends, this sort of pasture is relished by sheep and goats; and the country supports immense flocks and herds, which form the principal wealth of the boers. They are stock-farmers from necessity.

We found the much-vaunted hospitality of the Dutch to be a thing of the past; at least they took particular pains to treat us coldly, and always charged the utmost for any provisions. I remember one house which we had seen for hours. It stood out like some grim sentinel on the vast barren plain. When we reached it we wanted meat and bread; so we organized a deputation to wait on the proprietor. We narrowly escaped destruction from the mouths of sundry fierce and malignant sheep-dogs, in going to the door; and on its being opened, a tall lanky youth, clad in sheepskin, popped out his head. He simply ejaculated the words "Fin da," (Good day), and then stood aside; while his father pushed the door wide open and came out, followed by all the family. He was of large size, with silvery hair and face the color of mahogany; while his eyes twinkled beneath the heavy grey brows like those of a fox. We shook his hand, which we supplemented by shaking the hands of all the family. After this preliminary exercise, we approached business. We explained our condition, travelling by waggon to the Diamond Fields, and out of bread and meat. "Would he supply us?" He heaved a sigh, looked furtively at us, and informed us he had no bread. "Well, sell us meat?" "Nay fliesch," was his answer. Rather astonished at his plump and healthful look, my friend enquired how he had sufficient for such a vigorous and well-to-do family. At this he waxed wroth; informed us he had no dealings with the "dom Englishman," and left us in a passion. We were forced to laugh at our ludicrous situation, and were soon joined in full chorus by all the young mynheers. Eventually, only through the intervention of the owner of the waggon, did we manage to purchase a mean and scraggy sheep, of an indefinite age, and so weak that we did the boer a favor in taking it off his hands. Of course this is an extreme case of selfishness, and we found the majority of the boers of English extraction to be both kind and liberal; supplying us with necessaries at cost price, and often refusing any remuneration; but I must say the Dutchmen, especially north of the Orange River, will not be, as a rule, hospitable to any man who cannot speak Dutch fluently. Anderson thus relates his experience with one of the latter class: "Riding up one morning to a house with a view of obtain ing some bread and flour, I was greeted with the following civil address:—'Dar komt weder die verdoomde Engelsman.'—'There comes again the cursed Englishman.' Though I had heard of the aversion these men entertain for all that is British, and their coarse language in general, I certainly had not expected that they would have carried their animosity so far. Walking straight up to the individual that had

thus accosted me, I said in as good Dutch as I could muster:—'My good friend, in my country, when a stranger does us the honor to pay us a visit, before even asking his errand or his name, much less abusing him, we invite him to our table; and when he has quenched his thirst and satisfied his hunger, we may probably enquire whence he comes and where he goes;' and with this I leaped into the saddle."

Both Cradock and Colesberg are flourishing towns, centres of a great wool trade, and district capitals. In the former is a Dutch Reformed church, which cost the community thirty thousand pounds—an elegant structure, and one which strikes the eye pleasantly so far away from home, and in the midst of such a dreary country.

After a month's travel we reached the Orange River, which is the dividing line between the Cape Colony and the Orange Free State. It is here of a good width, and its banks are covered with a heavy growth of acacia, yellow wood, and thorn trees, and as the stream goes winding down between its green and shady banks, the water, clear and pellucid, flows on like a silver chain stretched across the parched and lonely country. The river quickly feels the effects of heavy rains, and sometimes from a depth of five feet on the "drift," or ford, will increase to that of twenty-five or thirty in a few hours! At these times all intercourse ceases; the "ponts" or ferries are secured to the bank, and the carts and waggons, gradually collecting, are "outspanned," often for a week at a time. This occasions great loss of time and money to traders and travellers. The smaller rivers of South Africa are fully as troublesome as the Orange, and people crossing them dry-shod have been overwhelmed by the river coming down with a rush. A trader, who narrowly escaped drowning, and lost his waggon and oxen, related the following:

"It was late in the evening of a sultry day in January, that I approached a dangerous 'drift' in the Great Fish River. The sides of the stream here are very precipitous, and it required much labor to make a roadway down the banks. My waggon was heavily laden, and as the river was very low, I was eager to cross that night, and thus insure the continuance of my journey. Accordingly, after inspecting the oxen, to see that the rims and yokes were all right, I put on the break, and we descended to the river bed. The sand was so heavy here, that I called a halt to rest my cattle for the opposite ascent. As my Hottentot was kneeling at a small pool in the act of drinking, he suddenly started up, and exclaimed, "Boss, listen! the river!" Alas! I too heard that distant sound, like the rustling of dry forest leaves, and too well knew its meaning. I sprang to the leaders, my black grasped the whip, and we started the oxen, who now showed signs of fear and were almost unmanageable. My, what an age it seemed to me before the wheels moved! and all the time the roar of the coming flood, increasing in a mighty voice, drowned all other sounds. I had reached the foot of the ascent, and was encouraging the cattle with *shambok* and voice, when it burst upon us—a moving wall of water, fully ten feet high. In a second the waggon was overset and swept around, dragging away with it the poor bellowing oxen. Span after span they disappeared; while I, breathless and terrified, clung to the bough of a bush. After some desperate struggling, I reached the bank, only to witness a muddy roaring torrent rushing over the place which a minute before my waggon and I were traversing. Poor Jack, my black, was drowned, and I never after got a trace of my property."

Another time three gentlemen had prepared for the transit of the Modder River by attiring themselves in "bare skin suits." They then drove boldly into the torrent. The torrent objected, and carried its objections so far as to upset the happy trio, who, however, reached land in safety. The cart was lost but horses saved. For some hours afterwards, the appearance and elegant attire of the adventurers was much admired by travellers. Such incidents are common in the history of these "drifts," which are decidedly the most dangerous and disagreeable obstacles to travel that there are in the country. The irregularities of the mail carts are all attributed to the rising of rivers, and the delay of a mail for a day or so excites no one. The inhabitants simply say, with Dutch stolidity, "the river is down," and go their way. Post-cart drivers are ambitious to be the

first to cross, as the river subsides, and often undertake to pass over with valuable passengers and mail-bags when the vehicle will go under water. Lately the Free State post, from Du Toit's Pan, was lost in the Riet River, a valuable parcel of diamonds swept away, and a Mr. Ryan—a passenger—was drowned. It is astonishing the authorities do not remedy this state of things by building bridges on the postal routes, and thus assist in opening up the great highways of the land.

The Free State is inhabited by a mixed population of English and Dutch sheep farmers, living under a republican form of government, which resembles that of the United States in many respects. As we proceeded through this country—"revelling in a delicious climate which will challenge comparison with any in the world"—we at last arrived at Jacobsdal,—one of the so-called church villages which grow up around the magistrate's office and the manse. It owes its existence more to the piety of the Dutch farmers than to trade or agriculture; and here the population of the district assembles generally once a month to join in the *Naachtmaal*, or Sacrament. The town is built at variance with all preconceived rules of regularity or order, and the houses are placed in each other's way, or in the direct line of the streets; so that the place is absolutely bewildering to any man with small locality. The majority of the houses, or brick cabins, are deserted until such time as their owners, the boers, come in to church. We happened to arrive for *Naachtmaal*, and a sight it was. Early in the evening preceding the Sabbath, the church-bell, suspended like a swing sign of an American tavern, was ringing loud and lustily Around it was a crowd of Dutchmen intently watching the bell-ringer, no less a person than the clergyman himself, who after an exhausting half hour at the rope, pulled off his coat and applied himself more vigorously than before. This pleased the bystanders, who shouted out, "dat is goot," "*Yaw moey, Mynheer*," and many other encouraging phrases. As I walked away, the notes of this enlarged cow-bell mingled with the crack of whips and the shouts of drivers, as waggon after waggon entered the town, crowded with the large families living isolated on the vast plains round about. Sunday the town was overflowing with people; and on Monday a brisk trade was carried on in the two stores of the place; but Tuesday morn, dawning on deserted streets and closed houses, found Jacobsdal itself again.

(*To be continued.*)

INDIAN SUMMER IN CANADA.

BY E. H. NASH.

A stillness now pervades the air,
A mournful calm is everywhere;
The winds that stripped the forests gay,
The autumn winds, have died away.
Awhile they raved o'er mountain and dale
In fitful gusts, with moaning and wail,
But now they are hushed, they are stilled at length,
As if awed by the works of their own great strength.

Mildly the sun looks down to earth
His summer brightness fled;
As though his eye were dimmed by grief
For nature's beauties dead.
From the leafless forests the songsters fly
As if warned by a dread desolation nigh;
And the murmur of waters, unstirred by a breath,
Is sad as the music that tells us of death.

A sound to break this stilly calm
Would fall upon my ear
Discordant as the tones of mirth
When sorrowing souls are near;
Would seem as the strains of a joyous song
To the heart of a watcher, watching long;
As the noisy speech or the heavy tread
In the darkened chamber where sleeps the dead.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRANT, THAYENDANAGEA,

BY KE-CHE-AH-GAH-ME-QUA, BRANTFORD.

(Concluded.)

Returning to his Canadian home, this celebrated chieftain was unwearied in his disinterested exertions to benefit his people. However desirous Captain Brant may have been for honor or power, he was never mercenary in regard to property. In one of his speeches he declared with all solemnity, that "I have never appropriated a dollar of money belonging to my nation to my own use; nor have I ever charged my nation a dollar for my services or personal expenses." Brant, with his people, supposed the land allotted them was conveyed in fee, by a perfect title. In this they were greatly disappointed. The chieftain used his best efforts to obtain for his people a perfect title, in fee, to their new territory; but all without avail. Council after council, conference after conference, with quires of MS. speeches, attest the sleepless vigilance with which he watched the interests of his tribe, and his ability in asserting and vindicating their rights. These troubles were a source of perpetual vexation to the old Chief to the day of his death. In his last speech on this subject he declared:—"I cannot help remarking that it appears to me that certain characters here, who stood behind the counter during the late war, and whom we knew nothing about, are now dictating to your great men concerning our lands. I should wish to know what property these officious persons left behind them in their own country, or whether, through their loyalty, they ever lost any? I doubt it much. But 'tis well known that scarcely a man amongst us but what sacrificed more or less by leaving their homes. It is well known that personal interest and not the public good prompts them." This speech Brant said should be his final effort to obtain justice from the "great men."

Brant expressed great anxiety for the thorough education of his two sons—Joseph and Jacob—and, accordingly, sent them to the school he had attended in Lebanon. The following extract from a letter addressed to President John Wheelock on this subject is of interest:—"It gives me unspeakable satisfaction to find that my boys are with you. I hope you will show me the kindness to make free, and be particular, in exhorting them to exert themselves, and to behave in a becoming manner. I should wish them taught that it is their duty to be subject to the customs of the place they are in, even with respect to dress and the cutting of their hair."

Brant's people being now in a transition state—neither hunters nor agriculturists—it formed the object of the Chief to draw them from the chase to cultivate the ground. The sad necessities of war transplanted the Six Nations to a primitive forest. The Mohawk Chief well knew what alone could prove the basis of an industrious community. One of Brant's first stipulations with the Commander-in-Chief was for the building of a church, a school-house, and a flouring-mill. With great exertion and scanty means, the church was built. This monument of Brant's devotion to the Church of England was erected on the banks of the Grand River, a short distance from where now stands the flourishing town of Brantford. This venerable house of God, now nearly a hundred years old, was the first Protestant church in Canada. These noble red men procured for the old Mohawk Church the first "church-going bell" that ever broke the stillness of a Canadian forest. It is reported that when Brant died

this bell tolled for twenty-four hours! In their loyalty to the British Crown, the Six Nations, although obliged to leave the major part of their possessions behind them in their flight from the States, yet managed to bear with them a few things they held sacred. The curious may be surprised to learn that one of these articles was a large Bible, and the other a complete service of Communion plate, presented to the Mohawks by the "the good Queen Ann," when they resided at Fort Hunter. On the Communion service is inscribed, "The Gift of Her Majesty, Ann, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and of Her Plantations in North America, Queen, to Her Indian Chapel of the Mohawks."

A similar service was presented, at the same time, to the Onondagas; but they having no missionary, it was kept in trust by the rector of St. Peter's, Albany, where it has remained ever since. The Mohawks trimmed the pulpit of their church with crimson, painting on its walls the Creed Commandments, and the New England Society's and King's Coat of Arms.

Brant exerted every effort to obtain a settled clergyman for his Mohawk Church. Two or three years passed before his pious wish was gratified. Impatient of delay, he reminded the Bishop of the pledge the Archbishop of Canterbury had made to him in the presence of the King, that "Whenever the Indians, by the erection of a church, should be ready for religious instruction, he would do all in his power to supply their wants."

In 1784, the Rev. John Stewart, who had interested himself so much for their spiritual improvement in the States, emigrated with his family to Canada. In 1786 he visited the Indians, who were his former charge, at their new settlement at the Mohawk Village. Here he found them comfortably located on a fertile soil—the village containing about 700 souls. Mr. Stewart was delighted with their beautiful church, and remarks, "As they had no stated clergyman at the time, I preached to a very large audience; and it cost me a struggle to refuse the unanimous and pressing invitations of this large settlement, with additional salary, to remain amongst them."

The late Rev. Dr. Addison, of Niagara visited them twice a year to perform baptisms and marriages. He was succeeded by the Rev. R. Leeming, then resident at Ancaster, who visited them occasionally. Their first resident minister was the Rev. Mr. Hough, sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, succeeded by the Rev. R. Lugger, whom the New England Corporation Co. supplied, who remained but a few years, being obliged in 1836 to return to England, on account of ill health, where he soon after died, much regretted. Since that time the Rev. A. Nelles, assisted by the Rev. A. Elliott, have, by God's help, been their indefatigable and self-denying missionaries. Mr. Nelles still continues the head of the Missions, and the Principal of the Mohawk Institution. This school at present educates and entirely supports 90 children from the funds of the N. E. Society. There are at present laboring amongst these people four Church of England clergymen, and one Wesleyan Minister, with nine or ten day-schools.

At the Bay of Quinté there is one Church of England clergyman and two schools. The Oneidas have a large settlement on the River Thames. Part of them belong to the Church of England, and part to the Wesleyan Methodists. The Caughnawagas settled near Montreal after the Revolutionary War, and united with the Roman Catholics.

The tide of emigration has again obliged the Six Nations to leave their comfortable homes, and recede to the southern side of the Grand River, where they are clearing farms in the midst of the primeval forest. Their present locations being too far from the old Mohawk church, a new and beautiful one has lately been erected through the joint contributions of friends here and in England. This church is called "St. Paul's," and is situated at Kanyeageh, near the centre of the Reserve. It was consecrated for Divine worship on August 22nd, 1866, by the Right Revd. the late Lord Bishop of Huron. It is built of white brick in the early English style of architecture. There are two beautiful "In Memoriam" windows, one presented by the Rev. Canon Nelles, in memory of his late excellent

wife, and the other by the Rev. A. Elliott, of Tuscarora, in memory of the late Mrs. Elliott.

It would, however, be sad to see their first and ancient House, "where their fathers praised God," come to ruin ; and we are pleased to learn that, through the exertions of their chief missionary, the Rev. Canon Nelles, and other friends, efforts are now being made for its restoration. As a people we are under strong obligations to the Six Nations for their past valuable services in time of trouble; therefore we should be liberal in contributing towards this worthy object. The old church is also needed for the use and benefit of the Indian children at the Mohawk Institution.

A few years prior to his death, Capt. Brant built himself a large frame house at the northern extremity of Burlington Bay beach, and Augustus Jones, father of the late Rev. Peter Jones, built his house at the southern end, now called Stony Creek. These two pioneers in Canadian history were very intimate. The beautiful smooth beach between their dwellings formed a natural sand road, over which they travelled backwards and forwards, sharing each other's hospitality.

On the 24th of November, 1807, this noble man died at his own residence, Wellington Square, at the age of sixty-four years and eight months. His illness, which was painful, he bore with great patience and resignation, and appeared thankful to his friends for the attentions they shewed him. His remains were conveyed to the Mohawk Village on the Grand River, and interred near the church which was erected chiefly through his indefatigable efforts. The interests of his people were uppermost in his thoughts to the end of his life. His last words that have been preserved on this subject, were addressed to an adopted nephew : "Have pity on the poor Indians. If you can get any influence with the great, endeavor to do them all the good you can."

The Six Nation Indians, wishing more specially to distinguish the last resting-place of their late illustrious Chief, determined to have his remains re-interred in a new tomb, which interesting ceremony took place on Nov. 27th, 1850.

Catherine Brant, widow of Thayendanagea, was forty-eight when her husband died. As the inheritance of chieftainship descends through the female line, Mrs. Brant had power to appoint her own son, or if a grandson, it must be the child of her daughter. The head chief of the Six Nations is styled ***Tekarihogea***, to which station the mother appointed John, her fourth and youngest son, whose Indian name was *Ahyonwaighs.*

This fine young man received a superior English education, studied the best English authors, and improved his mind by travel and good society. All who remember the late John Brant will bear testimony to his being not only a manly, but an amiable and accomplished, gentleman.

He distinguished himself at the battles of Queenston, Beaver-dams, and Lundy's Lane.

He visited England, like his father, for the express purpose of once more appealing to the justice and magnanimity of the Parent Government respecting the land-title controversy. Promises were made that his complaints should be redressed; but on returning to his country, his expectations were again thwarted, the Local Government refusing to carry into effect the instructions received; and to this day the long-pending and vexed question of titles to their lands remains as unsatisfactory as ever!

In the poem by Campbell—"Gertrude of Wyoming"— the poet, after describing the valley as a paradise, and the people as blessed spirits, introduces our hero as "the Monster Brant." This phrase gave great offence to the family of the old Chief, and during his son's visit in England, he determined to vindicate the memory of his father from the aspersions that had been cast upon it. After much communication with the poet, all the satisfaction he got was the insertion of an apology, not in the poem itself, but merely in a note at the end of the volume—a poor redress for such a wrong, as the poem lives through succeeding generations, while the note, if read at all, makes little impression and is soon forgotten.

John Brant evinced the same philan-

thropic spirit as his late father for the improvement of his people.

In the year 1832, he was returned a Member of the Provincial Parliament for the County of Haldimand; but as a large number of those by whose votes he was elected, held no other title to their lands than long leases, conveyed to them by Indians, his return was contested by the opposing candidate, Colonel Warren, who was declared chosen.*

JOHN BRANT'S DEATH.

But it mattered not which should, for a short season, wear the Parliamentary honors. Death soon laid both low. The desolating cholera swept fearfully over the country of the Great Lakes, cutting down, in the prime of manhood, and just as a bright and brilliant career of usefulness promised future service and honor, this noble, this proud example of what civilization and letters can do for a son of the American forest!

On the death of her favorite son John, the venerable widow of Joseph Brant, pursuant to the Mohawk law of succession, conferred the title of *Tekarihogea* upon the infant son of her daughter—Mrs. Kerr. This son, Simcoe Kerr, still lives on the old homestead, at Wellington Square, the recognized head Chief of the Six Nation Indians.

The widow of the late old Captain died at Brantford, on the Grand River, the 24th November, 1837, thirty years to a day from the death of her husband. Her age was 78. Dignified and stately in manners, tall and handsome in person, she well merited the title of "the Indian Princess."

BRANT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

General P. B. Porter describes Brant as "distinguished alike for his address, his activity, and his courage, possessing in point of stature and symmetry of person, the advantage of most men, even among his own well-formed race,—tall, erect, and majestic, with the air and mien of one born to command. Having, as it were, been a man of war from his boyhood, his name was a tower of strength among the warriors of the wilderness."

HIS MANNERS

were affable and dignified, avoiding frivolity as one extreme, or stiffness on the other. Not noted for eloquence, his power lay in his strong, practical good sense, and his deep and ready insight into character.

AS A MAN OF RULE,

the Rev. John Stewart represents "his influence to have been acquired by his uncommon talents and address as a counsellor and politician, by which means he subdued all opposition and jealousy, and at length acquired such an ascendancy that, even in the hour of action and danger, he was enabled to rule and direct his warriors as absolutely as if he had been born their general.'

AS A WARRIOR

he is represented as brave, cautious, and sagacious. His constitution was hardy, and his capability of endurance great, his energy untiring, and his firmness indomitable. In his business relations he was prompt, honorable, and a pattern for integrity.

HIS SENSE OF JUSTICE.

Justice was a distinguishing feature in the character of this noble man. When on long and fatiguing marches, with scanty supplies of food, every prisoner was allowed a full share with himself. The same love of justice marked his conduct during the Indian wars of 1789-'95, as also his correspondence with the British Government regarding the subsequent difficulties touching the Grand River land title. When he thought the Indians claimed or demanded too much, he opposed them; when too little, he fought for them. In a letter to General Chapin, he says: "As to politics, I study them not. My principle is founded on justice, and justice is all I wish for. Never shall I exert myself for any nation or nations—let their opinions of me be what they will—unless I plainly see they are sincere and just in what they may aim at. When I perceive that these are the sentiments of a people, no endea-

* Extract from a letter from the Hon. M. S. Bidwell.

vors ever shall be wanting on my part to bring nations to a good understanding."

HIS TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

Brant ever evinced a deep solicitude to adopt some system to prevent this worst of all vices—intemperance. Experience has long proved that neither Brant's nor any other man's importunity can avail so long as the Indian comes in contact with the moral contagion of unprincipled white men and strong drink. Will not the blood of the Red man be required at his hands who, for paltry gain, has been an agent of Satan in the ruin and extermination of the original proprietors of the American soil?

BRANT A FREEMASON.

When Captain McKinstry was taken prisoner by the British, and marked as a victim by the Indians to be put to death by fire, Brant, recognizing him as a member of the brotherhood, exerted himself for his rescue, and, in connection with some humane English officers, subscribed to purchase an ox, which they gave to the Indians for their carousal instead of the gallant prisoner. An intimacy and friendship continued between these two parties until the Chief's death. After the Revolution, Brant never visited the Hudson without spending a few days at the Manor with his friend McKinstry. At the time of his last visit in 1805, he attended the Freemason's Lodge in the City of Hudson, where his presence attracted great attention.

The life of the late Jonathan Maynard, Esq., formerly a member of the Senate of Massachusetts, was saved by Brant, by his discovering on the prisoner's arms the symbols of Freemasonry, when the Indians had partially stripped him to put him to death. Mr. M. lived to an advanced age, universally respected, an upright and faithful magistrate. Surely such a character is neither savage nor cruel. Brant was no less humane than he was brave.

BRANT'S SHREWDNESS AND SAGACITY

are illustrated by the following anecdote. When Jemima Wilkinson (who professed to be the Saviour of the world in his second appearance on the earth) was residing in western New York she attracted the attention of Capt. Brant. His celebrity being known to her, an interview was obtained. She addressed him a few words of salutation, to which the chief replied in his own language, when she informed him she did not understand him. He then addressed her in another Indian dialect, to which in like manner she objected. After a pause he commenced a third speech in a still different tongue. She then interrupted him by expressing her dissatisfaction in his persisting to speak in terms she could not understand. Brant arose with dignity, and with a significant motion of the hand, said,—"Madame, you are not the person you pretend to be. Jesus Christ can understand one language as well as another," and abruptly took his leave.

BRANT'S VIEWS ON IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Extracts from the following letter to the late Thos. Eddy on the subject of "imprisonment for debt" will exhibit his views as a philanthropist. Mr. Eddy was directing his attention to the subject of prison discipline, and, it appears, the views of the Mohawk Chieftain coincided with his own.

* * * * "You ask me whether in my opinion civilization is favorable to human happiness? * * * You will allow me in some respects to have had the advantage of you in forming my sentiments. I was, Sir, born of Melian parents, and lived while a child among those whom you are pleased to call *savages*. I was afterwards sent to live among the white people, and educated at one of your schools; since which period I have been honored, much beyond my deserts, by an acquaintance with a number of principal characters both in Europe and America.

"After all this experience, and after every exertion to divest myself of prejudice, I am obliged to give my opinion in favor of my own people. I will now, as much as I am able, collect together and set before you some of the reasons that have in-

fluenced my judgment on the subject now before us.

"In the government you call civilized, the happiness of the people is constantly sacrificed to the splendor of empire. Hence your codes of criminal and civil laws have had their origin; hence your dungeons and prisons. I will not enlarge on an idea so singular in civilized life, and perhaps disagreeable to you, and will only observe that amongst us we have *no* prisons; we have no pompous parade of courts; we have no written laws; and yet judges are as highly revered amongst us as amongst you, and their decisions as much regarded. Property, to say the least, is as well guarded, and crimes are as impartially punished. We have among us no splendid villains above the control of our laws. Daring wickedness is here never suffered to triumph over helpless innocence.

"The estates of widows and orphans are never devoured by enterprising sharpers. In a word we have no robbery under the color of law.

"No person among us desires any other reward for performing a brave action but the conciousness of having served his nation. Our wise men are called Fathers; they are always accessible—I will not say to the meanest of our people, for we have none mean but such as render themselves so by their vices.

"The palaces and prisons among you form a most dreadful contrast. Go to the former places, and you will see perhaps a *deformed piece of earth* assuming airs that become none but the Great Spirit above. Go to one of your prisons; here description utterly fails! Kill them, if you please; kill them, too, by tortures; but let the torture last no longer than a day. Those you call savages relent; the most furious of our tormentors exhausts his rage in a few hours, dispatches his unhappy victim by a sudden stroke.

"But for what are many of your prisoners confined? For debt!—astonishing!—and will you ever again call the Indian nations cruel? Liberty, to a rational creature, as much exceeds property, as the light of the sun does that of the most twinkling star. I solemnly declare, I had rather die by the most severe tortures ever inflicted on this continent than languish in one of your prisons for a single year. Great Spirit of the Universe!—and do you call yourselves Christians? Does, then, the religion of Him whom you call your Saviour inspire this spirit, and lead to these practices? Surely no. It is recorded of Him, that a bruised reed he never broke. Cease then to call yourselves Christians, lest you publish to the world your hypocrisy. Cease, too, to call other nations savage, when you are ten-fold more the children of cruelty than they."

In short the great and fundamental principle of his policy was, that every man is naturally free and independent; that no one on earth has any right to deprive him of his freedom and that nothing could be a compensation for the loss of it.

In bringing this sketch of the noble Brant to a close, all unprejudiced minds will agree that few men have exhibited a life of more uninterrupted activity than Thayendanagea. It must be remembered that all his noble traits were displayed under circumstances unfavorable to their development. His educational advantages were comparatively few, his surroundings not such as would be likely to develop the finer feelings of the man, or those higher principles of justice which secure the honor and respect of his fellow men. In spite of all these disadvantages, he stands forth, in many respects, a bright example for the more favored of our race. Brant was a high-minded, large-hearted, philanthropic man, whose memory not only the Indian, but also the "pale face" will long continue to honor and revere.

Joseph Brant's Genealogical Tree.

1st Wife—Margaret.	2nd—Susanna.	3rd—Catherine.
Issue— *Isaac*, Issue Isaac, Margaret, Ellen. Isaac and Margaret's descendants have passed away. Ellen married Lotteridge, Issue 3 girls, 1 boy, all living. *Christina*, Issue 3 girls, 4 boys, Mary only living, a very kind and intelligent old lady, widow of the late Joseph Sawyer, Chief of the New Credit, or Messessauga Band of Chippeways.	Died shortly after marriage, without issue.	Issue— Joseph, Jacob, John, Margaret, Catherine, Mary, Elizabeth. 1. Joseph, obit 1830. Issue, one child, *Catherine*, who married Aaron Hill. 2. Jacob, obit 1846. Issue, 6 children. *John*, *Squire*, *Christina*, married the late John Jones. *Jacob* married Mary Jones. *Peter*. *Charlotte* married Peter Smith. 3. John, Never married, obit 1832. 4. Margaret, obit 1848. Married Powles. Issue several children. 5. Catherine,* Married Peter John. Issue three children. 6. Mary, Married Seth Hill, issue, one child, living. 7. Elizabeth,† Married to Wm. Kerr--four children.

Molly Brant, sister of Chief Joseph, was a woman of talent as well as tact. She possessed great influence among the Indians, and was aided by the counsels of her brother, Capt. Brant, who spent much of his time with Sir William Johnson during the latter years of his life. She was careful of the education of her children, and her descendants from Sir W. Johnson may be classed amongst some of the most respectable families in the Province.

As there is much of romance connected with her first acquaintance with Sir William, it may prove interesting as a link in Brant's history.

"Molly was a very sprightful and beautiful Indian girl of sixteen when he first saw her. It was at a regimental militia muster, where she was one of the spectators. A field officer coming near her upon a prancing steed, by way of banter she asked permission to mount behind him. Not supposing she could, he said she might. At the word she leaped upon the crupper with the agility of a gazelle. The horse sprang off at full speed, and, clinging to the officer, her blanket flying, and her dark tresses streaming in the wind, she flew about the parade-ground swift as an arrow, to the merriment of all. The Baronet, who was an eye-witness, admiring the spirit of the young girl, and becoming enamored of her person, took her home as his wife."

* Catherine (Mrs. John) will be remembered by most of our Brantford friends as the last remaining child of the celebrated Brant. Mrs. John had four children, all of whom died many years ago. In old age she presented a queenly bearing; tall and handsome, a fine specimen of the pure Aborigines. She died in the home of her childhood, at Wellington Square, after a brief illness, on the 31st January, 1867, and was buried in the old Mohawk graveyard, close to the tombs of her valiant father and other relatives.

† Elizabeth was married in 1828, at the Mohawk church, to William Johnson Kerr, Esq., son of the late Dr. Robert Kerr, of Niagara, and grandson of Sir William Johnson. Mrs. Kerr died in April, 1844, at Wellington Square, leaving four children, viz., Walter, Joseph, Kate, and Simcoe. The two last are still living.

A PHASE OF NIGHT.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.

Oh, Night is terrible!
When darkness visible as a mask she wears,
And rends the heavens with the thunder's crash;
When lurid lightnings, with their sulphurous flash,
Fate's unexpected message frowning bears;
Or when the biting north wind waxes high,
And hurls around the blinding snow and hail,
With force resistless over hill and dale,
And strong men struggle but to faint and die!

Oh, Night is terrible!
When o'er the forest wilds she draws her veil
Of brooding shadows, and the weary lost
One folds his hands, and feels the cunning frost
His vital powers with stealthy touch assail;
Ah then, to him how pitilessly slow
Her solemn footsteps tread the sylvan halls!
Whose black extent the shrinking soul appals,
Till it is lost in dissolution's throe!

Oh, Night is terrible!
When winds revolving send the tow'ring waves
In frantic masses, dashing to and fro
In robes of phosphorescent glare and glow,
And howl their dirges over yawning graves;
While ghastly Death, amidst their thunderings,
Beholds the tempest beat the gallant craft
To sudden wreck and ruin fore and aft,
And tearful requiem o'er her seamen sings!

Oh, Night is terrible!
To him condemned the felon's death to die;
Whose conscience feeleth crime's oppressive weight;
To him she wears the garb of threatening fate,
In all earth's lands and under every sky;
And as he hopeless waits the hour that calls
His guilty spirit to the doom it fears,
Oh, terror seals the fountain of his tears!
And boding doom his consciousness appals.

Oh, Night is terrible!
When in the trench, advanced towards the foe
To nearest verge, the soldier waits attack,
Beneath the blackness and the rifle's crack,
And loud artillery the ranks o'erthrow;
When bursting shells death-bearing fragments speed;
When steel is crossed by steel with daring rash;
And Carnage smiles upon War's clang and clash,
And dying men for phantom Glory bleed.

HUNTING EGGS.

BY S. M. WALSH.

"Who wantsto hunt eggs?" shouted Charles the bold,
"Who wants to go climb on the hay?"
"Oh, I!" "Yes and I!" clamored Fannie and Will
"And me too!" pleaded three-year-old May.

So they rushed to the barn helter-skelter, and soon
Were diving about with a zest,
In the corners and rafters, the mangers and hay,
To see who could find the first nest.

"And who gets the most eggs shall beg Grandma to bake
"A cake we can share all around."
So Fannie suggested; the boys cried "Hurrah!
"We'll have every egg can be found!"

Nimble Charley went clambering about like a cat,
And some counted "One, two, three, four!"
And then with the pearly-white eggs in his hat,
Slid carefully down to the floor.

"There's a nest!" Fannie cried, from far up on the mow,
"Right here in the hay! One, two, three!"
And in her white apron she gathered them up,
As happy and glad as could be.

"Old Speckle's on mine!" shouted Will, but just then,
With a cackle, away the hen flew;
"Dear me!" said poor Will, "I was sure I would beat—
And here I have only got two!'

"Where's May?" they all questioned "Oh where has she gone?"
"Here, here I is! I'se foun' a nes'!"
And her curly brown head from the manger popped up,
Just under the nose of Black Bess.

"Oh! oh! sit still, May, or horsie may bite!"
But she counted "One, two, fee, four, five!"
And they rushed to her rescue with laugh and with shout,
"She's got the most—sure as you live!"

But there she was sitting in sweetest content,
And down in her snug little lap
Five soft little kitties lay rolled into balls,
Contentedly taking a nap.

HER TWO HANDS.

Old Caspar came home about sunset. His pick was on his shoulder; so was his old wool hat, for he thrust it far back from his wrinkled front, Casper had a bend, as if he had been half-persuaded these many years to go on hands and knees again. So heavily time sat on his back, and so close to the earth did his daily labor draw him.

He was a good-natured, trotting old fellow, working his mouth eagerly and straining his bleared eyes, as he approached the town's draggled skirts, for very thinking of his folks—his old woman and his little gal.

There were rows of dismal frame huts all around, built by railroad companies for the purpose of penning as many of their *employés'* families at a time as possible. They reposed, grimy and barn-like, squat on that sandy foundation which Scripture condemns, swarming with legions of tallow-headed children. Women, sharp at the elbows and sharper at the face, were raising clouds of pork-smoke from their respective kitchen altars. In fact, the whole neighborhood reeked with the smell of grease, and the evening was so warm a Laplander might have resented it. But Caspar's nose was not delicate. He trotted over the cinder sidewalk, nodding this way and that, glad there was such a fine air, and that his old bones were so near home.

"Thar's the little gal, as usual," he chuckled, as he turned a corner and found Madgie on her look-out at the gate. She was a comforting sight to see in that neighborhood, so tidy and fair in calico and braids and the pink flesh-color of youth. You wondered why she hadn't been set farther up town, and draped in something costly; why her deft fingers had never learned there were ten keys to unlock a soul which slumbers in rosewood, and which rises at a touch, like some blessed genie, to comfort all ills and fill all thoughts; you wondered why some high-bred father was not coming home to her now. But then this old man would have found it so hard to do without her. Then, too, Madge might never in all her life have struck the royal heart which was now in her hands, which she held in her bank against all the future, and the interest of which was the only income she wanted.

"There you are, grandpa!" cried Madge.

"Yes, and there you are, Madgie! And here we both are, Madgie!" entering the opened gate and casting down his pick.

He put his hands on each side of her head and gave her a sounding smack on the cheek.

"Supper's ready."

"Yes, yes. Jist wait till I git a little of the smut off my hands and neck. It's ben a powerful hot, dusty day."

Caspar trotted through the little barn allotted to him, hailed his old wife, who sat ready to pour his tea, and after blowing and plunging through a deal of water, returned to his family with shining countenance and a handful of onions.

"I jist pulled these up for a relish. They're cooling, ingens is. You 'tended that ingen-bed, didn't you, Madgie?"

"Grandma and I."

"And we wanted some of them ingens for market," said the old wife, eyeing the sacrifice severely. "We a'n't got no ground to throw away raisin' luxuries for ourselves."

"Well, well, mother," pleaded Caspar, dipping his fragrant sphere in salt, "I don't calk'late to pull 'em all. I jist wanted somethin' refreshin' after a hard day. Taste 'em, Madgie," insinuating emerald tops toward her.

"Oh! no, grandpa, keep 'em yourself," shaking her head and smiling.

"I feel," rambled Caspar, filling his senses and his jaws with perfumed roots until a blind man would have pronounced him a Mexican, if his nose had sat in judgment over Caspar, "I ra'aly feel as if I needed somethin' refreshin', workin' hard day after day for nothin', you might say. Sort of seein' your work go to pieces under your eyes, and knowin' the danger to them on the road."

"What do you mean, grandpa?" cried Madge, turning white as her bread and butter.

"Why, honey, you see we've picked and picked in that cut, and the sile's as unstiddy as water. The stones and earth jist roll on the track contineral. The company orto do somethin' to that cut. Stones big as you is jarred down every train. But, then, the road's new, the road's new yet."

"Men a'n't got no sense," broke out the old wife. "Don't you see you're skeering that child to death for fear Charley'll git smashed up! He runs on that road."

Two blades of keen remorse leaped from Caspar's bleared eyes.

"Now, don't you be skeered honey. Take an ingen, honey."

He reached over to pet her fingers.

"Charley did'nt pass to-day when the dirt was rattlin' down so. He don't pass till half-after eight this evenin', and we left the track as clear as this table. Yes, sir, them rails is as free and bright as new tin-pans. So don't you be skeered, honey."

"I'm not scared about anything, grandpa," said Madge tremulously, but smiling like a rainbow.

"There now, mother," cried Caspar triumphantly, returning to his onions, "you come down on me for nothin'. She a'n't skeered a bit."

No, not a bit. She flew about the room like a bird, washed the earthenware,

brought her grandfather his pipe, and dropped at his feet to tell him some funny story afloat. In his enjoyment, he wrapped himself in such a cloud that she could hardly see the clock.

Madge slipped out to the gate. She was often there looking up the road. The two old people sat inside thinking of the days when they were young.

She was restless, and flitted over the cinder sidewalk, following a magnet which would have drawn her from the centre of the earth. To the road of course. How often had she watched the rails converging horizon-ward until they sharpened themselves to a needle-point! The railroad had a fascination for Madge. When a baby, she used to follow her grandfather to his work, and hide among bushes to see the big freights lumbering by, and the express-trains whirling into town like screaming land-demons. She had heard of the sea, and the spell it had upon sailors, but she saw the railroad and felt the spell which nobody seemed to remark that it cast over inland laborers. She saw her boy-playmates sucked up by "the road;" heard her grandfather tell of hair-breadth escapes from collisions, of cool courage in men who placed themselves between the people they carried and most horrible death. She had learned the power and mission of "the road." In short, she was as loyal a daughter of the rail as any Maine skipper's child is of the sea. Madge had affinity for an engine. To this day, her throat swelled, her eye kindled, when the great iron animal swept past her. Charley drove an engine, and his engine was, in her eyes, a fitting exponent of the strength and beauty of his manhood. Such was the romance of her little dry life. Everybody must have his enthusiasm. She had been in the town's great depôt at night, arrived from a holiday trip, and had laughed aloud to see some busy engine hurrying up and down, pick-up freights like a hen gathering her chickens; now breathing loud enough to deafen a multitude, now concentrating its strength and panting slowly away at the head of its charge. She had waked from sleep to hear them calling to each other through the darkness, and translated to herself what they said.

It was a proper thing for Madge to be an engineer's wife. She thought it a fitting thing to be Charley's wife under any circumstances, I assure you. There was now only a little strip of time between Madge and Charley. She looked over that little strip and saw just how it would be. They were to have a cottage on a clean street; her grandparents, if they became infirm, were to have a home with her; "and these two little hands," said Charley, "will make me the dearest nest; I'll be so glad to run into it at night!"

Madge's pink face took on rose as she thought of all these things, looking up and down the cut to see if the track were clear, as her grandfather had said. It was clear. She felt relieved and foolish about coming out there through the twilight to spy for Charley's welfare, and much inclined to hide from the smoke rising far off. But those unstable sandy walls towering over his way! Madge watched them jealously. Just as the thunder of the train could be heard, her heart stood still to see them dissolve, like pillars ground down by some malicious Samson, and piled upon the track till nothing could be seen for yards but one long hill of earth and stones!

Now, little Madge, if there is heroism in you, it must meet and lasso that iron beast whirling a hundred people upon death! A hundred! The *whole world* was in the engine-house, driving down first upon that fate! *He* wouldn't try to save himself when he came upon the life-trap. She saw how he would set his lips, and bend nerve and brain to the emergency; she saw how car would crash into car, the wreck lie over a burning engine, Charley be ground and charred under them all!

O sublimely selfish woman! She flew over the track like a thing of wings. It was life and Charley, or death with Charley! The head-light flashed up through dusk. There were matches in her pocket; she scraped them on a rail and tore off her apron. Oh! they wouldn't ignite, and the cotton would but smoulder. It is rolling down on her as swift as air. Bless the loom which wove the cloth which made that cotton apron! She tossed it blinking and blazing above her head, walking slowly backward. The red-eyed fury roared down at her, but you can't terrify a woman when her mind is made up. It should run over her before it should reach the sand-heap.

She was seen. The engine rent evening with its yells; the brakes were on—her lasso had caught it—it could now be stopped in time. She darted aside, but the current was too strong for her. She was dizzy; fell, and clutched in the wrong direction. Poor, poor little fingers!

Now the people pour out; they run here and there. Women are crying—perhaps because they weren't hurt. The engineer darts along like a madman, looking under the train. There, a dozen feet before the engine, rises the sand-hill. Everybody wants to know how they were stopped before they rounded the curve.

"Here she is!" shouted Charley, striding up with a limp bundle, like a king who had sacrificed to the good of the state. "*She* showed the signal! And stood up to it until I saw her—until we almost run her down! There's half the fingers cut off her left hand! There, what do you think of

that, now, for the woman that saved you all?' holding up the mutilated stump.

"God bless it!" prayed an old gentleman, taking off his hat.

"Amen!" roared the crowd. With one breath they raised three shouts, which shook the sand-hills until they came down handsomely a second time, Charley standing above their enthusiasm with the fainting child in his arms, like a regent holding some royal infant.

"Let me see her!" sobbed first one woman, then another. So Charley sat down and let them crowd round with ice-water, cologne, and linen for bandages. He even gave the men a glimpse of her waxy face, just unfolding to consciousness. Like all Western people, they wanted to pour out their hearts in "a purse." Madge hid her face on Charley's blouse, and "would none of it."

He carried her home at the head of a procession, which stopped before her grandfather's hut, and cheered her "last appearance." So do people froth up in gratitude.

An hour afterward, when the neighbors were dispersed, and Caspar stood convinced that "an ingen" might not be the best brace for Madge's nerves, when her hand was dressed, and her grandmother was quavering a psalm in the corner, Madge turned such a look on Charley as even that stout-hearted fellow could not stand. He leaned close to her, and not having yet washed the smoke off his face, was as vulcan-like a lover as you could desire. But Madge always saw the god, not the mechanic.

"O Charley! how can I make a little nest for you now? After the feeling of tonight is over you will wish you had married anybody rather than a maimed girl!"

Unwise Madge! She drew her fate upon herself. I do aver that to this day her nose is much flattened by the vice-like punishment Charley made her suffer for that speech.

When he came in next evening he laid a paper in her lap, and watched the pale face expand and blossom while it read a deed of gift to her of the prettiest cottage on the prettiest street in that city. The company which Charley served, and which could do handsome things as well as thoughtless ones, begged her in a flattering note to accept the gift as only a small acknowledgment of their obligations to her.

"How could she make a little nest for him?" asked Charley, looking at her through brimming eyes.

"Why, with her hands, after all,' answered Madge, crying.

"And this will always be the prettier hand of the two,' said that foolish fellow, touching the bandaged one.—*Hearth and Home.*

COUSIN BESSIE.

BY PAUL COBDEN.

"Who did you love the most of anybody when you were a little girl? Can you tell?"

This was a question that Alice, a little girl of fourteen years, put to her Cousin Bessie.

Cousin Bessie was three times fourteen, and had been wife and mother, and passed from those joys into widowhood. But still she was a happy, cheerful woman; and grown people, as well as children, like Alice, loved to hear her talk of the sunny days of her childhood.

"I'm sure," said Alice, "I can't see what there was to make you so happy as you say you were. Your father and mother both died after you were old enough to feel it."

"Yes, and I did feel it, for I was a serious child of thirteen years; but everybody told me they had gone to heaven, and that we were all on our way there, and that the journey wasn't long. And I believed it, and felt happy about it. There didn't seem to be anything left for me to do but to believe it, and feel happy about it. And really I was happy much sooner than I expected to be; for at first I was overwhelmed, and thought I should never have any more comfort in this world. My father and mother had both been taken from me in one short day, and, when blessed old Deacon Sims came to see me, and I told him I wished I was dead, he said: 'Dear child, I don't wonder!' And then he said nothing more, but pressed me to his heart, and kept still, until I could control myself and listen to him."

"Was it Deacon Sims you loved the most of anybody?" enquired Alice. "I guess it was."

"No, although it seemed hardly possible that I could love any one else more. He was like a father to me until I left the home of my childhood. I wasn't afraid to tell him anything, and whatever troubled me I poured into his ear. Not long after the death of my father and mother, Aunt Edith, my father's sister, told me that the house had been sold, and that my home was to be with Aunt Patience.'

"My heart fell, for I had never seen Aunt Patience; and the more Aunt Edith said to me about her the more sure I was that I should'nt like her."

"I can't guess which of the three you like best—Deacon Sims, or Aunt Edith, or Aunt Patience," said Alice.

"Well, you'll know. Not long after I found out that my fate was fixed, and that I was to live with Aunt Patience. Deacon Sims came over to see me one day. He found me sitting on the front steps crying,

and, as he said, in his peculiarly kind, tender tone, 'My dear child, it seems to me I must do something to make you happy.' I burst into tears, and said I'd rather die than go and live with Aunt Patience. Then he talked so gently and coaxingly to me that I opened my heart to him, and told him all my reasons for not wanting to live with Aunt Patience. 'Aunt Edith,' I said, 'has told me that she is a woman who has been *sanctified by affliction*, and I've always heard that such people are very disagreeable.'

"A comical but yet pitiful smile came over Deacon Sims's face. I can recall it now; and he asked:

"'What kind of people do you think they are, Bessie?'

"'Oh! dreadful people,' I said. 'They wear deep mourning, and never smile, and never have a good time, and never want any one else to have a good time, and always call people who enjoy themselves very wicked. I've always heard that that was the way with all sanctified people, whether they were sanctified by affliction or something else.'

"Deacon Sims smiled again. I wondered then, but I don't wonder now.

"Another reason I gave Deacon Sims for not wanting to live with Aunt Patience was that her name was Patience. I thought that all the virtues (patience and prudence and perseverance and the others) were good, and that I ought, some time or other, learn to practice them; but I couldn't bear to have people named after them.

"Well, the Deacon said a great many comforting things, though he didn't reconcile me to the idea of living with Aunt Patience. And after a few weeks I went to my new home.

"I found Aunt Patience in deep widow's mourning. But then she was in such good spirits, and received me with such bright, beaming smiles, that I made up my mind at once that she hadn't been sanctified by affliction or anything else. So I began to breathe freely, and feel very happy.

"She was not, as I thought, at all what Aunt Edith represented her to be. She was as full of music and song all day and every day as a bird, and it seemed to be her constant delight to make others happy. For my happiness she showed a peculiar care. And I had not been under her roof a week before I learned to love her very much; and I wondered how a woman could be so sanctified as Aunt Edith said she was, and yet so sweet and winning.

"But there came a morning that revealed her to me in a still brighter light, and yet made her sweetness still more inexplicable. The china-closet had been emptied of all its rich china and glass; and I, wishing to help Aunt Patience—for Chloe, the cook, was tired out trying to do her own work and the work of the second girl, who had left, giving only an hour's notice—offered to wash the china and glass before it was returned to the closet. I knew that Aunt Patience or Chloe would have to do it if I didn't; and so I got permission to do it.

"'Certainly, you may, my child,' said Aunt Patience. 'I know I can trust you.'

"'You'll break all dese yer buful dishes. I know you will,' said Chloe, as Aunt Patience closed the kitchen door and left me carefully beginning the work.

"'No, you won't,' added Chloe. 'I was only funnin', my chile. You're a kerful little soul. You won't break the fustest thing.'

"Well, I went on with my work; and Chloe went up-stairs to do some sweeping. My fingers flew fast over the dishes; for Aunt Patience had gone across the street to see a sick neighbor, and I was ambitious to have all the china and glass in their places again before she came back. But suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, when the coming event had cast no shadow before it, down came everything on the floor; and down came Chloe from up-stairs, to find out what the 'awful noise' was.

"I was standing horror-stricken at the ruin my hands had wrought, and Chloe's sudden entrance was not at all soothing, for her first expression was: "Goodness gracious! What a careless child you be! I believe your Aunt Patience 'll scold a blue streak for once!'

"There was a pause, and I hoped she would say nothing more; but she burst out again: 'You needn't have done dis yer dreadful piece of carelessness, Miss Bessie. Folks that can't look to dar hands oughtn't to offer to do such nice work. Oh, goodness me! What will your Aunt Patience say to you? She won't never let you tech a nice dish again. I'm sure you'se might have knowed better than to set all the dishes on the leaf of the table. You'll cotch it!"

"'Oh! Chloe,' I said, 'don't talk so to me! I'm almost crazy with trouble! Everything broken! Every cup and saucer, every plate and all the glass! Oh! where shall I go and what shall I do?'

"As I said this, I cast one despairing look at the mass of broken dishes and rushed out of the house.

"I did not hear or see Aunt Patience; but as I went out of one door she came *in* at another, and at once saw all her china and glass lying together in one hopeless ruin.

"Just how long it was before I heard her voice I don't know; but it was not many minutes. A river ran before my aunt's door, not very far from the house; and I started for it, rubbing my hands and head alternately, in my agony. The thought of drowning myself had not entered my mind, although I felt badly enough to do it; but I

wanted to get away from the house, and sit down on the bank of the river and consider what I had better do, and how I could approach Aunt Patience. But the blessed woman did not wait for me to approach her. She approached me. I had gone only a little way down the yard toward the fence when I heard her voice; and as soon as I heard it my fears were gone.

"'Why, what are you going to do Bessie?' she called. 'Surely, you're not going to drown yourself for a few pieces of broken crockery?'

"'Oh! Aunt Patience, how can you speak so?' I exclaimed, turning round and running toward her, with all the delightful freedom of an escaped prisoner. 'It must be you are angry with me; but you don't act so.'

"'Why, how did you expect me to act, my child? You don't suppose I suspect you of intending to break all those dishes, do you? You wanted to be my little helper; and, in being that, you brought indescribable wretchedness upon yourself for at least ten minutes, I dare say.'

"'It was just about ten minutes ago that they all came crashing down on the floor; but it seems to me a great deal longer than that. Wretchedness is the very word to use. I can't begin to tell what my wretchedness has been.'

"'Well, think no more about it, Bessie. Accidents will happen, even when we're doing our very best. Indeed, I think they happen oftener then than at any other time.'

"I looked at Aunt Patience in amazement. Her face was like a quiet lake, brightened by a summer sunset; and her voice was smoother and softer than oil.

"When the broken china and glass had all been taken up and put out of the way, Aunt Patience said: 'Come, Bessie, come into my room with me, and let's hear no more about these broken things. They're not worth talking about. Gray & Noble have every variety of china and glass, and will soon furnish us with everything.'

"'But the rich, old-fashioned china, Aunty!' I said. 'You can't get anything like it; and, if you could, it wouldn't take the place of that you have had so long.'

"I noticed a slight tremor about Aunt Patience, and something that seemed like a struggle with her feelings; but all was over in a minute, and she said:

"'Well, no matter, my dear. Neither new-fashioned nor old-fashioned china, nor anything else, lasts long, and we won't cry over it.'

"I followed Aunt Patience to her room, and she at once tried to divert me by showing me a pincushion and some mats she had just been making. She was calm and smiling, and apparently unconscious of the tempest of feeling within me, when I suddenly (for I could stand it no longer) dropped down into her rocking-chair and burst into loud weeping. Then she began to pat and caress me, and to tell me that I would feel better after crying a few minutes—that it would relieve my nervous excitement. I was bound to have my cry out, and I did; but not until I had told Aunt Patience that I had a secret, and must tell it to her.

"'A secret, and must tell it to me? Well, I can keep a secret,' replied Aunt Patience; and then, after another wave had broken over me, I told her that I had found out what it meant to be *sanctified*.

"'It means to be just as sweet and good as its possible to be,' I said; 'and that's what you are, Aunt Patience. Oh! I wish I'd known what Aunt Edith meant, but I'm not sure she knew herself.'

"Then I went on to tell Aunt Patience how much I dreaded to come and live with her; for I thought that sanctified people were solemn and melancholy, and stiff and proper, and that nobody had any comfort in living with them.

"At first, when I used the word sanctified, her face flushed and she looked a little disturbed; but the quiet, tender look soon came back, and she said, with a lovely, loving smile:

"'To be sanctified, my dear, is to have a heart enriched with all the sweetness of love—love to God and love to all about us. I am trying every day to learn more and more of this blessed love. For nothing but this love can make us pitiful and kind and tender.'

"'That's what you've been to me to-day, Aunt Patience,' I said. 'I supposed, of course, that you'd scold me; but you didn't even call me careless. Why, I think it very strange you didn't.'

"'Not at all, my child. How could I? I lay no claim to any superior goodness in the matter. When I saw all that broken china and glass upon the floor, and you nowhere in sight, I understood it all in an instant, and my heart ached for you. And, if I had scolded you or called you careless, a cloud would have come over me at once. We must have all the gentleness and sweetness and pity of holy love if we would have it bright all around us.'

"I saw that Aunt Patience felt a shrinking from being called good, and that she had a dread of the word *sanctified*, when applied to herself; but I insisted upon it that she was the sweetest and best woman in the world, and that she was a great deal more sanctified than Aunt Edith ever dreamed of, and that I loved her more than I did any one else in the world. The broken china and glass had woven a chain between us that was never to be broken. I loved her more than I did any one else in the world, and I told her so.

"Not long afterward I wrote to Deacon Sims. He had written me a good, fatherly letter, telling me that I must always consider him as my father, and write and let him know whenever I was happy or unhappy, and so I wrote to him very soon, to tell him how happy I was with Aunt Patience. I told him that she wasn't at all what I had supposed a sanctified woman was; that she wasn't dull and poky, and solemn and disagreeable; but just as sweet and good as she could be, and that I'd give the whole world to be sanctified, if it would make me like her.

"Deacon Sims's answer (for he wrote me very soon) I have always kept; and I often read it over, although it was written so many years ago. He told me that the word sanctified had frightened a great many people; and yet that the more we were sanctified the happier we were, and the happier we made those about us. He said that a bright day was pleasanter than a cloudy day; and that it was the *sunshine* that made all the difference. 'And just so,' he added, 'a holy heart is happier and gives more happiness to others than an unholy heart, because it is full of the sunshine of God's sweet grace.'

"My home was with Aunt Patience until I married; and during all those years she seemed to me a miracle of sweetness. Her smiles and helpful words made a straight and easy path for every one in the house. I saw more and more of her gentleness and goodness; but never saw anything that eclipsed her loving treatment of me when I broke all her china and glass."

"Why, she was an angel, wasn't she?" said Alice.

"She was quite as sweet and good as an angel," replied Cousin Bessie. "Chloe used to call her 'an angel woman.'"

"'The angel woman, Miss Bessie!' she would say. 'She's got de real happyfyin' religion, and she's got it all troo and troo her. She don't hab it in spots.'

"And Chloe would often remind me of 'dat awful china and glass day,' as she used to call it. 'Not very awful, either, Miss Bessie,' she would say, 'though it was tremendous awful for a few minutes. Seemed like as if you'd go crazy. But laws, Missy, dear, I knowed what kind of a woman your Aunt Patience was. I knowed just how full she was of religion, and that you wouldn't get the fustest word of scolding.'

"'What ain't in can't come out,' added Chloe. 'You might squeeze and squeeze dat woman all day, and you wouldn't get no fire and brimstone out of her—'cause dey ain't dar. I'll tell you what, Miss Bessie, I likes dat sort of religion dat's all honey, wid de gall left out. But some folks has a curus kind of religion—just all gall and no honey. Dey goes to prayer-meeting, maybe, and to church, just as reg'lar as Sunday comes round; but nobody wants to come near 'em, dey snarl and snap and scold so.'

"I treasured up old Chloe's words," added Cousin Bessie, "and almost everything that Aunt Patience ever said or did while I was under her roof is graven on my heart. And this one impression was made upon me by her beautiful life—that pure religion is the sweetest and best treasure that any man, woman, or child can have; and that those who have it are a perpetual joy to others, and feel within themselves an unfailing fountain of joy. The life Aunt Patience lived with me was like the freshness and brightness of a long June day; and I often told Deacon Sims, when I saw him—as I sometimes did—that although I wanted a great many good things, I wanted, above all things, a holy heart. And the Deacon used to smile, and say: 'You've found out, my dear, that to be sanctified don't mean to be dull and poky, and solemn and disagreeable.'"—*N. Y. Independent.*

MILDRED AND HER BABY.

BY RICHMOND.

"Write her not to come," said my wife. "It is out of the question. We cannot have them here."

She was greatly disturbed; and I not less than she—but hiding what I felt. We were living in such quiet ease; in such luxurious order! No children's voices made music or discord in our home. No busy little hands or feet disturbed its nice adjustments, or shattered its harmonies. We had nothing, out of ourselves, upon which to lavish affection save a little King Charles spaniel, and that had more care and attention than is given to half the babies in the land. A whole house, crowded with comforts, and only myself and wife to enjoy them. We were growing narrower and narrower every day—more selfish and less sympathetic—getting farther and farther away from our common humanity, and so farther and farther away from the divine humanity of our Lord. And yet we were devout worshippers; never omitting the least things of formal service, and counting ourselves among those who are accepted of God through obedience to the Church.

"She is my mother's sister's child," I answered.

"I'm sorry for her—very sorry. But it's out of the question. We cannot have them here." And my wife—who had been looking over my shoulder at the picture of a lovely baby, sent in the mother's sorrowful and appealing letter to plead with its soft eyes for a home and love—threw a hasty

glance about the room, neat and orderly to a fault.

I understood the meaning of that glance and felt its force. A moment, and my eyes went back, as if drawn by some hidden power, to the pictured baby face. It had grown lovelier in the brief interval since I had turned away.

"Did you ever see anything so sweet?" I asked. "Just look at the eyes, Agnes."

My wife bent over my chair again. She stood very still, looking down at the picture—still and silent. I could hear her breath growing deeper.

Then came into my thought these words of our Lord, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and I uttered them aloud.

My wife now leaned against me; her breath was still deeper. She made no reply. Both of us were gazing at the sun-pictured baby face. I looked up and saw that tears were coming into her eyes.

"God does not live for Himself," I said, as my thoughts began rising into a higher region.

She did not reply.

"If we would be like God, we must put self-love under our feet. This the Church teaches."

She still kept silent.

"I think we are too selfish in our homes. We surround ourselves with all that can minister to ease and comfort, or gratify taste and pride, and then shut the door and try to enjoy it alone. It is all for ourselves, and nothing for the neighbor. We spend for polished marbles, for carvings and gildings, for fresco and ornament, our thousands and thousands of dollars, not thinking of our brother nor caring for him. It is all for ourselves. For the mere man of the world, who understands no higher law than that which rules in the natural mind—the law of self-love—this may be allowable, because to him the divine law of love to the neighbor is not seen or acknowledged. It may be innocent for him, but can it be for us, who profess to come under the rule of heavenly principles?"

My wife drew a chair, and sat down by my side. I waited for some response; but as none came, I went on: "I am afraid that too many Christian men and women, to whom God has committed worldly goods as a trust, are using them almost entirely for themselves. They build elegant homes, like their worldly neighbors, and furnish them in the most costly and luxurious manner. They surround themselves with every appliance of ease and comfort; and in doing so too often forget or utterly fail to sympathize with the struggling poor, the weak, and the humble."

"I think," said my wife, as I ceased speaking, "that the Christianity of to-day is more considerate of the poor, the weak, and the humble, than in any preceding age since the Apostles' times. We must be careful not to take too narrow a view of things."

"Right," I answered; "God moves in society and controls its means and forces for the best interests of all; bending even self-love and love of the world into the service of humanity. There is no such thing as blind chance. God's government, in what we call Providence, must be a perfect adjustment of external things to the inner or spiritual needs of the various human souls that make up society. What these needs are only God can know; and He alone is able to provide for them."

"And so we can do nothing."

"On the contrary, if we act with providence—that is, if we make divine laws the rule of our lives—we can do much for the good of others; for it is by human agencies that God works in the world. And it is plain to see that by the willing He can work far more quickly and effectually than by the unwilling agents. Let us take the case which He has brought to our door."

And I held up the letter and picture which had come to disturb the quiet of our selfish ease.

"My poor niece and her baby are, in God's regard, as precious as you or I. Our Heavenly Father does not love them and care for them any less than for us. That they, as well as we, might be redeemed from the power of evil, He took upon Himself our nature, and lived a life of poverty, self-denial, and suffering in the world. In comparison with the way He dwelt while upon earth, we are in a king's palace. Can His spirit flow into us if we shut our hearts against the poor, who, in sore extremity, stretch out their hands toward us?"

"There is no such purpose in my heart," returned my wife. "I think we should see that Mildred and her baby are well cared for. But I do not think we are called upon to change and disturb the whole order of our home."

"God may see it differently. We may need just this change to save us from spiritual stagnation. It may be that we want Mildred and the baby quite as much as they want us; and that the good to be received from them will be immeasurably greater than the good bestowed; that for the home, and care, and natural blessings we offer them, God will give us the sweeter graces of His spirit, and that inner delight which is the joy of angels. Only as we put away self can our good Father bestow upon us heavenly blessings. I greatly fear, Agnes, that our life here has been growing daily more narrow, selfish, and self-indulgent; and that in His divine concern for our souls, God is now offering us

the means by which we can rise into a truer and nobler life."

I saw her color deepen, and her eyes grow larger and brighter. A new expression came into her face, changing all its meanings.

"God does not live for Himself," I added; "and if we would be like Him, we must live for others. I think, Agnes, we have come to a great crisis in our lives. That our Heavenly Father is trying the quality of our love, whether it have in it any true regard for the neighbor, or be wholly selfish; whether it be heavenly or—infernal. This is a hard word to use; but if it be not heavenly and unselfish, what then? Let us be honest with ourselves.

"It is not martyrdom to which we are called," I went on. "God is not leading us heavenward through the gate of suffering; nor purifying us by sorrow; nor winnowing us by tribulation. He has given us abundantly of this world's goods; has laid our path through green meadows, and along the course of still waters. And all He asks of us is, that we give as He has freely given; that we share our blessings; that we live for others, and not for ourselves alone."

I ceased speaking, and waited for the effect of what I had said.

"'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'" Agnes spoke the words softly, and with a tender thrill in her voice. One hand lay in mine, and I clasped it firmly in response.

"'Their angels do always behold the face of my Father. He took them up in His arms, laid His hands upon them, and blessed them,'" I responded in a low voice, that trembled from an influx of tenderness I could not resist. "I think God has in store for us good things of which we have not dreamed. He is offering us a foretaste now. He is knocking at the door of our hearts, but cannot come in unless we open the door by doing His will."

"Write for Mildred to come!" said Agnes, with a repressed sob, and she hid her face upon my arm. I knew that she was weeping; but whether from natural pain or spiritual joy I did not know.

Mildred and the baby came, and a new order of life ruled thenceforth in the home we had builded and furnished all for ourselves—a new order more blessed and heavenly. We were often lonely before—often wearied of ourselves and the unruffled calm that pervaded our dwelling; but now there was a zest, a sweetness, a variety, that gave to life a sense of enjoyment not known in the past. I turned my steps homeward at the close of each day with a new feeling. I walked with quicker steps. my arms reached out in fancy, longing to feel the baby in them. And Agnes had entered on a new and higher life. She was busier and fuller of care; but it was such activity and care as make the life of angels.

The gain was ours; more, I think, than to Mildred and her baby. They were our benefactors.—*Home Magazine.*

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

BY JENNIE GILLESPIE.

Many, many years ago, there was a rainy day in England. Not a very wonderful thing, you will say, in a country where it would rather rain than shine any day, and where the wisest weather-prophet will not warrant you against rain, or mist, or a good stiff fog, for forty-eight hours ahead.

But this day something happened that set all the people in the streets of London running, and shouting, or gaping with open-mouthed wonder. Down one of the narrow, dirty streets came an old man, picking his way carefully along, and taking wide steps over the little gurgling rivulets that ran from the water-spouts of the houses into the one gutter in the centre of the ill-paved causeway. A kindly-looking old man, with white locks, and a keen gray eye that saw *everything*, and found something worth seeing *everywhere*. A man who knew his own mind, you could see at a glance, and one who would venture to do some very bold and brave things when he thought them necessary. And to-day honest Jonas Hanway had evidently something on his mind, for a queer little smile flickered round his mouth as he walked on, throwing friendly glances from side to side from under his broad-brimmed hat. Over his head he carried an umbrella, a very commonplace looking affair, made of stout cotton, with substantial whalebone ribs, and a ponderous bone handle, as all well-conditioned umbrellas should be made. Nothing wonderful about it, you see. You and I would never have taken two looks at it. And yet it was precisely this umbrella that everybody was running after, and hooting at, and that the sauciest of the crowd of ragged boys that followed our old friend were beginning to pelt with mud and stones. For this was the first umbrella that English eyes had ever seen, and they did not take to it kindly at all. Such a hue and cry as was heard in the streets of London that day you cannot even imagine. Laborers dropped their tools, and hastened to join the crowd, and add their voices to the general tumult. Women, clattering along on their high pattens, stood still in the pouring rain to see the wondrous sight. Travellers in sedan chairs and coaches stopped for a nearer view, till the whole street was blocked, and every door and window had its crowd of curious faces. A running fire of groans and hisses was

mingled with cries of "Why don't you call a coach?" and a general chorus of "Frenchman! Frenchman!" For at that time everything ridiculous was supposed to be of French origin.

But in spite of all this, and a great deal more, stout-hearted old Jonas Hanway continued his walk, undismayed alike by threatening or contempt. He had set out to show his countrymen how they might escape the continual drenchings from which they suffered so much, and he was not the man to be frightened or laughed out of a good intention. So that day and every rainy day afterwards, he continued his walks, till every one became so accustomed to the old man and his umbrella that they quite forgot to laugh. Indeed, it was not long before all the sensible people made up their minds that the new-fashioned oddity was a very convenient article, that they could not possibly do without themselves.—*Little Corporal.*

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL.*

BY GEORGE M. TOWLE.

Professor Tyndall's labors in the fields of science during the past twenty years claim for him a cordial welcome in our midst. He is one of the foremost of that new school of philosophers who are not only discoverers themselves, but who have found out the secret of successfully imparting the results of discovery to the unlearned masses. Within the past quarter of a century there has been a great revival in scientific inquiry. Theories so bold were never before advanced; subjects so broad and momentous were never so persistently grappled with; research was never so critical, restless, unsatisfied, and penetrating. This period has witnessed the development of the Darwinian theory of man's origin, Huxley's professed discovery of a universal physical basis of life, the invaluable uses of the spectrum, and the maturity of Mill's startling social and political philosophy. In the conflict of evidences and the zealous pursuit after remote scientific truths Professor Tyndall has been a prominent figure, and has divided with Huxley, Carpenter, and Darwin the astonished attention of the unscientific as well as the scientific world. His discoveries relative to diamagnetism, radiant heat, and the origin and movement of glaciers, rank with the chemical triumphs of his great predecessor at the Royal Institution, and with the achievements in natural science of his friend and rival, Huxley. Professor Tyndall's best quality as a man of science is his catholicity of taste and thought. He is comprehensive, possesses a broad as well as a bold vision, is pliable to new impressions, and refuses to confine himself to a single field of scientific investigation. He is an enthusiast, and engages in his work with a true Celtic ardor and persistency, freely absorptive of ideas, learned in the lore of the past, yet ever earnest to push on to the solution of new mysteries and the exploration of new paths. His is a strongly imaginative mind, and he is one of those rare examples of a mathematician who, after having solved a problem, can make a brilliant and picturesque demonstration of it. He is a master of the poetry of science; his lectures are as full of bold and happy similes, of striking comparisons and racy metaphors, as they are of clear exposition and exact logic. Nervous, restless, sympathetic, and ardent, he pursues his work with an activity which is at once ceaseless and steadily applied, undisturbed by a heated impetuosity, and always making sure, step by step, of the ground traversed. He adds to these qualities that fearless independence which completes and empowers the true devotee of science. The discoverer is paralyzed if he is wanting in courage. To emancipate himself from fear of criticism, ridicule, and the hostility of opponents, as well as of the world at large, must be the first victory of the efficient searcher after natural truths.

John Tyndall is an Irishman by birth, though his paternal ancestors, the Tyndales, were of a sturdy Saxon stock. He first saw the light at Leighton Bridge, in the east of Ireland, in 1820. His father was an intelligent man, deeply interested in the theological controversies of the time; and the son's earliest instruction seems rather to have been in the direction of polemics and metaphysical speculation than in the exact sciences. The sire, though well-read and strong-minded, was in humble circumstances, and could not afford to give John the education which his quick parts seemed to claim. After a fitful attendance at the village school, where he formed the taste for mathematics which was to serve him so well in after life, young Tyndall joined the Government Ordnance Survey, in which he at the same time relieved his father of his support and acquired a knowledge of draughting, computing, and surveying. He did not, however, permit the daily occupations of his position to crowd out his plan of general and systematic study; but devoted to this five hours of each day. His self-education was at this time mainly directed to natural philosophy, chemistry, and engineering. When he was twenty-four, having left the Ordnance Survey, and not finding anything at his hand to do next, he resolved to emigrate to the United States. An accident saved to England and deprived

* See Frontispiece.

America of one of the greatest scientific lights of the age. A position was offered him at Manchester, in which he was to be engaged in railway engineering; and in this branch of practical science he remained for three years. Meanwhile, there was no hiatus in the process of the general scientific culture of his mind, and now his observations of Nature became more critical and acute. In his engineering work he exhibited a perseverance, an anxiety for exactitude, and a cautious thoroughness which surprised both his employers and his colleagues. In 1847 he became an instructor in elementary, agricultural, and engineering science at Queenwood College; and, after remaining there for a year, he repaired, in company with Professor Franklin, to Marburg University, in Germany, to hear Bunsen's lectures and to pursue a course of study long contemplated.

Tyndall resided in Germany for three years, partly under the tutorship of Bunsen, Gerling, Knoblauch, and Stegmann, and partly in the laboratory of Magnus, in Berlin, where he paid especial attention to the existing question of diamagnetism. About this time he wrote the essays on "Screw Surfaces" and "On the Magneto-Optic Properties of Crystals and the Relation of Magnetism and Diamagnetism to Molecular Arrangement," which first gave him a definite status in the scientific world. He became distinguished in a department in which he may be said to have since achieved his most striking success—that relating to the molecular constitution of matter; and his more recent investigations into the system of glaciers were the ripe fruit of experiments made and conclusions reached in the laboratories of Bunsen and Magnus, at Marburg and Berlin.

He returned to London in 1851, and then met Faraday for the first time. In the following year he became a Fellow of the Royal Society; and in 1853 began his lectures before the Royal Institution, that remarkable monument of Count Rumford's enterprise and invention, of which Faraday was then the head. The results of his continued studies in diamagnetism and magneto-crystallic action were published from time to time; and so clear, fresh, and brilliant was his style that it materially aided the importance of his discoveries in attracting general attention. Happily for science, Professor Tyndall had made a pleasure trip to the Alps, in 1849, while sojourning on the Continent. He had been struck by the glacial phenomena; and he was not satisfied with the theories respecting their action, then uncontradicted, if not generally accepted. In 1856 he resolved to make a scientific tour in Switzerland, and accordingly set out in company with Professor Huxley. He ascended the Montanvert, overhanging the Mer de Glace, near Chamouni, in the dead of winter, and remained six weeks on that bleak summit, experimenting on the vast icy sea. The account of his experiences, his perilous ventures, his hairbreadth escapes, and his able conclusions, is to be found in his book "On the Glaciers of the Alps." The next year and the year after were devoted to the same absorbing and most interesting subject, and during this period Tyndall visited all the more remarkable glaciers, besides climbing to the summits of some of the most perilous Alpine peaks. The result of his studies—which on such a temperament as his became almost recreations—was the clear and subtle, if not conclusive, glacial theory to be found in his later publications. Among his more important or entertaining works are: "Mountaineering," published in 1861; "A Vacation Tour," 1862; "Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion," in which his theories of radiant heat as related to vapors are developed, 1863; "On Radiation," 1865; "Sound," 1866; and a collection of pleasant essays entitled "Fragments of Science," in 1871. A striking feature common to all these books, as to all his lectures and essays, is his genius for exposition. He makes science eloquent, as Gladstone is said to make figures eloquent. He presents all things in a light so clear that the most ordinary understanding can grasp them; nay, he clothes them in ornament, and dresses the dry automaton of mathematical structure in gay, sometimes in almost gaudy colors. His imagination is rich and full, and seems to have been one, at least, of the forces of his inspiration. He is a brave thinker and searcher. His influence over an audience is magnetic; it seems as though, in delving deep into diamagnetics, he had absorbed a goodly portion of their forces and converted them into a human force. Equally attractive is he in private life. Those who know him socially tell of his genial manner, his delicacy and modesty, his excellent listening powers, the sprightliness of his conversation, and the kindly flavor of his Celtic humor.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Young Folks.

THE STORY OF LITTLE SYL.

BY NORA PERRY.

It was just five o'clock, and Em and Sue and Jessie Mayo were all on the watch for Dr. Tom's carriage, which they expected presently would come whirling round the corner, bringing Doctor Tom to see poor little Jessie, whose lame ankle he was trying to cure.

The doctor's whole name was Thomas Harrison, but people called him Doctor Tom, to distinguish him from his father, who was also a physician. These little Mayo girls thought there was nobody like Doctor Tom. Three weeks ago, when they were told that he was coming to see Jessie, they had cried out against it; for three weeks ago they had a positive dread of him,—a prejudice such as older people take sometimes for just as little reason. All they knew of Doctor Tom was from the glimpses they had caught of him whirling through the streets of Marystown,— a great dark-bearded man in a little high carriage, looking for all the world, they said, like the giant in the black tower. Jessie cried when her father brought him in to see her; but in five minutes she was lying against Doctor Tom's arm, and laughing up in his great bearded face as if she had known him all her life. That was the way Doctor Tom won people to like him and to trust him.

It was a "*way*" that grew out of his kind heart, his sunny, genial nature. In three or four days Em and Sue had got over their dread of him too; and in three or four more days they began to watch daily for his coming, at the long south window that fronted the corner of the street,—just as they are watching now when my story begins; with Jessie perched up in a great cushioned chair, and Em and Sue leaning against the sash, and playing a tune on the panes with their finger-tips.

"It's half-past five; I don't believe he is coming," says Sue at length, in a disappointed voice.

"He *will* come, for he *always* comes," was Jessie's decided reply. Then there was a few minutes' silence, when the only sounds were the ticking of the clock, the purring of the cat, and Em and Sue's tap, tap, tapping on the window-pane.

"But perhaps somebody is very sick, you know, and then—"

"Don't," Em's soft voice interposed,—"don't; it plagues Jessie to talk so to her when she's tired and worried."

"I didn't *mean* to plague her," Sue answered quite as softly now.

She never meant to plague Jussie, as she said. But Sue was one of those persons who never know when to say things and when *not* to say them. She hadn't that quality which is called "tact," and which enables people to understand other people's feelings, and seems to tell them when to speak and what to speak. But she was the best-hearted little thing in the world, and she was very glad to be the first to cry out the good news that Doctor Tom was actually coming. Yes, there he was, nodding and smiling at them out of the little high carriage, that the big bay horse was whirling round the corner. "O, I'm so glad! I thought you weren't coming, Doctor Tom," Sue exclaimed, as she opened the door for him.

"But I knew you *would!*" Jessie declared stoutly, and smiling out of her late tears up into the doctor's face.

"That's right; you always believe in me, don't you, Jessie?"

"Yes always," Jessie answered, heartily, "for you always do just what you say you will."

"Do I? Well, that's good to hear. But what are the tears for, eh?"

"I—got mad with Sue for saying you wouldn't come."

"Got mad with Sue, eh? What a little savage you are, Jessie!" and the doctor shook his head at her, and laughed in his gay way.

"Sue plagued her, fussing about the time,—that it was too late for you," whispered Em, who always was for excusing matters for Jessie.

The doctor laughed again, pulled one of Sue's long curls, called her a little marplot and a false prophet, and then, when all three were laughing with him, he turned and lifted Jessie out of her chair upon his knee.

"Now, Jessie, what do you say to *my* plaguing you?"

"But you never plague me."

"O yes, I do, when I hurt the poor little ankle, you know."

"O Doctor Tom, are you going to hurt me to-night?"

"I'm afraid I am, my child. Now, Sue,

run and find your mother, and ask her to bring me some bandages and cotton-wool, and we'll have the ankle put into a new brace in a very short time."

"O Doctor Tom, I wish *I* could run away from *you*,—I do, I do!" cried poor Jessie.

"If you could run away from me, you poor little lame kitten, you wouldn't need me to help you. But you do need me, you know, and here I am, and here *you* are, where you can't get away, and where you don't want to, because you do want me to straighten this crooked ankle. There, here is mamma." By this time Doctor Tom and Em had got Jessie's boot and brace and stocking off. All was ready for the new brace, which was, like the old one, made of strips and bands of brass, but a little straighter than the other, as every new one would be, until the ankle had grown into its right shape. First, however, there was a preparation to be applied, which Doctor Tom came every night to apply himself. This was not painful,—at least there was only a little sting and a burn to it, Jessie said; but she didn't dread it at all.

The putting on of a fresh brace was another thing. Jessie knew very well, and the doctor knew very well, that this would be painful, because the ankle was very much distorted and very sensitive about the nerves and muscles. But the new brace must go on. "And you must bear it as well as you can, Jessie; and you can be very brave!" Saying this, the doctor slipped her softly into her mother's arms. While her mother held her tightly, Jessie suddenly became conscious of a firm hand upon her ankle, then the doctor's voice exclaimed, "Now then!" and Jessie felt as if she had been a little soldier and her captain's call had sounded; and with this feeling upon her she shut her teeth close together and only gave one deep sigh at the pain that followed. "That's my brave girl!" exclaimed the doctor a moment after, when it was all over. "As brave as the bravest indeed! or as brave as little Syl used to be, which is more definite praise, and quite as decided."

"Who is little Syl?" asked Em, wonderingly.

"Little Syl? Well, I used to think she was a fairy, an elf, and sometimes a little dryad that had slipped from some rose-tree's bark. There!" and Doctor Tom laughed his gayest laugh; "now you'll want to know about the dryad, I suppose, as well as about little Syl. Mrs. Mayo, I'll tell you what you'll have to do. You'll have to invite me to stay to tea, and then I can tell these little girls the story I see they are longing to hear."

"O goody, goody!" shrieked Sue, in an ecstasy of delight at this announcement. Jessie flushed the color of the pinks in the garden, but Em, who was always thinking things out, said suddenly, with a bright smile, "Ah, Doctor Tom, this is because Jessie was so good and brave. This is the way you are going to pay her."

The children all laughed. "Don't talk about my paying anybody for being good and brave,—I never can do that; but I sometimes like to please the people who have pleased me. And so," said the doctor, "I am going to tell you all a story after supper;—there goes the tea-bell now! Heigho, Jessie!" and up went Jessie upon Doctor Tom's great broad shoulder, held safely by one of his strong hands as he marched with her out to the tea-table.

It was the merriest, pleasantest tea-drinking that ever was thought of; so merry and pleasant that Jessie almost forgot the new brace and the new pain that came with it. I think she must have forgotten it quite, when, a little while after, they drew around the bright wood-fire in the sitting-room to listen to the doctor's story of little Syl.

"In the first place," began the doctor, "I must tell you about the dyrads, so that you'll know why I likened little Syl to one. Hundreds of years ago, when what we now call ancient Greece was a new country, there sprang up from old Egyptian superstitions the lovely fancies which we call myths. The Greeks were a poetical people, and they supposed that every tree and rock and river and mountain had a spirit of its own which reigned over it in some mortal form. They called the spirits of the woods and forests dryads. Each tree was supposed to have a beautiful fairy, dwelling somewhere out of sight of mortal eyes, except on some occasions, when it would, as Mr. Tennyson, the great poet, says, 'slip the bark,' and come forth in wonderful beauty. Well, you see, my little girls, people year after year have read about these myths, until when they want to express something that seems inexpressible in ordinary ways, they are apt to remember one of those pretty poetic fancies, as I did when I said that I used to think little Syl was a dryad that had slipped from some rose-tree's bark. Now I'll tell you all about her, and you'll see how my fancy fitted her.

"When I came home from Germany and Paris six years ago, I went into my uncle's office in New York for a while, before I came here to take my father's patients. Everybody has, I suppose, in his profession or tastes, what physicians call a specialty; that is, in our Yankee language, a particular knack for some one thing,—just as Jessie here can draw the most wonderful paper-dolls, all out of her own head as you say, which means all by that natural knack she has. Well, my knack turned out to be putting people's legs and arms into the right place, when they had got out of it.

And when I came back from the German and French hospitals, where I had been studying all about this, and went into my uncle's office, he always took me with him when he had a case of a misshapen limb; and by and by, when I became better known, I would go by myself. So it happened that I was sent one day to see little Sylvie Lamonte. It was a lovely day in the early part of June, and I remember how I enjoyed my ride through the wide streets, with the light June wind blowing up to me the sweet scents from the shrubs and the daffodils in the little city grass-plats in front of the fine houses. It was at one of these houses that I at last reined up.

"A servant ushered me into the drawing-room, and as I supposed went in search of Madame Lamonte. I waited a few minutes, and, no one appearing, I became rather impatient—for I was very busy that day—and in my impatience I got up and walked across the room to look at a picture on the wall. As I did so I saw a more wonderful picture than that. The apartment I was in was very long, and opened into another and smaller one. In this smaller one, at the far end, by a low open window, I saw a little girl about Jessie's height, but a year or two older. Sylvie was in her eighth or ninth year, I forget which. This little girl presented the most singular aspect as she stood there in a long dressing-gown of a faint blue, with the palest flaxen hair floating in a waving mass half-way down her back,—hair so light in texture that the gentle June breeze, that scarcely stirred the curtains, would blow it out until it looked like a film, or a thin veil of gold-lace, if you can imagine such a thing. She stood quite still, with one little thin hand stretched forth as if beckoning to some one she saw in the garden beyond.

"As I knew that this must be Sylvie, my patient, I walked down the long drawing-room towards her. As I entered the smaller room where she was standing, the fall of my foot upon the Indian matting reached her ear. Without moving her body, she turned her head quickly over her shoulder, and, without seeming in the least surprised at seeing a stranger, motioned with one hand, in a most expressive gesture, for me to remain where I was. The next moment she resumed a succession of trills and soft calls and sweet dropping notes, so like a bird's, that I had thought all the time the musician was a canary that I had noticed in a little cage. But I found the canary was only a stuffed one, and that the bird-voice belonged to Sylvie. As she waved me back, and as I heard these various notes from her, I remained silent where she had motioned me, much as if she had been a small fairy who had spelled me into a moveless statue by the waft of her tiny hand. She went on with her bird-notes and with the beckoning of her little thin white hand, which looked like the flutter of a white wing. Presently I saw what it all meant. In the garden beyond, on tree and shrub and bush, were perched a lovely company of doves. Sylvie was talking to them; she was entreating them to come to her."

"O Doctor Tom, you are telling a fairy story!" Sue cried out here, as if she had detected the doctor in a piece of treachery.

"Not a bit of a fairy story, my dear, unless you choose to call Sylvie a fairy; and you know I told you in the beginning that I used to think she might be one. No, I am telling you a true story of a veritable little girl who had that peculiar sympathy with Nature that was like a gift. It is not by any means so strange a thing as it seems to you, Sue, though it *is* rare. I know a lady in Salem who has been in the habit of walking over a particular field every day for years, and in this walk she has always taken great notice of the birds, because she has a great love for them; and great love is always born of great sympathy, I think. It is like the knack I spoke of,—a gift from God that attracts one to a certain object, and gives, through that attraction, a power to be, or to do, a special thing. Well, this lady of whom I speak was born with this attraction and fondness for birds; and so she got into such sympathy with the little creatures, that when she walked through the field, if she looked up and called them with a few soft notes in imitation of a bird's voice, they would come fluttering round her. Some would even alight upon her shoulder and eat of the seed or crumbs or sugar she was very sure to have with her.

"Remembering this, I knew at once, when I saw the doves in the garden, and heard Sylvie calling with such soft notes, that she had this gift of love for them, and that they had found it out, 'Coo, coo, tweet, tweet, sweet, sweet,' these notes seemed to say, and flutter, flutter went the dove-wings, and nearer and nearer they approach at the gentle invitation. 'Coo, coo, tweet, tweet, sweet, sweet,' and pretty soon one, bolder than the others, alighted upon the low window-sill; another followed, and than another and another. Then the first comer flew straight, as if to a perch, upon the beckoning hand. It was not long before they were all flying about her, answering her sweet notes with their own twittering talk, some close at her feet, others hovering over her head, while her sweet pale face was lifted up with a smile of perfect enjoyment and content. As I stood and looked at her, I thought of all the stories of fairies and dryads I had ever read,—specially the dryads. I pleased myself fancying her a little spirit of pale bloom, that had slipped for the time from

some delicate rose-tree; and I thought that if a bee were to find its way to her it would probably recognize an old acquaintance.

"I watched the pretty scene awhile, quite forgetting the calls I had to make, and almost forgetting my errand with this little fairy Sylvie herself. But I was recalled by the striking of a clock. This sound, too, seemed to recall Miss Sylvie to a recollection of something else than her feathered visitors, for she suddenly gave me a quick glance over her shoulder, and then, turning to the doves, began another series of cooing notes, while she in some way, by little wafts of her hands, gave them to understand that she was bidding them good by. They appeared to comprehend very readily, for in a few minutes, with a whole chorus of soft gurgling notes, they spread their wings and flew away into the garden. Then the small enchantress, the conjurer of this fairy scene, turned to me. A pale spirit of bloom she indeed looked, if you can call it bloom which was the most waxen white you ever saw, or like that thin inner petal of the pond-lily. And then with her large unnaturally bright blue eyes with dusky rims,—shadows of suffering,—and the long floating veil of hair, she seemed to me the strangest and prettiest object I had ever seen. As she turned toward me, I took a step forward to meet her, for I saw that she was very lame and could only walk with a little low crutch. Before I could think what to say to her she was talking to me.

"'I am Sylvie Lamonte,' she began, 'and you are the doctor—Doctor Harrison, arn't you?—who is going to cure me, so that I can walk without this crutch.'

"'Yes,' I told her, I was Doctor Harrison, and I hoped to cure her.

"'But so many have tried to cure me,' she went on,—'so many; and they have all given it up, and maybe you'll have to give it up, and give me up too.' By this time she had got herself into an arm-chair, with a quick dexterity that surprised me.

"'O no,' I told her, I shouldn't give her up so very easily; but I must make an examination at once, to see what I could do. 'Shall I ring and send for your mother to come, or shall we go up to her?' I asked. But as I put my hand upon the bell-rope she cried out, hastily, 'O no, no, don't ring, nobody ever comes,—nobody but Jeannette!"

"'But who is with you, my dear?' I asked, hastily,—'who is with you and holds you when the doctor makes an examination?'

"'Mamma sends Jeannette sometimes, and sometimes Ursule, but they cry out so and make such times over me that they weary me; so I send them away, and do very well by myself. I keep very quiet, I don't move if you tell me not, and I make such little groans that the doctors don't mind.'

"Her quaint way of talking came from her being with French people. The reason she didn't talk French altogether was because her mother was an English lady and had taught her her own language; but she had lived in France so much, and with the French, that she could chatter much more rapidly in French than in English. When she told me about her little groans that the doctors didn't mind, as if what the doctors thought and felt was of more consequence than herself, I was more touched than I can express to you.

"'But your mother,' I said, 'should be told that Jeannette and Ursule trouble you too much and then she will come herself.'

"'Mamma come!' she exclaimed, looking up at me in amazement. 'Mamma—mamma is—didn't you know?—sick always—invalid, that is what they call it. So you see she could not come, and Jeannette and Ursule never tell her. I do not let them tell her that I have no one to hold me, because she would fret about it, and perhaps send for some one, some stranger to come; and I don't want some stranger; I like Jeannette and Ursule better than some stranger, but I want nobody to hold me but Sylvie'; and here she laughed a little at herself and her fun. I laughed with her, as if I thought it was the most cheerful thing in the world,—but I thought it the most pitiful thing, that this poor little girl should thus be left with no kind motherly friend to tend her in her pain, with no one but 'Sylvie,' as she had so blithely declared.

"Meanwhile she slipped off her shoe and stocking, and I saw the twisted, misshapen ankle that I was to set right if I could. It was far worse than yours, Jessie, for it had probably been neglected for a long time, and then ignorantly treated in so many ways that inflammation and swelling had aggravated it into one of the worst cases I had ever seen. Big fellow that I am, I could scarcely keep the tears from my eyes when I first looked upon this, and saw all that the little creature had suffered, and had yet to suffer. But I was determined that she should not suffer alone any more. Heroism is a very good thing, but sometimes it kills people, and I saw that if I wanted to cure my little dryad she must be taken care of and not left in such loneliness. So after I had examined the ankle, and bathed it in some soft healing lotion, I said that I must see her mother and talk with her about some new arrangements and plans. Sylvie looked troubled, 'Wouldn't it do to send Jeannette or Ursule, or couldn't you write it on a piece of paper, and let it be taken up to her? Mamma doesn't like to be disturbed,' she said anxiously.

"No, I told her, I must see her mamma myself. Upon this the bell was pulled,

and Jeannette appearing, Sylvie, in rapid French, told her to go to mamma and tell her that the doctor, the new doctor, must see her. Presently Jeannette came back, and I was shown into a large room so dark that I could not at first perceive an object in it. At last I saw a little figure—it looked hardly larger than Sylvie's—lying back in a great easy-chair, and a voice that sounded very much like Sylvie's asked me to sit down. I found a chair, and as quickly as I could told Madame Lamonte that if I did anything for her little girl I must have with her constantly a nurse of my own choosing and instruction. Madame Lamonte made no objection. I was to have any one I pleased, she said, if Sylvie was suited; but Sylvie did not like strangers. So I bade Madame Lamonte good morning; and in a few minutes I had convinced Sylvie that she would like this dreaded 'stranger' very well.

"In a few days my words proved true. I could make another story telling you about Miss Annie Tenney, the lady whom I persuaded to go and take care of Sylvie, for Miss Annie was one of those persons who seem to be born to be mothers to the motherless and sisters to the sisterless. She won all hearts at once by her tender sweetness and goodness; and she won Sylvie's, as I knew she would. Held in her kind arms, Sylvie used to submit to my treatment of her ankle with the greatest patience and courage, only making now and then her 'little groans,' as she called them. Once when I knew the pain was very hard I said to her, 'Cry out, Sylvie, as loudly as you please, don't stifle yourself with those little groans."

"'Mamma's room is over this; and if she heard me it might kill her. I heard a doctor tell her once that a shock would kill her; and *my* pain won't kill *me*. So the brave little thing went on from day to day, from week to week, and month to month, for the year that I attended her. In all this time she never made a complaint to the frail little mother up-stairs. Love for this mother had taught her to be unselfish, to control herself that she might not give pain to her. And it was real control, learned from love, for Sylvie was by no means angelic in her nature. She was quick in her temper, and as high-spirited as Em's little Mexican pony. Sometimes I would find her shut up in the small sitting-room at the end of the drawing-rooms with traces of hot tears upon her cheeks; and at my question of the cause she would usually tell me that Sylvie had been cross, or that she had been having a fuss with Jeannette or Ursule, and had behaved very badly to them. Once I asked Jeannette about it, and she confessed that Mademoiselle had got into a pet with them because they had scared the doves away by calling her to dinner. But these pets usually ended in great penitence; and, as I say, she would go and shut herself up for punishment; for she was a generous, noble-souled little thing, and hated to find herself guilty of injustice to anybody. But bless my heart! here it is nearly ten o'clock, and Jessie's eyes are almost closed."

"O no, no, I'm just as wide awake as I can be!" cried Jessie, opening those sleepingly closing eyes very wide. And "Don't go, don't go!" pleaded Em and Sue. But the doctor began to button up his coat.

"Well, tell us before you go if little Syl got well!" Jessie exclaimed, in great excitement, as the doctor turned towards the door.

"Yes, little Syl got well, and last week when I was in New York I went to see her, and found her in the garden running about, looking for her spring daffodils and chirping out her bird-notes to the doves. I have a promise from her mother that she shall visit me here in Marystown this summer, and if she does you'll have a gay time with each other. She can make paper dolls almost as well as you can, Jessie."

Doctor Tom laughed and turned again to the door, when Jessie called out, "I'll never make a fuss again, doctor, and I won't be cross any more about my ankle. I'll think how little Syl bore it, and only make 'little groans.'"

"That's right, that's right," answered the doctor from the doorway; and then he waved his hat to them, and Em and Sue and Jessie joined in a chorus of thanks and good-byes.—*Our Young Folks.*

MILLY'S PLACE IN THE WORLD.

"I can't think what to do with Milly Jackson," said the eldest Miss Laurel to her sister Miss Phoebe; "she was sent to us to be trained for a governess, and she never will do much more than read and write, I can see."

"She is not clever, certainly," said Miss Phoebe, "yet she is a good little thing, always endeavoring to make up quarrels and keep peace in the school-room; and she tries to do her lessons well."

"Yet she is always having bad marks," added Miss Laurel, "and I do believe it is because the child cannot really keep up with the rest. Well, well, it is a pity, as she must make her own living."

And Miss Laurel sighed over her pupil.

Where was Milly the while? Crying because she was so stupid? Not a bit of it. She was on her knees beside the cleverest little girl in Miss Laurel's school, coaxing and soothing her, for it was Miss Alicia Kerton who was crying, and crying, too, over her slate and book.

This was a strange thing, as Alicia was very clever and could easily keep her place

at the top of the class. Milly thought it odd, too, but she waited for her friend to explain, and presently Alicia sobbed out,—

"I can't do it, indeed I can't; my head aches, and my hand shakes, and I have a mist in my eyes, and I am sure Laura will be first at the examination."

"Never mind, Alicia dear," said Milly, gently. "I don't think she can overtake you in one day. I think you are ill, too. Shall I ask Miss Laurel to excuse your lessons this afternoon?"

But Alicia waxed angry at this, and would not hear of Miss Laurel being spoken to, and no one but Milly guessed that the child was really ill till the afternoon, when she nearly fell off the bench in the arithmetic lesson, being too giddy to sit up.

It was the measles, the doctor said, and poor Alicia had them badly; so had Lucy Meres and Hannah Cobb and Katie Kelly. It went through the school, in fact. Only two little girls escaped, and one was Milly Jackson.

There were no lessons at all, but Milly was so busy. There was so much tea and toast to be carried up stairs that the poor maid was thankful for help. Then little spoilt Katie would not take her medicine from any one but Milly, and Alicia Kerton was always crying out for Milly to sit by her and hold her hand. Never was little girl of nine years old so busy or so useful. She was weary with running about, and yet she liked the work, it was so much pleasanter than going to bed with her head aching from puzzling over those hard sums, which she never could understand.

Miss Laurel and Miss Phoebe smiled on her, and called her their right hand, and Milly felt proud and pleased.

Her great triumph, however, was being roused out of her sleep one night by the doctor's orders to quiet poor Alicia, who kept calling for her, and could not be made to understand why Milly did not answer.

It was a very anxious time for the Misses Laurel, but to Milly it was a happy time. She enjoyed waiting on her little companions. Then, too, she was so regular in bringing the medicine at the right moment, and remembered who liked barley-water and who wanted linseed tea, that even the doctor noticed it, and said in Milly's hearing to Miss Laurel that she must be a very clever little girl.

Milly blushed, and Miss Laurel shook her head.

"Oh no; not clever," she said.

"Well, she's got good stuff in her," said the doctor. "Good-bye, my little assistant."

By and by lesson-time came round again, and there were no more sick people to nurse, and Milly sighed over her books once more. Alicia Kerton, it is true, helped her a little now, for she could not forget how kind Milly had been to her. One Christmas holiday, too, she got her father to invite Milly to stay with them in their pretty house, which was a great treat to Milly, who was an orphan.

But a sad accident happened to spoil their merry Christmas. Alicia's two little brothers were playing see-saw on the benches in the play-room, when they fell, and one broke his collar-bone, while the other hurt his head badly. Milly was head-nurse once more. She spent all her holiday between the two beds, and again was Dr. Smith's "little assistant."

"Something must be made of that child," said Dr. Smith to Miss Laurel, the next time he saw her.

"But what?" said Miss Laurel. "She is a good child, doctor, but she does not take to her books."

Then the doctor and Miss Laurel had a long talk about Milly, and Miss Laurel wrote to Milly's only relation, a lawyer in London; and when the answer came she sent for Dr. Smith again, and he said,

"Call Milly." And Milly came.

"You are twelve now, are you not?" asked the doctor.

Milly smiled and said,

"Yes."

"And you are going to be a governess?"

Milly's face clouded over.

"If I can," she said, timidly; "but I am not clever."

"Would you rather be something else that you could manage better?"

"Oh yes, please," said poor Milly; "but what could I be?"

Then the doctor told her that he had noticed what a good, kind little sick-nurse she was, and he thought that if she was properly trained she would make a good nurse, such as are sadly needed in our hospitals.

"Your cousin is willing to allow it if you like it," he added.

"And you could be a lady, dear, all the same," said Miss Laurel.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Milly, her eyes beaming. "And I don't want to be a lady—at least, not a fine lady—if I may only nurse little sick children. Please, when may I begin?"

"Softly, softly," said the kind doctor. "You are very young yet, Milly, and you must go on learning lessons for a while. Miss Laurel will see that your studies are such as will be useful to you, and for the next two years I shall take care that you get enough sick-nursing in the village; after that you shall go to an hospital in London and have a thorough training there."

Milly went back to the school-room very glad and happy.

From that moment even her lessons were

a pleasure to her, for they were a step to her great object in life, and Dr. Smith had put a stop to some that worried her, as not needful for a sick-nurse. But he was particular that she should learn to read aloud softly and pleasantly, and that she should know simple arithmetic and write a good hand. He took her often to see his little patients, and twice in the next two years Milly had to nurse two special cases. Once she went to look after and amuse Alicia's brother, her old patient with the broken collar-bone, when he fell ill from growing too fast, and once she went to quite a poor cottage and nursed a little boy whose mother was ill too.

When Milly was nearly fifteen, she was taken by Dr. Smith to the London hospital, and admitted there to learn and practice as a real nurse.

And there she is still, a pleasant, happy, round-faced girl, in a pretty dark dress, white apron and little cap. Sister Millicent she is called; she is one of the lady nurses.

All her little patients love her, and she loves them dearly. She tells Dr. Smith and Miss Laurel that she shall always be grateful to them for finding her a place in the world where she can be both useful and happy.

"Which I never could have been as a governess," she adds.—*From an English Magazine.*

"UP IN A BALLOON."

BY MRS. BRADLEY.

"Do stop that horrid noise, Harry," cried Harry Bixby's sister Julia. "You've done nothing but scream 'Up in a Balloon' all day long. I wish you were up in a balloon yourself, you tiresome boy."

"So do I," answered Harry, saucily. "All around the little stars, and all around the moon," he sung out, uproariously.

"I wonder how I can learn my lessons," Julia exclaimed, angrily. "If you don't stop this minute, Harry, I'll go down and tell mamma."

"I guess I'll go myself," Harry retorted; and he skipped out of the room, humming his favorite melody as he went.

His mother was in the parlor, entertaining a very elegantly-dressed lady, whose stylish coupé was waiting for her in front of the house. Harry had just been washed and dressed for the afternoon. His face was clean, his hair was smooth, his little ruffled shirt and blue neck-tie in apple-pie order; so he thought he might present himself in the parlor and get a little notice perhaps from the visitor.

He had seen her before; she often came to call upon his mamma, and whenever Harry was in the parlor she would talk to him and pet him a little. Sometimes she gave him presents, too; a beautiful little penknife once, and a great big Japanese ball another time, and more than once, in spite of his mother's objections to presents of money, she had given him gold dollars and silver half-dollars. Harry quite approved of Miss Wilbur's visits, all things considered, and went in to speak to her this afternoon with a very smiling face. But Miss Wilbur only nodded to him in an absent sort of way, as if she hardly saw him, and went on talking to his mother.

"You see," she was saying, "if it was any other trinket I had in the world, I wouldn't care in the least. It isn't the value of it, you know, though of course it is a very valuable ring. But only think how Julian will feel about it! My engagement-ring—the first thing he ever gave me; and he is so superstitious about such things! I don't know how I shall ever tell him I have lost it."

"Are you quite sure that you have lost it?" Mrs. Bixby asked. "You may have forgotten to put it on this morning, and left it on your dressing-table."

"Oh! no, indeed." Miss Wilbur shook her head, and the nodding plumes on her hat, in a most decided manner. I wish I could even have a doubt about it; but I am quite, quite certain. Julian is so romantic, you know—such a goose, I call him—that he can't bear to have me take the ring off my finger. So I sleep in it and everything, though it's awfully inconvenient sometimes. It is such a large diamond that it pushes holes in my glove, and hurts my finger dreadfully with a properly fitting glove. So half the time I have to take off my glove, and that's the way I've lost it, I'm sure. It was quite loose for me, and must have slipped off while I was shopping this morning at some counter or other."

"Then I should go at once, if I were you," said Mrs. Bixby, "and make inquiries at every store you went into."

"Oh dear! what's the use?" Miss Wilbur sighed. "Nobody would own it, of course, if they had seen it. It would be such a windfall to one of those poor clerks—it would never be given up, never."

"Perhaps 'one of those poor clerks' would think his honesty was the brighter jewel of the two," Mrs. Bixby suggested.

But Miss Wilbur shrugged her shoulders, and looked disconsolate and incredulous.

Harry saw that she had no eyes for him, and there was no prospect of a bon-bon box or a gold dollar to-day. So, after listening a while longer to her complaints and regrets about her lost ring, he whispered to his mother:—

"Can I go out on the sidewalk, and look at the horses, mamma? I won't run away."

"You may go and sit on the steps," his mother said. "I am going to take you down Broadway after a while, and I do not wish you to run about and make yourself untidy."

"All right," said Harry; and he trotted off to make himself contented on the front steps. He could watch Miss Wilbur's shining horses in their glittering harness, and her gorgeous coachman in livery; and he could sing 'Up in a Balloon, boys,' as loud as he pleased here, for Julia couldn't hear him.

"What's the use of girls being so cross?" he said to himself. "Julia makes awful noises when she takes her singing-lessons, and *I* don't scold her and call her a nuisance. Wish I had a little red balloon to send up like Bert Tilton's; wish I had a string and I'd make a kite to fly."

A boy passing by with a bundle of play-bills had thrown one upon the stoop, and this suggested the kite to Master Harry. He looked about him for a string, and saw the thick thread foot-mat lying in the vestibule. Mischievous little fingers were soon at work, turning the mat over to pull out the long threads; but something bright fell out, and tinkled on the marble floor, and so caught his eye and ear at once. He ran after the little bright thing, and caught it as it was rolling down the steps. It was a ring, with a great, white, glittering stone in it, and just as he was trying it on his chubby little forefinger Miss Wilbur and his mother came out of the parlor and opened the street-door.

"See what I have found," he cried, running to them with his prize. "Is it Julian's ring, Miss Wilbur?" he asked, innocently.

"She looked at him, and gave a scream of delight. "Oh! you little darling!" and Harry found himself suddenly snatched up, ring and all, in Miss Wilbur's arms. "Where did you find my ring, you angelic child? Tell me this instant."

"I found it on the rug," said Harry, wriggling down out of her silk and velvet arms. "It fell out when I turned the rug over."

"You must have dropped it when you pulled the bell," said Mrs. Bixby. "What a piece of good fortune!"

"What a blessing—what a mercy, you mean!" exclaimed Miss Wilbur, ecstatically. "I was never so happy in my life before. And what shall I give you, you dearest little cherub in the world, for finding it? Tell me the prettiest toy you can think of—the thing you want most of all, and you shall have it, whatever it is."

"Oh! Harry does not want anything at all; he is only too glad to find it for you," Mrs. Bixby hastened to say. But Master Harry had no idea of letting such a brilliant opportunity slip by.

"I'd like a red balloon, and a 'locipede,' he answered coolly; and Miss Wilbur laughed and kissed him rapturously.

"You shall have them both, you dear little poppet; and you shall go with me to buy them this very minute. Let me take him in the carriage," she said to his mother. "I will bring him back by-and-by."

So Harry found himself presently, to his amazement and delight, seated in the coupé beside Miss Wilbur, and the elegant horses trotting away down the avenue to buy him a velocipede. It seemed quite as surprising as going "Up in a balloon;" and there was the balloon-man at the corner, as they turned into Fourteenth-street, with his great bunch of the lovely, bright red balls. Harry had lost and "bursted" half-a-dozen of them in his seven years of living, but he was always ready for a new one, and he pulled Miss Wilbur's sleeve as the horses turned the corner.

"Tell Owen to stop the carriage," he cried. "There's a balloon-man, and I want that biggest one, in the middle."

Miss Wilbur gave a sign to the driver, and he pulled his horses up to the curbstone and beckoned to the man, who came up to the carriage in great haste, very glad of such a customer. The balloon that Harry wanted—a large one in the centre of the bunch—had its string in a sort of tangle. While the man fumbled with it, trying to get it loose without unfastening the others, a little dog ran by, and jumped at the horses, yelping and snarling. They gave a start, and jerked the carriage. The balloon-man sprang backward, and the string slipped out of his hand; and before anybody knew it fairly the big bunch of balloons had shot upward out of reach, though a dozen hands snatched vainly at the cord.

Harry stared in bewilderment at the sudden flight of the whole flock of balloons. He had seen single ones slip their string, and float upward, provokingly, out of reach more than once; but this was something new. It was something new, also, to see a man dance up and down on the street, and wring his hand, and cry out in queer foreign words, while the great tears rolled down his thin, sunburnt cheeks.

"What is the matter with him? Why does he cry so?" he asked of Miss Wilbur.

"Because he has lost his balloons, I suppose. It was very careless of him, too," said Miss Wilbur.

"*Ma pauvre femme! mon pauvre enfant! Je leur ai arraché le pain de la bouche. Malheureux que je suis, qu'ai-je fait? Ah! que va devenir mes pauvres petits?*" cried the man, with despairing looks and gestures.

"What does he say?" whispered Harry, quite unable to comprehend the strange words.

"He says he has lost his children's bread, and they will starve; and he doesn't know what will become of them now he has no more balloons to sell," said Miss Wilbur, translating rather freely. "He seems to be in great trouble about it, poor fellow; and your balloon is gone too, Harry. We'll have to go on farther for one."

"No," Harry exclaimed, impulsively, with his lips in a quiver and his cheeks in a glow of excitement; "I don't want a balloon, Miss Wilbur, and I don't want the 'locipede either. Give the money to the poor man, please, so his poor little children won't starve."

"Do you mean that, Harry?" asked Miss Wilbur, looking him straight in the eyes, with a sparkle in her own.

"Yes I do," said Harry, stoutly, ready to cry with indignant pity. "Think I'd like to be starved myself? No, I guess I wouldn't."

"And you really choose to give away the money the velocipede would cost? Just remember, Harry, a velocipede costs a good deal of money, and you may not get the opportunity again for a great while."

"I don't care," was Harry's sturdy answer, and he winked his eyelashes hard. "The poor man's lost his balloons, and it was most my fault, because I made him come here. Please give him the money, Miss Wilbur, and let's go home."

There was quite a crowd about the carriage by this time, for all the people in the street had seen the balloons go soaring up till they were lost to the eye; and the frantic grief of the poor man had drawn many of the passers-by to stop and look at him, and ask questions. Nobody offered to make up his loss to him, however, but little generous Harry.

Miss Wilbur opened her portemonnaie, and took out a five-dollar bill. "Will this pay for your balloons?" she asked of the man, in French. And he answered eagerly:

"*Ah!* Yes, yes; if the gracious lady will be so good." And his sunburnt cheeks flushed with the sudden hope, and his eyes sparkled; it was too wonderful!

"You shall give it to him, Harry; it is your present, remember," said Miss Wilbur, putting the money in Harry's plump hand.

And the dear little fellow, without a moment's hesitation or a moment's regret for his own loss, put it instantly into the hands of the poor Frenchman, who jumped and danced, and clapped his hands, and cried for joy now as heartily as he had wept for grief before.

The carriage drove on till Miss Wilbur ordered Owen to stop at Maillard's, and Harry wondered what that was for; but he found out presently when "Tutti-frutti" and orange-ices were brought to the pretty little marble table where they sat down, and Miss Wilbur invited him to help himself. He found out better still when they stopped at the bon-bon counter, and Miss Wilbur had two elegant boxes filled with pistachio-nuts, and *marrons-glacés*, and strawberry-drops, and crystallized figs and pears, and chocolate-drops, and no end ot jolly sugar-plums.

"One box is for Julia and one for you," said Miss Wilbur, when she dropped him at his own door again. And wasn't Julia astonished, though, when he came bouncing up-stairs, roaring "Up in a balloon, boys," at the top of his voice, and tossed the beauty of a box, that was a treasure in itself, even without the sugar-plums, into her lap! She was so pleased that she forgot to scold him for the "horrid noise," and his mother was more pleased when she heard the whole story of his adventures.

As for that velocipede, Miss Wilbur told Mrs. Bixby that she hadn't the heart to spoil the little fellow's generous act by rewarding him on the spot, though it was a great temptation. But Christmas is coming and Miss Wilbur is going to be married in a lovely white-lace dress, and Harry is going to see the wedding; and "Julian," who was "so romantic" about the ring, you know, has ordered the beautifullest velocipede that ever was seen—just Harry's size—for *somebody*. I shouldn't wonder if Harry finds it when he goes to see what Santa Claus has put in his stocking Christmas morning.—*Exchange*.

DOLLIE'S CHICKENS.

BY ELIZABETH P. CAMPBELL.

"Oh, dear!" said Dollie, disconsolately, "I wish I was a boy."

Dollie had been sitting a long time on a low stool by the fire, so deep in a brown study, maintaining such an unwonted silence, that I had wondered what was to come of it. I had noted that, though apparently watching the dancing fire-light, she saw it not. I had seen the comically perplexed wrinkle of her little brows, and had wondered what weighty thoughts troubled the heart and brain of my ten-year-old pet. And at last all the irremediable trouble came out, as she turned to me such a hopeless face with the saying I have quoted.

"What for, Dollie?" said I.

"Oh, Aunt Katy, boys can do everything, and girls can't do anything. Boys can have all they want, for, if they want anything, and can't get it given to them, they can go to work and earn the money and buy it themselves; but girls can't earn anything."

"Why, Dollie, I thought you told me you earned twenty-five cents last month."

"Oh, yes, papa paid me that because I

got the most extras of all the girls in our class; but then he gave it to me to show me he was glad I had studied so hard, I suppose. That isn't what I call earning anything."

"And what do you call earning, then? I thought money gotten as the reward of labor was earned, and surely your study was labor."

"Why, Aunt Katy, you know there is a difference. Papa gave me that, as we get our pictures at school, as a reward of merit, and that's a sort of gift; but Phil actually does something that is needed to be done, and for which he is paid because he ought to be, and he earns ever so much money. He earned three dollars last month, and two the month before, and he had five in his bank, and it won't take him a great while to get as much more, and then he is going to have a gun. And that's the way he get's everything; he works and earns it, and don't have to ask anybody for it. But if a girl wants anything, she's either got to go without it or teaze somebody for it, and I don't like to do either."

I saw that poor little Dollie, all unbeknown to herself, was, before her time, grappling with the great question of the age, and giving up with the disconsolate cry of many of her sex, older and wiser than she: "The fates are against us, we can't do anything." And I thought for her, as I always do for them: "Where there's a will there's a way"—if the will is only strong enough, if there's courage and patience.

"But what set you to thinking about this so hard now, Dollie?" said I. "Do you want something?"

"Yes, I do," said Dollie, and she blushed a little. "I want a croquet set dreadfully. But then, really, it isn't so much because I want just this, but because I'm always wanting something; and I don't believe it will ever be any better. I want to be able to earn something myself."

"Would a six-dollar croquet set suit you, do you think?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; but I could never earn six dollars, could I, Aunt Katy?"

"I think so."

She was off her low stool in a moment, and looking eagerly into my face.

"Oh, do tell me how."

"Well, you might raise some chickens. There's plenty of room about this place; but I heard your father say that the old hens got in the garden, and there were too few any way to pay for the trouble of keeping, and he was going to have them killed. But I think, if you wanted to take all the care of them yourself, he would let you keep them, and have for your own what you could make by it."

"Oh, wouldn't that be splendid!" said Dollie, and she clapped her hands in great glee.

"Oh, it's so easy to raise chickens! I know you've just got to put eggs under the old hen, and then she'll hatch them out, and there you have them. Why, Cousin Jake, down at the farm, had a hen last summer that stole her nest and hatched fifteen chickens; and Jake never knew anything about it till she brought them up to the house, three or four days old. We've got four old hens; and I'll set them all, and then I shall have sixty chickens. And when they are grown I can surely get a dollar apiece for them; and that will be sixty dollars, instead of six! Why, Aunt Katy"—and Dollie grew almost wild over the mine of untold wealth she had discovered.

"But, then," said she—and a cloud banished the sunshine from her face—"if Phil finds out how much money I am going to make, he will say he must do it; and then he will get all the money."

"I guess not," I said. "We will go and ask your papa now if we can't have the 'patent right' for the sake of discovering the opportunity, and so have a monopoly of the business, for this year, at least."

Papa was besieged, smiled indulgently, said he would settle the four old hens on Dollie as a dowry, and grant her the patent right. But, if she was to earn the money, she *must* earn it; she must not ask him to be at whatever expense there was about it, and then expect all the profits. There would be some lath to be bought to tack on the garden fence to keep the chickens out from there, and there would be eggs to buy, and food till the chickens were grown, all of which would cost money. He would give the hens, but he would not give anything more.

Dollie's face grew long again. "Oh, I'm afraid I can't do it," said she.

"Do you think Phil would get discouraged so easily if he had the prospect of sixty dollars before him?" said I, a little wickedly, remembering Dollie's visions of wealth so little while ago. "If you are going to earn money like a boy, you must have a boy's will to conquer difficulties. How much money have you in your bank now?"

"Taking what I got on my birthday and all?"

"Yes."

"Three dollars and a half."

"Well, that will do for a beginning. If you have need of more, I will lend it to you; and you can pay it back when you sell your chickens. But I will give you a little book, and you must keep an account of every cent."

So it was settled, and Dollie's financial career began. In her own mind, that is; but not actually. Winter was yet hardly over, and Dollie was going out the very

next day to commence operations by setting the hens; but I had to tell her—what had never entered her head—that she must wait till the hens were ready. And the days and even weeks went by, and there was not one of them that seemed to manifest the slightest disposition to be faithful to her duties in this respect. They seemed to consider that the whole end and aim of hens was to scratch, and pick the fresh spring grass, and roll in the dirt, and now and then lay an egg.

Dollie's patience was sorely tried. At last she came to me one day in a great state of excitement.

"Oh, Aunt Katy, Grandma Partridge is on her nest, and she isn't one bit afraid of me. And I put my hand under her to see if she had any eggs, and she scolded and pecked me dreadfully."

"Then she is ready to set, Dollie, and we must get some eggs and put under her. But you have got to buy eggs, for you know Papa said he would give you nothing but the hens."

There came a long consultation as to what kind of eggs Dollie should buy. I told her, if she wanted to make money next winter by selling eggs, she had better have Red Leghorns, because they would live easily, eat very little, and lay a great many eggs; but if she was going to sell her chickens in the fall, and wanted the biggest she could get, she had better have Brahmas. Next winter seemed a great while, and Dollie wanted all the money she could get at the first possible moment, and so she decided on Brahmas; and old Partridge nestled down on fifteen big brown eggs, and seemed to feel as rich as possible. Not half as rich, though, as Dollie.

"Oh, Aunty," said she, as she danced into the house alongside of me, "there's fifteen chickens now. I shall surely have as much as ten dollars for just those."

"Where's fifteen chickens, Dollie?"

"Why those eggs we've just set."

"Yes, but eggs aren't chickens."

"But they will be, won't they?"

"Perhaps, some of them. But, Dollie, dear, I'll give you one rule for now and always. It's an old maxim, as they call it; but you'll find it a good one, and you will see that it will apply to a great many things as you grow older:—'*Don't count your chickens before they are hatched!*'"

Dollie was more subdued for a while after that, as the weight of the maxim which worldly wisdom teaches pressed upon her. Then the hopefulness of childhood overcame her depression, and she danced about again at the thought of her fifteen chickens. And day after day she grew more absorbed and eager looking; and I would find her now and then sitting alone by herself, with bright eyes and flushed face, and I knew the poor little dear was counting up her future gains. But three weeks was a long time to wait and be patient, and Dollie used to fret sometimes: "Oh, dear, Aunt Kate, it will never go!"

On the twenty-first morning after old Partridge got her eggs, Dollie came bouncing to my bedside and wakened me from a sound sleep. She had counted the days so often, she knew this was to be the all-important one, and she had risen with the sun.

"Oh, Aunt Katy! I've got some chickens! I put my hand under Partridge and lifted her up a little, and I saw two or three!"

"But you shouldn't do so, Dollie."

"Why not?"

"Because the eggs are not all hatched. A few of the very freshest come out first; but it is heat that makes them. Now, if you lift up the old hen a few times, because you want to see them, she will get uneasy and want to see them herself; so she will keep lifting herself up to take a peep. This lets in the cold air, and the later and more feeble chickens will not hatch. You had better keep entirely away from the nest, and let the old hen be as quiet as possible till to-morrow. Then they will all be out and quite strong, and we can take her from the nest."

"What, another whole day to wait! It will never be to-morrow!"

"If I were you, Dollie, I should go upstairs and commence house-cleaning in the play-house. There is nothing like hard work and keeping very busy to make time seem short."

"Oh, I don't feel like playing with dolls to-day, Aunty; it's so stupid."

I don't think Dollie followed my advice. I saw her once or twice during the day coming in from the barn, with rather a long face. I did not say anything, however; and next morning I was up early, and ready to go with her to set old Partridge up in housekeeping.

Dollie was very quiet. I looked down at her sober little face, and I saw her lips almost quivered. At last before she reached the barn, she said:

"I know, Aunty, there aren't but six! She hatched two more, but she has stepped on them and killed them. And then three or four of the shells have little holes picked in them; but they won't hatch, I know, for they have been so ever since yesterday noon."

"Why, how do you know, Dollie, if you took my advice?"

"But I didn't, Aunt Katy. I had to look now and then."

"Well, Dollie, dear, I guess you've lost your chicks by this means, but you will learn wisdom; so we will make the best of those we have."

When we looked for a coop, we found two that had been used before. One was a small and rather homely one, with a board floor. The other was a large one, quite fancifully made: but it had no floor, I told Dollie she had better take the little one; because sometimes the hen was so anxious to scratch, if she could get at the ground, that when the chicks were young and weak she would kill them.

But Dollie said old Partridge had brought up so many chicks she would know not to and she would look so much better in the other coop. She had told Kitty Cook and Minnie Burr to come over by and by and see them, and she did not want them in that ugly little coop. I let her do as she pleased with her own. We established old Partridge in the pretty coop, and went away and left her. At least, I did; and so did Dollie for a while, but not for long, for an hour after, even before Kittie and Minnie had made their call, Dollie came screaming and sobbing to me as if her heart would break, and with one of the dear, darling little chicks, poor little Snowball, dead in her hand! Old Partridge had crushed it, just as I had said. Between her sobs Dollie scolded, and called old Partridge names, and said she wasn't fit to have chickens. But I told her the old hen was not to blame. If she had stolen her nest and taken all the care of her chicks herself, she would have stayed on till they were strong enough to keep out from under her feet when she scratched; but, since we had done half the business, we ought to have done it more thoroughly, and put her where she could not scratch, since that was her nature. So Dollie was quite willing for the little coop then.

She got some fine meal and wet it up, and put it on a nice clean board, and gave it to them.

"Oh, Dollie," said I, "get some coarse meal, and put it right down in the dirt; it is better for them."

"What, dry?"

"Yes, dry, and right in the dirt. They need what dirt they get with it to keep them healthy."

But on this point Dollie felt learned. She had seen Jake down at the farm do as she had done; and she thought Jake knew everything. I told her that people used to do so, and always lost half their chickens with the "gapes"; but now they knew better. But Dollie was a neat little body, and she thought she would try the old way. She looked very wise for a week or two, as her little number grew and prospered. But before they were three weeks old they began to droop; and my heart ached for her as one after another they died, till she had but two left. Then she became a convert to cracked corn; and these two she succeeded in raising. But Dollie, though she grieved, would not despair or give it up. Old Martha would not set at all; but Dames Trott and Durdles both, in due season, brought off very fair broods. Dollie did her very best with these, with her added wisdom; but she lost some of them, notwithstanding, for rats and cats and other foes thinned out their ranks in spite of her most watchful care. So, at last, when the time of sale came, she had but fifteen, where she had reckoned sixty. But these fifteen were as nice as they could possibly be; and she got an extra price for them, they were so plump and large.

I will not give you the details of her account book, with its long rows of items written down with so much care and labor, in large, crooked letters, by her little hands. But I will give you the results. When the expenses were deducted from the receipts she had just ten dollars in the treasury! So she had her croquet set to play with all through the autumn, and money enough to put in her bank to start again another year, if she wished. Afterward she had a great surprise. On her birthday, Cousin Jake sent her from the country ten full-grown pullets. He said Speckle stole her nest again, and had thirteen chickens; and, as that was so much more than he had "reckoned on," he sent the best of them to Dollie, since he heard she had bad luck with hers. They were very pretty little hens, and Dollie kept them all winter, and sold quite a lot of eggs. She feels as if she was very wise in the matter of hens and chickens now, and she says that, besides all the rest, she has learned one way of being independent; for if, when she grows up, nobody wants to take care of her, she shall set up a hennery and support herself! I think she would, for she knows now two things which it is well for all little boys and girls to learn: that "where there's a will there's a way," and also that "patience and perseverance will accomplish everything.—***Exchange.***

PRECIOUS JESUS.

Words by Miss E. M. Johnson. Music by Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am but a poor way-fa-rer, Bearing oft a heavy load;
2. When the noon-day sun is burn-ing, And my soul a-thirst is made,
3. When the night seems long and dreary, And the path is clouded o'er,
4. Blessed presence! dear com-pan-ion! Be the journey what it may,

Yet there's One who journeys with me,— Je-sus cheers the weary road.
Lo! ap-pears the cloudy pil-lar, And I rest with-in the shade.
Comes the shin-ing of His pre-sence, Light-ing all the gloom be-fore.
All my needs are met in Je-sus,— Je-sus is my life and way.

CHORUS.

Pre-cious Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus, Thou art all in all to me;
Pre-cious Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus, thou art all in all to me.

The Home.

THE ACTIVITY OF CHILDREN.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

If we watch a bird for a little while hopping along upon the ground, and up and down between the ground and the branches of a tree, we shall at first be surprised at his incessant activity, and next, if we reflect a little, at the utter aimlessness and uselessness of it. He runs a little way along the path; then he hops up upon a twig, then down again upon the ground; then "makes believe" peck at something which he imagines or pretends that he sees in the grass; then, canting his head to one side, and upward, the branch of a tree there happens to strike his eye, upon which he at once flies up to it. Perching himself upon it for the moment, he utters a burst of joyous song, and then, instantly afterwards, down he comes upon the ground again, runs along, stops, runs along a little farther, stops again, looks around him a moment, as if wondering what to do next, and then flies off out of our field of view. If we could follow, and had patience to watch him so long, we should find him continuing this incessantly changing but never-ceasing activity all the day long.

We sometimes imagine that the bird's movements are to be explained by supposing that he is engaged in the search for food in these evolutions. But when we reflect how small a quantity of food his little crop will contain, we shall be at once convinced that a large proportion of his apparent pecking for food is only make-believe, and that he moves thus incessantly not so much on account of the end he seeks to attain by it, as on account of the very pleasure of the motion. He hops about and pecks, not for the love of anything he expects to find but just for the love of hopping and pecking.

The real explanation is that the food which he has taken is delivering up, within his system, the force stored in it that was received originally from the beams of the sun, while the plant which produced it was growing. This force must have an outlet, and it finds this outlet in the incessant activity of the bird's muscles and brain. The various objects which attract his attention without, invite the force to expend itself in certain special directions; but the impelling cause is within, and not without; and were there nothing without to serve as objects for its action, the necessity of its action would be none the less imperious. The lion, when imprisoned in his cage, walks to and fro continuously, if there is room for him to take two steps and turn; and if there isn't time for this, he moves his head incessantly from side to side. The force within him, which his vital organs are setting at liberty from its imprisonment in his food, must in some way find issue.

Mothers do not often stop to speculate upon, and may even, perhaps, seldom observe the restless and incessant activity of birds, but that of the children forces itself upon their attention by its effects in disturbing their own quiet avocations and pleasures; and they often wonder what can be the inducement which leads to such a perpetual succession of movements made apparently without motive or end. And, not perceiving any possible inducement to account for it, they are apt to consider this restless activity so causeless and unreasonable as to make it a fault for which the child is to be censured or punished, or which they are to attempt to cure by means of artificial restraints.

They would not attempt such repressions as this if they were aware that all this muscular and mental energy of action in the child is only the outward manifestation of an inward force developed in a manner wholly independent of its will—a force, too, which must spend itself in some way or other, and that, if not allowed to do this in its own way, by impelling the limbs and members to outward action, it will do so by destroying the delicate mechanism within. We see this in the case of men who are doomed for long periods to solitary confinement. The force derived from their food, and released within their systems by the vital processes, being cut off by the silence and solitude of the dungeon from all usual and natural outlets, begins to work mischief within, by disorganizing the cerebral and other vital organs, and producing insanity and death.

We make a great mistake when we imagine that children are influenced in their activity mainly by a desire for the objects which they attain by it. It is not the ends attained, but the pleasurable feeling which the action of the internal force, issuing by

its natural channels, affords them, and the sense of power which accompanies the action. An end which presents itself to be attained invites this force to act in one direction rather than another, but it is the action, and not the end, in which the charm resides.

Give a child a bow and arrow, and send him out into the yard to try it, and if he does not happen to see anything to shoot at, he will shoot at random into the air. But if there is any object which will serve as a mark in sight, it seems to have the effect of drawing his aim towards it. He shoots at the vane on the barn, at an apple on a tree,a knot in a fence—anything which will serve the purpose of a mark. This is not because he has any end to accomplish in hitting the vane, the apple, or the knot, but only because there is an impulse within him leading him to shoot, and if there happens to be anything to shoot at, it gives that impulse a direction.

It is precisely the same with the incessant muscular activity of a child. He comes into a room and sits down iu the first seat that he sees. Then he jumps up and runs to another, then to another, until he has tried all the seats in the room. This is not because he particularly wishes to try the seats. He wishes to *move*, and the seats happen to be at hand, and they simply give diretion to the impulse. If he were out of doors, the same office would be fulfilled by a fence which he might climb over, instead of going through an open gate close by; or a wall that he could walk upon with difficulty, instead of going, without difficulty, along a path at the foot of it; or a pole which he could try to climb, when there was no motive for climbing it but a desire to make muscular exertion; or a steep bank where he can scramble up, when there is nothing that he wishes for on the top of it.

In other words, the things that children do are not done for the sake of the things, but for the sake of the *doing*.

Parents very often do not understand this, and are accordingly continually asking such foolish questions as, "George, what do you wish to climb over that fence for, when there is a gate all open close by?" "James, what good do you expect to get by climbing up that tree, when you know there is nothing on it, not even a bird's nest?" and, "Lucy, what makes you keep jumping up all the time and running about to different places? Why can't you, when you get a good seat, sit sitill in it?"

The children if they understood the philosophy of the case, might answer, "We don't climb over the fence at all because we wish to be on the other side of it; or scramble up the bank for the sake of any thing that is on the top of it; or run about to different places because we wish to be in the places particularly. It is the internal force that is in us working itself off, and it works itself off in the ways that come most readily to hand."

The force thus stored in the food and liberated within the system by the vital processes, finds scope for action in several different ways, prominent among which are, first, in the production of animal heat; secondly, in muscular contractions and the motions of the limbs and members resulting from them; and thirdly, in mental phenomena connected with the action of the brain and the nerves. This last branch of the subject is yet enveloped in great mystery; but the proof seems to be decisive that the nervous system of man comprises organs which are actively exercised in the performance of mental operations, and that in this exercise they consume an important portion of the vital force. If, for example, a child is actually engaged at play, and we direct him to take a seat and sit still, he will find it very difficult to do so. The inward force will soon begin to struggle within him to find an issue. But if, while he is so sitting, we begin to relate to him some very surprising or exciting story, to occupy his *mind*, he will become motionless, and very likely remain so until the story is ended. It is supposed that in such cases the force is drawn off, so to speak, through the cerebral organs which it is employed in keeping in play, as the instruments by which the emotions and ideas which the story awakens in the mind are evolved. This part of the subject, as has already been remarked, is full of mystery; but the general fact that a portion of the force derived from the food is expended in actions of the brain and nervous system seems well established.

Indeed, the whole subject of the reception and the storing up of force from the sun by the processes of vegetable and animal life, and the subsequent liberation of it in the fulfilment of the various functions of the animal system, is full of difficulties and mysteries. It is only a very simple view of the *general principle* which is presented in these articles. In nature the operations are not simple at all. They are involved in endless complications which are yet only to a very limited extend unravelled. The general principle is, however, well established; and if understood, even as a general principle, by parents and teachers, it will greatly modify their action in dealing with the incessant restlessness and activity of the young. It will teach them, among other things, the following practical rules:

1. Never find fault with children for their incapacity to keep still. You may stop the supply of force, if you will, by refusing to give them food; but if you continue the supply, you must not complain of its

manifesting itself in actions. After giving your boy his breakfast, to find fault with him for being incessantly in motion when his system has absorbed it, is simply to find fault with him for being healthy and happy. To give children food and then to restrain the resulting activity, is conduct very analogous to that of the engineer who should lock the action ot his engine, turn all the stop-cocks, and shut down the safetyvalve, while he still went on all the time putting in coal under the boiler. The least that he could expect would be a great hissing and fizzling at all the joints of his machine; and it would be only by means of such a degree of looseness in the joints as would allow of the escape of the imprisoned force in this way that could prevent the repression ending in a frightful catastrophe.

Now, nine-tenths of the whispering and playing of children in school, and of the noise, the rudeness, and the petty mischief of children at home, is just this hissing and fizzling of an imprisoned power, and nothing more.

In a word, we must favor and promote, by every means in our power, the activity of children, not censure and repress it. We may endeavor to turn it aside from wrong channels—that is, to prevent its manifesting itself in ways injurious to them or annoying to others. We must not, however, attemp to divert it from these channels by damming it up, but by opening other channels that will draw it away in better directions.

2. In encouraging the activity of children, and in guiding the direction of it in their hours of play, we must not expect to make it available for useful results, other than that of promoting their own physical development and health. At least, we can do this only in a very limited degree. Almost all useful results require for their attainment a long continuance of efforts of the same kind—that is, expenditure of the vital force by the continued action of the same organs. Now, it is a principle of nature that while the organs of an animal system are in process of formation and growth, they can exercise their power only for a very brief period at a time without exhaustion. This necessitates on the part of all young animals incessant changes of action, or alternations of action and repose. A farmer of forty years of age, whose organs are well developed and mature, will chop wood all day without excessive fatigue. Then, when he comes home at night, he will sit for three hours in the evening upon the settle by his fireside, *thinking*—his mind occupied, perhaps, upon the details of the management of his farm, or upon his plans for the following day. The vital force thus expends itself for many successive hours through his muscles, and then, while his muscles are at rest, it finds its egress for several other hours through the brain. But in the *child* the mode of action must change every few minutes. He is made tired with five minutes' labor. He is satisfied with five minutes' rest. He will ride his rocking-horse, if alone, a short time, and then he comes to you to ask you to tell him a story. While listening to the story, his muscles are resting, and the force is spending its strength in working the mechanism of the brain. If you make your story too long, the brain, in turn, becomes fatigued, and he feels instinctively impelled to divert the vital force again into muscular action.

If, instead of being alone with his rocking-horse, he has company there, he will *seem* to continue his bodily effort a long time; but he does not really do so, for he stops continually, to talk with his companion, thus allowing his muscles to rest for a brief period, during which the vital force expends its strength in carrying on trains of thought and emotion through the brain.

He is not to be blamed for this seeming capriciousness. These frequent changes in the mode of action are a necessity, and this necessity evidently unfits him for any kind of monotonous or continued exertion—the only kind which, in ordinary cases, can be made conducive to any useful results.

3. Parents at home and teachers at school must recognize these physiological laws, relating to the action of the young, and make their plans and arrangements conform to them. The periods of confinement to any one mode of action in the very young, and especially mental action, must be short; and they must alternate frequently with other modes. That rapid succession of bodily movements and of mental ideas, and the emotion mingling and alternating with them, which constitutes what children call play, must be regarded not simply as an indulgence, but as a necessity for them. The play must be considered as essential as the study, and that not merely for the very young but for all, up to the age of maturity. For older pupils, in the best institutions of the country, some suitable provision is made for this want; but the mothers of young children at home are often at a loss by what means to effect this purpose, and many are very imperfectly aware of the desirableness, and even the necessity, of doing this. As for the means of accomplishing the object —that is, providing channels for the complete expenditure of this force in the safest and most agreeable manner for the child, and the least inconvenient and troublesome for others, much must depend upon the tact, the ingenuity, and the discretion of the mother. It will, however, be a great point gained for her when she once fully comprehends that the *tendency* to incessant

activity, and even to turbulence and noise, on the part of her child, only shows that he is all right in his vital machinery, and that this exuberance of energy is something to be pleased with and directed, not denounced and restrained.—*From "Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young."*

WINDOW GARDENING.

BY S. O.

Flowers are easily cultivated, even in the dreary season of winter, by a true lover of them. By a movable shelf, fitted into the window, with a leg resting upon the mop board, you can make a nice flower-frame. Put a moulding all around the edge, and line the shelf with zinc, and you can then water your plants, with a small watering-pot, without harm to the carpet, or furniture; or by dipping a small whisk-broom into a pail of water, and shaking it over them, you can give all the effect of a summer shower.

Plants should not be forced in January, but allowed to rest till February's lengthened sun arrives; then you may stimulate as you please. Till then, lime water is all the invigorator required. Buy half a pound, slack in cold water, allow it to settle, then pour off clear and bottle. Once a week drop one tablespoonful round the soil; a teaspoon will do for a small pot. This kills all the vermin which may have been in the earth, and gives the leaves a vivid green, stimulating a little. Always water your plants with water warm to the hand. Cold water chills away their life.

The red spider is a deadly enemy to roses, carnations, fuschias, lobelias, and many other plants. To destroy these pests, take one dozen brimstone matches, break off the ends, and pour on them a cup of boiling water. When cool, wash with a cloth, or sponge, all the infested leaves and branches, taking great care not to drop much of it upon the soil in the pot. This application, if renewed once a fortnight, is said to entirely destroy this insect. If the plants are very badly injured by them, wash once a week for three weeks, and you will be fully repaid for your trouble by the renewed beauty of your nurslings.

As often as once a week loosen the earth around the roots of your plants, as it becomes baked by repeated watering. Take a heavy, large hair-pin, and scratch around the plant vigorously. Keep one stuck in one corner of the pot, to be always at hand.

A copious watering from the suds used in the weekly wash will invigorate your plants wonderfully, and is very little trouble. Have the suds a little warm to the hand, and give your plants a generous supply. It is well to refrain from watering them the previous day, as the plants will receive more benefit from the suds. Try this simple stimulant, and you will never allow the suds to be thrown away until you have had your full share.

We have scarlet, white, cherry and pink horseshoe geraniums, coming rapidly into bloom under this treatment, and by February they will be a mass of brilliant color. The heliotrope, by their side, also shows a wealth of buds, and the Czar violet, sweetest of all known sweets, already lifts its blue-eyed chalice, to the delight of the beholder.

This violet should be in every collection of house plants, no matter how small. It is a constant bloomer, and two blossoms will perfume a room. It is very hardy—will bloom under the snow. The florist asks but fifty cents a plant, and it is easily propagated by runners. The saxifragia tri-color is in our estimation the most elegant novelty of variegated plants. Its foliage is beautifully marbled with green, white and crimson. In a hanging basket it is a strikingly beautiful ornament.

Both the variegated and the green varieties of the tradescentia are easily cultivated, and will repay the little care they require. Their blossoms are very minute, but highly colored and very pretty.

Lobelias are lovely at this season. Their beautiful blue flowers are so thickly scattered over the plant as almost to conceal the foliage.

Innumerable are the varieties and species of plants for winter culture; but space is denied us, now, to enumerate them. But let us beg our readers to cultivate *some*. You can render your common sitting-room a bower of beauty by arranging a shelf in a sunny window, and hanging a basket of trailing vines from a hook in the upper portion of the window.

The effect on children is very beneficial. The smallest child notices the beauty of a room adorned with the rich drapery of vines, and perfumed with the sweet odor of violets, hyacinths and heliotropes, and with shouts of joy show you that, in the tenderest years, the childish mind is susceptible to the refining influence of plants and flowers. If we make our home the most beautiful place on earth to our children, we will never lose our influence over them.—*Mother at Home.*

THE INFLUENCE OF DRESS.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

To fashion-mongers and their devotees, the human body is simply a lay-figure upon which to exhibit articles of dress; it has neither faculty nor feeling of its own, any

more than the figures of wood in a costumer's show-room.

The changes which constantly take place are resolved upon and made in ignorance of the commonest physiological facts, and without any reference to their influence upon the growth, health, and general well-being of the material organism, which clothing was intended to comfort and protect. Practically, indeed, the object is reversed; instead of clothing being made for the body, the body is simply made to display clothing, its other uses being wholly subordinate.

This has been so long and habitually the case, that it is now done without thought. Mothers dress their children from the time they are born, not in accordance with natural requirements, but according to the dictates of fashion. One can see how the question of dress could gradually become mixed up with what is and is not becoming in the mind of grown women; but what, in the name of all that is rational, ought fashion and caprice to have to do with infants, whose wants are uniformly the same, who have no tastes to gratify, and whose well-being depends on three essentials—warmth, cleanliness, and sustenance?

It is true that fashion has within the past fifteen years done good service in prescribing for infants sensible covering for the arms and neck, which were formerly left bare; but who or what is to blame for the folly which entailed consumption and diseases of various kinds upon a part of the race during previous years?

It is not that fashion is always in fault, but that the question is outside the domain of fashion—it is a question of life, health, strength, and growth, and in its essentials should therefore be always the same, as infants are always the same, as their embryotic state, their weakness, their incapacity, their needs are always the same.

The apparent difference, indeed, between the infants' fashions of one period and the infants' fashions of another period, is not much to a superficial observer; but it is sufficient to make the question with the majority of mothers—not, what does a newly born child need, but, what does fashion say it must have? It is sufficient to lengthen the skirts until the weight of clothing diminishes the strength of nurse and child to sustain it. It is sufficient to create fears and anxieties, not lest its outer clothing should not be sufficiently warm and protective, but lest the cloak of to-day should be unlike the cloak of yesterday, and the baby, *her* baby, wear a sleeved cloak, when a round cloak is the proper thing, and *vice versa*.

I know there are persons sensible enough to dress children according to their requirements—there are even leaders of fashion who strive earnestly to subordinate display to the higher objects of comfort and utility; but this is only a partial benefit, so long as the principle remains the same, and fashion, subject to a thousand senseless as well as sensible caprices, is allowed to be the arbitrator in a matter literally of life and death.

Fortunately for manhood, the boy is released from the control of feminine fashion by the time he is six years old, and thenceforward is free to run and jump, dance and caper, kick up his heels or stretch out his limbs to their full length; and from this time, in nine cases out of ten, dates a new life, a fresh accession of strength, a chance for development. The puny, fretful, white-livered child becomes an active, hearty boy, destructive because of his pleasure in the conscious possession of power, and his ignorance of the use to which to put it; but with the possibilities in him of useful, healthy manhood, and with no obstacle in the way of dress to the fulfillment of this promise.

But how is it with the girl? Certainly, the proper growth and development of her body is quite as important as that of the boy. Upon this depends not only her own future health and happiness, but her fitness for the special function of her womanhood, maternity. Is this possibility considered, and its obligations respected? Is the girl trained with the special object of arriving at physical and functional perfection? Is her dress studied as it ought to be—so as not to waste her strength during the period of growth, or interfere with the process of formation and development? From the East, and the West, from the North, and the South—No, an emphatic No, must be the answer to these questions.

On the contrary, while physicians are prescribing drugs, and modern reformers are prescribing exercise with bells and balls at $2 per hour (running and jumping in the free air not being allowed for girls), mothers are anxiously contriving ways and means for the purchase of bustles to put on their daughters' backs, of high, narrow heels to add to their daughters' shoes, and high dresses to take the place of those that were low, or low to take the place of those that were high—and all of it without thinking that it has any reference to the spine that is forming, to the young chest that is developing, to the tender lungs that are or should be strengthening.

Poor child! blind, ignorant, foolish mother!

The father long ago said to himself, "The boy *shall* have a chance." So, as soon as he was emancipated from petticoats, he taught him to ride, he taught him to row, he taught him to swim, he taught, in fine, the use of his limbs, of his own body. But again I repeat—what of the girl?

At thought of her, he shrugs his

shoulders—he cannot do anything with her: it is always a question of her dress—either she is too clean, or too dirty, too nice, or not nice enough—her dress will be spoiled, or the neighbors will think she has not got anything to wear; besides which, it is constitutionally troublesome, and impracticable.

So with a second shrug, and a sigh, the father leaves his girl to the mercy of fashion and tradition, confessing to himself that there is nothing to do but to let her go on in the old way, and shift the burden of her being from his own shoulders to those of any other man, as soon as possible. Perhaps this man has spent fifty thousand dollars upon a stable to rear horses in and another fifty thousand upon the means and appliances to improve his stock; yet his daughter, the future mother of the law-makers or the law-breakers of his country—the only instrument in the world through which the race can be perpetuated, the great means by which it can be improved, the bridge by which he is carried over into immortality—is left to her fate, without an effort to change the circumstances which dwarf her womanhood and defraud her of the highest happiness and richest compensations of her existence.

Is there anything more fresh, more charming, than a young true hearted girl? Life to her is entrancing, its possibilities so boundless, its joys so innumerable. Yet how often its very springs are poisoned by the knowledge that she is barely tolerated—that no one knows what to do with her—that she is a mere block upon which to hang ruffles and ribbons, to attract the attention of passers-by.

At an age when body and mind require the greatest care, they are left without guidance or protection, exposed to the greatest danger. The girl, already a woman, is ignorant of the uses of her own body; she has been told that she ought to do this and she ought not to do that—but she does not begin to comprehend the reason why. One night she will go to the theatre in a warm cloak and furs—the next night she will go to a party in a low dress of white tulle with bare arms and slippered feet. Visit her at home, and you will find her huddling over the register, with a warm sack or shawl over a high-necked dress, at ten o'clock in the morning.

Books and story papers used to utter solemn warnings in regard to these sudden and violent changes, predicting consumption and an early death as the consequence. If this were the whole and sole consequence, and if it ended here, the matter would be of less importance. The loss of an element capable of imparting so much of beauty and grace to the somewhat dull and wearisome monotony of every-day life, as girls should be, would be a natural subject for regret; but if it ended there it would be a matter of private and individual rather than public interest.

But it does not end here. Girls brought up to regard the cut of a sleeve as of more importance than the arm that it covers—shoulders and bust principally valuable as merchantable commodities,—limbs ready to be exposed, or covered by two yards of unnecessary trail, as fashion shall dictate—may die of disease caused by their ignorance and folly; but as a rule they do not—they usually live after a fashion, marry, and give birth to children, upon whom they entail the woes and the weakness which are the results of their offences against physical law.

Do men rear horses in this way? Would they consider it wise to cover them with musquito netting one moment, and blankets the next? Would they allow the health of a rare breed to be interfered with by changing the fashion of a horse's bonnet? —by sending it out half-shod? Would they lame it, and render it unable to step, by raising its heels three inches higher than its toes? Are not girls as valuable as horses? and if not then at least put a stop to the criminal reproduction of the species from such stock—train some for mothers, and prevent those who are so unfitted by nature and education, from fulfilling the office of maternity.

Within the past ten years, fashion has ordained skirts distended by hoops four yards round, and skirts hung close to the limbs without any hoops at all; short skirts every movement of which revealed the ankle; and long skirts, the mere carrying of which was in itself labor; coat sleeves, close to the arm, and close to the wrist, and open sleeves which practically exposed it to the shoulders; high bodies and double-breasted jackets made warm by *revers*, and open and low bodies, throgh which every sharp breath struck to the vitals.

What animal could bear these rapid mutations of temperature and covering, and live?—*Demorest's Monthly.*

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase." "Well you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief; go up stairs, and stay in the closet until I send for you." And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look the sweet child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to revive to

life. Oh, what were the loss of a thousand vases in comparison! "'Tis true, an angel might shrink from the responsibilities of a mother. It needs an angel's powers. The watch must not for an instant be relaxed; the scales must always be nearly balanced; the hasty word that the overtasked spirit sends to the lip, must die there, ere it is uttered. The timid and sensitive child must have a word of encouragement in season; the forward and presuming, checked with gentle firmness; there must be no deception, no trickery, for the keen eye of the child to detect. And all when the exhausted frame sinks with ceaseless vigils, perhaps, and the thousand petty interruptions and unlooked for annoyances of every hour, almost set at defiance any attempt at system. Still must that mother wear an unruffled brow, lest the smiling cherub on her knee catch the angry frown. Still must she rule her own spirit, lest the boy, so apparently engrossed with his toys, repeat the next moment the impatient word his ear has caught. For all these duties faithfully and conscientiously performed, a mother's reward is in secret and silence. Even he, on whose earthly breast she leans, is too often unmindful of the noiseless struggle until too late, alas! he learns to value the delicate hand that has kept in unceasing flow the thousand springs of his domestic hapiness. But what if, in the task that devolves upon the mother, she utterly fail? What if she consider her duty performed when it is fed, and warmed, and clothed? What if the priceless soul be left to the chance training of hirelings? What if she never teach those little lips, "Our Father"? What if she launch her child upon life's stormy sea without rudder, or compass, or chart? God forbid that there should be many such mothers!—*United Presbyterian.*

A WORD ABOUT HOME-TRAINING.

"To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue," yet how many people expect an agreeable manner will come of itself, or else think nothing about it and take no care to make their ways pleasing to those about them! The most tiresome, disagreeable people have no idea that they are so, and our dislike to their society is often caused by little things entirely in their power to avoid or correct, little things by which they themselves are annoyed when practiced by others. "Handsome is that handsome does," too often is interpreted to refer to *what* is done, not *how* it is done. It should mean both.

Household training should include the culture of manner and taste. No one wishes to see affectations and artificial ways in children, but we make a mistake if we suppose they will always be agreeable if they are simply natural. Nature in the ideal is charming; nature in the real life of common humanity is often uncouth and unattractive, and needs to be carefully trained into ways of beauty.

Appetites and propensities are indulged in uncouth and selfish ways, and ignorance and bashfulness and curiosity from awkward and rude habits. Now and then we meet a rare and gracious nature, which in childhood and maturity is pleasing in all its outgoings, but few people have that inward beauty and outward grace which make the unrestrained expression of themselves always agreeable to another. We have little peculiarities, obliquities, physical defects, personal habits, which obtrude themselves unpleasantly unless we keep guard over them. We are not naturally unselfish; we have not sympathetic judgment, quick perceptions, and tact that is keen and tender, so that we may trust to our instincts to make us winning and agreeable in our intercourse with others. How many talk incessantly without questioning whether others enjoy it! How many are silent and moody without recognition of any social claims! How few are thoughtful to avoid touching roughly another's sensitive points, to be tender of their weaknesses, and considerate of their egotisms! Suggestions, cautions, and restraints must be continually used in the home education to form the "second nature," which shall be as unaffected as that of the untrained child, and far more unselfish and attractive. Some things must be repressed, others developed, the tastes and comfort of other people must be studied to create such a spirit within, and manifest its outgoings in such ways that a courteous, considerate bearing shall be a natural expression, that the forms and graces of manner shall be as spontaneous as the kindly feeling.

A winsome address, pleasant tones, genial feelings, responsive thoughts, are well worth cultivating. They constitute the sweetness of politeness. It is a wondrous power, the power to make another happy. Rightly trained and used, it develops a personal influence wide and strong, a marvellous force, centered in the individual, and radiating in ever-increasing circles.

The desire to please may degenerate into personal vanity and selfish love of admiration, but sanctified by Christian consecration it rises into a heavenly grace.

It is a shame to Christian households that it is often urged as a reason for sending children to dancing-schools "that they may improve in manners and learn how to appear in society." Is there no refined and gracious womanhood, no gentle and courteous manhood, no good breeding in the household? Are there no polite social

forms, no etiquette, culture and taste, in Christian homes? Shall the children go out to the world to learn the *forms* of that charity, gentleness, forbearance, and unselfishness which are the essentials of the Christian character they seek to attain?

Many good people ignore the necessity of painstaking in this direction. They even think the desire or effort to be pleasing is a sin or a weakness. They think it is sufficient if they are good.

Such should study the *beauty* of holiness. Goodness must seek agreeable forms of expression; virtue must wear a winning face and clothe itself in the garb of gracious manners. Because one is earnest and sincere, he has no right to be rude and uncouth. There are barriers behind which individual reserve hides itself; there are secret places where reticence guards the entrance. We may not intrude here unbidden or unwelcome. Another's personality must be recognized; social formalities must be remembered; the restraints of common politeness must be observed in our Christian zeal. The good man, because he is good, has no right to set these aside. The Christian should not except himself from anything that makes the true gentleman or lady. He, above all others, should feel *noblesse oblige.*

We shudder at the barbarous code of honor which settled personal matters with sword or pistol; but it is a pity we do not hold more loyally a chivalrous fealty to a true honor and knightliness of character. We do not wish to be taught how to maintain respect for ourselves and for our neighbor at the mouth of a pistol, but we ought to learn it nevertheless.

A better code the Apostle gives us in both duty and motive: "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification."—*Hearth and Home.*

ART OF DRESS.

The secret of the Art of Dress is to wear only what is individually becoming in both style and color, and not to be tempted into unbecoming eccentricities, however fashionable they may be. Thus for example, a blonde must never be led away into any dark and heavy colors, however popular they are. Nor should she wear, as is too commonly the case, washed-out and faded hues, but should choose bright, light tints, which assimilate with her complexion, and heighten its effect. She can, however, wear black, especially if her hair be one particular shade, with very good results; and, indeed, with regard to that color, people of all complexions look well in it, except brunettes without vivid complexions. Even a dark-haired person with a bright color can wear black with impunity, and in combination with white, it is at once effective and fashionable. A brunette should avoid, on the other hand, all pale colors, and can wear, according to tone of complexion, dark-blues, reds, and the like, and a certain shade of dark violet. People with red hair, now so popular, owing to the artist mania for it, should be especially careful. Violet and purple should be eschewed. A medium shade of green is, perhaps, the most effective, and black, as a rule, is becoming; but inasmuch as this color of hair is of so many different tones, and allied to such very varied complexions, it is exceedingly difficult to lay down any strict rules.

No matter what the complexion or color of hair, there should always be one prevailing tint in a costume, and large masses of different colors should be avoided, except in the case of black and white, or where the tones are merely gradations of the same tint. Two or three bright colors, not assimilating, are far too commonly worn among us; a purple dress, with a pink or red rose in the bonnet, for instance, is a popular offense against taste, and so are curious mixtures of brown and gray, and analogous colors. Trimmings and similar accompaniments to a dress should, as a rule, be some gradation, preferentially a darker one of the prevalent tint, especially in costume dresses; or else a contrast, such as brown with blue or green, or gray with scarlet sparingly used. The choice of texture also is very important, and should be exercised with due discretion. Every part of a lady's dress should be chosen with reference to the other, and to her means and position in life. And yet we see women sacrifice large sums of money on some special part of their apparel —say a jacket—and then constantly wear a heavy and handsome one over a threadbare dress of some flimsy material. Thus, one part of the attire kills the other, and the beholder is impressed with a painful incongruity. Again, it would seem almost unnecessary to warn ladies to dress in a manner becoming their ages. This is the more to be deplored, as the older a woman gets the less she can afford to dress with carelessness or eccentricity.

Moreover, a lady should adopt the prevailing fashions only so far as they suit herself. Whatever is not suited, no matter how fashionable it may be, should be discarded, or, at all events, considerably modified; for surely it is the height of absurdity for ladies to disfigure themselves by adopting a fashionable color or style of costume that happens to be utterly unsuitable to them. Thus, for instance, there is at present a rage for elaborate horizontal trimming of all kinds. This, exceedingly effective on a tall and commanding figure,

or even sparingly used on ladies of medium height, makes a short person look much shorter, and adds, moreover, very much to the breadth of figure. And yet how few little people remember this, and how many of them pile on flounces and ruches till a figure, passable, though small, becomes what we can only stigmatize as "dumpy." How many, by wearing too large a panier, make themselves ridiculous!—*Peterson's Magazine.*

FRENCH ROLLS.

Take two potatoes, ordinary size, and boil them—peel them first. Then mash these in the water they were boiled in. All told, this should make about a pint of potato and water like a thin gruel. Stir into this flour enough to make a stiff sponge; make it rather thicker than usual; and when it has all cooled well, put in half a cup of bright, sparkling yeast. It is absolutely indispensable that the yeast should be lively, quick-working, and not sour. Without this it is useless to ever undertake to make good bread. Let this rise three hours, by which time it should be seething and bubbling like a miniature cataract. If it is not light by that time, let it rise until it is; but if not raised in five hours, you must get better yeast and try some other time. When light, stir it briskly—in fact, "wallop" it around in the pan, as if you were beating eggs; then stir in flour enough to make a dough as stiff as you can stir with a spoon. Put it away to rise again—which ought to take three hours more—and at the end of that three hours knead it again. This is the way you must knead it, and this is where you will fail, at first. You can't "get the hang of it," and will be very apt to give it up in disgust and say: "Pho! that's all nonsense, anyway; so much fuss for a little bread;" unless you have good sense, and say, rather, "Nothing is fuss if it tends to the increase of human knowledge."

Turn the dough all out on a table well rubbed with flour (you are not to mix any more flour in the dough), so that it will not adhere; and then roll it over and over (as if it was a rolling-pin) until it is a long cylinder of dough; cut it into convenient pieces for handling, say the length of your arm; hold one end in your left hand and roll the other over and over, as if you were twisting a thread or cord on your knee. When the mass becomes too long to handle, double it over on itself and proceed as before. After kneading in this way ten minutes, put the dough all back in the pan to rise again.

Here is where you are sure to fail again. You cannot by any possibility allow that dough to rise enough. You will miss it the first time, possibly overraise it the second time, and give it up entirely, unless you stick to it until you conquer. If you are a true woman, you won't allow a mass of dough to "get the better of you." The vinous or winy flavor of French bread is due to the presence of alcohol developed by the fermentation of the starch in the flour and potatoes added to it; and it is necessary to carry the fermentation to this vinous point to have the extreme lightness and delicacy of crust and color that characterize it; and this is only determined by experience and the sense of smell. Your dough, at the second rising, will give forth so strong a gas on being taken up, as to make one throw the head back; and at this point you are to form it into rolls, by cutting off portions from the mass, doubling them, like shutting up a book, so as to imprison a portion of air, and then moulding them gently into shape with the hands, in an obvious manner. Make them as nearly of one size as possible, and put them on the table to rise again. Do not cover them with anything—let them stand just as they are. When fully risen—to obesity, in fact—give them a cut in the middle with a well-buttered knife, and put them in the oven—a *hot* oven—and bake them for a quarter of an hour.

IMITATION STAINED GLASS.

In medium-class dwellings there are often back-windows with disagreeable outlooks that might be advantageously embellished were it not for the cost. But if some cheap method can be found by which the same effect can be produced at one-fifth of the expense of the genuine articles, it is surely worth while to study the subject a little—a subject which will certainly be found popular, and will repay the trifling outlay many-fold.

First choose such designs as may suit your taste and the style of the window. If it is to be in geometric figures, let the drawing be made on unsized white paper, to suit the dimensions of the panes of glass intended for decoration, the lines being drawn with pen and ink. A very simple wood-cut, printed on clear paper, will answer very well as a design for central panes.

Get a glazier to cut for you the panes of glass of the exact sizes required, and having cleaned them thoroughly, so as to be free from grease or spot, lay them quite flat upon a table, and give them an even coat of white dammar varnish, leaving them to get nearly dry—slightly sticky. When in this state, lay on the papers containing the drawings, with the picture next the varnish, and press them firmly all over, so that they may adhere in every part. As

soon as they are well fixed, apply warm water until the paper is entirely saturated, using a towel to absorb the superfluous moisture, and with the fingers rub off the paper very carefully until nothing is left but the design, showing clearly upon the groundwork of transparent varnish. Of course there must be a very thin film of paper remaining; but this can be rendered entirely transparent before beginning to paint by using a little bleached linseed-oil, well rubbed in.

It is now ready for painting, and oil-colors in tubes are to be used, applied with fine sable brushes, such as are used for landscape painting. For reds, use *crimson lake* and *rose madder;* for purple, the same, with *Prussian blue* added; blue, *Prussian blue;* yellow, *yellow lake;* green, *Prussian blue* with *yellow lake;* dull or brownish-greens, the same with *burnt* or *raw sienna* added; for shading use *asphaltum* or the *siennas;* and when merely a deeper tint is called for, give a second coat of the same color. To paint faces, figures, or landscapes will require some knowledge of painting, as the design is merely sketched before you, and all will depend upon the manner in which the details are carried out. If it is a landscape, it will be well to paint it entirely out to the edge of the glass; but if a face, or figure, a ground color must be selected, and the groundwork covered with it, following carefully the outlines.

Geometric figures, or any similar medallion designs, are very easily done, requiring no artistic skill whatever beyond the laying on of the colors smoothly, keeping the various parts distinct in their own colors.

When these paintings are entirely dry, they are to be put into the window, with the painted side next the glass of the window itself, so that the painting will really be between two panes of glass. A glazier may now be called in to put them in properly, unless some one in the house can do it as neatly; and when it is in place it will be almost impossible for a visitor to detect the secret of your window, while years of washing will not injure the colors. Many a poor church might thus be supplied with windows at a small cost, and designs made expressly for the purpose can be procured from dealers in artists' materials. The effect thus produced is almost as beautiful as that of the rich stained glass windows that diffuse a dim, religious light through costly cathedrals.—*Bazar.*

CHILDREN'S AFGHANS.

Any person who can use a crochet-needle can make a little afghan after either of the following patterns, far prettier for children than many of the embroidered ones that we see. The materials required for the first are white double zephyr and blue ribbon.

ZEPHYR AND RIBBON AFGHAN.—Upon a chain as long as the required width of the afghan, work, with a large crochet-hook, one row of single crochet stitch, then a row putting the wool twice around the needle, that the needle may be drawn four times through the wool to make the stitch, followed by alternate rows of each, until the centre is completed. Surround it with two or three rows of plain crochet, and finish with a heavy scallop. Draw the blue ribbon through every third row, finishing the ends with a little bow.

CHECKED ZEPHYR AFGHAN.—This afghan is made of alternate squares of blue and white double zephyr; the squares being crocheted together on the right side with blue wool, and finished at the ends with a plain heading and deep fringe of blue and white.

The pieces are thirteen stitches square; knit plain afghan stitch for four rows. At the fifth row, knit seven stitches plain, then make a chain of three stitches, which leave on the right side to form a loop, and finish plain stitch. The next row, make three of these loops on the sixth, seventh and eighth stitches; on the next row, make five loops; next three, next one; finish the square in plain stitch. These tufts have an exceedingly pretty effect. It can be made in stripes, if desired, by joining on the other color when a square has been made. The sides need only a row of single crochet stitch; the ends are to be finished with a half-dozen rows of fine double crochet, and a fringe five inches deep. The effect is prettier if one can carry out the design of the squares in the heading and the fringe, but it makes a great deal of cutting and tying of the wool. The same design in smaller squares of two contrasting colors makes a pretty sofa-pillow.

Still another afghan may be made of the double width of Java canvas, with little or much embroidery upon it, as fancy dictates. Still another of buff linen, simply scalloped upon the edge, and initials in satin stitch for a centre. Even stripes of fine cashmere, of pretty colors, neatly joined or chain-stitched together, and lined, make a pretty afghan for common use—*Hearth and Home.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

PICKLED APPLES.—As an experiment I pickled a few sweet apples, and found my experiment a success. The apples were wiped clean, and put unpeeled into a steamer. When they were done I placed them in a jar and covered them with two quarts of vinegar and a pound and a half of sugar

boiled together and poured hot over them. A few slices of horseradish root in a jar of pickle, or horseradish leaves laid over the top, it is said, will prevent a scum from rising to the surface.

A Nice Way to Bake Apples.—Take nice sour apples, dig out the cores, place the apples in a deep dish or tin, fill the cavities where the cores come out with sugar, pour a cup of hot water in the tin; bake in a quick oven and you will have a healthful and palatable dish.

Dressing Cold Meat.—Cut the meat in pieces, and lay them in a mould in layers, well seasoned. Then pour over and fill the mould with some clear soup, nearly cold, which, when left to stand some hours, will turn out to be as firm as isinglass, especially if shank bones were boiled in the soup. Should the cold meat be veal or poultry, the addition of some small pieces of ham or bacon, and of hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices, and put between the layers of meat, is a great improvement. Another way to dress cold meat is to have it minced very fine, well seasoned, and put in patty-pans, with a thin crust below and above it, and baked in a quick oven. Cold meat, cut in small pieces, and put in a pie-dish, with butter poured over it, and baked until the batter rises, is another good way. Potato-pie is a capital method of using cold meat. The meat should be cut in pieces and covered with mashed potatoes, then put into the oven to bake until the potatoes are well browned.

Plum Pudding.—One pound of grated bread crumbs, or pounded cracker, half a pound of sweet butter, eight fresh eggs, one quart of milk, one coffee-cup of sugar, one pound of stoned raisins, one pound of well-washed currants, one half pound of citron thinly shredded, grated peels of two lemons. Soak the bread crumbs in the milk over night; chop the butter fine, beat the eggs to a froth, and boil for four hours in a well-floured cloth or buttered mould, if a cloth is used, dip it in boiling water, and then dredge flour all over it; turn in the pudding, and tie up loosely. When it is done, stick blanched almonds all over it, and ornament with a wreath of holly leaves and berries, or box and snowberries. For a sauce, stir to a cream half a cup of butter, with one cup of powdered white sugar. Add just before serving, two tablespoonfuls of boiling milk, and flavoring.

Christmas Cake.—Two pounds of sifted flour, two of sugar, one pound of butter, six eggs well beaten, and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or two measures of each kind; one pint of sweet milk, two pounds of stoned raisins, one pound of citron cut in strips, two pounds of cleaned currants. Beat the sugar and butter together; add the eggs, sift the baking-powder into the flour, and beat half of it into the mixture; then turn in the milk and the rest of the flour. Season with mace and nutmeg. Bake from two to three hours, according to the thickness of the loaves you make. Frost them, and trim with evergreens, holly and box.

To Roast a Goose.—Select a goose with clean, white skin, plump breast and *yellow* feet. If the feet are red, the bird is old. Let it hang for a few days, if the weather will permit it, as by so doing, the flavor is greatly improved. In dressing, take great care in plucking, singeing, and drawing the goose, for if the oil sack is broken over it—or the gall bladder broken inside, it will be more noticeable and less easy to remove in a goose than any other poultry. Cut off the neck close to the back. leaving the skin long enough to tie over, This can be done by drawing back the skin, while you sever the neck from the body. Cut off the feet at the first joint, and separate the pinions at the first joint also; beat the breast-bone flat with potato-masher or rolling-pin. Put a skewer through the under part of each wing; draw up the legs closely and run a skewer into the middle of each, passing it quite through the body. Put another skewer into the small part of the leg, bring it close down to the side bone, run it through, and proceed the same way with the other side. Cut off the vent, make a hole in the skin large enough to draw the rump through, so as to keep in the seasoning. Make a dressing of mealy potatoes, finely mashed, two boiled onions chopped very fine, one and a half teaspoonfuls of powdered sage, one of salt and one of black pepper. Fill the body of the goose, and secure it firmly by tying the skin over the neck, and drawing the rump through the hole cut in the skin. Roast for two hours, if large, or bake the same length of time; but roasting is much nicer. Baste often, dredging a little flour over. Do not baste in the drippings from the goose; they are too strong; but prepare some basting by putting a little browned butter, salt and pepper into part of a cup of boiling water. When half done, drain the fat from the roaster; the last drippings will not be so strong, and, with the basting water, will suffice for the gravy. Make a good gravy, into which the giblets, finely chopped, and a little flour for thickening have been added and boiled. Put gravy into a tureen, and serve with a dish of nice apple or gooseberry sauce.

Literary Notices.

ECCE CŒLUM; or, Parish Astronomy. In Six Lectures; by a Connecticut Pastor. —Thirteenth Edition.—Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co.

This volume consists of six lectures on Astronomy, given by the Rev. E. F. Burr, D.D., to his parishioners. It has already passed through twelve editions, and has received the most flattering notices from the religious press. The great facts of the science are in it not only made intelligible to the popular mind, but are invested with a rare interest and fascination; and the science is so systematized as to leave a clear and definite idea of it in the mind of the reader, instead of an undigested mass of facts. The larger part of the book is naturally devoted to a consideration of our own system; but the space given to the higher systems contains much in small compass. From this part we will quote a few pages for the benefit of our readers.

NEBULA SYSTEMS! Scattered, or rather arranged, over the sky by thousands are those bright-misty spots, called nebulæ, which no power of the telescope has yet been able to resolve into stars. It has been claimed that they do not consist of stars, but only of a sort of fire-mist, out of which suns and planets and satellites are in process of being made by natural law. There are many objections to this view. But it is enough that there is not a single proved case of such fire-mist in space; that the hypothesis is altogether unnecessary to account for the facts observed; and that nebulæ, apparently as irresolvable as any, have, by improvements of telescopes, been turned into clusters of stars. In my view, they all consist of stars, so packed together by local neighborhood and unspeakable distance that all individuality of impression on the eye is lost. They are found in great variety of singular and beautiful forms—sometimes perfectly round, sometimes oval, sometimes lens-shaped, sometimes ring-shaped and even consisting of a series of concentric rings. One beautiful nebula resembles a crab; another, a fan; another, an hour-glass; another, a whirlpool, whose eddies are made evident to the eye by, as it were, floculi torn from the famous golden fleece of Colchis. Some of them are perfectly continuous and uniform in appearance. Others are "spotted as a pard," with numerous centres of condensation; while others still are broken up into more or less distinctly separated nebulous patches, like a defeated army whose great corps are just in the act of separating toward all points of the compass. The great fragments of these routed nebulæ appear in the best telescopes very much as the cluster-systems do in the smaller—that is to say, dappled with nuclei pretty evenly distributed. They are evidently cluster-systems. And, taken together, they form a revolving neighborhood in space, of another order still higher—a Nebula System, in which nebulæ of clusters of groups of suns sweep their, at least, quintuple orbits in harmonious combination around the gravity-centre of the whole nebula.

What is the Milky Way, so called, which we see belting our heavens? Nothing but the nebula to which we belong, expanded all round the sky and easily resolved into stars by the fact that we are in the midst of it. A little observation and reflection suffice to show that its shape is that of a thick mill-stone, with its rim split in the middle for about a third of its length and somewhat opened. Our place is near the plane of this cleavage, but considerably one side of the center. When we, from our place in this cleft wheel of stars, look off in the direction of the circumference, the stars appear very numerous; when we look toward the sides, we see comparatively few. All the scattered stars, all the groups, small and large, that we see in any direction, belong to our Milky Way—to our nebula. They are nearer to us than any other stars in space. All the stars whose distances have been determined, all the multiple stars whose orbits have been observed, all the stars whose proper motions have been noticed, are as much part of our Milky Way as the milkiest part of it. All the examples of astronomical systems which I have hitherto given, at least up to the cluster-systems, were from this same nebula of ours. And cluster-systems themselves can be easily supplied from it. If you will scan on some favorable night the remoter parts of this white Wonder, you will find that it is by no means a continuous nebulous zone, but rather a succession of star-

clouds, many of which are mottled after the manner of the cluster-systems. And such they are. The whole, from satellites to sun-clusters, are in process of revolution about the great forceful heart of the nebula. We know it must be so, in advance of all observation. But in this case it is thought that observation has made assurance doubly sure. First, our sun is in motion —like Castor and Polaris; like the thousands of stars that show proper motions, and, in part, because they show them. A wonderful thing has been noticed in that part of the heavens that is now passing over our meridian southward from the zenith; the region occupied by Orion, the river Po, Sirius, and especially the Dove. It has been noticed that the stars in this region are gradually drawing together, just as the ships of a fleet would seem to do to one sailing away from them; while at the opposite quarter of the sky the stars are gradually separating, just as the ships of another fleet would seem to do to one sailing toward them. Great Hercules is yearly becoming huger and brawnier; his club, and especially his bow, growing every year more formidable. This has been going on now for a great number of years. Of course, there is but one explanation. Our sun, with its retainer-worlds about it, is sailing away through space toward Hercules, on an orbit so vast that the part of it which has been described from the date of the earliest accurate observations does not differ sensibly from a straight line. At last, however, we shall double the wondrous cape of our great eclipse; and then the Dove will begin to expand and plume her heavenly wings, while champion Hercules will dwarf behind us. But this does not determine where the centre of motion is. Where is it? Astronomers have sought to answer this question, and apparently not in vain. By methods which cannot now be explained, it is found that Alcyone—most beautiful star of the beautiful Pleiades —is the centre of our motion; and that we are moving about it at the rate of more than a hundred millions of miles a year, on an orbit whose diameter is fifty million times larger than that on which we move about the sun. As the distance of Alcyone is approximately known, we can find our period. It is only about twenty millions of years.

Such is our sun's centre of motion. And the celebrated Mædlar has shown that it is also the centre of a great number of other suns—in fact, that the proper motions of the stars in all quarters of the heavens conform to the idea that they are spurring in glorious curriculum around the same point. He concludes that Alcyone is the centre of the whole nebula. And though the English Astronomer Royal has recently dissented from this conclusion, and though we certainly are not authorized to claim for it the most absolute proof, yet it is probably as much like the truth as most photographs are like the persons who sit for their pictures to the sun.

Mysterious continental islands of the remoter heavens! Greatest empires of suns that have yet sent greeting light to us! There ye lie to-night, seemingly steeped in breathless quietude and uttermost sleep, where the earliest observer saw you; and yet what mighty race-courses are those on which your orbs go panting their eternal rounds about the great nebular heart! Why, let us measure two of these celestial Astrodromes. According to the best estimates of our own nebula it contains some eighteen million suns; and the thickness of its golden wheel is about eight million diameters of the earth's orbit, while its diameter is one hundred and seventy million such diameters. One of its Border States would require not far from one hundred millions of years to put orbit about metropolis Alcyone; and, though so remote, has never been in danger of parting company with us. There is the oval nebula of Andromeda, just visible to the naked eye and yet giving no sign of resolvability in the six-foot speculum of the Earl of Rosse. A nebula of which such things are true, is easily shown to be so far away that the light by which we see it must show it as it was at least a million of years ago, instead of as it is to-night. The rays have been all that time charging across the void at the rate of 192,000 miles a second. At such a distance, its apparent diameter, half that of the moon, means for the nebula a breadth of thirty thousand years—the fifty-three foot reflector being surveyor-general, and a light-sprite carrying the chain.

We have found all the suns, and groups of suns, and clusters of groups of suns, in each nebula, engaged in revolution about its centre of gravity. Is this centre itself in motion on another orbit still larger? Is each nebular fleet, instead of riding at anchor in the sky, sailing away on a circumnavigation more stupendous than any we have yet noticed? It is even so. There are ULTERIOR SYSTEMS. We find nebulæ disposed in groups of two or more, of about the same brightness, coming into view with about the same power of the telescope; evidently belonging to the same order of distances from us. Just as there are double and multiple stars, so there are double, triple, quadruple, quintuple, sextuple nebulæ; and recently D'Arrest, a Danish astronomer, has announced that he has actually caught a nebula in the act of revolving about a nebula. Very likely he is mistaken; it seems as if he *must* be; in any event, we need no such ocular demonstration. We have long been as sure of revolving nebulæ as if we had seen them—

sure of some Alcyone, 12,000 suns strong, revolving about another Alcyone, perhaps 100,000 suns strong. More than this. The Magellanic Clouds, so called, of the southern hemisphere, are nothing but two great beds of clusters and nebulæ; three hundred nebulæ in one, and thirty-seven in the other: and in the constellation Virgo, especially in one of its wings, the nebulæ are scattered almost as the grain will be sown in your fields this spring—swarms of them, in groups and clusters of groups; and it is just as certain that each of these great beds is in course of revolution about its centre of gravity as it is that over that amazing congeries of firmaments is stretched the sceptre of law.

Such are the various orders of systems which we can prove to be within the range of our telescopes. But no astronomer doubts that within this range may lie hundreds of different orders, wheel within wheel, in astounding climax and bewildering complexity: even that within this range our own earth may be describing a thousand-fold orbit about a thousand different centres.

But there must be, at last, a UNIVERSE SYSTEM—a system composed of all the bodies that people space, and in which each body revolves about the gravity-centre of the whole material universe. Let us devote a few thoughts to it.

Eighteen millions suns belong to our firmament. More than four thousand such firmaments are visible; and every increase of telescopic power adds to the number. Where are the frontiers—the last astronomical system—that remote spot beyond which no nebula, no world, glitters on the black bosom of eternal nothingness? Probably, some one of those many nebulæ just brought into faint view by the great reflector at Rosse's Castle, is but another nebula of Andromeda; which, though visible to the naked eye, gives no sign of being resolved into stars by an instrument of four hundred times the eye's space-penetrating power. Think of the distance expressed by four hundred times the distance of the milky way of Andromeda—five millions of years, as flies the light! Alas, how feeble are our powers! How they labor and bow under the weight of such mighty numbers, such gates of Gaza! What wondrous chronometers those must be which could take fitting account of the ongoings of such far-off firmaments! Could you stand, with a wand in your hand reaching to that remotest galaxy, and sweep it around you in every direction, what an empire fit for a Jehovah would fall within the embrace of those glorious circles! And yet who shall say that even this is the whole astronomical universe? What right have we to stop just where the power of our instruments happens for the moment to have stopped, and say, "This is the end—these are the Pillars of Hercules? Turn back, O adventurous explorer—nothing but night and void in this direction—thou hast reached the last outpost of the kingdom of the Eternal! *Ne plus ultra!*" No: thrice no. On still through peopled infinitude, through raining galaxies and tornado-nebulæ; and, while thou goest outward still through the charging, storming hosts of suns as long as thought can fly, or angels live, say ever to thyself, "Lo, these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him! The thunder of His power, who can understand?" Is not space infinite? Is not He infinite? And who dare say that His works are not wellnigh infinite too—at least that the limit to which our gasping and bewildered astronomy has hitherto conducted us is not, as it were, but the first mile-stone of peopled space; and that great swarming sphere which our mightiest telescopes have gauged, but the merest rain-drop compared with another swarming sphere which embraces it? But let us suppose an end; suppose an orbit so large as to include in its unspeakable round the entire magnificence of the sidereal heavens. At last the Ultima Thule is reached. We have the total universe of matter which God has made—one all-comprehending astronomical neighborhood—and around it stretches in all directions the black wastes of an altogether endless vacancy. All members of this great ultimate system must be in motion about its common centre of gravity. Whether this sublime centre is, or is not, a mathematical point, where not an atom of matter nestles, our present science has no means of determining. But is there not something at the bottom of our hearts better than science, which invites us to believe that what would be so fitting and beautiful is also triumphantly actual; namely, that at the centre of this august totality of revolving orbs and firmaments—at once the centre of gravity, the centre of motion, and the centre of government to all—is that better country, even the heavenly, where reigns in glory everlasting the Supreme Father and Emperor of Nature; the capital of creation; the one spot that has no motion, but basks in majestic and perfect repose while beholding the whole ponderous materialism which it ballasts in course of circulation about it. All hail, Central Heaven! All hail, innermost Sun Palace and celestial Alhambra! All hail, believer's Last Home—from which an adult astronomy, fitted with the pictured and dynamical wings of angels, shall immortally radiate to all the girdling worlds and immortally bring home fresh proofs of the glory of Him who has so long been defrauded of His rights among men of science by the empty names of law and nature!