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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

DEC.

1875.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

1876.

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GEORGE STEPHENSON.



WILLIAM PEASE.

New Dominion Monthly.

DECEMBER, 1878.

CHRISTMAS WITH COUSIN JOE.

BY FESTINALENTE, AUTHOR OF "MAY DAY," "HIC JACET," ETC.

FIRST VOICE—Christmas keeping is a mistake.

SECOND VOICE—A perfect absurdity.

THIRD VOICE (*Dyspeptic*)—The quantity of unwholesome things people eat at Christmas is ruinous to digestion.

FOURTH VOICE—I think the custom of keeping Christmas is dying out.

FIRST VOICE (*with acerbity*)—Let it die.

The party thus disposes of the question. Has it no other side?

MILLICENT'S STORY OF A CHRISTMAS.

"Peace and goodwill among men," chanted the choir. "On earth, peace."

The words rang out—it seemed they were sung for me. I listened, I pondered, I carefully weighed their meaning; finally I rejected them.

"Peace." Grinding poverty such as ours eschewed the possession. "Goodwill among men!" To whom could we show it—from whom could we receive it?

For we were very poor. Father had been a poor curate; he had sacrificed his life to help the soul of one of his flock: he had died of the most malignant small-pox, which he caught while attending the dying bed of a parishioner. The man, strange to say, conquered death and recovered; my father died. The man reformed, but that did not bring my father back to mother and me.

Only mother and myself,—how dreary and sad it was to feel that! Had we relatives?—I often wondered, but dared not try to break down the barrier my mother always raised between us. If I asked, she looked at me in quiet surprise. Once she told me it was ill-bred of me to ask for more than she chose to tell me. You see, therefore, that my mother kept herself at a distance from me, and I could find no bridge whereby to span it. We moved into a country town, and there we earned a bare subsistence by keeping a shop. Vainly I entreated of my mother to let me try to earn a living by teaching; she quietly replied that she did not desire me to know the townfolk. Would she not move into a larger town where there would be scope for my energies? No; she preferred the town she had chosen—so we existed there.

I was very lonely, very sad. Often I looked into the faces of the passers-by, and wondered why none should show friendliness to us. From out the shadows of our pew in church I studied the faces of the congregation, and I lived ideal lives for them, and I put them into a world where all was brightness, all was glory. Yet none of them showed the least interest in mother and me.

At Hallowe'en and Christmas the large family pew belonging to the Grange was always crowded with visitors. Then came a time of joy for me. I judged the owner of the pew as the most noble and generous of men,—nor did my instincts lead me wrongly there. To his visitors I gave glad, happy lives, and I let my prayer-book drop unheeded and I dreamed and dreamed. Beside the owner of the pew, whom hereafter I learned to call "Cousin Joe," there always sat a dainty little fairy, whose lovely face and lustrous brown eyes I grew to love. I could hardly take my eyes from her. I almost cried with joy when Christmas-tide approached, and I knew that I should see her. At these times, so full of joy to me, my mother steadily refused to go to church, and so I always went alone. To-day, bent on thoughts of how to live, to subsist, to dress on such poor dole as our shop brought us, I neglected my usual opportunities of feeling happier at Christmas time. The Grange pew filled, and I barely noted the visitors. I watched them file into the churchyard with apathy. Then I too rose. In the porch stood a gentleman and the dainty lady I loved. They stopped before me, and barred my progress.

"I have seen you year after year, and I want to know you," said the lady, gently.

"It is Ellie Trelawney," said the gentleman. "I am Cousin Joe. Call me so if you speak to me. Ellie wants you to come and spend Christmas at the Grange; there are lots of girls there, and the more the merrier, you know."

"Yes," said Ellie, "please come. Cousin Joe likes to have the house full, and there is always lots of room; and then we are so happy there, and I want to know you so dreadfully; please say you will come."

I could say nothing. I was impressed with the idea that it was a vivid day-dream, that my hymn-book would fall and I should awake to reality.

"Perhaps you have a pleasanter place for Christmas," observed Cousin Joe.

"Oh, Cousin Joe! she could not have."

"You see, my dear," he observed, in a confidential whisper, "you cannot always have your own way."

"I should like to come so much," I said, "so very much. We never have Christmas, mother and I; she says she does not believe in it since father died."

"Lord help us!" exclaimed Cousin Joe, in real horror. "Poor woman! There, Ellie, I said she would have relatives. She cannot leave her mother—"

"She can bring her mother," said Ellie, sharply, turning to Cousin Joe. "We will go and ask her to come."

"That is just the very thing," said Cousin Joe. "You see, my dear, you can be sure of coming, for no one can withstand my little Ellie,"—this to me, as if in confidence.

At the church gates, the party from the Grange surrounded us, heartily, even boisterously welcomed me into their circle, and insisted on bearing us company up the street to our house. At the door they stopped. Some climbed into carriages and drove back to the Grange; others declared their intention of walking the ten miles home over the crisp snow. I opened the door and, without a moment's warning, ushered my new friends into the sitting-room.

Our dinner was on the table,—meagre, cold, and pitiful it looked.

"You are late, my child," said mother, without looking up.

"Eh, what, Lucy!" cried Cousin Joe, in a stentorian voice, then he

rushed forward and caught mother in his arms and hugged her as if she had been a lost child.

Mother tried to look reserved and proud as was her wont, but she suddenly burst into tears, and Cousin Joe, after embracing me, sent me off for her wraps, and as he put them round her in odd fashion, Ellie came forward and with deft nimble fingers arranged them comfortably.

"I entreat of you to leave us as you found us," mother said at last.

"Who *are* you, mother?" I cried, eagerly.

They all laughed then, even mother.

"I knew her when she was a baby," said Cousin Joe; "she was a naughty girl, and ran away from home to get married."

"I am not sorry for that," said my mother very haughtily.

"Of course you are not, if you still retain your pride in the Graeme temper," said Cousin Joe, sadly.

"I know who you are," said Ellie, suddenly; "you are Uncle Graeme's niece. He is nearly broken-hearted because you will not ask his forgiveness."

"I shall never ask forgiveness for an act I do not repent of," said my mother, very coldly "He tried to bend me to his will."

"We will not discuss the question now, at any rate," said Cousin Joe, regaining his hearty tone. "Come, children, let us go."

Before I had time to think, we were all packed comfortably into a phaeton, Cousin Joe and my mother in front, and Ellie Trelawney and I behind, looking at one another with surprise and joy. Suddenly she leaned across and kissed me. Then she asked me my name.

"It is Millicent," said I.

"That is beautiful!" she said, "I was sure you had a pretty name."

She told me then how she had often watched for me, and wondered at my

dreamy face, my sad expression, and lonely look. Then we entered the forest (for the Grange was ten miles away, in the midst of the woods), and the pines were bent under the weight of the snow, and icicles spiked the tips of the branches and the sun shone. Ellie Trelawney told me then long stories of gnomes and of wood sprites, of forest demons and forest fairies; of how these beneficent creatures filled the house belonging to Cousin Joe with happiness and brightness, of how like a fairy world the house became, of how every one was his best and happiest with Cousin Joe.

Even then we arrived at the portals of his house, and the merry party greeted us from the open door. Cousin Joe lifted me from the phaeton and set me in their midst,

"It is your cousin Millicent Dale," he said.

I thought the happiness, the joy, would kill me. Had I then a right to be here—could I claim cousinship with these happy folks?

"Luncheon, boys and girls," cried Cousin Joe.

Servants innumerable appeared, wraps and bonnets were taken off in the hall, and we all rushed away to lunch, leaving a perfect *mêlée* of clothing in the hall. "It was always so at Cousin Joe's," said Ellie; "servants were able by a prescience all their own to classify and restore things to their places."

After luncheon we all went out into the woods to walk. Ellie and I still inseparable, walked about in a fairy world, perfectly charmed with one another. At the edge of the wood was a footpath and a small stile, which led down the fields to a large, deserted-looking mansion.

"Your uncle lives there," said Ellie, with a keen look at me.

"My uncle!"

"Yes; he is afflicted as is your mother with the awful Graeme temper. You do not know what that is? then I will

tell you ; it is pitiless, cruel, stern,—it is a possession of the devil.”

“Come away,” I said, shivering. “I am glad I do not know him.”

“And yet,” said Ellie, “he is a noble and generous man—I could multiply instances.” Then she paused and looked straight into my face. “When the elders have quarrelled,” she said with deliberation, “it is for us children to make peace.”

“I am twenty,” said I smiling. “What should I do?”

“I cannot tell you ; it is Christmas ; that is in your favor. I think people should act for themselves, according to their opportunities.”

We walked home rather silently, and it was dusk when we arrived at the Grange. I was thinking deeply of Ellie’s suggestion, and my own vivid imagination suggested a hundred ways of making peace between my mother and my uncle. Still I shivered a little with dread when I thought of attacking my mother on the subject ; I knew too well how stern was the Graeme temper.

The girls were chatting round the immense log fire in the hall, and there was a general cry for Ellie to come and tell them a story to while away the time.

“You can do nothing without Ellie Trelawney,” said cousin Joe, laughingly. “No, Ellie, no stories yet ; let the children amuse themselves—I want you.”

They drew up the settee before the fire, and settled me comfortably in a corner, and then a noise of laughter outside proclaimed fresh arrivals, and a dozen young men entered the hall.

“An enchanted ring, Dalton ; come and break it.”

“My dear William, I am myself a victim, helplessly entangled.”

“William Trelawney, do come here and talk to us.”

The girls drew him inside the circle, full in front of the fire. He was like his sister, dark and with lustrous eyes ; but in stature he was much her superior. He was thirty years old ; and the

girls round the fire looked upon him as a kind of grandfather, to be plagued and teased ; and as such possessed of power to rebuke to wield at pleasure.

“What are my thoughts?” he cried, presently.

No one answered, and I ventured—

“Holly and Ivy—sparkling logs indoors and snow without.”

And as he looked keenly at me the girls cried—

“It is our cousin, Millicent Dale.”

At that moment Ellie came to my side, and whispered me to follow her.

Up the winding stair to the no less winding passages, and at last to a large room where, by a cheerful fire of wood, my mother sat talking to gentle Mrs. Trelawney.

“This is Millicent,” said Mrs. Trelawney. “So like what you were, Lucy.”

She rose and embraced me, then turned back to her conversation with my mother.

“It is time to dress for dinner,” said Ellie.

I colored silently, knowing that no dinner dress would be forthcoming from my scanty wardrobe.

“You are about Ethel’s height,” Ellie continued, “and she hopes you will make use of this dress this evening ; it has never been worn. Let me dress you in it.”

I was silent still, hardly knowing what to do.

“You do not know Ethel yet,” said Ellie, “when you do you will adore her as I do. She is most beautiful in mind and person ; and I will tell you a secret, I believe Willie feels in the same way as I do to her.”

“Who is she?”

“An old friend of my mother’s left her to mother’s care, and she always lives with us.”

As we talked, Ellie had arrayed me in the soft white robe—now she took up holly sprays and laid them in my hair.

"I always decorate my friends," she observed. "Willie says I have an artistic element in my character."

She flew off suddenly and left me before the glass, and I tried to realize that the pleasant picture reflected was myself, and to marvel at the power of dress as a beautifier.

"You will find the young people in the hall," said Mrs. Trelawney, observing that I was alone.

I found my way to the stairs, and then paused to look down into the hall. My eyes feasted on the glowing firelight, on the scarlet berries and trailing ivy which decorated the walls.

Looking toward the fire, I saw that only one girl sat before it. Her dress of soft crimson satin swept the floor, and her dreamy eyes were fixed upon the flames; her exquisite face wore a sad expression—as of one who had waited long and suffered patiently.

William Trelawney advanced from the shadows with a bunch of Christmas roses in his hand.

"Ethel, will you wear these in your hair?" he said gently.

She looked up, and I saw that her lips quivered. He laid the roses in the braids of her hair, and then took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"A Merry Christmas," said he. Then looking up he saw me.

A new arrival. The hall door opens and the snow drifts in; a wild wind whirls the flakes to the hearth. Ethel shakes them lightly from her crimson robe; the eager girls come trooping down the stairs.

"What! John Graeme!" cried William Trelawney, as a man entered snow-covered.

"John Graeme, of course," cried Cousin Joe, drawing him up to the fire-side. "Just in time for the fun, my lad."

"I came in answer to your letter," said the new comer, unwrapping him-

self, and showing a kind, shrewd face. "I must return as soon as I can."

"And how did you leave the old man?" said Cousin Joe, dropping his voice, so that only those round the fire could hear. Seemingly to them the question had no interest, for all except the Trelawneys drifted away to join the fun in the next room.

"I left him looking dismal enough—alone in that large house—solitary, caring for no one, and cared for by none but myself."

"I wish you could have brought him," said Cousin Joe.

"He is immovable," said John, sadly. "A victim to his pride in the Graeme temper."

"And I find Lucy as hopeless a case as ever," sighed Cousin Joe. "She loves her uncle, but she loves the pride in this Graeme peculiarity of temper far more. She will not stoop and ask forgiveness, nor will she express any sorrow for the unhappiness she has caused her relatives."

"Then I have made an unnecessary journey," said John. "I hoped much from your letter, and set out with the hope of taking back the child on whom he once lavished all the affection he was capable of. *Now*, I must return, and I suppose Christmas-tide must always come and go as solitary for him as this one is."

"It's hard upon you, too, lad," said Cousin Joe. "Dull times for you in your short, hardly-earned holiday."

"I am too sorry for him to think much of the trouble on my own account. He was once so different. He has always been such a steady friend of mine also."

"Well, well, lad, it is a disappointment all round. Thank goodness, the Graeme temper is confined to so few members of the family. It's a kind of madness. Here are two people, who have both injured one another, who love one another, of whom each is too proud to ask pardon of the other."

"Deplorable case," said William Trelawney, with a quick glance round to me. "What! going, John?"

"Yes; I cannot leave the old man alone; besides, it is of no use stopping, unless Aunt Lucy will relent."

Here I stepped forward, eagerly.

"Do," I said; "there's me."

"It is Millicent, Lucy's daughter," said Cousin Joe, drawing me forward to the newcomer.

His eyes travelled quickly over my dress, and rested on my face with keen enquiry.

"I can dress in two minutes," I said, "I have not the Graeme temper. I will go and spend Christmas with him."

I spoke incoherently, but I was understood. Eagerly I stood awaiting a decision.

"Yes," said John Graeme, with a smile, "Cousin Joe, we will do something brilliant now."

"You will take me," I said.

"Yes I will, indeed, if you can give up so much pleasure here, for an old man's sake."

"But not in this gauzy thing," said Cousin Joe, laying his hand on my white gown.

"Yes, just as she is; white dress, holly and ivy, and all. We shall be back in time for dinner. Cousin Joe, this is splendid."

That fleet-footed fairy, Ellie Trelawney, had rushed away for wraps; now she came back; and Cousin Joe, with John Graeme's help, rolled me up in shawl after shawl. Then Cousin Joe carried me out into the wintry night and placed me in the phaeton. The Trelawneys stood on the steps and wished us, "Merry Christmas and God-speed." Cousin Joe's hearty voice followed us with kind messages to the lonely man who chose to exile himself from his kin for one woman's sake, or rather fault.

"Look back," said John Graeme; "you will see a picture of true English

life, which in years to come you may be glad to remember."

I looked and saw the group upon the steps, and behind them the glorious blaze from the hall fire. I saw the quickly passing figures of the girls in their gay evening dresses, and the sparks that flew upward as some one stirred the logs.

"Cousin Joe is a man with a large heart and generous soul; such geniality is catching. I am usually tired of life when I come down to the country, but a few hours with Cousin Joe establishes me in the belief that humanity is beautiful, is wonderful, is worth studying, is worth loving," said John Graeme, as he turned the horse toward the dimness, the darkness of the pine woods.

The wind blew furiously, and the snow beat in our faces; the heavy pine boughs creaked and moaned. John Graeme put his arm round me and held me fast to his side.

"I am afraid you are a forest spirit," said he; "some tricksey creature that will vanish on coming to the light of day."

"And I am afraid that I have undertaken more than I can do," said I, shivering. "I am very shy."

"You must do as Ellie Trelawney does," he said, smiling; "forget yourself in what you are doing. We have the happiness of two people at stake."

"What are we to do?" asked I.

"Trust to Providence for inspiration," he said, smiling. "At any rate, you need not fear a rough reception, your uncle is gentleness itself. He adopted your mother when she was an infant, and perfectly adored her. He taught her to be very proud of her ancestry, and of certain qualifications of mind peculiar to the Graeme family. Then when she chose to marry against her uncle's will, he was greatly enraged. He grew also morose, and eschewed society."

"Yet you seem to know him well," said I.

"Yes, because I would. But I cannot make him a happy man. Can one be happy who indulges himself in nursing remembrance of old injuries? I think not. Year by year has seen him aged and more sombre."

The dark old house now loomed before us, gloomy in contrast with the bright fireside we had left. John Graeme carried me into the dimly-lighted hall, and left me for an instant. I looked round me. All dark, chill, sombre. No gay young voices, no bright firelight, no holly, no boughs of trailing ivy. My spirits sank to zero. John Graeme returned, and with him the housekeeper and butler. He had informed them of my arrival, and they were overflowing with delight at seeing Miss Lucy's child. Their gentle old hands unrolled the shawls from round me, and they almost cried for joy when they saw how like my mother I looked.

"The master is in the library," said the butler.

Then John took my hand, and we ascended the stairs. It seemed to me that every step took us into deeper gloom, and a pause at the head of the stairs was made in utter darkness. John Graeme whispered kind and encouraging words in my ear, and took me to the library door, ushered me into the room, gave my hand a warm pressure, and whispered "God speed you! my Christmas fairy," then disappeared in the shadows.

His words gave me courage. The wild blast of the wind seemed to bear a noble message on its wings—a choir of voices might have pealed it forth, so distinctly did my heart hear its burden—

"On earth, peace: good will among men." And I, Millicent, was to be the instrument by means of which the family feud should end. I advanced. My eye travelled over antique furniture and quaint, grotesque carvings, and rested pitifully on the sorrowful figure that stooped brooding over the fire. Then

I swiftly crossed the floor, knelt at my uncle's feet, and caught both his hands in mine. He was so immersed in thought that his eyes rested on me as if I were a part of his dream, and he smiled lovingly upon me, and laid his hand upon my hair. Afterwards, I learnt that my mother had been wont to kneel beside him thus long years ago. I bent my head and kissed his hand, and that broke the spell. He started up in astonishment. "Lucy! what trick is this? Good God! am I in possession of my senses?"

"I am Millicent," I cried, eagerly; "Lucy's only child. Father is dead. I have come to ask you to forgive my mother for disobeying your wishes. I am very sorry it all happened."

"Forgiveness! When ever did a Graeme ask forgiveness? Lucy never sent you," he said harshly.

"But I have come," I said. "I should have come years ago if I had known, but no one told me."

"Tush, child!"

"You can send me away, I know," I said; "but listen to me first. Mother is unhappy, sad, and hard to herself and me; and you are sad and lonely here. Do what you like to me, but I entreat of you to forgive my mother, and thus to end this misery."

He turned his face to me with a keen scrutinizing glance.

"Mother has the Graeme temper. Cousin Joe says it is a kind of disease—" I began.

"Cousin Joe is a lunatic to talk thus of the Graeme temper; are you aware I possess it myself," he said sternly.

"Yes," I said boldly, looking up into his face. "But I am not afraid of you."

He stirred the fire so that the blaze of the light shone full in my face. We looked at one another. His was a fine face and his snow white hair grew long. His eyes were keen though kindly in expression; the expression of his face intensely, morbidly sad.

My eyes suddenly filled with tears,

and he half opened his arms to me. I thought of all the kindness he had lavished on my mother, and my heart grew very warm towards him. Acting on impulse, I put my arms round his neck and kissed him. His arms closed round me in a warm embrace.

"Why, why!" he said, in a tremulous voice, "have you come to show the old man that there is still a warm spot in his heart. I thought it was withered up, child."

"Let me love you," I said; "father is dead, and we are so lonely."

"Lonely! child; what must I be?" he asked, in a bitter tone.

He put me away from him, and paced up and down the room. I sat beside the hearth, trembling, waiting, dreading that the increased velocity of his movements, and his almost fierce gestures, boded ill to my mission. I ventured to look into his face as he paused beside the hearth. He furiously poked the logs; the sparks flew out and threatened to finish my existence by setting fire to my dress. He stamped them out with energy; then taking me, held my face to the light.

"Let me look at you; if you are not true and sincere, I shall find it out by your eyes."

I tried hard to look firmly at him, but my lips quivered; I felt my cheeks crimson and my eyes swam with tears.

"It is a true face, and has suffered. I can see that," he said. "Come, come, my child, my little Millicent, you at least have done no wrong. What tears!"

He drew me close into his arms, and patted my head; and I drove back my tears, bidding them wait for a more convenient season. Then he said in a kind, even caressing tone.

"What do you want me to do; you must have come here with some motive?"

"I came to see you," I said. "I heard you were solitary, and I could not bear to keep away, and I thought—"

"What did you think?" he asked, quickly.

"It is the blessed Christmas-tide," I said, trembling very much, "and I hoped you might forgive; that you might think that to overcome the power of the Graeme temper by such noble conduct greater than succumbing to its power," —I stopped for breath—

"You are a bold little girl," he said, patting my head kindly; "go on."

"That is all," I said, trying hard to keep from crying. "If you will forgive me, too, for coming, and let me stay and help to make a merry Christmas for you."

There was a long silence then, and the firelight almost died away. In the dusk I heard John Graeme approaching, but my uncle did not move.

"Uncle," said John Graeme, softly.

"Well," he said, sharply.

"Am I to take Millicent away again?" he asked, laying a hand on mine.

My uncle clasped me tightly in his arms and kissed me over and over again.

"No, never again! never again! if she consents to stay with us," he said, eagerly.

And I whispered softly: "And mother?"

"And mother, too," he added, in a more constrained voice.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," said John Graeme, smiling.

"You are happy now, I suppose," said my uncle, turning a smile full of meaning on John. "You have a craze for peace-making, you unworthy member of the Graeme family."

"Blame Cousin Joe for that," said John, lightly. "His motto is 'Peace on earth, good will toward men,' and his life is worthy of his motto. I believe he makes more happy hearts at his delightful house, at Hallowe'en and Christmas-tide, than many men do in a lifetime."

As he poked the logs asunder, and bright flames leapt forth, the sparks flew upon the hearth, and John and I interchanged looks of intense satisfaction. Just then dinner was announced.

My uncle jumped up with alacrity, and took me in state to the dining-room, where he installed me with much ceremony at the head of the table. The unwonted position, the knowledge that I had achieved so much, that a happier future was in store for us all, gave brilliancy to my mind and boldness to my present mood—I made my uncle laugh until the large old room sent back echoes. I saw astonishment in John Graeme's face, and almost the blankness of utter and profound surprise on the faces of the servants who waited. When dinner was over we stood round the hearth, and my uncle surveyed me critically.

"She is very pretty, this little Millicent of ours," he said at last, laying his hand upon my head with a tender look in his eyes.

"No! do not be deluded into thinking so," I answered eagerly; "it is only because I have on the dress and the holly. Ellie Trelawney did all that. It is not mine, you know."

"Not yours!" he said, smiling and frowning at the same time. "Come now, tell me what you mean by that."

He sat down in his easy chair, and John Graeme brought me a stool, so that I could sit at his feet, and then sat close by himself.

"Mother was very poor," I said. "We kept a shop."

My uncle started out of his chair, horror-stricken. "Kept a shop, a Graeme kept a shop!" He sank back and looked at me quite bewildered.

John Graeme laughed. "Go on," he said to me; "you cannot astonish us more than you have done. Begin at the beginning and tell us all about yourself."

I needed no second bidding, and I told as clearly as I could all the details I could remember of my childhood. It was natural that I should often have to mention my father's name, since every incident of those early days was connected with him. I told of his beautiful life, of his noble self-sacrificing end.

My uncle exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "He was a noble fellow!" John Graeme with sympathetic gesture bade me proceed with my recital. There was little more to tell, only of drudgery, of poverty, of the struggle for the bare necessities of life, and, last of all, of the kindness of Cousin Joe.

"The man is not so bad after all," growled my uncle, rising and pacing the room. Presently he left the room, and when he returned, was accounted for the inclemency of the night.

"Have you any message for your mother?" said he.

John and I sat by the bright log fire and talked of past and present, until the hours flew by and my uncle returned. Next day, the whole party from Cousin Joe's invaded the house, and made the old rooms ring with laughter. It was a pleasant sight to see the portly Cousin Joe heading the merry party as it advanced through the woods; pleasanter still to see the light upon my uncle's face as he talked with my mother. It needed little persuasion on Cousin Joe's part to induce my uncle to leave his lonely house, and join the merry circle at the Grange for the coming week—a week of intense joy to me, of bewildering delight. Where was the lonely, sorehearted Millicent? Gone, and in her place a girl petted and loved by all around her. There was a change in my mother, too. The hard lines in her face softened, and she grew tender in her behavior to myself.

Ellie Trelawney said the forest fairies were weaving their spells within the enchanted wood, and their frosted handiwork gave play to all the skates that could be mustered. In the hours between lights we took it in turn to tell stories, and Ellie told us a series of stories which we called the "Holly Berries and Ivy Leaves."

And John Graeme?
Out in the pine wood, under the boughs so weighted by snow—where

the ground was spiked with icicles and the frost flowers covered the dead leaves, John Graeme told me the story so new to me, so old to the universe—the story that has its beginning here and ends only with eternity. When the spring came we were married. Ellie Trelawney dressed me for my bridal in wood-flowers and vines over my soft, white robe.

The tide of life surges back and forth ; it brings its joys and its sorrows, but its burden is never so heavy upon me now when I think of the possibility of making others happy, as exemplified by the genial-hearted Cousin Joe, into whose

capacious cousinhood all can enter who, for sign manual, can show sad faces or the lines of care and sorrow on their brows.

* * * *

Mother and uncle found that their two wills came into collision frequently at first ; but John and I generally make peace between them. If, indeed, we find them very obdurate, we send for Cousin Joe. Even now I see him emerge from the pine-wood, and hear his hearty voice calling for me ; and I know that in his genial presence the whole household will be full of peace and happiness.

TANTALUS.

BY JOHN J. PROCTER.

Up to the lips in the river, the cool clear river that glides
 With its laughter of rolling ripples, and swell of its soft singing tides ;
 The river that talks of the forest, of the feathery fronds of the palm,
 Of the dim green light of the woods, their silence, and shade, and calm.

On the bank the sphered gold of the orange gleams in the golden rays,
 And the lemon shelters her fruit in her leaflets' glossy maze ;
 What though the sun be on high, and a terrible fire in his beam ?
 There are fruit and shade on the bank, and around him the rushing stream.

It is but to bend the head, or it is but to stretch the hand ;
 He may quench his thirst in the river, may quench his thirst on the land,
 The awful thirst that is leaping and burning in every vein,
 The thirst that gnaws at his heart, and tears at the maddened brain.

Lo ! as he stoops to the waters, the waters flash into flame ;
 As he raises his head with a sigh, the clear river runs the same ;
 As he reaches his hand to the fruit, the lemons burst into fire,
 And the meteor globes of the orange grow red, and mount higher and higher.

If a cloud comes over the sun, it comes as a furnace blast,
 A fire-mist covering fire, and a shadow of flame is cast ;
 If a breeze ripples over the stream, as it touches his brow and eye,
 The great sun smites it into a blaze, and its kiss is an agony.

Nay ! were it liquid lava he will stoop down his head and drink,
 But e'en as his lips touch the waters they tremble away and shrink ;
 Yet the heart keeps longing and longing ; he will clutch the wave with his hand ;
 He bows himself down till he grasps a handful of burning sand.

Alone on the wide-spread desert, with flame around and below,
 And the Archer above is shooting arrows of fire from his bow.
 Well ! Death were a welcome guest ; there is rest and shade in the tomb ;
 He will raise himself up once more, and face, like a man, his doom !

Up to the lips in the river, the cool clear river that glides
 With its laughter of rolling ripples, and swell of its soft-singing tides ;
 The river that talks of the forest, of the feathery fronds of the palm,
 Of the dim green light of the woods, of their silence, and shade, and calm.

The breezes play in the woods ; they have come from the rolling seas,
 They have kissed the lips of the waves, and now they are kissing the trees ;
 They flutter among the leaves with their wings all wet with the spray,
 And the little leaves catch them and drink ; the little leaves drink all day.

In the forest is silence and rest : in the forest is coolness and shade ;
 The birds are asleep in the branches ; the flowers are asleep in the glade ;
 In the forest the river is born, the river that rushes along
 Out in the world from the forest with a snatch of the great wood's song.

Up to the lips in the river, the cool clear river that glides
 With its laughter of rolling ripples, and swell of its soft-singing tides ;
 The river that talks of the forest, of the feathery fronds of the palm,
 Of the dim green light of the woods, of their silence, and shade, and calm.

And the orange tree close by his head hangs her full-orbed gold as before,
 And the lemon tree spreads her green over her fruit as of yore ;
 It is but to bend the head, and it is but to stretch the hand,
 And the thirst that is throned in his brain may be quenched in stream or on land.

Ah me ! for the fruitless attempt that is made again and again ;
 Ah me ! for the brain that is mocked ; ah me ! for the sick heart's pain.
 Fierce is the thirst, and fiercer the longing that cannot be filled,
 But, woe is me ! for the hope that is ever betrayed but not stilled.

Is it an empty fable? What answerest thou, O Soul,
That art up to the lips in life's river, whose waters around thee roll?
The river that springs from the tree in the garden where Adam trod,
The river that sings of the beauty and rest of the Eden of God.

It comes from the hidden depths of the Paradise into the glare,
The turmoil and heat of the world, the furnace of sorrow and care;
And ever it sings of the highest, of the good, and noble, and true;
And ever we clutch at its waters, and e'en in the clutching rue.

For the apples of Sodom, that turn at the touch into ashes and dust,
Were precious fruits to the things that we seek for, and lean on, and trust.
Rest, Pleasure, and Riches, and Love, and Power, and Honor, and Rank
Are the golden spheres of the orange that grow over our heads on the bank;

The green gold eggs of the lemon that burst into burning fire,
The meteor globes that mount up, and leave but a fiercer desire;
It is but to bow the head, or it is but to stretch out the hand,
And the hand is blistered with flame, and the dry lips cracked with the sand.

Ah me! for the fruitless trial that is made again and again;
Ah me! for the heart that is mocked; ah me! for the wearied brain;
Oh, woe is me! for the hunger for good that cannot be filled,
And woe! for the hope that is ever betrayed and never is killed.

Yet the river sings as it runs, of beauty, and love, and calm,
Of the spice of the unseen Eden, and the feathery fronds of its palm;
For it fain would tell us its secret; tell of the palm tree that waves
Over the dead that are resting—over the witnesses' graves;

Over the martyrs of God, who, plunged in the river, knew
By self-denial to grasp the noble, and good, and true,
For the hope that is ever betrayed is the self that can never be filled,
And the rest that the river sings of, comes when the hope is killed.

Up to the lips in the river, and smote by the blaze of the day,
Far past the fruit on the bank, and the waves at their lips, their thoughts stray,
And the Archer may bend his bow till heaven and earth be one flame;
But theirs is the life of the river, hid in the source whence it came.

THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF MONTGOMERY'S DEATH.

BY E. P., QUEBEC.

We have now glided ninety-nine years and eleven months down the stream of Time since General Montgomery gallantly fell while striving to plant the American flag on the walls of Quebec. On the coming New Year's Eve a century will have rolled by since his frozen corpse was found under the newly fallen snow.

On the side of the embattled heights of the Gibraltar of America, there is an old fort that has withstood the wasting rains of more than two hundred summers. It nestles like an eagle's eyry two hundred and fifty-nine feet above the road beneath, and one hundred and thirty feet from the Citadel above. Its position is so secluded that it is not easily seen, and its approach is so difficult that it is seldom, if ever, visited except by goats. This cramped up and long disused fortification has an interesting history. Built in primitive times, when the war-whoop of the Iroquois used to startle the early settlers, it has passed through five sieges, and has resounded with the roar of the cannon of three nations, the English, French, and American. Its semi-circular wall is as slight as were nearly all those walls built before war became a science. Compared with the citadel above, the contrast is striking. So unpretending is it as to almost justify one in the belief that it was erected by our forefathers when they lived in huts made of wicker and mud, and fought with clubs and tin swords.

Shortly after the Americans destroyed that tea in Boston Harbor, the

English Loyalists of Quebec had to bestir themselves. With such energy did General Montgomery act, and with such rapidity were his movements made, that, in almost no time, Quebec was the only place on the American continent where the Union Jack was unfurled, and even its suburbs were in the hands of the Americans. Just as the gallant sons of England were giving way to despair, an event happened which inspired them with fresh hope. In the old fort already spoken of, on the 31st of December, 1775, a trusty little band watched the old year out and the new one in. On that snowy night, when the sands of the old year were almost run, the fort's only cannon was discharged at the Americans' advancing column. When a deathlike stillness had reigned for some time, a small party of men was sent out with lanterns to see what was the result. After a short search, they found a hand sticking up above the snow. The body, when pulled up, was found to be frozen stiff, and the face greatly distorted. Close by, twelve more bodies were found. As the first picked up had the uniform of an American officer, his remains were carried to a little old-fashioned one-story house in St. Louis street, which still stands. Next day, Mrs. Prentice, who had often seen General Montgomery at her husband's *café*, when he was an officer of the British Army, said the body was his. It was then buried a short distance from St Louis Gate. No sooner was General Montgomery under the ground, than the Americans began to meet

with reverses. One by one, England regained her former possessions.

We are now about to give, from a Canadian point of view, a brief and unvarnished account of the operations of that part of the American army that invaded Canada during the war of Independence, and hope that our intimate acquaintance with the spots made interesting by the deeds done during Montgomery's last days, may be some slight excuse for offering our remarks to the public. After Crown Point and Ticonderoga were taken, Generals Schuyler and Montgomery marched to Canada by the Richelieu River with two thousand men; and General Arnold by the Kennebec and Chaudiere Rivers with one thousand men. As soon as Governor Carleton perceived that the Americans were advancing upon Canada, he tried to secure the assistance of the French-Canadians. Considering that, as the French feudal law was still in force in Canada, the seigniors and their tenants owed military service to the King, he determined to enroll the militia. Many of the seigniors took the same view as the Governor, and, in a very short time, assembled their tenants to explain to them the nature of the law. But the *habitants* were so sick of the last war (that between Wolfe and Montcalm), and took so little interest in the present one, that they flatly refused to obey the seigniors. The Governor was very awkwardly situated. He had, scattered all along the frontier forts, only the 7th and 26th regiments, consisting of but eight hundred men fit for service. Without the French-Canadians he could offer only a slight resistance to those advancing upon him. After having in vain tried in every way to prevail upon them to take up arms, he at last went to Bishop de Briand for his aid. The Bishop at once cheerfully consented to do all in his power to strengthen the Governor's hands. He immediately issued a pastoral to his clergy, to be read in all the churches, calling upon the people to

support General Carleton. This move was attended with no more success than any of the former ones. The French of the lower classes generally seemed to be totally indifferent. Of this state of affairs Schuyler and Montgomery took advantage. On the 5th of September they arrived at Isle-aux-Noix, and scattered throughout the Province a proclamation informing the French that they had no intention of harming them nor of injuring their property, and that they came only against the British. Shortly after their arrival General Schuyler went to Albany on account of ill health, and left General Montgomery in full command, who, with the main part of his army, proceeded against Fort St. John on the 17th, and sent the rest of his men to make an attack on the fort at Chambly. At the same time Ethan Allen went with a small reconnoitring party towards Montreal. Mr. Allen, by means of spies and scouts, found out that the town was badly defended, and that a good number of the inhabitants were favorable to the Americans. Although he had only two hundred men he resolved to take it by surprise. As he approached Montreal, he became alarmed, and remained in some barns in the vicinity of the town. He was shortly afterwards taken prisoner and sent to England, where he was confined in Pendennis Castle. To counterbalance this gain, Major Stopford, in a cowardly manner, surrendered the fort at Chambly on the first appearance of the Americans. The powder obtained at this fort enabled Montgomery to keep up the fire on Fort St. John, which was holding out gallantly in hope that Governor Carleton would come to their assistance. When Major Preston, of the 26th (the defender of Fort St. John), was informed by General Montgomery that Governor Carleton had made an attempt to come to his aid, but had been checked by a force sent out for that purpose, he surrendered the fort

and marched out with all the honors of war. In these two forts nearly all the English regulars in Canada were captured. After having sent a detachment to Sorel to cut off the retreat of the British from Quebec, General Montgomery marched with the rest of his army to Montreal. General Carleton, with Major Prescott and one hundred and twenty men, destroyed all the stores they could, and left the town for Quebec. Major Prescott and most of his men were captured at Sorel. At the dead of night Carleton passed down the river in a small boat with muffled oars. In Montreal Montgomery gained the good-will of the people by his affability, kindness, and consideration for their feelings.

While Montgomery was engaged on the Upper St. Lawrence, Colonel Arnold's division sailed up the Kennebec, crossed the swamps and marshes between its source and that of the Chaudiere, and then descended the rapids and falls of the Chaudiere. The sufferings of the men were so great that they were compelled to eat dog's flesh, and even the leather of their cartouch boxes. Yet, with wonderful pluck and great determination, they pushed on, and reached Quebec on the 9th of November. Had not the Indian to whom Colonel Arnold had entrusted a letter to General Montgomery handed it to Governor Carleton instead, Colonel Arnold would have arrived at Quebec unexpectedly, for the inhabitants thought it utterly impossible for soldiers to surmount the difficulties that lay in the way. When he arrived at Point Levi, he found that all the shipping had been removed to the Quebec side of the river, and that the sloop of war called the "Hunter" was plying up and down to prevent his crossing. Notwithstanding the precautions taken by the authorities, Arnold succeeded in crossing the river in small boats on the night of the 13th, four days after his arrival, and landed at Wolfe's Cove.

Next morning he appeared on the Plains of Abraham, advanced towards the city, and, when near the walls, his men gave three cheers. On being saluted with grape shot, he retreated to Pointe-aux-Trembles, to await Montgomery's arrival. The garrison now consisted of three hundred and fifty Canadian Militia, five hundred British, and one hundred and fifty of the old Fraser Highlanders, that had settled in the country, whom Col. McLean had brought from Sorel the day before Arnold crossed the river. On the 19th, Governor Carleton succeeded in reaching Quebec, and was received by the garrison with unbounded enthusiasm.

Both sides now prepared for the coming contest with bated breath. The whole garrison was kept in awful suspense. Montgomery had swept all before him, and, flushed with victory, was thought to be on his way down the St. Lawrence. Should he succeed, England might bid farewell to her possessions in America. Governor Carleton ordered out all the disaffected, and vigorously set to work to have everything ready for the siege. The stakes were great. The two branches of the Saxon race were doing their best. In a letter to Montgomery, dated Point Levi, November 13th, 1775, Colonel Arnold says: "I have near forty canoes ready; and, as the wind has moderated, I design crossing this evening. The 'Hunter' sloop and the 'Lizard' frigate lie opposite to prevent us, but make no doubt I shall be able to avoid them."

From Montreal, Montgomery writes in November, 1775, a long letter to Robert Livingston, in which occur these words: "I need not tell you that till Quebec is taken, Canada is unconquered; and that, to accomplish this, we must resort to siege, investment, or storm." After showing it to be impossible to take it by siege, on account of the strength of the walls, the lightness of his guns, and the difficulty of mak-

ing trenches in a Canadian winter, he says: "Wolfe's success was a lucky hit, or rather a series of such hits; all sober and scientific calculation was against him, until Montcalm, permitting his courage to get the better of his discretion, gave up the advantages of his fortress, and came out to try his strength on the plains. Carleton, who was Wolfe's Quartermaster-General, understands this well, and it is to be feared, will not follow the Frenchman's example." The excitement was general. George Washington, the Assemblies of the New England States, and the State of New York, were greatly concerned. At the end of a long letter to John Hancock, Esq., George Washington makes use of these words: "You doubtless will have heard, ere this reaches you, of General Montgomery's having got possession of Montreal; I congratulate you thereon. He has troubles with his troops as well as I have. All I can learn of Colonel Arnold is that he is near Quebec. I hope Montgomery will be able to proceed to his assistance. I shall be very uneasy until I hear they are joined."

Thomas Jefferson sends to John Randolph the following letter:—

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

* * * This day, certain intelligence has reached us that our General Montgomery is received into Montreal and we expect every hour to be informed that Quebec has opened its arms to Colonel Arnold, &c. In a short time, we have reason to hope, the delegates from Canada will join us in Congress, and complete the American union as far as we wish to have it completed, &c.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

To John Randolph, Esq., London.

The Continental Congress thus addresses General Montgomery:—

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30th, 1775.

SIR,

* * * The victories already gained in Canada afford us a happy presage of

the smiles of Providence on the further designation of the Continental arms in the North, and will, in all probability, greatly facilitate the entire reduction of the deluded malignants of that Province to liberty. These, sir, are exploits so glorious in their execution, and so extensive in their consequences, that the name of General Montgomery will doubtless be of equal duration with the remembrance of the benefits derived from his command, &c., &c.

JOHN HANCOCK, President.

To General Montgomery.

During the whole of December nothing was done; Montgomery's plan was to fatigue the garrison by keeping it constantly on the watch for an attack. At length, becoming tired of inaction and being compelled by the intense cold to take some steps toward the reduction of the stronghold, he determined to begin the attack. He accordingly called together his men on the 30th and informed them that, as in a previous attempt on the fortress they found their guns too light to make any impression, he had concluded to make a night attack. All that was said was carried by a deserter to Governor Carleton, who immediately made preparations for the assault. A feint was made upon St. John's Gate in order to draw off attention from the real point to be assailed. On the night of the 31st, while the snow was falling heavily, General Montgomery marched upon an end of the Lower Town, called Pres-de-Ville, and Colonel Arnold upon the other called Sault-au-Matelôt. In command of the first battery near Pres-de-Ville (which was defended by some Canadian Militia and nine seamen), was Captain Barnsfair. In dead silence the little band awaited the onset. The sailors stood with lighted matches ready to fire. Montgomery with five hundred men stealthily drew near. When close upon the battery he halted to reconnoitre. In a short time the officer who had been sent forward came back, and said that there was nothing stirring. The Americans then rushed forward,

and Captain Barnsfair ordered his men to fire.

"Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery."

Under this unexpected discharge, down went the first of the advancing column; the rest hastily retreated. Under the snow were found thirteen men; among them was Montgomery.

The six hundred led by Arnold against the other end of the town carried the first barrier. Arnold was wounded and taken to the rear, and Captain Morgan placed in command. The guard was now forced to the second barrier, two hundred yards nearer the centre of the town.

Governor Carleton, who had now arrived from the part of the town attacked by General Montgomery, made a sortie from Palace Gate, drove the Americans from a strong building (now standing), and compelled them to surrender to the number of four hundred and twenty-six. In February of 1776, reinforcements from Massachusetts and Montreal raised Arnold's force to upwards of one thousand. He began the siege again, but could make no impression on the walls. Before the month of April, the Americans had upwards of two thousand. Major-General Thomas had then the supreme command. On the 5th of May, it was decided by a council of war, called by Major-General Thomas, to retreat immediately. Thus ended the fifth siege of Quebec.

The death of Montgomery had a very depressing effect upon all the supporters of the American cause. General Schuyler, in his letter to General Washington, says: "I wish I had no occasion to send, my dear General, this melancholy account. My amiable friend, the gallant Montgomery, is no more." General Washington, in his reply, says: "I am heartily sorry, and most sincerely condole with you upon the unhappy fall of the brave and worthy Montgomery." The President of Congress,

General Wooster, Randolph, Jefferson, &c., &c., all deeply regretted his loss.

Almost immediately after the close of the war, American ladies and gentlemen came to see the places where their brave officers and men fell. As time crept on, the visitors came in greater numbers. Now Quebec has become the Mecca of American tourists visiting Canada. In fact, the stream of travel has swollen so much, that Mr. Willis Russell, an American gentleman, has made money enough to carry on not only the St. Louis Hotel, but also the Russell House. Although it is true he has no opposition, yet a proprietor must do a good business to keep two hotels going that are open only during the summer months; and to keep them, too, so well, that the members of the Massachusetts' Press Association said it was the only place in Canada where a decent meal could be got. Last summer they had some days three hundred guests at the St. Louis, counting Americans only.

Little groups of tourists could be seen any morning, shortly after the arrival of the Richelieu boats, standing before an old house on St. Louis street, reading the following words:

The body of General Montgomery, U. S. A., was laid out in this house, 31st December, 1775.

One day last summer an American lady found, in the Museum of the Literary and Historical Society, a curious old faded manuscript, torn and patched, written in 1828, upwards of fifty years after Montgomery's fall, by a Mr. Thompson, an English officer. This old gentleman, who had buried Montgomery, and had attended the Americans made prisoners during the siege, was much sought after by American tourists. If any faith may be put in the stories handed down to us, oftentimes did young ladies and gentlemen, and middle-aged ladies and gentlemen, born after the curtain had dropped on the sad scene, listen with a sort of melancholy pleasure to the accounts of

the sufferings of their forefathers, given by one whose eyes had seen what he was describing. When the old man's years were at their brim, and his feeble health would not permit him any longer to act as cicerone, he sat down to write a short sketch of the siege. The story is told in a peculiar style. Some of the sentences are difficult to follow, yet perhaps it is better to give it as it is written. It runs thus:—

31ST DECEMBER, 1775.

GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY
AND HIS SWORD.

As related by Mr. James Thompson, Overseer of Works for the garrison of Quebec, who, from his public situation, had a particular knowledge of the circumstances.

General Montgomery was killed on the occasion of his heading a division of American troops, while moving up to the assault of Quebec, on the night of the 31st December, 1775, during a heavy snow-storm from the north-east. Under the favor of which, as also to avoid the opposed situation to which his men would have been subjected, had the attack been made on the land side, where there were hawthorns and composition pots kept burning every night during the absence of the moon, he expected the better to carry his point.

The path leading round the bottom of the rock on which the garrison stands, and called Pres-de-Ville, was then quite narrow, so that the front of the line could only present a few files of men. The sergeant (Hugh McQuarters) who had charge of the Barrier Guard (now Cape Diamond), where there was a gun kept loaded with grape, and levelled every evening in the direction of the said footpath, had orders to be vigilant, and when assured of the approach of any body of men, to fire the gun. It was General Montgomery's fate to be amongst the leading files of

the storming party, and the precision with which Mr. McQuarters acquitted himself of the orders he had received resulted in the death of the General, two of his officers and a sergeant. At least these were all that could be found after the search that was directed to be made. There was but one discharge of the gun, from which the General received a grape shot in his chin, one in his groin, and one through his thigh. I never could ascertain whether the defection of Montgomery's followers was in consequence of the fall of their leader, or whether owing to their being panic-struck—a consequence so peculiar to an unlooked-for shock in the dead of night, and when almost on the point of coming to action the meeting with an obstruction (in the barrier) when one was not suspected to exist—be that as it may, he, or rather the cause in which he had engaged, was deserted by his followers at the instant that their intrepidity and perseverance were most needed. Considering the weak state of the garrison of Quebec, it is hard to say how much farther the enterprise might have been carried had Montgomery effected a junction with Arnold, whose division of the storming party, then simultaneously approaching by the Sault-au-Matelôt extremity, was left to carry on the contest alone, unaided, and which was left to sustain the whole brunt of the battle. But, as I do not undertake to give a detailed history of the whole of the events, I return to *Montgomery and his Sword.*

Holding the situation of Overseer of Works in the Engineer Department at Quebec, and there being no engineer present, I had the superintendence of the defences to be erected throughout the place, which brought to my notice almost every incident connected with military operations of the Blockade of 1775, and from the part I had performed in the affair, generally, I considered I had some right to withhold the General's sword, particularly as it was ob-

tained on the battle-ground. On its having been ascertained that Montgomery's division had withdrawn, a party went out to view the effects of the shot, when, as the snow had fallen on the previous night about knee-deep, the only part of a body that appeared above the snow was that of General Montgomery himself, whose hand and part of the arm was in an erect position, but the body itself was much distorted, the knees being drawn up towards the head. The other bodies that were found at that moment were his aides-de-camps, Cheesemen and McPherson, and one sergeant. The whole were hard frozen; Montgomery's sword (and he was the only officer of that army who wore a sword, that I ever perceived) was close by his side, and as soon as it was discovered, which was by a drummer, who made a snatch at it on the spur of the moment, and no doubt considered it his lawful prize, but I immediately got him to deliver it up to me, and sometime afterwards I made him a present of seven shillings and sixpence by way of prize money. The sword has been in my possession to the present day (August, 1828.) It has a head at the top of the hilt, somewhat resembling a bulldog's, with cropped ears. The edges are indented, with a ring passing through the under-jaw, from which is suspended a double chain communicating with the front-tip of the guard by a second ring; at the lowest end of the handle there is, on each side, a figure of a spread eagle. The whole of the metal-part of the hilt is of silver. About half an inch of the back part of the guard was broken off while in my possession. The handle itself is of ivory, and undulated obliquely from top to bottom; the blade, which is 22 inches long and fluted near the back, is single edged with a slight curve towards the point, about six inches of which, however, is sharp at both edges, and the word "Hervey" is imprinted on it five and a half inches from the top in Ro-

man capitals, in a direction upwards; the whole length of the blade is two feet four inches. When found it had no scabbard or sheath, but I soon had the present one made, and mounted with silver to correspond, and, as it was shorter and lighter than my own, I adopted it and wore it in lieu.

Having some business at the "Seminaire," where there was a number of American officers prisoners of war, I had occasion to be much vexed with myself for having taken it with me, for the instant they observed it, they knew it to have been their General's, and they were very much affected by the recollections that it seemed to bring to their minds—indeed several of them wept audibly. I took care, however, in mercy to the feelings of those ill-fated gentlemen, whenever I had to go to the Seminary, to leave the sword behind me.

To return to the General. The body, on being brought within the walls, was identified by Mrs. Widow Prentice (who then kept the hotel by the name of the "Freemason's Hall") by a scar on one of his cheeks, and by the General having frequently lodged with her on the previous occasions of his coming to Quebec on business. General Carleton, the Governor, being satisfied as to his identity, ordered that the body should be decently buried, but in the most private manner, and entrusted the business to me. I accordingly had the body conveyed to a small log house in St Louis street (opposite the then residence of Judge Dunn), the second from the corner of Sainte Ursule street, owned by one Gaubert, a cooper, and I ordered Henry Dunn, a joiner, to prepare a suitable coffin; this he complied with in every respect becoming the rank of the deceased, having covered it with fine black cloth, and lined it with flannel. After the business was completed there was nobody to indemnify the six dollars that Dunn gave the six men who bore the coffin to the grave; he wished to insist on my paying his

account, as I had given the orders for the work ; but, as I could not have required his men (having enough of my own), I continued to put him off from time to time, and I really believe it remains unpaid to this day ; however, Dunn is long since dead, and, as he could well afford to be at the loss, it was perhaps, after all, only compelling him to a generous act towards a fallen foe. He deserved, in some measure, to sustain the loss, for I gave him no directions about the six men, as I had a party of my own, in waiting at the chateau, to carry the corpse to the grave at the moment that General Carleton conceived proper ; and when I did ascertain his wishes to that effect, I proceeded to Gaubert's, when I was told that Mr. Dunn had just taken away the corpse ; this was about the setting of the sun on the fourth of January, 1776. I accordingly posted up to the place where I had ordered the grave to be dug (just along side that of my first wife, within and near the surrounding wall of the powder magazine, in the gorge of the St. Louis Bastion), and found, in addition to the six men and Mr. Dunn, the undertaker, that the Rev. Mr. Montmatlin, military chaplain, was in attendance, and the business thus finished before I got there. On satisfying myself that the grave was properly covered up, I went and reported the circumstances to General Carleton, who expressed himself not too well pleased with Dunn's officiousness.

It having afterwards been decided to demolish the powder magazine and to erect a casemated barrack in its stead, I took care to mark the spot where Montgomery was buried by having a small cut stone inserted in the pavement within the barrack yard, and this precaution enabled me afterwards to point out the place to a nephew of the General's, who, hearing that the person who had the direction of the burial of his

uncle's corpse was still living, came to Quebec about the year 1818, for the laudable purpose of obtaining the permission of the Military Commander, then General Sherbrooke, to take away the remains.

I was of course called upon for the purpose of pointing out the spot, and having repaired thither with young Mr. Montgomery and several officers of the garrison, together with some friends of the deceased, I directed the workmen, at once, where to dig, and they accordingly took up the pavement exactly in the direction of the grave. The skeleton was found complete, the coffin nearly decayed, and no part of the black cloth of the outside, nor of the flannel of the inside, was visible. A leather thong with which the box had been tied was in a state of preservation. There is a spring of water near the place, which may have had the effect of hastening the decay of the contents of the grave.

The particulars attending the removal of the remains through the several towns of the United States, to their ultimate place of deposit, were published in all the public papers on that line of communication.

(Certified),

JAS. THOMPSON,
Overseer of Works.

QUEBEC, the sixteenth day
of August, in the year One
thousand eight hundred and
twenty-eight.

The above particulars were committed to paper in consequence of the frequent visits of American ladies and gentlemen to obtain a view of Montgomery's sword, and to hear the recital of the circumstances attending his death and burial, and in view of avoiding the fatigue occasioned by the recital at my father's advanced age.

JAS. THOMPSON, Junr.,
Ass't. Com.-Gen.

THE SISTERS.

BY THOS. J. OLIVER, HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, QUEBEC.

Mournfully tolled the bell of the village church of Parkgate as the earthly remains of its once vicar were carried to their last resting-place; but far more mournful than any sound were the sad, broken hearts of Edith and Adelaide Creighton as they followed their father to the grave, in whose dark depths, within but a year past, he had laid the mother of his now orphan children; orphans, friendless, penniless. A brother had been theirs, Clarence; but, born near the sea, he partook of its wild unrest, and in an early morning, some few years before, he had boarded one of the many, small craft which float down the tide of the murky Dee, and had not since been heard of. He was a generous and free-hearted boy, but the restraints of a parsonage too much controlled his wandering instinct; and thus it was that, at the early ages of seventeen and nineteen, Edith and Adelaide, bereft of their parents, were without a protector. After the funeral the girls returned to their desolate home and held a family consultation. They had been educated in the city of Chester, and had received, in a young ladies' seminary, a good education; besides the usual branches, they had studied German and French, and could sing Italian songs. To become governesses seemed the only path open to them, and on that step they decided; but in England they knew there were countless young girls open to similar

engagements, and their hearts failed them when they thought of the weary days of suspense which they must experience were they to attempt to procure situations in their native land. They knew that a married sister of their mother's lived in Toronto, in Canada, and, although they had her address, they had not heard from her for a long time. Edith, who was the elder, was a girl of decision and action. The house had to be given up to the new vicar as quickly as possible. On the day following the funeral, she had made arrangements for the disposal of the furniture and their father's library, by which the sisters found themselves in possession of about sixty pounds sterling,—a small sum for the entry on life's battle of two young girls; but they were brave, and youth is full of hope. They found that a Canadian steamer would sail from Liverpool on the following Thursday, and in her they intended to leave for the New World. In the subjoined letter Edith informed her aunt of their project:—

PARKGATE, April 10th, 1870.

MY DEAR AUNT,

Our dear father has gone home to our mother, and we are alone in the world. You only have we to lean on for succor and advice, and we therefore ask you for it. We have sold the furniture and books, and have received for them about sixty pounds, which will be ample to pay our passage to Quebec, for we wish to be near you, so that you may ad-

wise us what to do. Our intention is to become governesses, as our education, we believe, fits us for such. Will you please direct a letter to the Post Office at Quebec and tell us what to do? With love to Uncle, I remain

Your affectionate niece,
EDITH CREIGHTON.

On Sunday, the day following the dispatch of this letter, Edith and Adelaide attended service for the last time in the church in which they had so often listened to their loved father's voice. Their dark veils concealed the emotion which filled their eyes with tears, and as they left the building their agonizing sobs could be no longer suppressed. Sadly they returned to the cottage in which they temporarily lodged, and in the afternoon they wandered forth to bid farewell to their much-loved Parkgate. It was a cold, blustery day, and the sea mists came up the river as heavy as rain; yet now and then they would rise from the watery surface, and the shores of Wales and its mountains become visible; and the square ruins of old Flint Castle, so famed in past times, seemed like a watch-tower on the weather-beaten beach. Now and then a fishing-smack passed seaward, with but the helmsman on deck to face the storm. The desolate picture of the river and the sea was not changed on land; the leaves had hardly yet budded, and the naked branches of the trees shivered in the bitter wind, and rain-drops pattered against the firmly closed windows. None but themselves walked through the muddy streets of the village; none but themselves cared to look upon the weather-beaten houses; none but themselves ventured into the village churchyard to say a long, last farewell to the graves of their loved ones. Dismal and stormy were the heavens as these two dreary and disconsolate orphans kneeled on the wet grass and let fall their tears on the freshly laid turf which hid from view both father and mother.

It was a bright Monday morning

when Edith and Adelaide left in a country vehicle on their way to Liverpool, on their way to the New World; and as the distance increased between them and their former home, often they looked backward to take a last glance at the old familiar landmarks. The River Dee, and the coast of Wales and the Irish Sea long kept in view, till at last they were hidden, and then they turned their faces and looked to the future. Thirteen miles is a long drive; but how long, long it is when hearts so sad and anxious are groping their way in unknown darkness! At last Bobbington-hill is reached, and far in the distance rises the smoke of the great town of Liverpool, while nearer in sight the houses of Birkenhead can be distinguished. Before leaving Parkgate, a friend of their father's had given them the address of a widow lady in Birkenhead, with whom they were to remain till the sailing of the steamer, the "Bohemian." At her house they were kindly received and directed in the manner of procuring tickets. Crossing the Woodside Ferry, they landed at the Prince's floating stage; but what a world these poor young girls found themselves in! With the exception of their stay in Chester, which they saw but when taking their daily walk with the other scholars under charge of their teachers, they had passed their lives in a small village. But in this mighty Liverpool, the countless throng of human beings confused them, and had they not clung closely to each other, they would have been separated and may be lost to each other forever. The towering warehouses and other buildings made them giddy by their height, and the passage over the stone thoroughfares of loaded wagons and 'buses deafened them to bewilderment. Busy merchants hurried on regardless of aught but their transactions; here and there a Hindoo, clothed in white cotton and turbaned, solicited alms; Parsees with their mitred hats pressed forward on the crowd; unfor-

tunate blind readers drew out the writings of Scripture; countless huxters yelled out their wares, and street arabs sang and screeched. No wonder the poor mourning wanderers lost their way; but, having been so instructed by Mrs. Williams, the widow lady, they applied to a policeman to direct them to the office of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company. A crowd filled the office, and it was long before their turn came.

"How much," asked Edith, "do you charge for a first-class ticket for Quebec?"

"Twenty pounds, Miss."

"Adelaide," whispered she, "we can't afford that; it would take too much of our money, and we must be saving."

"Perhaps," said Adelaide "there are other prices."

"You can have," said the clerk, who had overheard the last remark, "a steerage passage for five pounds."

And so it happened that Edith and Adelaide Creighton were booked as steerage passengers in the SS. "Bohemian" for Quebec. These two young girls were proud, and when they returned to Mrs. Williams' they did not tell her that to save their money they had so acted. On Thursday morning the steamer sailed, and the two orphans bade farewell to England,—two friendless, helpless strangers amid a shipload of several hundreds of emigrants. For two or three days most of the passengers were in the listlessness of seasickness, and Edith and Adelaide suffered dreadfully; no fate could add terror to their utter hopelessness; a watery grave would have been a relief, annihilation a happy release; but relief and release came without either catastrophe, and in three days they could go upon deck and wonder at the endless expanse of water. Except the deep heaving of the restless ocean, the sea was like a mirror, and the sun shone down brightly on the crowded deck. Cheerfulness had taken the place of despair, and from one quarter the playing of a violin

was accompanied by the merry evolutions of dancers; in another part a family group were discussing their future prospects; some others were reading the papers of the last English dates; at times a few of the cabin passengers came forward to see what steerage life was like, and often their supercilious looks produced anything but affectionate feelings in the hearts of their less favored fellows. Those of the crew who were on deck strolled about, smoking their pipes in careless idleness. Edith and Adelaide leaned over the bulwarks and watched the moving waters, now and then exchanging a few hopeful, encouraging words. They were alone in that crowded vessel, cut off from their associates by the difference in sentiment and education, separated from their equals in the cabin by the social demarcation established on board. As they watched, the sun gradually sank to the horizon, but no lengthening shadows proclaimed the close of day,—the dazzling orb, increasing in size and assuming a reddish hue, dipped slowly into the waters and darkness overspread them, and the Queen of Night, with her thousand attendant stars, assumed the sovereignty. One morning the sisters were awakened by the unusual rolling of the vessel and the cries of terrified women. As the vessel heaved from side to side, the horrid thought would come that she could not recover, but submerge beneath the engulfing waves. Each roll was a new terror, and baggage and boxes were tossed from side to side in hopeless confusion. Edith would not remain any longer below, and Adelaide, fearful of losing sight of her, they both went up on deck. What a change from the hitherto peaceful ocean! The immense vessel seemed but a plaything with the violent waves; at one time a deep valley of water stretched far below their eyes, while in the next they were in the depths of the valley, and a mountain of

sea pierced with its tottering peaks the angry sky. Not a passenger was on deck; a few sailors were standing near the fore-castle, over which the waves dashed in deluges; far aft the captain and mate were leaning against the taff-rail, while in the wheel-house two men stood like statues at the helm. Awestricken and fascinated, the sisters watched the contest of the elements; the winds burst through the rigging and spars with fierce howls and angry screams, and the billows battled with the winds. At last a wave, higher than any yet, swept over the vessel, drenching the young girls through and through, and, almost suffocating them, forced them to seek shelter in the cabin below. All through the day, all through the night, the gale continued. When morning came it had subsided; but the sea, like a wild beast angry at defeat, rolled about as in foiled vexation, tossing the vessel hither and thither as if on her to vent its spleen. But ocean and winds and ship made friends again, and the mirrored sea bore the vessel as caressingly, and the wind filled her sails as kindly, and the sound of merry voices and the strains of enlivening music rose as pleasantly as before. As the "Bohemian" neared the Western world, the air became colder, and on the banks of Newfoundland sometimes fogs rendered progress difficult, for icebergs floated ponderously in these seas; but these were past and the Gulf of St. Lawrence entered. The next morning the passengers were astonished to find the engines stopped working; surely they had not arrived in port. Quickly they hurried up on deck, and what a wintry world was around them! As far as the eye could reach vast fields of ice lay stretched, miles of rugged, dazzling ice. The cold was intense, and mufflers and furs now wrapped up the chilled passengers; but some, more venturesome or more used to snowy climes, left the vessel to wander over the floating island. For three days the vessel drifted

away, helplessly imprisoned in the icy bonds, till at last a change of wind opened a passage, and once again the "Bohemian" resumed her voyage. Up the mighty St. Lawrence River, whose opposite shores were scarcely visible, the steamer passed, till the narrowing river and the long line of white farm-houses on land, gave warning that the voyage was coming to an end. Twelve days after sailing from Liverpool, the "Bohemian" rounded Indian Point. All the passengers were on deck to catch the first glimpse of the city on the rock. Snow still clad here and there the surrounding shores, and ice floated down the river; but the sun shone brightly and reflected from the tin-roofed houses of Quebec and Levis. Few vessels were to be seen, as the season was yet too early. As the "Bohemian" passed before the city two guns announced her arrival. There was endless bustle and confusion at the Grand Trunk wharf when the steamship was moored; but at last the steerage passengers (and among them Edith and Adelaide), with their baggage, were housed in the immigration sheds, and the cabin passengers provided for themselves in the hotels of Quebec and Levis, till the evening train for the West was ready to transport them. Many were the questions asked and many the offers made to Edith and Adelaide by the agents of different interests; but they were determined to remain in Quebec till they received an answer from their aunt. They accordingly went to a comfortable boarding-house in the city, which they were not sorry to exchange for the questionable accommodation of the immigration shed. Weary with the day's excitement, they retired early, but they still experienced the rocking motion of the vessel, and dreamed that they were still upon the ocean. In the morning, after breakfast, the sisters went to the post-office to enquire for their aunt's letter, but there was no letter for Miss Creighton.

"How long does it take for a letter to reach Toronto?" asked Edith of the clerk.

"About two days," he answered.

"I posted a letter," said Edith, "in England on the 10th of April, and expected to receive an answer here."

"Then, I presume," said the clerk, "that you have come out by the 'Bohemian?'"

"Yes," answered Edith, "we arrived yesterday."

"Then," continued the clerk, "your letter was on board with you, and you cannot expect an answer for about five days."

This was a bitter disappointment, and the sisters returned to the boarding-house, which was situated in the Upper Town.

But brooding over sorrows will not cure the evil, and the spirits of the young are buoyant, and as Edith saw that their stay must be prolonged for some days, she wished to see the city; so Adelaide and she, under direction of the landlady and attended by her little son, went to Durham Terrace, the Government Garden, the different churches and principal thoroughfares. The old city with its walls and ancient-looking houses reminded them of their Chester school days, and in some of the narrow streets they almost imagined that they were back to those happy times. The quaint dress of the country people, the many long-robed priests, the hooded nuns, and old-fashioned caleches were all new to them. The little boy, who was a student at the Roman Catholic Seminary, took them to that building and led them through the endless corridors and underground passages which intersect that building and give it the character of a middle age monastery, which character was intensified by meeting in these dimly-lighted corridors and passages devout ecclesiastics repeating their breviaries and wandering about with down-bent heads as if in deep meditation. It was

so different from what they had pictured America, where they thought everything was bran new glitter and tinsel; but here they were brought back to dingy old Chester, and, further still, to the monkery of the middle ages, full of monasteries and nunneries and old superstitions and legends. One visit they paid to the Montmorenci Falls and wandered up the enchanting passage of the Natural Steps; but such trips were beyond the resources of the sisters, and they had to remain content with the city sights. And thus they whiled away the five days till it was expected that a letter from their aunt would be waiting for them at the post-office. But there was no letter for Miss Creighton, and the answer carried with it a sickening thrust to the hearts of the sisters; yet youthful hope argued that their aunt might not have been able to answer on the day of receiving the letter, and she might write on the following day. On the next day, Sunday, the sisters attended service in the Cathedral; the sound of the Cathedral choruses had sounded so home-like that it lightened for a time the heaviness of their hearts, and hearing once again the grand old service which they had so often listened to at home gave them new life and renewed their failing hopes. In the evening again they attended service, seeking for the strength which they so much needed. On Monday morning they enquired at the post-office, but found no letter. Every day that week they called, and every day received the same stereotyped reply, "No letter, Miss." Day by day their future grew darker, and their despondency deeper. One morning in the following week, the clerk handed Edith an official-looking envelope. It contained her own letter written in England to her aunt, and a formal statement that Mrs. Ferris had left Toronto some time ago, and had left no address. Utter despair now took possession of the sisters; they neither slept nor ate for

three or four days; despondency and hopelessness were sapping their very lives. At last, Edith rallied her sinking spirits and prepared to face the future.

"Adelaide," she said, "there is no use despairing; we must depend on ourselves. We must try to get situations here. We must advertise in one of the papers." Adelaide acquiesced. "See here," said Edith, "what do you think of this?"

WANTED.

Two young ladies, lately arrived from England, daughters of a clergyman, are open to engagement as governesses. They are prepared to give instruction in the usual branches of an English education, in Music, and the French and German languages. Address "Teacher," Post Office, Quebec.

"That will do, Edith," replied Adelaide, "and I hope we may soon receive answers."

With something like hope in their hearts, the sisters went to the newspaper office and had their advertisement inserted. Again their visits to the post-office were renewed, and on the third day two letters were handed them by the clerk. One was from the Rev. Mr. Horne, an Episcopalian clergyman, who stated that he was a widower, and, having a family of four small children, wished to have some competent person to superintend their education. As he lived in the country at some distance from Quebec, he would go to town on the day following the reception of his letter, and "Teacher" might address him at the post office, mentioning a time when he might call. Edith immediately wrote a letter appointing an hour on the next day to meet him at their boarding-house. The second letter was in a lady's handwriting, and signed Amelia Watson, giving her address in a fashionable part of the city and desiring an interview with "Teacher," mentioning as a suitable time from ten to twelve o'clock. Mrs. Watson's educa-

tion had been neglected in her youth, but with a fine portly person she endeavored to support the dignity of her position as the wife of a wealthy merchant; for Mr. Watson, from being a shopboy, had become of importance in the commercial world. His credit was first class, and his wife ran that credit to the last extreme in her extravagant dinner parties, balls and soirees. Her equipage was the finest in the city, and her servants better paid. Without much difficulty, Edith and Adelaide found the pretentious residence of the Watsons, and they were shown into a parlor. In a few moments the lady of the house made her appearance and looked coldly and pitilessly at the two orphans. Edith, who with her firmness and energy was proud and sensitive, flushed with anger. She was tall and symmetrically formed, and she stood in her full height before Mrs. Watson, her blue eyes flashing, her nostrils distended, and her expressive lips quivering. The blood mounted to her fair, blonde face, and Mrs. Watson's eyes lowered before a power not her own.

"Madam," she commenced, "my name is Edith Creighton. We have come with reference to an advertisement signed 'Teacher,' and which you have answered."

"Ah, I remember. I have so many engagements, I had forgotten all about it. I am quite fatigued," and she threw herself on an ottoman, not, however, asking the sisters to be seated. "The young person I have now is about leaving me, and I want another, as it is impossible to be without a governess. You say you can teach all the things you mention in the advertisement?"

"We are quite capable of that, madam," replied Edith.

"What are your wages?" asked Mrs. Watson. "I always pay my servants well, but expenses are very heavy, and Mr. Watson sometimes complains."

"Wages! Servants! Madame!" exclaimed Edith.

"Well," said Mrs. Watson, "I suppose you would not be exactly a servant, as you would take your meals with the children and have your own room; but—"

"Forty pounds a year," said Edith, interrupting Mrs. Watson's explanations, "is what we expect."

"Forty pounds! gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Watson, "that is more than I give my under cook."

"Madam," replied Edith, haughtily, "I do not think either of us could suit you"

"Oh, don't be in such a hurry; but forty pounds is such a large sum. However, I agree to that; but whom have I to deal with? I think," she continued, looking at Adelaide, "your sister would suit me."

"How many children have you?" asked Edith.

"Only five," answered Mrs. Watson; "between four and ten years of age."

"I do not think," said Edith, "that my sister is quite strong enough to undertake the teaching of so many, and I am ready to do so. When do you wish me to take charge?"

It was evident that Edith was making her own terms. Mrs. Watson had met her match, but she made another effort to snub the proud beauty who had thus daunted her.

"I believe," she answered, in a drawling tone of voice, "that the young person now here will be going away on Saturday next, so you had better be here on Monday morning, and your wages will commence from that day," and, without another word, Mrs. Watson sailed out of the room, leaving the two sisters to find their way to the hall door as best they might.

"Addie," whispered Edith, as they gained the street, "this is the first bitterness of my new life, but we must submit."

The next day the Rev. Mr. Horne called. He was a tall, spare man; there was an expression of pain on his face,

and no smile ever was seen there. The two sisters were as different in character as in appearance. Edith was a blonde of a sanguine temperament, active and energetic. Adelaide was pale, with dark hair and eyes, and had a Spanish cast of countenance. Gentle and retiring, she required the assistance of Edith's strong will to combat with the world, and it was with the greatest diffidence she descended alone to meet Mr. Horne.

"Miss Adelaide Creighton, I presume," he said, bowing respectfully. "As you know the object of my visit I may state that I have four children, of ages between six and twelve. I wish them to be instructed simply in the English branches, and the two girls in music. You will take your meals with us. I live in the country, and consequently see few visitors, but I hope you will find sufficient employment to pass the time. Would you please state your terms, Miss Creighton?"

"My sister," replied Adelaide, "was engaged yesterday at forty pounds a year. I would also wish to receive the same amount."

"Forty pounds," replied Mr. Horne, "is very high. I would be willing to give thirty. If you accept that I would be glad if you would accompany me home to-day, as I do not often come to town."

"I will consult my sister," replied Adelaide, "and will let you know in a few minutes."

The consultation between the sisters was not long. Edith advised Adelaide to accept the offer, and Mr. Horne, having been informed of the decision, said he would call at any suitable hour to take Adelaide with him.

Four o'clock in the afternoon being agreed upon, Mr. Horne took his leave. For some time the sisters sat in their room, their arms around each other's waists, shedding bitter tears, for the hour of separation was at hand, when they, who had never yet been divided,

were to take different paths in life's highway. Soon Edith saw that shedding bitter tears and moaning sorrowing words were but adding anguish to the tender heart of her sister, and she untwined herself from her embraces and cried,—

“Cheer up, Addie, we are not separated forever; we may see each other oftener than we expect. Let us pack your trunk.”

At four o'clock Mr. Horne drove up to the door, and in a short time Adelaide, deeply veiled to hide her emotion, departed, leaving Edith alone. Edith knew she had the harder task; she knew that the woman she had to deal with was ignorant, purse-proud, oppressive; that between women there is no pity; that however she might suffer she could expect no sympathy, no kindness from Mrs. Watson; and she was thankful that Adelaide's lot would be different, that she would be for the most part her own mistress, uncontrolled by an overbearing woman. How slowly passed the days till Monday! Lonesome and companionless she passed the time, and she even welcomed the day on which she left to enter her life of slavery. With a firm resolve to do her duty she heartily gave herself up to the task of instructing the pupils in her charge. She seldom saw Mrs. Watson, and for this she was grateful; that lady was too much engaged in her plans for amusement to trouble herself about the new governess; and in truth she did not feel inclined to cross swords with her. The first letter Edith received from her sister was very consolatory to her. Adelaide found her new home comfortable, the children teachable, and Mr. Horne, although stern, very kind and attentive. In the next letter she wrote she had taken a severe cold and was confined to her room; the third letter told Edith that she was extremely ill, and begged her to go to her. Edith immediately waited on Mrs. Watson and informed her of the

circumstances, and asked permission to visit her sister.

“Miss Creighton,” replied that lady, “you have been here hardly a fortnight, and you are rather soon in asking for holidays. I can not give them. You have my answer.”

“Then,” replied Edith, “I will leave without your permission. I wish 'you good morning.’”

“Miss Creighton,” called out Mrs. Watson, as Edith was leaving the room, “remember, you are my servant, and you are not to take away your clothes.” And she rang the bell and gave instructions to a footman to see that the governess did not take away her luggage.

Edith lost no time in leaving the house, not taking anything with her, and, engaging a cab, drove to the village of which Mr. Horne was the vicar. She found Adelaide very ill,—the cold had settled on her lungs. There was no doctor in the neighborhood on whom she could depend, and Edith immediately decided to have her removed to their former boarding-house in town, to which proposal Mr. Horne did not object. The next day being fine, the two sisters slowly drove away, and after a long and painful journey reached their lodgings. A physician was called in and he pronounced Adelaide's a serious case, needing the greatest care and most skilful treatment. For many days, Edith tenderly watched by the bedside of her sister, ministering to her every want, but the unnatural brightness of her eyes and the hectic flush on her pale cheeks grew painfully more apparent. But another misery was falling upon the unbefriended orphans: their little stock of money was failing them; their board, the doctor's fees, the medicines and the many delicacies which Adelaide required, were rapidly dissipating their exchequer. In her anguish Edith wrote to Mrs. Watson, begging for the small sum which she had earned, and receiv-

ed in answer that Mrs. Watson considered that she owed nothing to Miss Creighton. Edith at the same time wrote to the Rev. Mr. Horne for the same object on behalf of Adelaide. Mr. Horne sent her five dollars. Edith's high sense of honor would not allow the landlady to be under any delusion as to their circumstances; as soon as knowing which, that matter-of-fact woman informed Edith that, as the summer season was at hand, she immediately required their room, and gave them till the next day to decide. This was an unexpected blow to Edith. She had not a friend in the city to whom to apply, and in her agony she appealed to the physician, who was a kindhearted man. He said their circumstances would not permit of them remaining any longer in the boarding-house, and that their only course was to go to the General Hospital, where he could secure their admission. He stated that there her sister could obtain the best of advice and attendance. To enter an hospital was, to Edith, the depth of humiliation, and she feared that Adelaide would die under this severe stroke of fortune; but she summoned sufficient composure to thank the doctor and ask him to take the necessary steps for their admission. On the next day, having settled the landlady's bill, she had the poor, almost unconscious Adelaide removed to the General Hospital, where she was received with the greatest kind-

ness and attention by the religious ladies of the institution. Day after day, night after night, Edith watched by her dying sister, for hope was now hopeless, and the young life of Adelaide Creighton had to return to the God who gave it. Unceasingly, lovingly, the nuns ministered to the beautiful sufferer, but slowly and surely ebbed away the fair young life, and paler and more haggard grew the face of the watching sister. One night Edith stood, with tearless eyes, holding the poor transparent hand of her last-lived one on earth, when Adelaide's lips moved and scarcely breathed the words: "Edith, good-bye; I am going home—to our home in the sky," then the jaw fell, and the eyes assumed a glassy stare, and the spirit of Adelaide Creighton had fled to happier realms. That night Edith was laid on her bed in the agony of brain fever, and while the earthly remains of her sister were being placed in an unknown grave of Mount Hermon Cemetery, she, in the madness of delirium, called vainly on her name.

Exhausted by want of rest, worn out by anxiety, crushed by despondency, weakened by abstinence, her strong frame offered but slight resistance to the relentless fever, and in a few days she, too, lay in the grave of her loved Adelaide. Their last resting-place is at Mount Hermon, but unmarked, save in summer by the green sward, and in winter by the white snow-drift.

REMINISCENCES OF A MISSIONARY PASTOR AND COLLECTOR.

BY REV. W. CLARKE.

NUMBER SEVEN.

It was during my visit to Britain, in 1843, that I canvassed the leading places in Ireland on behalf of the French-Canadian Missionary Society. I had letters which introduced me to the Rev. Messrs. Verschoyle, Stanford, &c., through whom I found access to Archbishop Whately. He was a fine, portly gentleman, more than six feet, who received me with stately urbanity. On stating my object, and asking his approval, he replied, "I am reported as not belonging to the Evangelical set which is the most likely to help you, but my chaplain does, and I will introduce you to him, who will do all in his power to aid you; but I will be happy to present you with my published works." I found his chaplain a kind-hearted, Christian man; he gave me a contribution, introduced me to Miss Whately, the devoted daughter of the Archbishop, whom I afterwards met in the prosecution of her Christian labors.

After preaching in one of the churches on the Sabbath morning, I was passing with a friend a not very pretentious building, and he remarked, "This is the place where the Rev. Thomas Kelly preaches." We went in, heard the conclusion of the service and had a pleasant interview with this devoted Christian minister and poet. With this lovable man, the author of "We've no abiding city here," &c., I had afterwards much fraternal intercourse in his own dwelling. Another celebrity, whose pulpit I occupied, and in whose hospitality I participated, was the Rev. Dr.

Urwick, a very small man with a very large head, but that head stored with intellectual riches, and especially with the hidden treasures of sacred truth. At his house I renewed a very pleasant acquaintance, formed during my college course. In one of the suburban villages of London, resided a lady of some means and animated with holy zeal for Christ and souls. She built a handsome little sanctuary on her own estate; the students from our college supplied the pulpit, and she paid them for their Sabbath services. In this way a church was originated, which soon became self-supporting, and a source of blessing not only to that community, but in regions far beyond in connection with Christian missions. I found her on this occasion a lady of title, having married into an honored family of the Irish aristocracy, but a genuine disciple at the feet of Jesus.

A few days after I received a sovereign from the Rev. J. Thackeray, a clergyman of the Irish Episcopal Church and a brother of Mr. Thackeray the novelist. This gentleman held the Cure of Souls in the Town of Dundalk, where he was beloved as a minister and a man. After a short stay at Newry, I proceeded to Belfast, the backbone of Irish Protestantism. I met with a hearty, paternal welcome from the leading clergy, among whom were the Rev. Drs. Morgan, Cooke, Bryce, &c., &c., who gave me free access to their pulpits and to their communion services. On the Sabbath afternoon I had just left one of their pulpits and was making my way to an evening appointment in the country, when

I met a gentleman in company with a lady. After looking at me very earnestly, he stopped and said: "I think, sir, we have met before." Then turning to the lady, "Mrs. G., this is the gentleman of whom I have often spoken; we were together on a fearful occasion on Lake Ontario in Canada."

This occurred some years before when I was going to the United States on a collecting tour for missions. We left Toronto in the steamer "Admiral," for Rochester. At midnight we were in the middle of the lake between Cobourg and Rochester. A storm was raging, and the shaft of the engine was broken. A sea carried away the cabin window, situated on the promenade deck. The water came dashing in, and, jumping from our berths, we found the water up to our knees, which caused great outcries and confusion. But soon some tarpaulin was thrown over the broken aperture.

I then called the passengers together and proposed a season of prayer and thanksgiving. The steamer was like a helpless log, rolling in the trough of the sea, and, being in the middle of the lake, we were off the track of travel on the Canadian or on the American side. But God was with us. There was a good sprinkling of Christian people on board, and we had some precious seasons of intercourse, especially during the three services held on the Sabbath day. We were in this condition from Thursday till Monday evening. There were more than one hundred passengers. The ship's provisions all gave out, but very providentially we had some dried fish and potatoes as cargo.

This gentleman whom I thus met with his wife was on board, and before the passengers separated on that occasion he proposed a vote of thanks to me and then a collection for the mission in behalf of which I had left home, giving ten dollars himself. This gentleman was at my hotel early the next morning to escort me in his carriage to

his house, where I lived upon clover during my stay in Belfast. I found my friend was an architect and a leading gentleman in the city. He took me to see all the lions, introduced me to the professors of the college, where, through the kindness of the Earl of Carlise, I was so fortunate as to secure the autographs of the Queen and Prince Albert. Before leaving my kind host presented me with five pounds for the French Mission, which was the highest contribution I obtained in Ireland. On this occasion I had an opportunity of hearing one of Ireland's best pulpit orators, the Rev. John Grant, an Episcopal clergyman of Dublin. He had a fine presence, with a clear ringing voice. I did not regard him as a profound scholar, but he was a plain, faithful minister, preaching a present and a conscious salvation through the cross of Christ. I next made my second visit to Edinburgh, the modern Athens, and in my opinion the most beautiful city in the world. The drive up to Arthur's Seat is most splendid, and the view from the top of Calton Hill most magnificent and picturesque. I have enjoyed it not only by daylight, but also by gaslight, when the streets, with their sparkling lights, rising street upon street, stretching along to the grand old castle at the top of the hill, presenting quite a fairy scene, have filled me with wonder and delight. But the people are as kind as they are dignified, and I found much of true generosity and Christian love.

And here let me make special mention of one lady, formerly a resident of Montreal, who still feels a warm affection for Canada and an undying zeal for the least interests of the French Canadians. To her I have been much indebted for a kind and generous hospitality. In addition to the usual contributions to the Auxiliary Ladies' Society I received about four hundred dollars as special donations in connection with my visit.

My next place was Dundee, where I was cordially received with the usual liberality. I preached in two of the Congregational churches, and held a public meeting in the Rev. Mr. Wilson's Free Church. Receipts \$330, of which half was contributed by the Baxter family. On this occasion I formed a very pleasant friendship with the Rev. Dr. Paterson, distinguished as a missionary and an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in St. Petersburg.

At this visit I was requested to dine with some of the leading gentlemen in Edinburgh in reference to a very important subject, the emigration of females to Canada and the United States.

At that time there were no manufactories in the city, where young girls and women could find employment. It was stated that this great want was operating unfavorably upon their morals and left them a prey to temptation and sin. Did I think a plan could be devised by which fifty or a hundred once a year could be shipped to Canada or the United States, and could I furnish the names of some gentlemen of character who would take an interest in such a movement? In reply, I said the subject was an interesting and an important one. There was no doubt but that in many places, such emigrants would be welcomed, as good servants of both sexes were in much request; and I at once suggested some names, both in Canada and in the United States, with whom they might correspond. To some extent, this plan was carried out, but I am unable to say with what practical results.

I then took train to Aberdeen on Saturday, December 31st; but about 4 p.m., in the dusk of the evening, we stuck in a snow-bank at Lawrence Kirk, in a deep cutting. It was a long parliamentary train, crowded with passengers bent on a New Year's visit to their friends. We had not been there long before a second train arrived, and then a third, the carriages crowded with pas-

sengers; so that within an hour there were some seven or eight hundred people at the insignificant station of Lawrence Kirk. A crowd of women and children were around the fire at the station, and crowds of others were shivering with cold. For myself, I never felt the cold so much in Canada as I did that night, and there seemed no prospect of getting on. After a lengthened conversation, we induced the station-master to send a train to Montrose with as many passengers as chose to go thither. So we spent Sabbath, January 1st, 1854, at Montrose; and on Tuesday, the 3rd, proceeded to Arbroath, to find the people engaged in keeping a fast-day—a number of persons having died of cholera. We were kindly received, the people subscribing fifty-three dollars for my mission.

Along the eastern coast, the cholera raged fearfully during those wintry months, and in several places there was quite a panic, while many felt it high time to "awake out of sleep." Thus, as "the judgments of the Almighty were abroad on the earth, the people learnt righteousness," and the churches received many additions, we trust, of the saved. As we journeyed south, I left the train at Manchester, and immediately made arrangements for canvassing the city. I received recommendations from the leading ministers, both dissenting and of the Establishment, and, after a canvass of two weeks, succeeded in raising about three hundred and fifty dollars.

On this occasion, I have very pleasant recollections of the Rev. Hugh Stowell, a popular minister of the Church of England. He very kindly sent me an invitation to dine with him, after which we adjourned to the church, for it was his week evening service. Here I had an opportunity of giving some details of the French-Canadian Mission work on consecrated ground, which were well received. How good is it to find large-hearted men who can break

through the trammels which enslave them! How frequently is it said to the dissenting brother: "Mr. A. B., I would be delighted to see you in my pulpit;" but, alas! in time of sickness or outside work, the church is closed and the congregation scattered, rather than the pulpit filled by that brother who is regarded as one of God's ministers.

The next place was Leeds—a hard week's work, with but small results. Then on to Halifax, where I was kindly received by my friend, Dr. Mellor, who had just commenced his fine career of ministerial popularity. I took part in the Sabbath services, after which Mr. John Crossly claimed me as his guest. In the evening, my host kindly remarked: "You seem to be very much fagged. I thought you were tired out when I saw you in the pulpit. Pray, how much money did you expect to get here for your mission?" I replied that I generally fixed upon a sum on my visit to a town, and I was seldom disappointed, and had fixed upon twenty pounds for Halifax. "Well, sir, you need not collect here at all. To-morrow morning, I will send you out in my carriage; you can go and look through our carpet manufactory, then drive through the town and the park, we will have an early dinner, and you can leave by the two o'clock train with a letter to Judge Mellor, and I will give you twenty-five pounds for your mission." Thus I left that beautiful park, with its noble mansion, then unfinished, in which the liberal owner afterwards entertained Royalty in the person of the Prince of Wales. My next place was Liverpool, where I first became acquainted with Bryce Allan, Esq., of the Allan steamship line; a man of fine Christian feeling and of munificent liberality. I found a home with Dr. Raffles, one of Britain's most eloquent and honored preachers, and after a public meeting, over which R. Macfie, Esq., M. P., presided, I collected in a few days, seventy pounds seventeen shil-

lings, or three hundred and fifty dollars.

After visiting Birmingham, Leamington, and Coventry, I took ship on the 4th of March, and reached home on the 23rd, having received nearly four thousand dollars for the French-Canadian Missionary Society, gratefully singing—

"We'll praise Thee for all that is past,
And trust Thee for all that's to come."

NUMBER EIGHT.

Reference has been made in these papers to a missionary movement among the Indians in the Georgian Bay, during the period I held the Secretariat of our Canadian Missionary Society. It was in the spring of 1849 that I received a letter from an Indian chief residing at Colpoj's Bay, asking us to send them a missionary. This letter was read at the annual meeting the following June, and in reply to the question, "Who will carry the Gospel among the Indians?" the Rev. J. R. Williams, of Eramosa, offered to go. He was at once designated to the work. At the Union meeting the following year, a request was presented from the Indian chief and others, for the organization of a Christian Church among them. In company with Rev. Messrs. Robinson and Williams, we threaded our way through the forest from Guelph to Owen Sound. After leaving Fergus, there was only an ox-cart track. There were a few houses and a small tavern at Arthur, and after that only an occasional log house, until we reached Durham. Mount Forest was unknown, and there was only a single log tavern from Durham to Owen Sound, which was so dirty that the vermin dropped upon us when we retired to bed, and at midnight we arose, harnessed up the horses, and, pursuing our journey, reached Owen Sound at daybreak. We took some rest until 9 a.m., and, hiring a boat and some young men, we left for Colpoj's Bay. The wind was contrary, and, after

struggling until 11 p.m., we drew up on a pebbly shore, and, after prayer, we laid ourselves down, with the sail over our heads, and slept. At daybreak we rose from our slumbers, boiled our coffee, and after breakfast and prayers in that solitary spot, we put forth in our boat with the voice of praise upon our lips, hoping to reach the Indian brethren in time for morning worship. As we reached the settlement the Indians were coming from the school-house, where they had assembled without a minister for social prayer, praise and converse. The sound of the horn reverberated through the woods, announcing that the long-expected ministers had arrived. Thirteen who gave satisfactory evidence of conversion, were united in church fellowship. These brethren and sisters in Christ gave us a hearty welcome. A sermon was preached, then followed the Lord's Supper; the bread was broken on a common plate, the wine was poured from a black bottle into a tea-cup; but rude as was the place, singular as was the group, and homely as were the utensils, it was a blessed season, for the Lord was there—the Lord of the red man as well as the white. After the ordinance of the sacred supper, a church meeting was held, when they elected their church officers. Two deacons were chosen—the chief and a Thomas Sky—and then set apart by solemn prayer and the laying on of hands.

The pastor chosen was brother Williams who accompanied us, and to whom the Indians had given the significant cognomen of "the small white moving cloud." Three of these red brethren are really active, devoted Christians. In the evening they related to us two missionary excursions which they had made to a tribe of pagan Indians forty miles up the peninsula. After spending some days, on each occasion talking to their brethren of the things touching the kingdom, it

appears that on the second Sabbath the pagan chief rose and said: "I have a good word to speak, which the Great Spirit has put into my heart. It is that I have served paganism all my life, and it has brought me no good. I will now serve the Lord Jesus Christ." He then besought his tribe to give up their gods, which for the most part was complied with; and emphatically said to these Christian brethren: "If you will get a missionary to live among you, I and my tribe will remove to Colpoy's Bay." They readily agreed to clear five acres of land for the mission premises, and to be at half the expense of putting up the requisite buildings; and again urged that the "moving cloud" might be sent among them as the man of their choice.

Such was the commencement of the Canada Indian Mission, as originated by the Congregationalists, which is still extant, having had in its service a number of agents, and which is at work more vigorously than ever, five missionaries being engaged under the supervision of the Rev. R. Robinson during the past year, 1874. May God raise up many friends to perpetuate this good work among our Indian tribes!

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary.
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole!

On my return from Britain in April, 1854, I finally resigned the pastorate of the Simcoe Church from the alarming indications of the presence of aneurism near the carotid artery. Its development was more especially apparent on my return from the Union Meeting, held in Montreal, where I had been elected chairman of the amalgamated Unions East and West. For three years I was in a precarious state, but after that time the tumor decreased, and I gradually improved in strength and health. I

had removed with my family to Dresden, then a small place just rising into notice, and where, a short time previously, I had purchased some wild land. As my health improved, I opened my house for prayer-meetings and preaching; then followed the erection of a church in my garden, which I supplied in connection with two other places. But it was not long before pressing applications were made for my services by the French-Canadian Missionary Society. God had been gracious to me in raising me up from the gates of death, and I regarded these applications as the voice of His providence calling me to renewed service in this important mission which had long engaged my sympathies; therefore, I was soon in readiness for my second visit to Great Britain in its behalf.

Among the many incidents connected with my canvass this year, there is nothing very special to relate. Twenty-two years had elapsed since I resigned my charge of the church at Godalming, and while officiating for them one Sabbath morning I was struck with the changes that time had made. I looked in vain for many of the old standards in their old seats. The church building remained the same and some old faces dimly came up to my recollection, but the childlike and youthful faces, once so bright and interesting I looked for in vain. True, others of the same age were there, but the children I had known were not to be seen. Well, they had developed into middle life and were the fathers and mothers of another race, occupying the seats in the Sabbath school. Thus the promise was fulfilled, "Instead of the fathers, shall come up the children," &c. But those we left in middle life were bending under the weight of years and growing infirmities, while the old people I had known, and and with whom I had taken sweet counsel, had passed away to the better land,

"Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths never end."

In the days of my youth there were some distinguished preachers whom it was our privilege to hear occasionally; such was Robert Hall. In the year 1822 I heard one of his last sermons. His text was "God is a spirit." There is a meagre outline of this sermon in his remains by Dr. Olinthus Gregory, but it lacks the fire and pathos,—the beauty and wealth of illustration,—the graduating steps by which he reached the grand climax. When every eye was fixed upon the preacher, and the whole congregation was wrought up into a pitch of breathless excitement, and he suddenly closed with the beautiful lines of Thomson in his hymn on the seasons,

"But I lose myself in Him, in light ineffable,
Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise."

About the same time I heard from the same pulpit, West Orchard Congregational church, Coventry, two sermons by that prince of English preachers, the Rev. John Angel James, of Birmingham, of which I reminded him in his own house a few months before his death. I found him in a gloomy state of mind; everything to his morbid imagination seemed to be going wrong. Ministers were giving up some of the great truths of the Bible; looseness of opinion would lead to a looseness of life. The world was creeping into the Church, and truth and righteousness were imperilled. I said to him, "Mr. James, do you remember preaching at the re-opening of West Orchard, Coventry, many years ago?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, sir, I can tell you your text and a part of your sermon. In the morning you preached from 'I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.' In the course of your remarks, you said, 'Some people wonder that there is so little religion in the world; when I think what the world is, and what religion is, the wonder with me is that there is as much

religion as there is. Religion is like a spark dropped from the celestial world upon the bosom of the watery deep. It has to contend with the drizzling rain from above and the watery element beneath, and the wonder is that it does not expire." The reference seemed to meet his state of mind, and he began to enquire about the date of its occurrence. I replied, "I think it was in the year 1822; it was while listening to that sermon, I felt the first incipient desire to be a minister, which was greatly increased during the delivery of your evening sermon, the same day. I think that I can give you the whole of the introduction of that sermon." On his begging me to repeat it, I said: "Your text on that occasion, was, 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ.' Well, what then? Why just what you might expect: 'let him be Anathema, Maranatha.' The Apostle had just written his letter to the Corinthian Church, signed it with his own hand; he had folded the sheet, addressed it, and sealed it, when he paused and pondered the question, 'Is there anything more I can say for my divine Lord and the good of souls?' when he hastily broke the seal, unfolded the sheet and penned the text, 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maranatha.'" He was interested, even excited, and rising up went to his book-case and brought out his green book and gave me the date, October, 1822. He was exceedingly affable and communicative. It was my last interview with him on earth and can only be surpassed by the sweeter intercourse above.

Dr. Robert Newton, of the Methodist Church, I have heard with much interest and pleasure; especially one of his favorite discourses from, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honor dwelleth." After the sermon he dined with the family where I resided, when he said, "That is the *fortieth* time I have preached that sermon." Twenty years after I

saw notices of his preaching that sermon in the leading cities of the Union, on his visit to America. He was a bold, dashing preacher with a pleasant popular elocution which made him a general favorite. But Theophilus Lessie, with his cultivated intellect and chastened eloquence was, in my opinion, far his superior. I heard his beautiful sermon from, "We love Him because he first loved us," more than fifty years ago, and even now the tones of his commanding eloquence almost overcome me, as I imagine I am listening to his utterances, "He took the sins of the whole world and nailed them to his cross." Dr. Bunting I never heard, but Richard Watson I have, and that with much profit and delight. He was a sterling preacher, very practical, searching, and matter-of-fact.

Dr. Adam Clarke was one of the great guns of that day. His popularity consisted not in his eloquence, but in his great learning. I once heard him give a plain but very lucid exposition of Paul's prayer for the Ephesians, 3rd chapter, when on finding himself at a loss for a word, he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, the poverty of this language!" Matthew Wilks was a quaint but often a striking preacher. On preaching from, "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise," one of his illustrations was, "Did you ever see a cat walking on the top of a wall covered with broken glass bottles?" On another occasion when preaching from, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth I desire before Thee,"— "Now," said he, "let us consider the text, 1st, as a touchstone, testing your condition; 2nd, as a milestone, testing how far you have gone in the way to heaven; 3rd, as a whetstone, to excite you to renewed diligence and perseverance in your journey to heaven; and 4th, as a loadstone, drawing you upward and heavenward."

The Rev. Timothy East, pastor of

Steelhouse-lane Chapel, Birmingham—a chapel built as some say on, and others contiguous to, the spot which Mr. Whitfield consecrated by the preaching of one of his powerful seraphic sermons. Mr. East was a scholarly, eloquent, and popular minister, who for nearly twenty-five years was the pastor of a very large and influential congregation, almost equal to that of the Rev. Mr. James at Carr's lane chapel. I was but a youth when he occasionally preached at Coventry, but to such his preaching was highly interesting and useful. He once came and preached the annual sermon for one of the Sunday-schools. I have forgotten his text, but some of his remarks have left a profound im-

pression. He was urging the education of the young in lowly life, showing that prodigies of mind, and intellectual riches have been found in the "short and simple annals of the poor;" that God has not only chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom, but also rich in mental wealth, giants in literature, and taking their stand among the best and the wisest benefactors of the race; then quoting in his own eloquent and impassioned style the popular lines:

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
And many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.



Young Folks.



WHAT CHRISTMAS BROUGHT TO TWO HOMES.

BY B. ATHOL.

"It's a pretty hymn, isn't it? I wonder when it's going to be! Do you know, Gussie?"

Gussie was so lost in her own thoughts—not very pleasant ones either if one might judge from her angry eyes and compressed lips, that her sister spoke twice before receiving an answer.

"I wonder when it will be,—the peace I mean."

"A very natural question for the inmates of this house to ask," said Gussie, speaking more to herself than to her sister.

"I don't know, Annie. But I should say that, as far as you and I are concerned, there won't be much while Aunt Seymour rules in this house."

"Why," said Annie, in great surprise. "I didn't think it meant that. I thought it meant there would be no more war like they have now in the States. But say, Gussie," a very thoughtful expression gathering in her face as she laid down the book of poems from which her aunt had given her a Christmas hymn to commit to memory, "is she cross to-day? Maybe she won't let me go to the party after all."

Annie looked troubled. The day had commenced so brightly. A canary from her father, a locket with her picture in it from Gussie, and a book from

her aunt, with the prospect of a party in the evening, were the first impressions of the morning. Was it going to be overcast so soon?

"Don't worry, Annie," said her sister. "It isn't likely she'll keep you at home. She has settled my plans so nicely that, for one day, it's likely she'll be satisfied. Learn your hymn, and be meek; that is the best advice I have to give."

Annie returned to her seat at the window, and to her hymn, trying to learn and understand it well enough to answer her aunt's questions; casting occasional glances of sympathy at Gussie, who sat with her head resting despondently on one hand. It was going to be a bad day after all; and she wouldn't enjoy a party much if Gussie was so miserable. Annie devoutly wished that the peace spoken of in her hymn, if it referred to the war in their house, rather than that in the States, would soon come, or something else to put a stop to the frequent collisions between her aunt and sister.

"Aren't you going to the driving party, Gussie?" She asked timidly.

"I wonder you ask," replied Gussie, with a short laugh. "Did you ever know me have my heart set on anything yet but she managed to break it up? I

wouldn't mind her, but she puts father against me,—told him that she never met with such ingratitude as she had from me, that I was heartless. Of course I answered back; then father interfered. So I am to stay at home, and let him have peace for one day, if I can. Well, the peace won't be disturbed much longer by me," continued Gussie in a determined tone.

Annie endeavored to draw in her anxious thoughts, and give her entire attention to her hymn, knowing well that to fail in that would only bring more trouble. But she wondered if any other person would have such a miserable Christmas. Aunt Seymour would be cross and dignified, father annoyed, and Gussie would sit all day in her own room. Yes, it was very hard. And the hymn grew long and tiresome; even the gilt binding of the book looked dim. Annie's sorrowful reflections were interrupted by a message from her aunt that it was time for church. To her surprise, Gussie rose from her chair by the fire, and after assisting her sister, proceeded to prepare for going out herself. This was something new. It was Gussie's custom, on the occasion of a quarrel with her aunt, to remain in her own room all day, even refusing to appear at meals. But Annie's astonishment did not equal that of her father and aunt, when they met the sisters at the foot of the stairs.

Mrs. Seymour eyed her niece suspiciously, but was unable to find anything to account for this novel mode of procedure. There was certainly no appearance of sulks in Gussie's face, though there was something more dangerous, if either of her guardians had looked closely. But during the first part of the service, Gussie's anger subsided a little, probably under the softening recollection of the Christmas years ago, when she was first told the "old, old story." She had heard it often enough since then, but it never seemed the same as on that morning, when she sat

curled up on her mother's lap, listening with open-eyed breathless interest, and asking innumerable questions about the baby that was laid in a manger. Other stories and other lessons taught by the same dear lips recurred to Gussie, and her bitterness changed to sadness.

"Be good to Annie, and be a comfort to your father," were her mother's last words. How had she remembered them? Well enough as regarded Annie; but who could be anything else to her? Even Aunt Seymour, if she cared for anything, was fond of Annie. But Gussie's conscience was not so comfortable about the latter part of the injunction.

She wondered if the dead knew all that happened those they left behind; if her mother saw how she had grown up, or what she would think if she heard father asking for one day's peace from the daughter that was to have been his comfort. Gussie knew that it was not *all* Aunt Seymour's fault. But at that moment she caught a glance of two young friends across the church, who were to be of the sleighing party in the afternoon,—a now forbidden pleasure to her—and all her anger towards her aunt burned up again. She heard no more of the sermon. Her whole mind was engrossed with one subject, namely, some plan by which she might leave her home. If she disturbed the peace it was high time she had rid them of her undesirable presence.

Busy with her schemes, Gussie endeavored to cut as short as possible the Christmas greetings of her acquaintances, and hurried home with Annie, whose spirits were improving as she noted the brisk, almost cheerful, manner of her sister—so different from the quiet, sullen mood which generally followed "words" with Aunt Seymour.

After luncheon, Mrs. Seymour set out to visit a number of families upon whom she had bestowed a Christmas dinner—not a very suitable day, perhaps, but she had her own reasons for choosing it.

Whilst remembering their creature comforts, Mrs. Seymour never forgot to add a liberal share of sound and sometimes sharp advice; "taking," as some of her pensioners were in the habit of remarking, "about as much out of their feelin's as she put into their mouths." Gussie hoped the O'Reillys would have finished their dinner while they had an appetite left, as she saw her aunt turning in the direction of the washerwoman's house. "They won't have much after she begins to talk to them." But here Gussie was wrong.

Mrs. O'Reilly herself opened the door upon the usual scene of dirt and confusion, looking, though somewhat astonished, if possible fatter, more good-natured and redder-faced than ever. Indeed, this visit was, in a great measure, owing to the bloom which hard work and exposure to all weathers had brought to the good woman's expansive cheek. Mrs. Seymour had long regarded this complexion with suspicion, though she had no reason to believe it came there through any improper means. However, if there was a day in all the year which would be better than another to satisfy all doubts on the subject, it was Christmas, when the O'Reillys would probably be enjoying themselves with their friends. But Mrs. Seymour found nothing to verify her suspicions. Mike was enjoying a tranquil pipe before the fire. Mrs. O'Reilly herself, with a broken comb in her hand whose remaining teeth were few and far between, was in the middle of her after-dinner toilet, and, among the children and chairs, the usual disorder reigned.

Gussie was greatly mistaken in the idea that her aunt's lectures disturbed Mrs. O'Reilly's serenity of mind. The washerwoman was quite a philosopher in her way. Gazing at Mrs. Seymour with a serio-comic face and a benevolent, half-pitying smile, she took sharp words with the greatest composure, giving to all the lady's remarks on the dis-

orderly state of the house a hearty and cheerful assent.

"Thru for ye, ma'am, thru for ye. It's no place for the likes of ye, the lady that ye are; but, ye see, what wid the childer and wan thing and another, me time is pritty well taken up. Mikey, dear, don't be takin' the ashes out o' the stove. Oh, it's the royal dinner we've had this day!" But Mrs. Seymour, satisfied that all was right, made a hasty departure, followed until she was out of hearing by the loudest expressions of Mrs. O'Reilly's gratitude and wishes for the best of luck to her and hers.

After the O'Reilly domicile, noisy with children and redolent of onions and tobacco smoke, Mrs. Seymour hailed her next stopping place as a striking and agreeable contrast.

Necessity had rendered Mrs. Christie incapable of taking holidays. Her children were out enjoying themselves in different ways, but the never-tiring machine stood waiting for the long seams its mistress prepared for it; but, out of respect to her visitor, the sewing was laid aside. Mrs. Christie was a good talker, and, after expatiating at some length upon the excellence of the turkey they had for dinner—which was a present from Mrs. Seymour—she went back and related the experience of other Christmas days, when the children were all young, and work scarce; and if not so loud as Mrs. O'Reilly in her gratitude for the assistance that had so improved her circumstances, she was quite as sincere. After exhausting the subject of the children, their ages, dispositions and prospects, listening to Mrs. Seymour's advice as regarded their training, Mrs. Christie turned to what was always nearest her heart—the missing one; for Mrs. Christie was not a widow, but belonged to that more unfortunate class—deserted wives.

"I never see such a day as this," she said, "but I wonder where he is, and how he spends it—if he never thinks of me or his children. He must do that,

or he is greatly changed. A kinder man, when he was sober, never lived ; but the liquor did it all for us. I seem to think more of it now than I used to—I suppose, partly because I'm not so driven to keep alive as I have been, and partly on the children's account. They are growing up now, and will wonder. Joe and Mary, of course, can remember something of what it was like, but the others were too young. And do they know whose fault it may be ? People tell me I'm foolish to think that ; but it's often in my mind that, if he'd come back anyway, I'd like it for them. I sometimes put a light in the window for him. When we were first married, and Joe was a baby, he used to have a long, dark walk home at night, and I had a little lantern that I used to fix up in the window, and he could see the light ever so far off. He used to call it the half-mast high, because it was hung in the middle of the window. I've always kept it. It has an odd shape, and sometimes I put it in the window. If he should come to look for us, he would see I had not forgotten him. How could I forget him ? There never was another like him to me ; and the thoughts I have, at times, of how he may be living, or may have died, almost send me distracted."

Long before she had reached this part of her recital, Mrs. Christie was crying. Now, if there was anything particularly irritating to Mrs. Seymour, it was to see a person in tears. She had a man's dislike to that emotion. The present case too was especially aggravating. Here was a woman who had been deserted and left with her young family all but destitute by a worthless, dissipated husband, of whom she was well rid. Strangers had taken an interest in her, and assisted her from time to time, until she was, comparatively speaking, almost comfortable ; and now, when her prospects were improving, and her children doing well, she must begin to fret and worry about

the husband, and that in the very face of one of her benefactors. Mrs. Christie's tears looked like the blackest ingratitude. After all that had been done for her, what right had she to cry ?

Mrs. Seymour rose to go.

"From what I have heard of your husband, I think you have every reason to congratulate yourself that he is not near you or your family."

"Yes'm, that's so," sobbed Mrs. Christie. "But then he's mine, you know."

Mrs. Seymour moved towards the door.

"You don't seem to take the proper view of it. Instead of crying over what is past, you should be contented and thankful that your circumstances are so much improved. Repining never does any good. We all have our troubles, but, instead of mourning about them, it would be better for us to examine ourselves and see wherein we may have erred. I always think in many cases we have ourselves to blame for our misfortunes."

This was a favorite sentiment of Mrs. Seymour's, and was uttered without a thought of the person she was addressing ; but the words went like a knife to the wounded heart. Even Mrs. Seymour saw the pained look that came over the poor woman's face, and changed the conversation to some sewing she wanted done. Mrs. Christie's tears were soon dried after closing the door behind her patroness ; she returned to her work, repeating the words "'Myself to blame!' Well my worst enemy never said that."

But there was no time to spend on it. Mrs. Christie washed away the traces of tears that the children might not suspect anything ; she had no wish to spoil their holiday—they had known too many gloomy ones already.

Looking at their happy faces that evening when gathered around the tea-table, which was temptingly spread with some remains of the dinner, the mother

thought very likely she *was* wrong. They were all so well and doing so well, she ought to be thankful for that, and forget everything else. Forget! Some people might, but not she. After tea, when some of the neighbors' children had come in and games were started, she stole quietly away and arranged her little lantern in a window that looked to the town. She had not done it for months, and scarcely knew why she did to-night. "Something told her," she said.

While the Christies are deep in their Christmas festivities, we will return to the two sisters, who have spent the afternoon in their own room. Annie divided her attention between her Christmas presents, her party dress, which lay spread out on the bed, and the dinner below stairs, making frequent excursions to the kitchen for the purpose of satisfying herself as to its progression. Gussie, meanwhile, had composed an advertisement for a situation as governess, that being the way by which she had decided to find another home for herself. Writing an advertisement seemed a very easy matter to Gussie; but when she had used more than a dozen sheets of notepaper, and was still dissatisfied with the result, she changed her opinion. They were all too stiff, and did not sound like those in the papers. When her patience and composition were completely exhausted, she determined to send the last, which contained a full and very minute description of all her capabilities, and was written with a reckless disregard of the publisher's charge per line, winding up with the announcement that the advertiser was fond of children. The latter clause, which was a sort of bait, Gussie expected would be pounced upon eagerly by all parents who were anxious for the welfare of their offspring.

"Dear me, Gussie," said Annie, with a yawn, "how I do wish it was dinner time! I wonder when aunt will come

in! I wish we could eat our Christmas dinner when other people do; it's so long to wait all day on Christmas,—I'll be late for the party too."

"There's Jane coming now," said Gussie, who was leaning back in a chair for a rest after her literary labors. "I'm glad you're hungry, I'm not."

"Oh, please," exclaimed Jane, breathlessly, "will you come down at once? Your aunt's had a fall on the sidewalk, and her ankle's broke! The doctor brought her home, but yer pa's not here, and cook she's so frightened, she's good for nothing but making a fuss!"

Dinner and advertisements together, flew out of Gussie's head. Running hastily downstairs, she found the doctor repeating again and again orders and directions to the demented cook, who was so terrified at the sight of Mrs. Seymour's white face that she was worse than useless.

After taking Mrs. Seymour upstairs, the cook, only too thankful to make her escape, was banished to her own region, and the doctor proceeded to ascertain if there had been other or more serious injuries, Gussie watching him with an anxious, colorless face. There was no anger in her heart to her aunt now; she only thought how willingly she would take her place.

It was late that night before the professional nurse came, and Gussie was at liberty or rather was forced to go to bed. No Christmas dinner had been partaken of, if we except a very bountiful one taken in the kitchen by Annie and the cook. The latter always maintained that "there was nothing so comfortin' and strengthenin' when there was trouble in the house as a good substantial meal of vittels."

Gussie started in amazement when she saw the sheets of paper strewn around her room, and smiled a little to herself upon reading the latest production. It seemed like a year since she had written that. What could induce her to leave her aunt now? She would

prove now if she was heartless or ungrateful; abundant opportunity was given Gussie to prove it.

Though making few complaints about herself, Mrs. Seymour was not the most docile patient in the world. For one thing, she had a great dislike to strangers; so the professional nurse soon gave place to her niece. This was partly Gussie's own doings, for whether it was her turn to watch or to sleep, if there was anything more than usual to be done for her aunt, she would insist on being there and doing it herself. One peculiarity she inherited from Mrs. Seymour, was that of thinking no one could attend to certain duties as well as herself. So Gussie commenced her first trial of nursing, sometimes wondering greatly at her own patience during the tiresome days and long, weary nights. She did not know how to account for the change that had come over her, unless it was that Mrs. Seymour was now suffering, and she herself actuated by the feeling which restrains one from taking advantage of an enemy in a helpless condition. One thing was certain, in her most fretful hours, Gussie never felt angry with her aunt now. It was true a change was coming over both aunt and niece. Gussie noticed that her aunt never uttered a complaint on her own account. She might murmur about the house, about her brother's comfort, Annie's neglected studies, or Gussie's close confinement to her bedside; she even remembered poor people who looked to her for help, but for herself she rarely murmured. Harsh and unattractive she might be, but there was no selfishness in Aunt Seymour. Gussie

remembered, too, that she had broken up a comfortable home to come and take care of them.

While these thoughts occupied Gussie's mind, her aunt lay with closed eyes—she had only too much time to think—wondering how she had judged her niece so unjustly, or why she had never seen such a disposition in her before. In all her painful, weary days and nights, who could or would have been to her what Gussie was? Her conscience smote her—for Mrs. Seymour spared herself no more than others—when she remembered the words she had used on Christmas morning. Heartless and ungrateful! Something brought to her mind her visit to Mrs. Christie, and the poor woman's abiding sorrow. She wished she had spoken differently. Who had made her a judge?

One day she asked Annie if she ever saw Mrs. Christie.

"Yes, she used to come every day to ask how you were. And she's got a husband now, aunty. I heard her tell Gussie about it. She lost him long ago, and on Christmas night she put a little lantern in the window, and he saw it and came in. He wasn't coming, he was afraid to, till he saw the light. And he works steady in the foundry now. Wasn't that a nice Christmas? Ours wasn't nice; you and Gussie didn't have any dinner."

Mrs. Seymour smiled. "We'll make up for that next year if we live. But I've been thinking for some time that it has been a good one for me."

Annie looked astonished. A good Christmas with a broken ankle and no dinner was past her comprehension.

NELLIE'S THOUGHT

BY ELLIS GREY.

"Mamma! I wish I could have Christmas my own way."

"What does my dear little daughter mean when she says that? I should have said there never was a little girl who always had so much that was beautiful and expensive for Christmas."

"That's just it, mamma! That isn't the sort of Christmas I want. There isn't anything new for me to have. I've dolls and books and games and a play-house, and ever so much jewellery and ever so many pictures. Oh! I don't know what there is more in the whole world to give me. What I want now, is to give something to somebody myself."

"I am sure, my dear Nellie, you always do that every Christmas. Didn't you give Hattie Lawrence a Paris doll, and Emma Newton a jewellery box, and—"

"Oh, dear mamma! That's just it! I give the girls money presents, and then they give me money presents, and they count just how much each costs, and I am vexed if they buy anything handsomer than I do. Somehow that isn't the Christmas I want."

"Well, my darling, what is it? I don't quite understand yet."

"I should like so much to give presents to somebody that couldn't give presents back. I should like to make ever so many little boys and girls happy; happier than they ever were in all their lives. They shouldn't know that anything was going to be at all, and then it would be just like fairy godmothers. Oh, mamma, darling! if you only would let me. I wouldn't ask for a single present myself!"

"Here comes papa, Nellie dear. Let us consult him. I can't settle any such momentous question without him, you know."

"Papa, dearest! You will, won't you, and you needn't buy me anything, not even the new pony! Oh! I shall be so happy!"

"I'm delighted, my dear, to be excused from the pony, but must know the cost of my freedom. I never yet knew a young woman exceedingly

ready to give up one extravagance, that she hadn't another all cut and dried and ready for exhibition! Out with it!"

By this time papa had laid aside his fur-lined coat and tossed his seal-skin mittens into mamma's basket for an odd stitch. "Come, Mad-cap! you are not too big yet to sit on my knee! That's the best place to tell a story."

Miss Nellie needed no second invitation. Papa seated himself in the big armchair before the blazing wood-fire, and the little girl climbed into her favorite nestling place, while the hickory logs snapped and crackled in the most approving fashion.

"I was telling mamma that I should like to have Christmas this year all my own way, and give lots of presents instead of getting them."

"Hoity toity! That means a long bill at Bigelow's, and a longer one at Osgood's, and a wagon load from the Bazar! Thank you. I'd rather buy the pony."

"No, no, papa. That isn't it at all! I should like to have a Christmas-tree and a Christmas party, and have Hetty and Dick and Emma and Hattie and two or three more to help me. Then I'd like to invite ever so many poor children, boys and girls who never had Christmas, and give every one of 'em something pretty that wasn't useful, and any quantity of candy and cake and nuts and apples and oranges. I read a story once about such a tree, and I think it would be nicer than any Christmas I ever had yet."

"H'm! What next will come into your curly pate, I wonder. It strikes me though, mother, that it has a kind of Christmas flavor, this plan of Nellie's! What do you think about it?"

"My dear husband, if Nellie is beginning to learn the blessedness of giving instead of receiving, I should be the last to discourage it."

"You'd have the worst of it, mother; the rumpus and the riot and the house upside down. I'll pay the bills if you can stand the rest."

"Agreed. Likely enough, however, before

the week's out the child will be tired of her scheme."

"Not I, mamma. Oh! I thank you ever so much. We must do it all ourselves; all the bother and real work, I mean. I'm going right over to Ellie Adams now, this very minute."

"Stop a moment, Nellie! Not quite so fast, if you please. It's tea-time now. I know a better plan, too. You can tell me who you would like to have for committee—the boys and girls I mean—make out a list, and while we are at supper John can go round to the houses and ask them all to come over here this evening. You shall have the back drawing-room to yourselves all the evening if you wish."

"You dear, darling, sweet mamma! Was there ever such a lovely mamma! Here's my list all ready. I made it out this morning—to have that fun any way, even if you said 'No'; though I was almost sure you would say 'Yes.' Ellie and Hettie and Dick Adams and Hattie Lawrence and Emma Newton and Jamie Tower."

"Jamie Tower! Why, my dear little girl, isn't he the little lame boy? He can't help you."

"Oh, yes indeed he can! He was the one who first told us about it, and read the pretty German story to us. He can sing carols, too; his voice is just like an angel's."

"Very well; you shall decide for yourself. Let us see—this is Monday and Christmas is one week from Wednesday. You will have to be pretty busy."

John took the messages; at half-past seven the whole committee had assembled. Such an important look as every little face wore! But not one word till the elders had disappeared and the field was clear. Then Nellie, glad to disburden herself of the weighty, joyful secret, shouted: "We may! we may! Papa said 'Yes,' and mamma said 'Yes.' We are to do just what we like, and buy what we like, and invite who we like, and have the back parlor; and mamma won't mind the muss and papa will pay the bills! Isn't it lovely! Now, Jamie, tell us what to do. We must all do just what Jamie says."

Jamie was a quiet little fellow, with great dreamy, grey eyes, often dim from pain and sleepless, weary nights, but now bright with happiness and joyous with the thoughts of the good times coming.

Dick wheeled the little fellow's chair up to the table; the rest crowded round to hear and to obey.

There were lists made out, not of the boys and girls they were to invite (that would come afterward), but of things that would be nice to have for boys, things that would be nice for girls, things that would look pretty on the tree, and things that would be useful, for boys and girls.

Dick Adams was to get the tree—he always knew all the jolly places in the woods for nut trees and fir trees; Ellie would cover bright balls; Hettie would dress dolls; Hattie and Emma knew how to make lovely horns out of fringed paper. The scarfs and the clouds and the mittens they would have to buy. Nellie was to see to those, because papa knew about the wholesale stores where everything was so much cheaper. And what was Jamie to do? Oh! Jamie will string the pop-corn to festoon the tree with. "I say, Nellie, we must sing our carol when the children come in."

"Yes, indeed, we will. Let us try it over once now. Did you bring it? Girls, Jamie has written us a carol to sing to '*Little Biddy*, that we all know. It's real nice; he sang it to me yesterday."

"That's just splendid!" cried Ellie; "please Jamie, sing it to us first, then we will all sing it together":

"Merry Christmas, blithesome Christmas,
Day of all the year the best!
Birthday of the Christ our Saviour,
In whom all the world is blest.
Carol then a joyous song,
Let us all the sound prolong.
Merry Christmas, blithesome Christmas,
Joy and love to thee belong!

"Garlands gay and shining holly
Deck our fragrant Christmas pine,
While with merry Christmas greetings
Lovingly our hearts entwine.
Carol then a joyous song,
Let us all the sound prolong.
Merry Christmas, blithesome Christmas,
Joy and love to thee belong."

Sweetly it sounded with the children's pure, clear voices. It was a whole Christmas itself, while little Jamie, with glowing cheeks and glistening eyes, was prouder and far happier than the Poet Laureate himself.

How the days flew by! The dolls were so lovely when Hettie had dressed them that little Ruthie cried for them all, one after the other. Ellie's balls were such bouncers and so handsome Robbie had to have one any way; they had cork inside, and were covered with bright morocco,

red, white, and blue; pretty enough for any boy, rich or poor.

Such horns as Emma and Hettie made! Pink and blue and silver and green and gold and scarlet and every color that could be thought of. Then the filling of them was such good fun. Papa sent home whole boxes from Southmayd's: every lovely thing that ever was made for a sugar-plum party. The horns were crammed so full they would hardly stay shut even with the red, white, and blue ribbons that tied them.

Then the yards of pop-corn that dear Jamie had patiently threaded. There was a half-bushel basket full certainly when it was done!

The hoods and scarfs and mittens were en chanting. Nellie picked them all out herself at Jordan's, for papa said she was to please herself straight through.

The week was over almost before you knew it; but everything was ready, and right after breakfast, Christmas morning, the little folks were gathered in the back parlor. Only one proviso had been made by the indulgent mamma, the light furniture and statuary that might get injured had been moved out of the room, and the carpet was covered with white covers. This gave plenty of room for the generous ever-green, securely planted in a square box neatly covered with mosses and sprigs of green. The chandelier and the mirrors, the brackets and windows were festooned with long wreaths of green; and sprays of shining holly bright with scarlet berries were stuck in everywhere till the whole room fairly laughed with its own quaintness and brightness, and said "*Christmas*" as plain as talking, even without the word in letters a foot long that Dick put up on a white ground just opposite the arch.

Busy as bees the little folks worked all day, hardly sparing time for lunch, though John brought the waiter of chocolate and sandwiches and turnovers to the very door. By three o'clock it was all done: the last bright ribbon knotted, the last wreath adjusted, and the pretty vases filled with fragrant greenhouse flowers. Then papa and mamma must come and see.

Such a pretty sight! Fairy-land itself! At all events fairy fingers had been at work, or what is better, loving hearts and willing hands. Papa and mamma both pronounced it charming, and when papa gave Nellie a box of glittering balls and pendants, such as sparkle on German Christmas-trees, all ready to hang on the tips of the loaded branches, the result was perfect.

"But, Nellie, where's your company? Who's coming?"

"Oh! we don't know, and that's the fun! We've got presents for twenty boys and twenty girls. Dick and Ellie are going out to invite them. Just the first twenty poor ragged little boys and girls they meet. Dick will give each boy a red ticket with the number of the house and street, and Ellie will give each girl a blue ticket, just the same. Jamie printed them; aren't they lovely?"

"Then the children are all going home to tell their mothers they've been invited to Christmas, and wash their faces and hands and get leave; then they will come back here at five o'clock. When they are all here we want you, papa, to light the candles for us, you are so tall. Then Jamie is to sing the carol, and when he finishes the first verse Dick will open the folding-doors, and the children will all come in while we sing the other verse.

"Won't it be lovely? I wish I was a poor little girl who hadn't ever seen a Christmas-tree and was going to have a lovely, lovely time!"

"No, Nellie darling, you will be even happier than that, for you will be giving instead of receiving. Come, my little girlie, if you are to be dressed there's no time to lose."

Nellie had insisted that they should all honor the Christmas party with the pretty dresses they would have worn had it been the usual Christmas ball instead of her "*vagrant party*," as Dick's uncle Will insisted on calling it.

Every one of the girls looked like little fairies when they came back; as for Nellie herself she might have been Cinderella at the ball, or the veritable fairy godmother, in her floating white muslin, blue ribbons, and little high-heeled silver slippers. Her golden hair, might, indeed, have been a fairy's with its crown of rosebuds. At the last moment Jamie put into her hand a silver wand he had been winding for her. She gave a funny little whirl on tiptoe, waved her magic wand to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, saying, "Gather, gather, gather, gather. Hear and obey!"

The clock struck five and the door-bell rang at the same instant. A funny set were the children that Ellie and Dick had gathered from highways and byways! I think Beacon street never before entertained such a crowd of thoroughly disguised angels!

There had been some decided attempts at "smarting up" besides the face and h and

washing, and there were some faces among the forty that would have been fair and comely with such surroundings as they now beheld for the first time in their bleak, barren, loveless eyes; but ah, too many bore the stamp of squalor, hunger, and abuse that water could not wash away nor a few hours of happiness utterly efface.

The warmth, the perfume, the lights, the strange beauty of the rooms (strange to their unaccustomed eyes), was in itself an intoxication. What was coming they did not, could not dream. Had they then and there passed out into the cold, dark night they would have remembered as a bright vision those few minutes of waiting.

Then far away, as it were an angel singing, came Jamie's sweet voice in the simple carol—

"Thin the wall busted clane open," Pat Mooney said when he gave his account of it at home, "and there in the shine uv it loike the thayter, th' illigintist-grane traa ye iver sit eyes on, an' lamps growin' on th' inds uv the twigs, an' yaller oranges an' stars out uv Hivin an' rid apples, an' little fairies-loike straddlin' uv they branches thimsils, an' twinklers an' sparklers, the loike the Howly Vargin hirsself hasn't go anenst th' altar. An' jist wrathes uv snow loike ribbons straking down from the virry top to the bottom av it. An' angels a singin' as yer could ha' belaved it was Hivin', and St. Agnes hirsself not that luvly! The swate cratur's wings were

out o' sight; but she had 'em sure. An' ivery boy had a striped scarf, yallar, an' blue, an' rid an' a pair av mittens would ha' warrumed ould Harry Gill's fingers themsils, as we rade on, tha't niver yet got warrum after chasin' poor Goody Blake an' callin' her a thafe, by token he begrudged her a wee bit kindlin'; an' ivery boy hed a rid, white, and blue ball, with thraa cheers. We giv' 'em, we did; an' ivery gal hed a scarf an' a cloud that rid it would warrum ye only the luk av it; an' a doll fit loike fur a saint wid pink and blue an' silver, an' the pooty horns o' swatemates, and sugar-plums that full ye had to ate 'em to kape 'em; an' or'nges an' apples an cookies mor'n we could ate an' to carry home, an' a 'Merry Christmas to ye, an' thank ye fur comin' to my party,' and sich a swate smile the Howly Vargin must hev loked loike the same, an' the swate music all the while!

"An' it's tin o'clock, is it sure? An' I wudn't ab'laved it was sax. Hivin' itself wul be mighty short if it's half as good as Miss Nellie's Christmas Party."

And what did the little girl herself think about it? We must listen to her last words to mamma after her happy little friends had echoed a dozen "good nights," and the pretty white-curtained bed stood ready to receive her:

"Darling Mamma! it was just lovely every way! I don't think I ever quite knew before what it was 'to keep Christmas.' It's the *giving* not the *getting*!"—*Hearth and Home.*

SANTA CLAUS' MEAL-BAGS.

BY CATHERINE WILLIAMS.

"Oh, dear me! this old leg has spoiled all my fun," said Johnny. "I'd just like to give it a good slap and done with it."

"Now, Johnny, you shouldn't be a repining as I have often told you. You've got a heap of mercies; just think of all the poor children who haven't—!"

"Oh, yes," said Johnny snappishly; "just think of all the children who haven't any homes nor friends nor Sunday-schools; I know what

you are going to say, but I'm sick of hearing it; so do stop! If your leg was nearly snapping off with pain, and your back was all cramped up with lying still, and you were in such a fidget all over that you'd like to knock somebody down, and instead of having a jolly time with the fellows this afternoon, as you expected, you had to lie here with a broken leg, I guess you wouldn't talk much about Sunday-schools and mercies and things, and I just wish—boo-hoo-hoo."

You see Johnny wasn't an heroic boy in the way of suffering; most boys are not, I guess, so he just burst out into a good hearty cry, although he would have assured you ten minutes before, that nothing could make him cry, "not much."

So in a few minutes he felt as ashamed of himself as though he had done something dreadful, and choked and swallowed, trying all the time to look as if nothing had happened.

Poor Aunt Roxy was dreadfully shocked; but Aunt Roxy could never think of the right thing to say till long afterward, so she rolled up her eyes, clasped her hands and said, "Now, Johnny, don't; oh, deary me! oh, the poor motherless boy! oh, my!"

Johnny felt better after his cry, as people generally do if they can have it out, and then began, as I told you, to feel ashamed of himself. He looked up slyly at Aunt Roxy, and found that she was putting on her bonnet in preparation for going out.

"Excuse me, aunty," he said, "I didn't mean to be cross and rude, but it's awful for a boy to be laid up like this, and at Christmas time, too."

"Law sakes, now, Johnny, don't take on so. You can't be patient and submissive like as if you was a girl; it ain't in the nature of men and boys; only getting cross don't make things better. Now if you only hadn't climbed that dangerous tree you wouldn't have fallen and broken your leg. Now, another time—"

"Well, well, aunty," said Johnny, looking very much inclined to snap out again, as he called it, "you know you've told me that a good many times, so please don't say anything more about it."

"Well, I'm going to the store," said aunty. "I won't be gone but just one minute, so you needn't be scared about staying alone; I'll watch the house and hurry back as quick as I can."

"All right," said Johnny, quite glad to show that in spite of his crying he was no baby; "I'm not afraid."

So Aunt Roxy went out, and Johnny listened to her steps, which grew fainter and fainter in the distance, till at last he could hear nothing but the singing of the teakettle in the kitchen adjoining. The humming soon soothed him to sleep, before he knew that he was getting sleepy. All at once there was the queerest noise at the door. I couldn't begin to

tell you what it was like; it was a sort of a thump, bump, bang, when the door flew open and in rolled a meal-bag. Did you ever know anything so funny? No, of course not; but wait till I tell you the rest. In another minute in rolled another bag, and then another, and so on until there were eight meal-bags rolling around the room, bumping into each other, and doing the queerest things that bags were ever known to do.

Johnny thought he was dreaming, so he pinched himself and pulled his eyes open, but found he was indeed awake. There the bags continued to roll under his eyes, till all of a sudden there was a little low whistle, when, behold, all bags stood up on end, and eight heads popped through the openings of the eight bags, and Johnny saw the eight laughing faces of eight of his schoolmates turned towards him.

"Well, I declare!" said Johnny; "I did wonder what on earth you were."

"We were sent by Santa Claus," said one of the boys, "to show you some of his tricks of magic. Presto, change!"

With that the eight bags were opened wide, and out jumped the eight boys. Each one pulled something out of his bag and began running around the room, climbing chairs, moving tables, and to Johnny's astonishment, in a few minutes the walls of the poor, bare, forlorn little old bedroom were all festooned with Christmas greens, and there was a wreath in the window, and a bunch of bright-colored berries on the table. You can't think how pretty it all was; and as for Johnny, he thought he must have died and gone straight to heaven, for surely there could be nothing so beautiful in this world as this room, which a few minutes before had been as bare and forlorn as a place could be. Johnny couldn't speak, but he opened his eyes as wide as possible, and tried to sit up in his bed so as to get a better view of what was going on; but that was too great an effort just now, so he was obliged to keep quiet.

Pretty soon Joe came out from his hiding-place, bringing something with him. Johnny couldn't see what it was, till suddenly there appeared on the bed in front of him—what do you think? a lovely little Christmas-tree, which looked as bright and sweet as the day itself. There were little bits of apples hung on by bright-colored strings, and nuts, and little pieces of candy. Then each boy had hung on some little present with his name attached. One boy

gave him a pen-wiper, one a little book-mark-one a slate-pencil, one a lead-pencil, one a piece of rubber, one a little peach-pit basket, one a rubber-ring of his own whittling, one a little bag containing a few marbles.

"Now," said Johnny, at last finding his tongue, "this is what I call splendid. I tell you what, fellers, I—I—what made you do all this, anyhow?"

"Cause we were in for having some fun," said Tommy, "and we felt awful sorry to think of you cooped up here, you know. Here, let me help you off with these gimcracks."

By this time Aunt Roxy had finished her errand at the store, had talked for five minutes with every one she met on the way, assuring them all the time that she hadn't a minute to spare and must run home as fast as ever she could go. She came quietly through the door, and nearly fell over the pile of bags on the floor.

"Laws sakes alive!" she exclaimed, "what is this? Oh where is my boy? He's dead and they're laying him out I do believe, Johnny! Johnny!"

"I'm all right, Aunt Roxy," said Johnny from behind his tree. "Just see what the boys have done for my 'Merry Christmas!'"

"Well, now, do tell!" said Aunt Roxy, dropping into the nearest chair. "Whatever in this world did put such thoughts into your heads?"

"Oh, we are a society," said Bill Flint, "and here are our badges, see," he said, pointing to his jacket where a little piece of blue ribbon was fastened. "The business of our society is never to let a day go by without doing somebody a kindness. Sometimes one of us sees a cow in some one's yard; well, you see, we just go and drive her out. Sometimes a little girl is going along and looks cold and tired, so whoever sees her, takes her bundles, and puts her on his sled, and trots home with her. Yesterday Tom's mother's pump got frozen up and we fixed it all up for her as quick as wink. We get kind of interested in hunting up things to do. Once a week we meet at somebody's house, and if any one has any money, we have some peanuts for refreshments, but if he hasn't we have just as good a time without, because we play games, you know. Then we have the rule that if any one has gone through the week without

doing somebody a kindness every day, he just can't come to the 'good-time night,' so that settles him you see."

"But this aint any kindness," said Jimmy Black, "it's only fun—this don't count."

"Oh my, no!" said they all, "this is good fun."

"Only we thought you might like it, Johnny, We couldn't do much you see because we had not much money, but we had our hands and feet and we kept those going lively."

"I should think you had done a great deal," said Johnny.

"Oh, but you know we couldn't buy you any presents worth having 'cause we hadn't any money, so Tom he whittled your basket, and Jim he made that book-mark, and Jerry made that ring, and the marbles were some that I had, but I thought you wouldn't mind that for they are tip-top ones."

Aunt Roxy sniffed and wiped her eyes so much and looked so upset, that Jerry, who couldn't see what in the world there was to cry about, remarked sympathizingly,

"You've got an awful cold in your head, marm, haven't you?"

"I should like to join your society as soon as I get well," said Johnny.

"All right," said Captain Bill. "Come on boys, we must be off. Good-bye, Johnny, we'll give you three cheers outside, it would make too much noise in here."

"Good-bye," said one and all, and off they went.

Johnny didn't sleep much that night, for his leg was very painful, so he felt doubly thankful for the pretty scene before him. In every wreath or festoon he could see a token of the tender thoughts of his little playmates, and behind all that he was forced to remember who had put it into the hearts of those boys to do all this for him.

"Ah," he sighed, "I grumble too much. I guess I have a good many mercies that even Aunt Roxy don't harp upon. Well,—oh! my that was an awful twinge of pain—if I ever do get well I'll do my best for other sick people, and I'll never let Christmas go by without seeing to it that it is the jolliest sort of a day for every one I know."

MRS. OPOSSUM AND HER DAUGHTERS.

BY ELLA FARMAN.

"I'm just moped to death in this dull stump, so!" exclaimed the eldest Miss Opossum, one summer afternoon.

"Moped! I should think so," responded the next sister, Miss Didelphida, who was named after the grandmothers of their family back to Eve's time, and who, also, was the scold of the household. "The holes in this old peat carpet actually let one's feet into the cellar, and the moss-hangings are falling to pieces—we're *awful* shabby! It's no wonder nobody calls. If mother would only rent that nice large stump on Marsh Square, or take a house out on Lakeview Avenue!"

"O my children," sighed the mother, "how often must I remind you that the hunters and their dogs frequent those front streets! But," added she, "as you will now soon be of age, it is only proper that you should see something of the world; and as you are too large to sit in the pouch, you shall, to-day, ride outside, upon my back."

During their mother's absences they had frequently been up into the observatory at the top of the stump. The view covered hundreds of acres. The "Old World" lay spread out upon the other side of the pond. Castles, and towers, and spires, black forests and mountains, the Misses Opossum concluded the various features of the landscape to be. And now they asked, with one accord, "O mother, shall we make the European tour?"

She shook her head. "But you shall go as far as the pond. You are really old enough to seek frogs for yourselves; and it is also time that you learned the mysteries of hen-coops. Dogs and boys must be dared some time in all lives!"

She washed and ironed the soft fuzzy polonaises of each of her fair young ladies with her own red, motherly tongue, and bade them sharpen their claws well upon the wall.

One by one, fair as the morning, they alighted

outside, where they never had been before unless carried in the maternal pouch. They raised their keen little noses in the air. They sniffed a dozen delicious scents.

"O thou good mother, thou must surely be losing thy nose," cried Miss Opossum, standing on her hind feet, and looking eagerly about. "I *know* that there are *many* rabbits hereabouts. Would that I had permission to be off!"

"And thou, mother," added Miss Capriccia, "why hast thou never told us how near the wild grape-vine grew? Yonder, too, is pokeberry. Methinks we might have foraged for ourselves weeks ago."

"Go, thou ungrateful minx, to yonder shrub, and see if thou canst hang supported by thy tail. Until then, how canst thou hold thy squirrel steak to eat it?"

Miss Capriccia tossed her head, ran nimbly to the leafy shrub, scuttled within, and was soon seen upon a branch next the top. She was, at least, three feet from the ground. Her sister cheered loudly, but her mother sat anxiously watching her. Three times the child snapped her slim black tail, again and again she cracked it smartly like a whip; but it would not catch upon the branch above. Panting, she paused, blushing until her eyes were pink.

"Come back into thy mother's pouch, my daughter, and be content to have thy dinners provided," cried Mrs. Opossum. "Thou wilt find out in the great world that, like that rough branch, nothing will lower itself to thee like thy mother's smooth tail."

But at last the little quirky black tail caught; and Miss Capriccia, letting go, and calmly folding her hands, swung clear, back and forth, head downwards, hanging by her tail alone. She vaulted, at last, into the family midst, where she was received with many plaudits.

They were now eager to be off. They gazed wistfully up into the tallest trees, wistfully off

along myriad fine paths that ran criss-cross in every direction. Their claws curved with the true climbing instincts, their tails snapped with elastic vigor, they felt what wondrous things were to be accomplished with their funny-jointed clawless thumbs, which, they had been told, were like the thumbs of that ingenious monster, Boy, who constructed traps and fired off guns.

Indeed, it had for some time been the dream of the youngest—Miss Badgerina—that she should, some day, invent an air-gun, with which the tree-peoples should yet be able to defend the forests against intruders.

But Mrs. Opossum restrained them. It would be well, my dears, before setting out, to once more rehearse the Life-Preserving lesson."

"Oh, how tiresome!" cried they all. "And," quoth Miss Capriccia, "old people do fall into real tape deplorably. It is well that creatures are born young, since, otherwise, all enterprise and progress would be at an end."

Nevertheless, the four sisters ranged themselves in the usual row, erect upon their hind feet, front paws folded.

One by one Mrs. Opossum tapped each upon the head lightly. One by one each keeled over upon the ground lifeless. It was a sad sight. Gradually the pretty, silken bodies stiffened. Slowly a film, the death film, crept over eight lifeless eyes. The mother lifted the sixteen soft paws—rigid, cold! She turned them over with her sharp nose. She bestowed various energetic pokes.

Resting a moment to laugh, she nosed her musky darlings over once more, this time giving each a smart bite. "Dead, dead as a door nail!" she murmured, proudly. "They'll eat no more chickens, *L'U* be bound!"

I incline to the opinion that somewhere, at some time, Mrs. Opossum had heard this pronounced as a funeral oration.

Then all the sisters sneezed, and got up.

"Well *possumed*, my children!" she said, smilingly. "Mount now, and we will be off."

But they wished to walk. So Mrs. Opossum plunged into the brushwood, and set off through the leafy tunnel that led down the hill. But presently she paused, and laughed, softly, to herself.

Four voices were speaking piteously, somewhere, behind her.

"O mother!"

"O mother, dear!"

"Thou good mother, wait!"

"We are lost, thou mother!"

"Then she returned, and took them upon her back; and they wound their cold, wiry little tails around her long, thick, warm one. She waited until their claws were well fastened in her fur, and they had each other safely by the nape of the neck; then she plunged down through the thick green glooms of the ferny dell, down to the water side.

There, for the first time, they sipped the cool nectar of the great forest ocean. They spent a never-to-be-forgotten hour. All the best frog-logs were located, and they were taught to distinguish between the croak of the old and the young. They went around the base of a large hill, and Mrs. Opossum pointed out the hen-house where Bobby Moffat always forgot to shut the door.

"They are nearly done setting the mother. hens for the season," she said, "but soon the time will come when the fowls steal their nests, and then there will be fine opportunities for securing many eggs at one attack. But remember, that in the Moffat coop young chickens are always got-at-able, thanks to Master Bob."

Rabbit burrows and several squirrel holes were visited, and they returned by the way of the poke-berry-patch and the nettle thicket. The grape-vine tree was climbed so successfully that it was agreed that next week the Misses Opossum should begin the world for themselves.—"*Wide Awake*."

HOLIDAY GAMES.

In preparation for the holiday season we furnish our young readers with a number of games and pastimes selected from various sources. Some are more suitable for the little ones, others can only be played by those well advanced in their studies, but in the greater part old and young may pleasantly unite—the best way to secure a happy evening all round:—

A GIGANTIC SNEEZE.—Do you want a hearty laugh? Let a company of a dozen persons or more repeat these words, ash, ish, osh, simultaneously. Give to each person a word, ash, ish, osh, ash, ish, osh, and so on till each one of the party has his word assigned. Then, at a given signal, pronounce them at the same moment. The sound is that of a gigantic sneeze, and the effect is very ludicrous.

THE GAME OF SHADOW BUFF.—Blind man's buff, as a good natured, rollicking game, will never wear out. It "holds its own" as well as beef-steak and apple-sauce among good things to eat. Shadow Buff is a variation of it that is equally amusing and may suit quieter people better. A large piece of white cloth, like a sheet, is suspended smoothly at one end of the room, at a little distance from "Buffy," who sits with his face towards the cloth, and his back to the company. Behind but a little to one side of him a light must be so placed as to throw the shadows of persons passing between it and Buffy directly on the sheet. All other lights must be taken out; then the players must slowly walk, one by one, between the light and Buffy (who must not turn his head) limping, jumping, or disguising themselves and distorting their shadows in any way they can. He is to guess them from their shadows, guessing but once on each one, and the one he catches takes his place, as in blind man's buff. Blind man's buff may also be played in this way: Let the blind man

take a cane, which he reaches out in every direction. The person whom it touches must take hold of it and repeat anything—to the amount of a dozen words or so—the blind man orders, disguising his voice as much as he can. If the blind man detects him by his voice, he is then blinded, if not the blind man must try again.

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

"I have a word that rhymes with bun."

"Is it what many people call great sport or merriment?" "No, it is not fun."

"Is it a troublesome creditor?" "No, it is not a dun."

"Is it a kind of fire arm?" "No, it is not a gun."

"Is it a religious woman who lives in retirement?" "No, it is not a nun."

"Is it the act of moving very swiftly, or what one does when in great haste?" "No, it is not to run."

"Is it a quibble, or play upon words?" "No, it is not a pun."

"Is it a word that we often use to denote that a thing is finished?" "No, it is not done."

"Is it a weight?" "No, it is not a ton."

"Well, is it that luminary that shines by day, and brightens everything it shines upon?" "Yes, it is the sun."

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

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

"Is it a native of Denmark?" "No, it is not a Dane."

"Is it used by old gentlemen?" "No, it is not a cane."

"Is it what is meant when we say we would be glad to do so and so?" No, it is not fain."

"Is it what we all suffer from when in great distress?" "No, it is not pain."

"Is it a Christian name?" "No, it is not Jane."

"Is it to obtain by success, to win?" "No, it is not to gain."

"Is it the hair that grows on the neck of animals?" No, it is not the mane."

"Is it a very narrow way or passage?" "No, it is not a lane."

"Is it that which causes so many disappointments to the young?" "No, it is not rain."

"Is it a square of glass?" No, it is not a pane."

"Is it to be proud of one's own accomplishments?" "No, it is not vain."

"Is it the first in importance, or the ocean?" "No, it is not the main."

"Is it another name for poison?" "No, it is not bane."

"Is it that object which is placed on the top of spires, and is moved by the wind?" "Yes, it is a vane."

Of course, if the right word is readily guessed, another word is chosen, the guesser becoming in turn the questioner.

WHAT IS YOUR THOUGHT LIKE?—One of the pleasantest games we have ever played is called "What is your thought like?" There are two ways of playing it. The first, and by far the best, is as follows: A goes out, and in his absence the others decide what one thing they will all think about. It may be anything they choose, in nature, art, or fiction. We will suppose, by way of illustration, that it is *the sky*, and that only four persons are present. A being now recalled, enquires of one of the party, "B, what is your thought like?" B. "Like an umbrella." A then asks the next, "What is your thought like?" C (thinking also of the sky). "Like a woman." D says in his turn, "Like a ballet dancer's dress"; and E compares it to Joseph's coat. A being quite unable to determine what one thing is like all these, begins at B again with the old query, "What is your thought like?" and goes round the circle once more. Where the party numbers six or less, he may ask each one three times; but when more

are playing, it is as well to go round but twice B's second answer is, "Like Mr. Dombey." C says, "Like the seams of a dress"; D, "Like a literary lady"; and E, "Like a rat." After asking all a third time, A is at liberty to enquire, "B, why is your thought like an umbrella?" B. "Because it arches overhead." "Why like Mr. Dombey?" "Because it has but one sun (son)." "C, why is it like a woman?" "Because it is very variable, and like the seams of a dress, because often 'overcast.'" D explains that his thought is like a "ballet dancer's dress, because often spangled with stars, and like a literary lady, because decidedly *blue*." E says, "Like Joseph's coat, because it is of many colors, and like a rat because spelled with three letters." A (reflecting). "If it is blue, arched, star-spangled, variable, often overcast, and has but one sun, it is surely the *sky*, and as B's answers gave me my first light on the subject, she must go out next."

BUZ-BUZ.—"Buz-buz" is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. It is played thus:

A number of persons are sitting together. One begins the game by saying "One," the person next to him "Two," the next "Three," and so on until "Seven" is reached. The person to whom this number falls says "Buz" instead of "Seven." Then the numbers go on to "Fourteen," instead of which "Buz-Buz" must be pronounced. And so, for every multiple of seven, "Buz" must be pronounced as many times as seven is contained in the number. The counting and "buz-zing" must be done as rapidly as the words can be pronounced. Easy as it seems, there are few persons who will not often be caught in a mistake.

THE ELEMENTS.—"The Elements" is another very simple game, which keeps one's wits closely at work. You throw a handkerchief into the lap of some one sitting near you, saying at the moment, "Earth!" "Air!" or "Water!" The person who receives the handkerchief must name some inhabitant of the element mentioned before the one who throws it can count ten. No general term, like "bird," "beast," or "fish," must be used, and the same creature must not be twice mentioned.

INITIALS.—"Initials" is a game we have heard of from Sweden, where, in the evenings,

which are longer than our days, they must need a great variety of amusements. You whisper to your next neighbor the name of some distinguished person: he whispers another to *his* next neighbor, and so on around the room. Then the first person to whom a name was first told repeats adjectives or other words, the initials of which in some way describe the individual mentioned to him, and the rest of the company guess who is meant from the initials and appellations.

For instance: Some one says, "Artificial Poet," and you have no trouble in guessing the name of Alexander Pope. Or if the words "Notorious Butcher" are pronounced, it is quite possible that Napoleon Bonaparte is meant.

CAPPING VERSES.—We find the following in an old copy of *Our Young Folks* :—

Miss Challis now proposed to try something that required a little more ingenuity. "I think you will like 'capping verses,'" she said. "I will begin by repeating some few lines of poetry, the first word of which I shall begin with A. My next neighbor must give a quotation commencing with B, and so on around the table.

Emily. "But I have never read much poetry."

Anna C. "And I never can remember what I *have* read."

Nelly C. "I know I can't play *that* game."

Alfred. "What a set of shirks! I was going to beg off myself, but it isn't fair for us all to desert Miss Dora, when she's trying to please us. Come! let's put on a brave face and all do the best we can. If we can't remember tip-top poetry we can put in Mother Goose, can't we?"

Miss Challis. "Thanks, brave ally! I certainly shall not be hard on any of you, but we will keep Mother Goose only for desperate necessity. I will take the lead, and I'm sure you will all find it easier than you suppose. Two lines is enough to repeat, but if you choose you can give more, and any one may call for the author's name if he pleases. I'll begin with Wordsworth:

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Mrs. Durant. "May I take B? I just remember something,"

Laura. "Do, Cousin Nannie, for I have a C all ready."

Mrs. Durant.

"Birds, birds! ye are beautiful things!
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-
cleaving wings;
Where shall man wander, and where shall he
dwell,
Beautiful birds, but ye come not as well?"

Miss Challis. "I never heard that; you must repeat more of it to us by and by. Is it Barry Cornwall's?"

Mrs. Durant. "No, Eliza Cook's. Now, Laura, for your C."

Laura.

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

Alfred. "I guess somebody's been reading her Christmas copy of Jean Ingelow. Come, Sam, it's your turn."

Sam. "Can I quote our school reader, Miss Dora?"

Miss Dora. "Certainly."

Sam (*blushing, but resolute*). "Here's D, then."

"Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove."

Miss Challis. "Good! I thank you, Mr. Cameron. E., Emily."

Emily. "I can't remember anything but
"Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Ever of thee, ever of thee."

Anna C.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I remember that, for I had to parse it last week."

Alfred. "I was hoping you couldn't think of anything, for I wanted to say 'Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman.' However, I had a G, too, thanks to Halleck, I believe.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee
None named thee but to praise."

Nelly C. "Please skip me this once! (*Miss Dora whispers to her*). "Oh thank you; yes, I can say that.

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blest be the evergreen pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line."

Miss Challis.

"I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night."

Mrs. Durant.

“ Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving. ”

Laura.

“ Kathleen, mavourneen, the gray dawn is
breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill. ”

Sam C.

“ Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul. ”

Emily.

“ Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave :
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river. ”

Anna C.

“ Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried. ”

Alfred.

“ Our bagles sang truce, for the night cloud had
lowered. ”

Nilly C.

“ Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
your door. ”

Miss Challis. “ I cannot remember any Q,
except in a verse from Nancy Lake’s story in
‘Rejected Addresses.’

“ Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top’s peg,
And bang with might and main. ”

Mrs. Durant.

“ Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain. ”

Alfred (aside). “ Cousin Nannie was always
famous for her nice rolls, but I didn’t suppose
they would come in play here. I beg your
pardon, Miss Dora. Is it my turn ? I had an
R all ready, about ‘Rory O’More,’ but Cousin
Nannie’s fleets have swept over me. ”

Laura. “ Don’t be ridiculous, Al ; it’s my
turn, and I’m so afraid I shall forget the S I
have been cherishing. ”

Alfred. “ Silence all ! ”

Laura (determined not to be discomfited).

“ Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair. ”

Miss Challis.

“ There’s no sorrow there, Jean,
There’s neither cold nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair,—
In the land o’ the leal. ”

Emily.

“ Under the spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands. ”

Alfred.

“ Vashti for pride
Was set aside. ”

“ Who dares to say the New England Primer
isn’t first-class poetry ? ”

As no one could think of another V, the Primer
carried the day.

Mrs. Durant.

“ What’s done we partly may compute
But know not what’s resisted. ”

X baffled everybody, and was at last given up
as impracticable. Y was at first thought diffi-
cult, but suddenly Laura and Mrs. Durant began
at the same moment to say,

“ ‘Ye banks and braes o’ bonny Doon,’ ”
and Anna Cameron added,

“ ‘You must wake and call me early,’ ”
and Alfred began to declaim,

“ ‘Ye mariners of England.’ ”

Z, however, brought another long silence, but
Miss Dora finally remembered Moore’s—

“ Zelica, Zelica, the youth exclaimed, ”
and Laura recalled an acrostic that one of her
schoolmates had written for Lizzie R—, a very
nervous girl, in which these four lines occurred :—

“ Zembra’s winds, with all their chill,
Could not keep her quick hands still ;
Zanzibar, with all its heat,
Could not stay her restless feet. ”

And now, to every one’s astonishment, Mrs.
Durant announced that it was tea-time, and the
other games were postponed until the evening.

The Home.



LADIES AS BOARDERS.

BY A MONTREAL LADY.

The question is constantly being asked, "Why do ladies find it more difficult to obtain board than gentlemen do?" and as I have had a good deal of experience in the matter, I will endeavor to give the answer.

Ladies are more expensive boarders than gentlemen, and give far more trouble. There, dear reader, is the plain, unvarnished truth, and what makes it worse is, that the greater part of the extra trouble given by ladies is unnecessary. I say nothing about the additional warmth required by ladies, or their delicate appetite, which prevents their eating plain roast or boil; because these are things which they cannot help. Situated as most ladies are who board, they cannot take much exercise unless they walk out daily, and even with that a great portion of their time is spent either reading, writing or sewing, and they really need a warmer atmosphere than gentlemen who are away all day, and use their rooms principally as sleeping-rooms; and this same want of exercise affects the appetite, rendering it in many cases most capricious.

Nor ought I to speak of the many visitors ladies have, and yet it is a source of serious annoyance. If, as is so often the case in this city, ladies are boarding in private families, the servants soon begin to complain of the extra running

up and down stairs, whilst the owner of the house can rarely have the use of her own parlor. The annoyance of servants could be easily smoothed over, if a quarter were judiciously given now and then, but no lady ever seems to think of such a thing, whereas a gentleman frequently remunerates the servant, and so secures willing service.

So far my task has not been a disagreeable one, for I have only mentioned those things which, though causing trouble, yet are not the fault of ladies themselves, but only arise from the way in which they are situated; but I now have to speak of things where the cause lies in themselves alone, and I should like to know how many or how few of those who have to eke out their income by taking boarders agree with me.

The principal thing with ladies is their unpunctuality, particularly at meals. Now, surely that can be avoided if they wish, for there is no "business" in their case to fall back upon as an excuse,—indeed they never seem to consider an excuse at all necessary, but will even leave the house as the dinner or luncheon-bell is ringing. Another favorite custom is to *dress* just as the dinner is on the table, or sit down to write a letter, which might have been done before, or read one, or finish the last pages of

a novel, or, in fact, any of the thousand and one ways in which they can show their supreme contempt of time and stated hours. Again, ladies are frequently dilatory in their payments,—not from the desire of non-payment, but just because, as they say themselves, they “don’t think.” I dare say you think that a trifle, dear reader, but only be a lady yourself in reduced circumstances, obliged to take boarders, and see which you would rather deal with: the business man who pays without asking, or the unpractical woman who has always to be reminded that her month is out, and who will then keep you waiting several days because she “forgot all about going to the bank.”

Again, why will ladies rent one room and expect to have the run of the whole house? With many I believe it is simple thoughtlessness, but with others it is *curiosity*. Yes, hard as it may sound, it is too true that curiosity takes many a lady boarder to the kitchen to see for a “warm iron,” or to “steam” some crape or velvet, or “just to warm her hands.” Curiosity takes her a dozen times a day to the dining-room to regulate her watch by the clock, or to the pantry, the bedroom, or in fact, just wherever any member of the family may be busy doing work which they would much rather do when alone. Curiosity again leads many a one to her room just when the servant is there—and it is still curiosity which leads to those long conferences between Mrs. or Miss — and Mary the maid.

Again, notwithstanding the popular idea of ladies being “so neat,” it is a fact that as boarders they are most untidy. Their rooms take twice the amount of work to keep in order, they have more clothes than gentlemen, more ornaments in their rooms, and

pull all about far more than gentlemen. Have the room occupied by a gentleman nicely dusted and swept in the morning, and there is no further trouble for that day; but, alas, how different with nine ladies out of ten! In their case the work is never done, for no sooner is all put in order than in a short time all is again disorder. Looking for this, that, or the other article which is “mis-laid” (“a most unusual thing for me, you know”), is sufficient excuse to turn out every box and bandbox, keeping the place in dire confusion for the rest of the day. Dressmaking is another fruitful source of annoyance, particularly when that or millinery is carried on in the parlor. And last, but not least, the wear and tear of carpets from ladies being so constantly in the house. A carpet in a lady’s room is shabby much quicker than in a gentleman’s, and while his wears evenly, hers is sure to go first in front of the looking-glass.

These are some of the reasons why ladies are not popular as boarders; there are many more, but I do not wish to tire my readers, so will pass them by. Nearly all can be avoided, and if my words cause only one lady to change her ways, I shall feel that I have been a benefactor to some unfortunate boarding-house keeper.

All ladies are not alike; there are many who would never dream of doing such things as I have mentioned, but that many others do so, is undoubted.—nay, they are even insulting in both words and manner to those with whom they are living; and, unfortunately, the innocent suffer with the guilty, and the lady who has once had a disagreeable boarder, is afraid to venture upon taking another of the same sex, lest she too should prove to be one of the wilfully troublesome ones.

HEALTH IN CHILDHOOD.

BY J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M. D., M. R. C. P.

The organic nervous system is almost perfect at first, as indispensable to organic life. It may be in its integrity whilst the child is a perfect idiot, without power to do anything more than swallow its food when offered to it. In such miserable condition have human beings lived to maturity, bereft of thought and motion, and yet all the functions of organic life have been perfectly performed. But the brain and its appendages have almost everything to learn, and a description of how they are gradually educated is not only interesting, but very instructive. At first the movements of a baby indicate little of the brain and will, to which they are soon to be subordinate. The little thing kicks vigorously and screams lustily, but the movements are not purposive, they are aimless and probably almost involuntary. The face which ere long will be so mobile and expressive, is now a blank, doing little more than express pleasure and pain, the latter much more decidedly; and the attitude of the infant is expressionless, unless it be the idea of coziness as it nestles in its mother's bosom. But soon the eye begins to sparkle, and the lips to gather themselves into a smile; at times evidences of will are manifested in rebellion to some action, and shrill cries are emitted; the little one's brain is giving forth indications of its growing power. A little longer, and the hand develops its prehensible power in a clutch at some coveted object, and the lower limbs kick out in a rude primitive attempt at walking. A little later, again, and the toddling thing, easily falling over and losing its balance, is learning to walk. See, with what difficulty it maintains itself erect and how readily it trips; yet, in a few months, its movements have acquired precision, and it runs quickly without difficulty. Much does the baby learn in its first two years, for in addition to learning to walk, it is also commencing to know something of judging distances by its eye, and no longer clutches at the moon. It

is also attempting to imitate the sounds it hears around it, especially the easy simple sounds its mother lovingly encourages it to attempt; by this means it learns to communicate with others, and not only that, but is learning to recognize and distinguish the various sounds it hears.

Slowly and gradually is the tiny creature developing its special senses, of which, perhaps, smell is the latest to develop; and the nervous system is being evolved, which, in time, will be such a remarkable feature. And well it is if that process of brain evolution be free from disturbance.

Gentle restraint, combined with firmness, is imperative, in order that the little being may be taught self-control, for it quickly notices any vacillation or lack of firmness in its mother, and profits by it to its own hindrance. It is most lamentable to see a child permitted to overrule its parents, disregarding their wishes first, and disobeying their commands afterwards. What a future is in prospect!

For years this great susceptibility of the nervous system persists, and its use is most valuable in endowing the child with aptness and perseverance; in its abuse, giving a tendency to imitation indiscriminate and undiscerning, as seen in the readiness with which a child will learn to squint if in contact with a squinting individual, or to lie if among liars. The effect of this susceptibility, too, is to give what is called a predisposition towards brain disease, to which children are so subject, and especially to that form of meningitis ending in hydrocephalus which is almost unknown among adults.

Precocity is the characteristic of many children; our pet children, the beautiful and the gifted! Little fairy creatures with large eyes, long eyelashes, well cut eyebrows, full lips, a beautiful complexion, and fine silken hair, are usually the most precocious. They are encouraged to manifest their mental powers, which are

often remarkable, and there is really something fascinating about them. But commonly they never survive childhood, being carried off by brain disease or some form of tubercle; in other cases by acute disease. The over-stimulated nervous system possesses little resistive power, and exhaustion setting in early in the disease is quickly fatal. They have used their nerve force too freely, instead of storing it up, and when the hour of trial comes that force is spent which would have enabled them to weather the storm. The loss of these children is always keenly felt, and regret at having borne a hand in the production of the ultimate result is often very acutely realized by the parents; still this has little effect upon others.

The children of towns are much more precocious than country children, and this is especially true of London gamins. The little city Arab can see fifty mischiefs that would pass undiscerned by a little clown, and get into them, and out of them, too. The rustic looks dull beside the precocious town youngster, but in middle age he is usually much the better man; while the town child has been expending his nerve force, the rustic has been storing his up for future use, and in the course of time the brain of the rustic surpasses in power the brain of the city-born individual. This is especially seen in London, where, from their earliest years, the children are taken about to theatres and sights, even in their mother's arms; they are reared in excitement, in fact, and thus use up their nerve force, a process which is usually accompanied by rapid development of the nervous power, and an early and precocious maturity is induced. At fifteen, the cockney, especially of the lower class, is far ahead of a country boy of the same age; at twenty-five, the distance is diminished; at thirty-five, the country-bred man in turn is a good way ahead; at forty-five, the cockney is not in the race. "You can't eat a cake and have it." Old proverb! This is well known in the matter of racehorses, and a very youthful reputation is incompatible with pre-eminence in after years. Sharp children are the better of discouragement, of cold water being thrown upon them and their efforts; while the stimulating effect of rewards and punishments is salutary for sluggish children.

Children are much more liable to suffering, the consequence of ignorance, than are adults. They do not see that the ditch or causeway is not to be preferred to the footway for a walk, be-

cause they have not learned the unpleasant consequences which may and usually do result from an indulgence in such preference; or that playing in the rain till wet through is injudicious, especially when they sit in school afterwards in their wet clothes. Childhood is a time of troubles, when the individual is learning, amidst other things, what to avoid. Still, the system of coddling children too much is very undesirable. The power of throwing off a cold readily, or of resisting its oncome, is largely affected by habit, and the constant practice entailed by an active and largely out-door existence, results in a form of health quite unattainable by children who are kept much within doors, and only permitted out when the weather is fine, and then only when well wrapped up. The first is inured to vicissitudes of weather and temperature, and the system learns to look after itself; the other, a hot-house exotic, is scarcely safe from the effects of the slightest exposure. The system of guarding against cold generally leaves the child the victim of the most trivial disturbing action, and the more it is coddled up, the more sensitive it becomes. It is impossible too, that such a bringing up can ever lead to robust health, and the result is a weakly, delicate system, susceptible to the most trivial influences. This system of coddling up is now much more prevalent than the opposite one of "hardening children," and is equally objectionable, or even moer os. Under the hardening plan, the weak are certainly killed, weeded out, which is not always desirable, for a bright intellect often goes with a delicate frame; while under the opposite plan, children are rendered artificially delicate, ever the victim of illness which they cannot resist, and too commonly the parents of really feeble infants; and so the delicacy, actually fostered and cultivated, becomes an heirloom of questionable desirability.

Children should be warmly clad, rather with reference to their needs than to the chameleon changes of fashion; which at one time leaves them almost defenceless against the blast, and then at another overloads them with coverings.

The clothing should be comfortably loose and not of too expensive material, so that it may frequently be changed as growth progresses. This is much better than cutting down old clothes or keeping them till the next child grows up to wear them. Especially is this last to be avoided in the matter of shoes, which, however, are never now-a-days too durable, for the comfort of the

individual as well as his activity is often much affected by the growth of the feet.

The food, too, is an important matter, as the demands for it are great, are two-fold, in fact; for the necessities of growth and of daily wear and tear have now both to be met. The tissues of the body are being rapidly built up, while the restless energy of childhood demands a large supply of food; the two combined necessitate liberal meals. The food of childhood should be ample: it should be given at intervals not too far distant; it should be simple in character, for the appetite is a sufficient sauce; it should also contain the requisite ingredients in good proportion. If these points are attended to, the child will not usually be otherwise than healthy, so far as health is concerned with diet at least. The bulk of food a growing child will eat is surprising, and it needs not to be further tempted by any specially attractive character of its viands.

There is something more than mere cleanliness involved in the relations of the skin and water. Bathing is a most excellent exercise when practised in moderation. It develops the different muscles, and perhaps more than any other exercise teaches self-reliance and coolness. The art of swimming is not only directly conducive to health, but often makes the difference betwixt life and death. The continuance of life no less than the maintenance of health may hang on the power to swim. It is often said that colds are caught in bathing. No statement could be more true; and a great amount of discussion has gone on from time to time as to the date and the season when bathing is to be permitted, or as to whether the bather should sit still on the bank, cooling in his shirt, or plunge in when hot; but the real question lies in the duration of the stay in the water. It should not be prolonged until the body temperature falls too far: this is what is meant by taking cold; it is the becoming cold. It is not easy, however, to state how this is to be known by a boy, and so the best broad rule is "not to stay in the water until the second sensation of cold comes on." If this is felt strongly, a good run until perspiration is induced is the best thing to be done. If this rule were followed out there would be few colds caught when bathing. Children rarely catch cold when their bathing is supervised; if by themselves they crawl about naked, often a long time, under the idea that that is harmless. It does not matter how the heat is lost, whether in air or water, so long as it is lost!

Another matter of great importance is fresh air; of this there should be no stint. Not only should a child be much in the open air, at play like a colt or a fawn, but the rooms in which it lives should be well supplied with fresh air. The sensitiveness of children to any vitiation of the atmosphere is shown by their susceptibility to take typhoid fever, and by their tendency to fall asleep in crowded assemblies, whether amused or not. It is cruel to expect a child to keep its attention up when in an ill-ventilated school. In my early days at a village school I well remember many a child being beaten for inattentiveness when really the building was at fault; but the master, one of the old school, was too ignorant to know this, and too prejudiced to believe it if anyone had pointed it out to him. The day rooms of children should be well ventilated, with a good supply of fresh air, as well as a good cubic space to each child. Neither should the hours of confinement be too long without an intermission. A "blow" of fresh air, an accession of oxygen to the blood, is a famous stimulus to a child's intellect. But it is in the night rooms of children that this neglect of ventilation becomes most marked and disgraceful. These rooms, even in good houses, are often simply shameful. In schools the superintendents are becoming more alive to their own interests—having the matter brought strongly before their notice—than to permit the old crammed bedroom to remain. In the cottage it is, perhaps, simply impossible to have anything else. The faded washed-out look of children who sleep in crowded rooms and have little fresh air next day to make up for it, strikes one at once. In the country, long hours in open air make up for stuffy close rooms, and this long inhalation of fresh air in the day compensates for the want of it at night; in the city this is impossible. The fact is, that during the night oxygen is actually stored up in the system, endowing one with the feeling of briskness on awaking, a pleasant sensation to which too many of us are strangers; and this store supplements the ordinary needs of the day and aids in growth. The feeling on awaking in the air of the open country as compared to awaking in a crowded city is a contrast which must have struck everyone; and a run out of town from Saturday to Monday is an excellent practice. The objection to children sleeping in crowded apartments, especially with older persons, is well founded, and the practice cannot be too strongly condemned.

Want of attention to this, or ignorance of it, is one of the commonest factors in the production of disease amongst children.

Change of air is often recommended by the profession, and now quite as commonly instituted without medical action and merely as the result of experience. Children especially benefit by it, and after the above explanation it is easily seen why and how it should be so. The change is usually from town to country, and especially to the seaside, with its unpolluted breezes. The difference lies in the amount of oxygen so supplied to the tissues, the system being actually as cleansed by the oxidation of the waste matter in it as the skin is by washing it. No wonder then that children return from the seaside improved. The removal of the waste is followed by new growth and a general improvement. Hence the importance of a change of air in the case of children with chronic suppuration, from bone disease, or other ailment. The improvement effected by a residence at the seaside is often marvellous; and if change of air is so potent in recovery and repair, how desirable must it be in the prevention of disease?

One of the advantages to be derived from seaside life is the facilities it affords for exercise, and the temptation to walk about out of doors. There is no danger in excess. True, but there is more in too great restraint. Exercise is of great importance with the growing. The action of the muscles leads to their growth directly, and the bones, ligaments, and nerves, grow *pari passu*. Especially does exercise develop the chest and enlarge the lungs, and for this purpose all exercise is good; the best is found in the combination at once of exercise of both upper and lower limbs. Cricket, football, swimming, and boating, are all salutary and excellent. The gymnasium lacks the element of fresh air, but is otherwise good, so long as too great feats are not attempted; for with them the exercise amounts to strain, an evil to be considered further on. For small children any romp is acceptable. Delicate or weakly children can only take restricted exercise, as walking or driving. The perambulator is too often an abomination, but frequently it is the only means by which small children can get exercise in the open air at all. Croquet has much to be said for it, and is an excellent means of inducing sedentary persons to get out into the open air. It also exercises all the muscles of the body, albeit though mildly. When a child is crippled and cannot

take exercise, it should be carefully clad and then permitted to read or work out of doors. For those whose means permit of it, carriage exercise is very desirable.

Exercise is always desirable, even in the feeblest, and by its means is the perfection of health attained, as in the training of athletes. Great and severe exercise should only be undergone by those who are naturally healthy, and they should be upon their guard as to the development of the muscular system beyond the powers of the system, especially of the viscera, as the heart, stomach, and brain. In smaller children such risk is not great; it is when emulation and ambition begin to assert their sway that excess becomes a real danger.

Exercise is ever desirable, and more or less of it is requisite indeed to health, but work is another matter. This is not a question for the affluent, whose children are free from the pressure which too frequently grinds the children of the poor into the dust; but for the poor, whose children have to work, to toil, from almost infancy, in the struggle for existence. Into the fields with a rattle to frighten the birds, or with a whip to drive the horses while his father guides the plough, goes the little clown, when he ought only to be playing about and attending school; down into the dark pit goes the collier's son to push the tiny coal waggons along the low levels; and in the manufacturing districts a mass of little "half-timers" crowd around the gates when the bell rings at 6 a.m. Sustained toil in an impure atmosphere at an early age, when rapid evolution of the body should go on, exercises a most deleterious influence over the processes of growth, as the stunted and ungainly figures of the manufacturing districts amply demonstrate. Toil and growth are incompatible; and with the enhanced value of labor there is room for hope that the servitude of our young children will be abolished. But with the thriftless habits and gross improvidence of many of our working populace, such time is not too near at hand, and an improvement in the habits and in the thoughts of the parents must precede any general improvement. The question is a most serious one, and almost demands more space than can be accorded to it here. This much may be unhesitatingly credited. Sustained work is not proper for growing children, and retards, if it does not arrest, their development. Many may outgrow the effects, but more suffer more or less, and the child who is stunted or deformed by labor is

not likely to retain a very warm feeling of gratitude to the parent who occasioned it, when the day comes that that parent himself may be in need of assistance. These imperfectly developed frames are also much more liable to disease in all its forms than is the more perfectly developed being.

There is no difficulty in comprehending this when it is borne in mind that the diseases of this period of life are associated so closely with growth. Arrested growth renders the frame more liable to many diseases, while growth, especially if at all fast, is frequently only an addition-

al burden cast upon the powers of the system. We all know well how debilitating for the time is the effect of rapid growth upon children even under the most favorable circumstances; how much more, then, is it likely to try them when growth is added to long hours of labor? The labor or the growth usually must one or other give way; often the growth is checked and a small, ill-developed frame results; at other times growth goes on and the child breaks down, illness at last procuring for it the respite which would never otherwise have been accorded to it. —From “*The Maintenance of Health.*”

HINTS AND HELPS.

“DOING NOTHING.”—We often hear people denounced as “idle,” whether from having “nothing to show” for their morning’s work, or no special obvious employment in life. “So-and-so is an idle man,” people say (meaning that he has no profession), and in consequence all sorts of stray tasks are consigned to him to do—often very unpleasant ones, and he gets no thanks for doing them; on the contrary, it is thought to be such a good thing to give him something to do! Therefore it results that most of the really great works of charity, philanthropy, and the like are carried out by these so-called “idle men.” Moreover, you often find that the “idle man” of a family has to take care of all the widows and orphans, lone women, and invalids belonging to it, and leads a life which may not appear to have any very definite aim, certainly, but which would leave a terrible blank were anything to cut it short. In art and literature, there is no doubt that the greatest inspirations come in seemingly idle moments, when the hands are folded listlessly and the drowsy eyes are gazing into vacant space. This is so well known as to have become hackneyed and ridiculous: “The poet’s eye in fine frenzy rolling” is an idea calculated at once to suppress any dreamy tendencies in a person of any sensitiveness, when brought down upon him by some sternly practical friend who only sees “food for chaff” in whatever savors of unreality; and

many a shy boy or girl has been crushed into nineteenth-century shape by some such judicious speech.

* * * * If ever we see a girl giving way to a little “maiden meditation,” without any visible occupation, how often does her mother or her governess call her to account and set her to her knitting or her work, at least, if not to some more decided employment. Yet in a woman’s life the capacity for “doing nothing” often has a peculiar value; for is it not very irritating when you want to talk over things and confide in your wife or your sister, or be amused and interested by a little conversation—and she will persist in working all the time? A conversation is carried on under disadvantages when the details of it are something as follows:—

“So-and-so is an awkward fellow to deal with. Now this very day he said to me—”

“Wait one moment, darling. One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four, five, six; one, two, three; and purl. Yes, that’s right. Yes, dear, go on”—and so forth.

How can the man “go on?” Of course he stops and takes up the paper; and she little knows how he feels chilled and snubbed, while she takes a proper pride in the amount of knitting or work that she has “got through.”

The truth is, these very industrious people do not know what they lose. They are now and then surprised to discover the affection excited

by those whom they despise as idle and frivolous, and the extent of influence such persons often possess; but it never seems to occur to them that there is any use in that. If only you do so much visible work, as man or woman, be it office work or needlework, or even hunting or "Badminton," that is considered satisfactory. You can give a clear, definite reply if you are asked what you have been about all day; and if it be ever so sordid or ever so selfish it is better than "doing nothing."

Now, there are few things we should feel less inclined to defend than real idleness; by which we mean duties neglected, or time wasted in mere silliness; but what we would strive to show is, that we should not be in too great a hurry to pronounce that people are idle, only because we cannot see, and they cannot (or will not) exactly tell us, what they have been doing. We should try them by a different test; we should consider whether they are people of good principles, of refinement, of a high tone and exalted taste; whether they are consulted and confided in by those in difficulties and troubles, and other such indications. If they are, then we should hesitate long before we venture to call them "idle," and before we triumphantly produce the results of our day's work and dare them to show the like. They will probably at once succumb, call themselves "stupid," and feel themselves so; for this class of persons are often the most humble of any, and easily made to feel their own fancied inferiority. But it does not follow that they are really inferior; and, perhaps, when every man's work is tried, we shall be surprised alike at that which is classed among the "stubble" and that which is ranked among the "gold."—*John Bull.*

THE MINISTER'S BABY.—Our minister has a baby. When he was about six months old I thought I would call on the minister's wife, and see the baby boy, about which there had been much commotion in the parish.

An old lady went in just as I did. We found her mother holding her child, and looking weary. The old lady remarked as she took her seat: "You don't hold your baby all the time, do you? Put him right in his crib, you should teach him good habits while young." The mother anxiously laid the child down, saying, "I am quite unused to the care of babies." Here came another knock at the door, and another caller; here, too, the little baby, feeling

neglected, began to cry, and the latest visitor said "O you should not allow your child to cry, it's a bad habit for him to form. I have had six children, and I ought to know." "I suppose so," the mother answered, as she tried to quiet her baby, looking more tired and perplexed than ever.

I stayed some time to hold the baby, and rest the tired arms of the mother. While I got the baby asleep, caller after caller came, left their advice, and went their way.

The following are specimens of the remarks I heard that afternoon, and during a subsequent call, made for the same purpose, that is, to hold the baby. "Is your baby good? Cries, does it? I never had a crying baby, and should not know what to do with one." "I should give him soothing syrup," another remarked. "I gave it to all my children, and I guess they are all as smart as other folks' children." "It does not hurt babies to cry, it's the only way they have of relieving themselves." "But it does hurt them," one was quick to reply, "it strains them;" and then turning to me, said: "You should not toss him, it's very injurious, and then it gets him in such a bad habit." "You must never trot your baby, and you should feed him only once in three hours," one remarked. Another assured the mother that many babies were "starved to death, and that many died from neglect." One thought it was so foolish for a mother to make a slave of herself in the care of her baby, and that a baby was troublesome just as you chose to let it be. Another said, "No two babies were alike; that what you might teach one to do it would be impossible to teach another." Another said in a confident tone, "You keep your child too warm;" and still another, "All you can do for that boy for some time to come is to keep him warm and quiet."

But don't you pity, as I do, the "Minister's Baby" and the baby's mother?—"*One of the Parish,*" in *Evangelist*.

SERVANTS' SITTING-ROOM.—Let any woman ask herself of how much value in her own life is the freedom, the change, the pleasure of her many-roomed house—she has her library, her drawing-room, her pleasant bed-chamber, her boudoir, perhaps; she goes from one color and set of surroundings to another. Even women who are compelled to live in boarding-houses know very well that the comfort of being able to

have one's private parlor does not lie solely, nor even chiefly, in the greater privacy it secures. It is in the sense of room, the provision for change, the lessening of the feeling of being shut up in prison. It is in itself sufficient to depress one's spirits and lower the general tone of thought and feeling, to spend the greater part of the time in one room. I care not how pleasant the room is, one comes to hate it. Suppose that room is a work-room, with a big cooking-stove in it, and numberless other unsightly but necessary articles; damp from the washing; hot and ill-odored from the cooking; crowded by clean clothes airing; in a hundred ways uncomfortable and unpleasing! I never go in the evening into a kitchen, no matter how neat, how well-ordered it is, without thinking, as I see the servants sitting, perhaps idly, around the cooking stove, or trying to sew by a poor light, "What a lift it would give them if, now the work is done, they had a cheerful, bright little sitting-room to rest in! It is not right to let their life be so monotonous and gloomy."—*H.'H.*, in *Christian Union*.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Ought I to "fuss" a little? Well, do you know?—I *couldnt* make a graham gem fit to eat for weeks and weeks last summer! Actually, I got to thinking that graham gems must be a humbug, for I tried every way, and nobody would eat my gems if they could get any other bread. I did not hanker for them myself.

There came an article beginning with the question: "Did anybody ever see any of those wonderful graham gems, made only of flour and water, which are said to be perfectly light and sweet, 'perfect puffs,' etc.?" This article harmonized with the mood into which I had fallen, and despite all my happy experience of years gone by, I began to read it aloud in a triumphant tone to my husband, who had not ceased to sigh for "good graham gems."

I looked up after reading a little way, and met such a look of astonishment (at my tone and manner I suppose) that I laid down the paper to hear the grave remark: "But we have had graham gems made only with flour and water that were deliciously sweet, perfectly light, and sufficiently tender, and you have made them many a time."

So I had. I was sure of it at that moment. I remembered how I had time and again myself broken open a fresh gem (by the way, they

should always be broken and never cut open when warm—the same of all warm bread) with the remark, "Now, if that is not light, I don't see how bread can be light"—alluding to a positive declaration made by one of the wise men of the deceased "Farmers' Club" that unleavened graham bread "could not be made light."

Well, I tried again, asking first to have the stovepipe lengthened above the woodshed or summer kitchen where it stood. I had to wait a long time for the oven to get decidedly hot, and Pater had almost finished his breakfast before I could give him a hot gem; but that morning the gems were a success—for the first time in more than three months. We had lovely white yeast bread upon the table that morning, made of the "gilt-edged" or patent flour—exquisitely white, but said to contain a large proportion of the nutritious canaille or middlings. Every one at the table preferred the gems to the much beloved white bread, and that day baby called only for "good gem" when she was hungry for dinner or supper.

The great mistake that I had been making all that time was in not having my oven hot enough when the gems were put into it. The chief secret of making "perfect puffs" lies in having the oven so hot that a skin or crust, is very quickly formed, and this confines the expanding air and water as the inside of the gem grows hot, so that the gem comes out of the oven, if the batter has been well stirred and well baked, all full of fine air-holes.

A great many people can not believe that these simple flour and water gems can be really as good as those mixed with sour milk and soda, or with baking-powder, and salted and sweetened. I tried them with baking-powder and sugar, and with yeast, butter, and sugar, but we all do honestly prefer the genuine flour and water gems now that I have regained the secret of making them. New milk is better than water for mixing if you can get it. I have been no more pleased than surprised to find that my children, having grown accustomed to forms of food that were sweet, because they had not been deprived of the natural sweetness of their materials in the processes of preparation for the table, prefer these simply cooked and plainly seasoned dishes to what is called richer food.

It takes a careful cook, who understands the science somewhat, to make plain food palatable. If Bridget leaves the sugar out of your gems or johnny-cake she will probably try to atone for its absence by an extra allowance of salt—something to give the bread a taste you know! As though God forgot that when He contrived the wonderful wheat kernel! But it requires a refined taste, perhaps, to appreciate the peculiar sweetness and delicate flavor of well-cooked wheat.—*Agriculturist*.

SELECTED RECIPES.

BEEF OR RUMP-STEAK PIE.—*Ingredients.*—For a large pie 3 lbs., for a small one $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 lbs. of rump-steak; seasoning to taste of salt, cayenne, and black pepper; crust, water, the yoke of an egg.—Have the steaks cut from a rump that has hung a few days, that they may be tender, and be particular that every portion is perfectly sweet. Cut the steaks into pieces about 3 inches long and 2 wide, allowing a *small* piece of fat to each piece of lean, and arrange the meat in layers in a pie-dish. Between each layer sprinkle a seasoning of salt, pepper, and, when liked, a few grains of cayenne. Fill the dish sufficiently with meat to support the crust, to give it a nice raised appearance when baked, and not to look flat and hollow. Pour in sufficient water to half fill the dish, and border it with paste; brush it over with a little water, and put on the cover; slightly press down the edges with the thumb, and trim the paste off close to the dish. Ornament the pie with leaves, or pieces of paste cut in any shape that fancy may direct; brush it over with the beaten yolk of an egg; make a hole in the top of the crust, and bake in a hot oven for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour, or rather more if the pie be very large.

Note.—Beef-steak pies may be flavored in various ways, with oysters and their liquor, mushrooms, minced onions, &c. For family pies, suet may be used instead of butter or lard for the crust, and clarified beef-dripping answers very well where economy is an object. Pieces of underdone roast or boiled meat may in pies be used very advantageously; but always remove the bone from pie-meat, unless it be chicken or game. We have directed that the meat shall be cut smaller than is usually the case; for on trial we have found it much more tender, more easily helped, and with more gravy, than when put into the dish in one or two large steaks.

HASHED MUTTON.—*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold roast shoulder or leg of mutton, 6 whole peppers, 6 whole allspice, a faggot of savory herbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ head of celery, 1 onion, 2 oz.

of butter, flour.—Cut the meat in nice even slices from the bones, trimming off all superfluous fat and gristle; chop the bones and fragments of the joint; put them into a stewpan with the pepper, spice, herbs, and celery; cover with water, and simmer for one hour. Slice and fry the onion of a nice pale brown color in the butter; dredge in a little flour to make it thick, and add this to the bones, &c. Stew for $\frac{1}{4}$ hour, strain the gravy, and let it cool; then skim off every particle of fat, and put it, with the meat, into a stewpan. Flavor with ketchup, Harvey's sauce, tomato sauce, or any flavoring that may be preferred, and let the meat gradually warm through, but not boil, or it will harden. To hash meat properly, it should be laid in cold gravy, and only left on the fire long enough to warm through.

APPLES IN RED JELLY.—(A pretty supper dish).—*Ingredients.*—6 good-sized apples, 12 cloves, pounded sugar, 1 lemon, 2 teacupfuls of water, 1 tablespoonful of gelatine, a few drops of prepared cochineal.—Choose rather large apples; peel them and take out the cores, either with a scoop or a small silver knife, and put into each apple 2 cloves and as much sifted sugar as they will hold. Place them, without touching each other, in a large pie-dish; add more white sugar, the juice of 1 lemon, and 2 teacupfuls of water. Bake in the oven, with a dish over them, until they are done. Look at them frequently, and, as each apple is cooked, place it in a glass dish. They must not be left in the oven after they are done, or they will break, and so would spoil the appearance of the dish. When the apples are neatly arranged in the dish without touching each other, strain the liquor in which they have been stewing, into a lined saucepan; add to it the rind of the lemon, and a tablespoonful of gelatine which has been previously dissolved in cold water, and, if not sweet, a little more sugar, and 6 cloves. Boil till quite clear; color with a few drops of prepared cochineal, and strain the jelly through a

double muslin into a jug ; let it cool a *little* ; then pour it into the dish round the apples. When quite cold, garnish the tops of the apples with a bright-colored marmalade, a jelly, or the white of an egg, beaten to a strong froth, with a little sifted sugar.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teacupful ; sugar, 2 teacupfuls ; flour, 3 teacupfuls ; milk, 1 teacupful ; eggs, 4 ; baking powder, 1 teaspoonful. Bake as jelly cake, and put between the layers the following mixture : Into one pint of boiling milk stir one teacupful each of grated chocolate and sugar, and one tablespoonful of corn-starch. Boil until it forms a smooth paste. In boiling milk, always set the pan with the milk into another vessel containing water, and thus remove all danger of burning.

BAKED PLUM PUDDING.—*Ingredients.*—2 lbs. of flour, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. of suet, 2 eggs, 1 pint of milk, a few slices of candied peel.—Chop the suet finely ; mix with it the flour, currants, stoned raisins, and candied peel ; moisten with the well-beaten eggs, and add sufficient milk to make the pudding of the consistency of very thick batter. Put it into a buttered dish, and bake in a good oven from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours ; turn it out, strew sifted sugar over, and serve. For a very plain pudding, use only half the quantity of fruit, omit the eggs, and substitute milk or water for them. The above ingredients make a large family pudding ; for a small one, half the quantity would be found ample ; but it must be baked quite $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

CREAM CARAMELS.—Take half a pound of chocolate. Grate it up fine. Prepare by sifting two pounds of sugar (white or best quality of brown), a heaping table-spoonful of butter, one tea-cupful of rich cream. Cook these ingredients together until the mixture candies. Twenty minutes' hard boiling should suffice. Flavor with vanilla after you remove the candy from the fire. It must be stirred all the time. The above forms the dark part of this confectionery.

The white part, or cream, is thus prepared, and makes much more luscious this always popular candy : Take three cupfuls of finely sifted white sugar and one cupful of cream. Mix together, put on the fire, and boil for twenty minutes. Do not stir much, and flavor with the juice and grated rind of lemons or oranges. Butter a dish, and pour upon it a layer of the brown part, letting it stand in some cool, airy place until partially hardened. It need take but a very few minutes. Next add a layer of the white cream part, which also allow a few minutes for hardening. Lastly cover with another layer of the chocolate. Check it off into small squares, and cut out when cold. It will be ready for use in an hour or so, and is superior to the French chocolate candy purchased from the shops. With a little ingenuity one might vary the form, too, of its presentment. Balls could easily be made, and dolls' tea-cups would furnish moulds for shaping kisses, if desired.

HOW TO MAKE CHOCOLATE.—Put on half a pint of water ; when it has boiled, put in a table-spoonful of chocolate, scraped up. When half done, put in half a cupful of fresh milk, and sweeten to your taste either while cooking or when served on the table. This is only the quantity for one cupful.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Take one dozen sweet oranges, and their weight in lump sugar ; grate the outer rind of four of them ; peel the remaining eight, and cut the peel into very narrow strips with scissors. Separate the oranges into sections, removing the seeds. Soak the chipped peels in weak salt and water over night. Put the grated peel and skinned sections of pulp with the sugar. Next morning put the orange chips into pure boiling water, and boil until tender ; then break them up with a spoon, and mash them fine ; add the sugared pulp, and boil for twenty-five minutes ; put into jars, and cover with paper dipped into the white of an egg. This marmalade makes an excellent addition to the breakfast table, and is not amiss for lunch or tea.

Literary Notices.

DRESS AND HEALTH; or, HOW TO BE STRONG. A Book for Ladies. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal. Price 30 cents.

Many of our readers may not be aware that there is a radical reform at present in progress with regard to the dress of women—not so much the outside dress as the underclothing. This reform may be said to have had its rise in Boston, about a year ago, when a committee of ladies met to consider the matter, and to consult over patterns of new garments, which should take the place of those worn at present, which injure the health of the wearer. They decided to recommend certain patterns, and opened a room where garments of the approved style could be made to order. To open the eyes of the public, they induced four regularly educated female physicians of acknowledged position and ability, to lecture upon the effects of dress upon the health, and these lectures were given to crowded audiences, not only in Boston, but in the neighboring towns. They then published these lectures in book form, with an appendix giving practical hints as to the mode of carrying out the reform. Considering the short time which has elapsed, this reform has spread wonderfully, and has evidently met a long-felt need.

The book now before us quotes from the lectures of these physicians sufficient to show the alarming evils produced by heavy skirts, corsets and insufficient covering upon the limbs, and adds to this corroborative testimony from various sources, in order very

strongly to enforce the idea that a radical change in the arrangement of the undergarments is necessary for health. In the chapter entitled "Slaughtering the Innocents," the injury done by dress to the babe in arms, the child and the school-girl, is feelingly pointed out, and we commend this chapter especially to the attention of mothers and teachers. Practical directions are given in this work for cutting out and making up the new underclothing, with a few hints as to the outside dress. The last chapter presents the religious and intellectual aspects of the case, showing how the excessive attention at present paid to dress vulgarizes the mind, and often prevents the giving of due attention to the highest interests of the soul. The illustrations give a clear idea of the new garments, and of their mutual relation to each other, and the book has a handsome cover with the taking motto, "Read and Lend." It is published at the very low price of 30 cents, in order that it may be circulated as widely as possible, and give an impetus in every place to this important reform.

THE ORDINARY DRESS OF WOMEN.

Mrs. Woolson, the able editor of DRESS REFORM,—the book published by the Boston Committee,—says:—

"Our ordinary dress provides two tight-fitting waists, either of which suffices to force the vital organs beneath it out of place and upon each other. In the underwear, the corset reigns supreme; in the outer dress, the plain or biased waist is usually buttoned as tightly over the corset as it can possibly be

drawn. Beneath such compressions, what becomes of the action of the diaphragm, the lungs, the heart, and the stomach? Then, again, every one of the lower garments has a binding fastened around the waist, and this binding is composed of a straight piece of cloth folded double. Drawers, underskirts, balmoral, dress skirt, overskirt, dress-waist, and belt, furnish, accordingly, sixteen layers of cloth girding the stomach and the yielding muscles situated in that region. These bands are all placed one directly over the other on the same line, and are usually made as tight as they can be buttoned; so that a belt of iron, two inches wide, welded close about the body, could hardly be more unyielding.

"The weight of our clothing increases every year; and, if much more is added, women will be compelled to maintain a sitting posture the greater part of the time, in order to render their dress durable. Skirts, in their best estate, require considerable cloth; and the greater number of them are made of the heaviest material commonly worn,—viz., cotton cloth, with the addition of trimmings. The dress skirt is long, and doubled by an over-skirt; and, in place of the simple gimps and braids and the few ruffles once used for adorning them, the material of the dress is heaped upon the breadths, in the form of puffs, flounces, and plaits. Add to this burden heavy cotton linings, facings, and "skirt-protectors" at the bottom, and the weight can only be described as enormous.

"Then, as to the suspension of clothing from the shoulders. Of course, all the garments worn above the waist hang from the shoulders by necessity; but all the lower garments, as now worn, hang from the hips, and have no connection whatever with any piece above. Many would fain believe that the hips are the proper points of support; but the testimony of all medical intelligence on this subject is clear and indisputable. Our

four physicians were unanimous and emphatic in their declaration that the hips should be relieved of all weight; and no physician has been found anywhere to advocate a different view. One says, in a published paper, 'No description can give any adequate idea of the evils consequent upon wearing skirts hanging from the hips;' and still another says, 'Women carry their clothing suspended mainly from their hips; and, as the clothes press by their weight upon the soft abdominal walls, they cause displacement of the internal organs.' It is this dragging down—not upon the hip-bones themselves, but upon the front and unprotected portions of the body which they enclose—that produces the chief harm."

WOMAN'S DRESS COMPARED WITH MAN'S.

Dr. Blake, in a lecture upon the effects of Dress upon Health, says:—

"A woman, accompanied by her husband, came to consult me on one of the dreariest days of last winter. Her teeth chattered with the cold; and you will not wonder when I tell you she had on cloth gaiter-boots, thin stockings, loose, light cotton drawers, two short skirts of flannel, a long one of water-proof, another of white cotton, an alpaca dress-skirt and an over-skirt. This made seven thicknesses, multiplied by plaits and folds, about the abdomen. Each of these skirts was attached to a double band; and thus the torrid zone of the waist was encircled by fourteen layers. All this weight and pressure rested upon the hips and abdomen; and the results were—what they must be, if this pressure has been long continued—a displacement of all the internal organs; for you cannot displace one, without in some way interfering with another. Here was this woman, with nerves as sensitive as an aspenleaf to external influences, clad so that every breath of cold chilled her to the marrow, the neck and shoulders protected

by furs, the hands and arms pinioned in a muff, the head weighted down by layers of false hair, and the legs almost bare; while her husband, the personification of all that was vigorous in health, was enveloped, as he told me, from head to foot in flannel. His every garment was so adjusted that it not only added to the heat generated by the body, but helped to retain it. I question whether that hale, hearty man would not have suffered twinges of neuralgia or rheumatism, had he been exposed, as his wife was, to the severity of our atmospheric changes. Even in summer these changes are sudden and severe; and then men are usually clothed in woollen garments, only a trifle thinner and lighter than those worn in winter; while women are often decked in nothing but muslin, and are chilled by every sudden nor'-easter.'

NOT OVER STUDY.

Mrs. Woolson says:—

“It is a ludicrous mistake to suppose that a few sporadic cases of injudicious study in the few female colleges of the land can be held accountable for the general ill-health of our women. Had any masculine physician who entertains that idea ever made a study of the full feminine regalia in which his delicate patients sit enveloped when they come to consult his professional skill, he would have found, in chilled and encumbered limbs, dragging skirts, over-heated abdomen, compressed waist, and hot and burdened head, a better explanation of that state of things which he and all well-wishers of our country and our race must lament.”

THE IRON SKELETON.

Concerning the corset, Mrs. Woolson says:

“The trunk of the body is meant to be flexible, to bend backward and forward easily within certain limits. To allow this, the one bone which runs its

entire length—the backbone—is broken wholly apart at every inch of its extent, and a supple joint inserted. But the corset, by means of two long, stiff whalebones behind, and two long metal bars in front, forces the body to remain as inflexible throughout that section as if, for half a yard, it were strapped firmly between two iron bars. The lower cells of the lungs would expand, the bars say, No; the stomach would rise and fall as the heart throbs, the bars say, No; the body would bend backward and forward at the waist in a hundred slight movements, the bars say, No: keep to your line; thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. But Nature is both sly and strong, and she loves her way. She will outwit artifice in the long run, whatever it may cost her. The iron bands defy her power; but, by days and months of steady pressure, thrusting them back from her persistently, she forces them to bend. This done, the human hand, that could not curve them at first, cannot make them straight again. Nature has moulded her barriers to accommodate, in some measure, her own needs; and, when they are replaced with new, she sets herself again to the work.

* * * * *

“If girding the body to the closest outline of the form over the region between the ribs and the hips, and there alone, is to remain the one essential accompaniment of a full-dress costume, might we not, at least, have a fixed standard of size for the waist, so that only those who transcend certain bounds may feel compelled to diminish themselves? As it is, no woman, however small, is small enough. Pinching appears to be indispensable. Nature is never allowed to be right as she is.”

SEEING SPECKS.

Dr. Blake says:—

“If you cover your face with veils, you may save your pallid complexion,

but you will injure your sight. I have the best authority that the world has ever known for saying this. Dr. Von Grafe, the lamented oculist of Berlin, whose memory is revered in every land, told me he believed one of the prolific causes of amaurosis,—that disease in which specks float before the eyes,—among women, was the wearing of spotted lace veils; and of near-sightedness among children, the wearing of any veils. So, as you prize the precious gift of sight, avoid the things that may weaken it, or deprive you of it altogether."

THE FOUR PRINCIPLES OF HEALTHFUL DRESSING.

"*First*: Allow the vital organs unimpeded action. This requires the removal of all tight fitting waists, and of all unsupported waist-bands, whether tight or loose—the latter, for this reason, if tight, they compress the ribs; if loose, they slide downwards and depress the abdomen.

"*Second*: Suspend the clothing from the shoulders. This requires the attachment of all the lower garments to the upper or to suspenders passing over the shoulder.

"*Third*: Reduce the weight as much as possible. This involves careful calculation to render the skirts as few and short and light as possible.

"*Fourth*: Preserve a uniform temperature of the body. This involves, theoretically, that every thickness of cloth which covers the trunk should furnish sleeves and drawers for the limbs; practically, however, especially so far as the arms are concerned, less than this will be found sufficient."

A SIMPLE LOOSE DRESS FOR SCHOOL GIRLS.

"No growing child should be permitted to wear a dress in school which does not admit of the freest gymnastic exercises. A subordinate advantage

gained by making these exercises a part of the usual school routine would be that the dress would be of necessity suited for them. In an academy in Brooklyn, attended by five hundred children belonging to the first families, first at least so far as intelligence is concerned, gymnastics form part of the regular exercises, and the pupils dress accordingly. The girls wear in winter, with equal pleasure, comfort, and economy, prettily-made dresses of substantial dark blue flannel, trimmed with bands of lighter blue and white pipings. The wide sash is of the same material and the loose blouse waist is attached to the light skirt, which is long enough not to be at all conspicuous in the street. All vieing with each other as to expensiveness and elegance of dress is thus prevented, besides the great gain as to healthfulness.

"If such a uniform were introduced into our large schools where a love of dress and of elegant dressmaking is showing itself—a reform which we are almost inclined to hope for—it would be of the first importance to choose a style and material which would be at once beautiful, durable and economical, so that it would meet with the favor of both parents and scholars. Would it not be well for those in charge of large female seminaries and high schools to consider whether or not the adoption of a simple healthful dress by their pupils would not do away with a number of existing evils, not least of which would be the irregularity of attendance caused by occasional indispositions largely the result of errors in dress?"

DURABILITY TO BE PREFERRED TO CHEAPNESS.

Try to get things of real value for your money. Only rich people can afford to buy bargains. Never buy a cheap or poor material. It costs as much, perhaps more, to have a poor material made up as a good one, and it will on-

ly last a third or fourth of the time, and never look as well. A cheap material tempts to excessive trimming to cover its poorness, while a good stuff will be a continual pleasure from its own excellence. A good dress material may be worn for years. It may be scoured, turned, dipped, made-over, and at last given away, while a flimsy one is unfit even to give away after a little wear. To trimmings the same principle will apply. A woman will often spend in two or three years, on fringes and fancy trimmings, an amount which would purchase real lace sufficient for a lifetime. The fringes wear out, fade, and are good for nothing in less than a season, while the lace would last out her time and then go down to her descendants. Yet she says she cannot afford to buy real lace. In purchasing dress goods, fancy stuffs should be looked upon with great suspicion, especially if they present an unusually fine appearance for the price. It is safer to keep to standard materials of which you have proved the durability, though even these will vary greatly in different years. If ladies would insist on obtaining durability, rather than cheapness, the manufacturers would soon rise to the demand, and would improve the style of their goods as fast as they are deteriorating them at present.

PAY CASH.

We strongly advise that every woman should pay ready money for every article of dry goods. It is an invaluable check upon the purchase of unnecessary or extravagant articles. Running up bills is a most dangerous thing to do. Especially should the cash system be adhered to in paying for work done, both in justice to those you employ and in justice to yourself. If you pay well and promptly you are in a position to insist upon having your work done well and promptly; and you should do so. If ladies would never employ a second time those who lightly promise work

for a definite time and as lightly fail to have it done, there would soon be an end to the intentional deception practised by so many dressmakers, milliners, shoemakers, and others who undertake work.

WHAT CAUSES ILL-HEALTH ?

It is to be expected that many readers will at first feel incredulous as to the statements made of the amount of injury done by dress. They have never considered the subject, but have taken for granted that women suffered under natural physical disabilities, and could never expect to be very strong; and they have not observed many startling facts, because their eyes have not been open. Intelligent observers have, however, been noticing an apparent general decay of vigor in the girls and women of our day. They have noticed that country-bred girls, reared under many of the most favorable conditions, coming into the city to take situations at service, are often not strong enough to do more than half a woman's work. They have noticed that girls in the higher classes of the schools, and in Normal Schools, are apt to drop out of their places for months, or perhaps altogether, from ill-health. Those familiar with Bible-class work among the middle and lower classes, know with what sad frequency the excuse of ill-health is given for prolonged absence. Among women, rich and poor, married and single, a certain amount of ill-health seems to be the rule rather than the exception. This fact is often unrecognized, for with true martyr spirit most women conceal from their own immediate family a great part of their sufferings, and go about with a smiling face while the body is racked with pain or exhausted with sleepless nights and weary days.

This general ill-health, when it has been observed, has been attributed to various causes. Now it is overwork that is blamed; now too much devotion

to study; now it is the sewing machine, and again the many stairs that have to be climbed in modern mansions. Now it is the standing in shops, then it is the exposure to all weathers, and the rapid monotonous movements exacted from the factory operative. Then we hear that it is the luxurious idleness of the drawing-room, or the late hours and excitement of the woman of fashion that is at fault. With another writer, the diet is the sole trouble, while some one else lays the blame on the fact that girls cultivate delicacy of health in order to increase their attractiveness. That so many reasons are found for ill-health proves, in the first place, that there is a great deal of it to be accounted for; and, in the second place, that there is something radically wrong in our arrangements. All the causes named are probably at work to produce the effect, but a moment's reflection will show that there is hardly one of them which is not aggravated by the prevalent errors of dress. If standing all day, or running up numerous stairs, or overwork, be injurious under any circumstances, how much more so will it be if heavy skirts drag the internal organs out of position, and at the same time free breathing is prevented. If the diet be faulty, digestion is certainly not helped by the corset steel and waist-band pressing the stomach out of shape. Exposure to the weather is not dangerous if suitable clothing be worn. Hard study would not have the same chance to injure, if the body of the growing girl were not cramped in clothes which prevent the natural development. The child is early taught to substitute an artificial shape for that given her by nature; and it is not altogether wonderful if in other matters she distrusts nature and attempts to improve upon it.

Dress thus intensifies and aggravates every other cause of ill-health and it becomes the duty of every sensible woman to do what she can for its reform.

OUR WASTED RESOURCES.—The Missing Link in the Temperance Reform. By William Hargreaves, M.D. New York: National Temperance Society and Publishing House.

As its title indicates, this volume is devoted to the subject of the great loss to a country occasioned by the use and traffic in intoxicating liquors. His arguments have primary reference to the United States, but most of the deductions will be equally true of other countries. We give a couple of extracts:

LOSS TO EMPLOYERS.

Total abstinence will not only benefit the employed, but the employer. All other things being equal, the sober workman who totally abstains from all kinds of liquors is to be preferred to one who drinks. The non-drinking mechanic or artisan is generally able to do more and better work with greater ease to himself than the drinker. This is now certain; hence it is a loss for employers to have drunken hands, or even those who use strong drinks. Again, the non-abstainer will often neglect his work to spend his time in drinking. True, the employer does not pay his hands when they are not at work. The employer, when he engages a man, needs his work, and expects to profit by it; but when he spends his time in drinking, the employer not only loses the profit on the work he could have done, but his business is neglected, and often, as business is now carried on, other men may be kept waiting for the work he should have done. In such cases the employer not only loses the work of the drinker, but also that of the non-drinker, by drunkenness. If it is profitable to employ hands at all, it is certainly to his benefit to have sober workmen upon whom he can depend; and it is just as surely a loss to have men who drink. This was well understood by Mr. Bokewell, of Manchester, England, who offered to give a shilling a week extra to every one of his workmen who should become a worthy and consistent member of a total-abstinence society.

It is strange that manufacturers and master-mechanics have not ere this become more fully awakened to the loss they sustain by the drinking customs of the country, not only by checking the development of their industries, but by the loss they sustain from the drunkenness and idleness of their employees. Let us, to illustrate. Suppose that Mr. A. has a machine-shop or factory, fitted up with machinery, each part depending upon another. The success of his business depends upon the skill and industry of his workmen. He contracts to produce in a given time a certain amount of the products of his business. To do this will require the steady and

uniform labor of one hundred hands to produce the manufactured articles by the time named. But, instead of all these hands working regularly, there are eight or ten hands every week or few days who lose their time or neglect their work either to drink, or from inability to work from the effects of drinking. The consequence is that some portion of the machinery is standing idle; and in order that the whole establishment shall not stop, he is obliged to keep his engine going at a loss of fuel to turn a part of his machinery, and the result is that the work will not be done, unless he employs additional hands, or runs his machinery longer hours, and incurs the loss of light, fuel, and wear and tear of machinery. Thus will he be a great loser by the intemperance of his workmen, besides the trouble of mind and perplexity that will be experienced to have the contract completed in time. The same will apply to men in every business who are under the necessity of employing help. This is another of the great drawbacks upon industry. Hence there is no question that is agitating this country that so materially affects the interests of manufacturers, merchants, and tradesmen in every department as the right solution of the question arising from the drinking habits of the people of this and every civilized nation.

LOSS TO CHURCHES AND MISSIONS.

The cases are very few in which persons have been expelled from evangelical churches that strong drink was not the direct or indirect cause.

This has been the condition of affairs since John Wesley, while visiting Newcastle, excluded seventeen persons from the society for drunkenness. The Rev. Newman Hall informs us that "the churches of England lose on an average one member annually through liquor-drinking," and that "30,000 members are slaughtered yearly through this cause." Rev. Richard Knill said: "Nearly all the blemishes which have been found on the character of ministers for the last fifty years have arisen directly or indirectly from the use of intoxicating liquors."

Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, said: "I have seen no less than ten clergymen; with whom I have sat down to the Lord's table, deposed through strong drink."

Rev. Dr. Campbell, of London, said: "There has been scarcely a case requiring of me church discipline, such as expulsion, which has not arisen through strong drink."

Rev. Wm. Jay, of Bath, said: "In one month not less than seventeen dissenting ministers came under my notice who were suspended through intoxicating drinks."

The testimony of the clergy of England corroborates what has already been said of the demoralizing and irreligious tendencies of strong drinks. These effects are not confined to England; the same results are produced wherever used, whether on this or the other side of the Atlantic. As early as 1831, the Rev. Mr. Barbour, of New England, set himself to work to ascertain the losses caused to the churches by

liquor-drinking. He addressed "circulars" to ministers and clerks of churches in all of the New England States, and of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. He received replies from 459, whose records show 2,590 cases of discipline where the charge was intemperance alone. From this and other data obtained, he concludes that *seven-eighths* of all cases of church discipline arise directly or indirectly from liquor drinking. Another gentleman gives the following testimony: "I have travelled in 48 counties, and visited 450 churches in Pennsylvania and in many other States, embracing nearly all denominations. I have made diligent enquiry in regard to drinking by ministers and church members, and these are my conclusions, viz.:

"1. That the churches of this country lose, on an average, one member a year from liquor-drinking.

"2. That liquor-drinking causes the ruin of more ministers than all other causes, combined. That a minister rarely falls who is not at least a tippler.

"3. That since 1855, when the slavery agitation broke up our systematic temperance education, drinking customs have increased at least one hundred per cent. in the churches of this country."

These statements are plainly within the truth, as the records of every church in the country will testify. Let any church member or minister examine the records, or call to mind all the cases of church discipline of which he has any knowledge, and he will find that the major portion arose from the use of strong drink. Sufficient testimony has been adduced to leave no doubt in the mind of any person of the injury inflicted upon the Christian Church by strong drink. This demoralizing traffic must be abolished. The Gospel can never fully spread its soul-saving influence while we have four of these devil's chapels—drink-shops—for every church; and spend one dollar for the spread of the Gospel and Christian charities, and more than thirteen for intoxicating drinks, to spread crime, sin, and debauchery. Strong drink shuts out the Holy Spirit. It stifles the convictions, sears the conscience after the person has been awakened.

Strong drink obstructs the progress of the Gospel. The intemperance of the Christian professors in foreign lands brings reproach upon the holy religion of Jesus. Sir Charles E. Trevelyan, K.C.B., in his testimony to the Committee on Intemperance of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, said: "The responsibility of the empire has also to be considered. Those only who have lived in heathen countries know what a scandal to our nation and to Christianity will be removed by a change in our military system. The natives of India ask whether the *Gora log* (European soldier) are the same caste as the *Sahib log* (European gentleman); and seeing the exhibition our soldiers too often make of themselves in the grog-shops and houses of ill-fame, in the bazaar, they wonder why, if this be the result of a Christian education, the

missionaries take such pains to convert the Hindoos and Mohammedans to Christianity. To abstain from intoxicating liquors is a cardinal point of both those religions, and it is a disgraceful fact that the tendency of our influence has been to encourage excess in the use of them. We are not speaking now of money, but of money's worth; and surely it is worth something, even for the peace and duration of our Indian empire, so to constitute our military force that it may present the aspect of a Christian army to the population of many races, languages, and religions, whose welfare is dependent upon us."

Sir John Bowring says:—

"In the Levant the use of strong drinks is almost wholly confined to the Christian and the Hebrew races, for though intoxicating liquors are used among the Mohammedans, the use is *secret*, as public opinion would not tolerate its public employment. So strong are the prohibitory enactments of the Koran that the stricter sects of Mussulmans—such as the Wahabees—will not allow the use of *coffee*, on account of its exciting qualities. The value of water as one of the gifts of Allah is constantly put forward in 'The Book,' and the moralists of Islam all teach

that water, which it is permitted to sweeten with the unfermented juice of fruits or flowers, is all sufficient to quenching thirst, and administering to unforbidden enjoyment without the addition of any inebriating element. Water is the universal drink of Buddhists and Brahmins, and under these designations we may include nearly half of the whole race of man. Stimulants of another character are no doubt largely employed among Orientals, the hashish of the Arabians, the bang among the East Indians, the opium among the Chinese, are very largely consumed; but, though they are dangerous to health, and fetch on misery, they do not generate such seeds of violence, nor lead to sacrifice and suffering, at all comparable in amount or extent to that produced by drinking in the British dominions."

Archdeacon Jeffreys, a missionary in the East Indies, said, more than twenty years ago, "that for one really converted Christian, as the fruit of missionary labor, for one person 'born again of the Holy Spirit, and made a new creature in Jesus Christ'—for one such person, the drinking practices of the English had made one thousand drunkards."

Notice.

THE RAILWAY JUBILEE.

GEORGE STEPHENSON AND EDWARD PEASE.

On the 27th September last, a great jubilee was held in Darlington, England, the metropolis of Quakerism, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the first railway. Our frontispiece gives the portraits of the projector of that railway, and of the more celebrated engineer and surveyor. We find in the *Illustrated London News* some items concerning these personages which will be of interest to our readers. It says: "The first railway was projected by Mr. Edward Pease in 1817, when the abundant coal of the district was conveyed only in carts or on the backs of pack animals to the consumers. A portion of Stockton market-place, where during the present writer's boyhood coal-laden galloways, mules, and don-

keys most did congregate, is yet designated Coal-hill. Owing to the opposition which Mr. Pease's bill provoked, especially from ducal fox-hunters, apprehensive for the integrity of their coverts, and all classes and conditions of men concerned in breeding and working horses, it was four years ere the Royal assent was given to the measure. We select from the voluminous descriptions of this day of small things the following, chiefly because of its brevity and general accuracy:—

"As at first projected, the line was to be only a wooden tramway, over which coal-trucks and other vehicles were to be drawn either by horses or by ropes attached to stationary engines, and over which the public were to have rights of

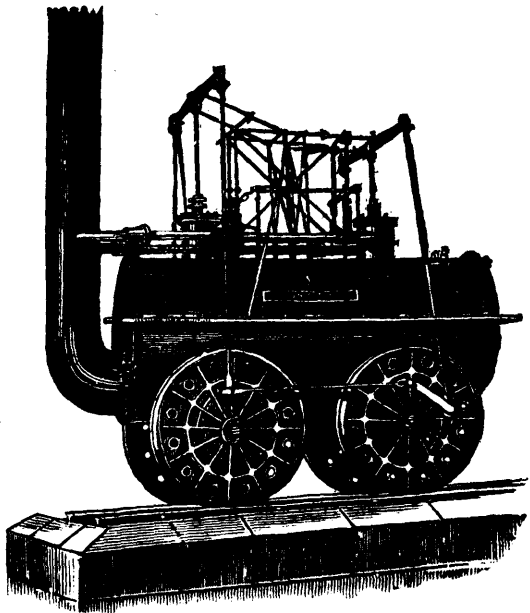
way under certain conditions. The Act provides for the passage of waggons and other carriages, with men and horses, and the public, on payment of proper tolls, were to be free to use the road "with horses, cattle and carriages," between the hours of seven in the morning and six in the evening during the winter months, between six in the morning and eight in the evening during two spring and two autumn months, and between five in the morning and ten in the evening during May, June, July and August. By the advice of George

Stephenson, who was appointed engineer and surveyor to the line, iron rails were laid down instead of wood, and, as he gradually gained more and more the confidence of the directors, he urged upon them, at length successfully, to employ a locomotive engine, such as that which he had already constructed and worked successfully at Killingworth Colliery. The Royal assent was given to the bill on April 19, 1821, and on September 27, 1825, the line was opened for traffic in the presence of great crowds of people congregated to witness the novel and interesting experiments. Two stationary engines were fixed on the opposite sides of a deep ravine at the western extremity of the line; but as soon as the more level portions to the eastward were reached the trains were attached to a locomotive which once, on the first day, attained a speed of fifteen miles an hour with a load of ninety tons, and which accomplished the whole journey at not less than eight miles an hour.

"The conveyance of passengers formed no part of the original scheme, but on the opening day nearly 600 persons were taken from Darlington to Stockton and back, and passengers soon insisted

upon being taken regularly, so that it became necessary to provide carriages adapted to their requirements. In the course of a few years the traffic of all kinds grew and increased enormously, and it was finally received into the system of the North-Eastern Company, of which it still forms part.'

"We should fancy that the story of George Stephenson's life is known wherever the English language is spoken. Who has not heard of his famous answer in reference to 'the coo?' Who does not know how, 'during the



intervals of business,' he taught the young ladies of the Pease family the art and practice of embroidery? George Stephenson was the son of Robert Stephenson, or 'Old Bob,' as the neighbors termed the engine-man at the Wylam pit. Wylam, we may state, is a colliery village situated on the north bank of the Tyne, about eight miles west of Newcastle-on-Tyne. From a tender of cows to a leader of horses at the plough (spending his leisure hours the while in making clay models of engines), he progressed until

we find him driving the colliery gin at Dewley Burn. After this he rose from the position of a fireman to that of an engine-man; and in the fulness of time he perfected the locomotive, 'his Blutch-er,' and, what was more, convinced shrewd Edward Pease that the machine would eventually supersede horses. For the rest, and it is a delightful page in the history of England, is it not written in the pages of Mr. Smiles' 'Story of the Life of George Stephenson' (a book that every English boy ought to read) and in other pages happily supplied to commemorate the great jubilee? Of a piece almost with Stephenson's life is Edward Pease's. They appear almost to have lived for each other. Mr. Smiles relates that on Mr. Pease referring to the difficulties and the opposition which the projectors of the railway had had to encounter, and the obstacles which still lay in their way, Stephenson said to him, 'I think, sir, I have some knowledge of *craniology*, and, from what I see of your head, I feel sure that if you will fairly *buckle* to this railway you are the man to successfully carry it through.' 'I think so too,' rejoined Mr. Pease; 'and I may observe to thee that if thou succeed in making this a good railway thou may consider thy fortune as good as

made.' It would be impossible to draw a more vivid picture of the sturdy coadjutors than is depicted in these few words. Joseph Pease was a worthy son of a worthy father. It may be said that when he died, on Feb. 8, 1872, in the seventy-third year of his age, not only Darlington, but the nation, sustained an irreparable loss. Apart from his wise and beneficent control of a mammoth 'business,' that included a more or less personal attention to collieries, iron-mines, and works of various descriptions which he owned, he was an active philanthropist, and one of the wisest that ever lived. The schools that are thickly sown all along the Stockton and Darlington line bear abundant testimony to his unremitting attention to the moral and intellectual requirements of his people—for they were his people in more senses than one. When the School Board Act came into operation it was found, thanks chiefly to the British schools which had been established by the Peases, that no extra accommodation whatever was required by the town of Darlington. Amongst his many munificent gifts to the town was that of land for a cemetery, the value of which was upwards of £15,000."

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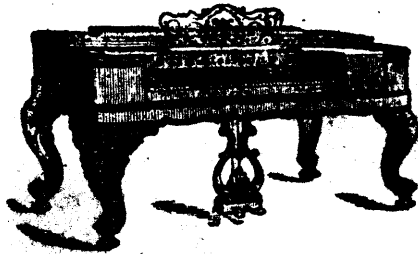
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