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FATHER HYACINTHE AND HIS BABY.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1874.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY CANADIAN LIFE.

BY J. B. A., KINGSTON.

Much has already been written concerning the privations, the sufferings, the heroic fortitude and the final triumphs of the pioneers of Western Canada, and much more remains to be told. It is a story that should never grow stale, though repeated so often. If we desire to cultivate a spirit of nationality and encourage patriotic sentiments among the youths of our country, there should be shown a veneration for the lives and labors of those who endured so much for conscience' sake, and who bequeathed to future generations a legacy of incalculable worth.

The following incidents are of a domestic character, and have been gathered from reliable enquiry. They relate chiefly to the experiences of that noble band of Loyalists who began the settlement of Upper Canada in 1783-4, but will doubtless apply equally well to other sections of the country, and under other circumstances of migration. It is quite natural for us now, when the luxuries of life and blandishments of society are distributed with such bountiful favor, to forget the not very remote period when primitive habits prevailed, and "the sound of the war-whoop oft woke the sleep of the cradle."

The circumstances preceding and attending the loyal exodus from the rebellious colonies during the years above mentioned and subsequent dates need not be repeated here. The motives which actu-

ated so much self-denial, and which were sufficient to carry them through unusual trials of moral and political faith, are worthy of all commendation, and should receive the homage of their more favored descendants. They came from homes of comparative comfort to a wilderness of seclusion, of danger and of peril, where a strong will and iron nerves could alone cope with the savage difficulties which everywhere beset their path. But those resolute refugees flinched not from the contest. In the unbroken forest they discovered beauties of a romantic nature, and from the virgin soil they expected to receive the promised beneficence of a merciful God, who had thus far guided and protected them. The long distance intervening between their former homes and the land of refuge, and the meagre facilities for travelling then commanded, did not allow of much household furniture and domestic necessities being brought with them. Not only had they to build themselves cabins for shelter as soon as a landing was effected, but with limited tools, and still more limited experience, rough articles of daily need were to be improvised from the surrounding forest timber. The plan adopted of forming companies of many families, and placing the whole under the supervision of some experienced person, and by this means combining every possible qualification for success, rendered the begin-

ning of their new life less trying than it otherwise would have been. They evidently believed the old adage that "union is strength," and practiced it with beneficial results in this strange phase of their existence. Each head of a family, after drawing his lot, would select a site for the cabin, and a small clearing was then made. As the course of settlement followed the shores of the lakes, bays and rivers, the first habitations were placed near the water, and usually upon a small eminence, as a security against wet. The preparations for building were confined to the general order of proceeding, the small tents brought with them serving as shelter for the women and children, in the interval, the men being content to find a few hours rest beneath the boughs of giant trees. Few teams were had, and for the time being few were required. The timber for building was soon felled near the spot, and cut into proper lengths. The logs and poles were small, so that a number of men could easily carry them some distance without much inconvenience. These were notched and placed in position, while others of the party were preparing boards and "puncheons" for the roof and floor. A straight-grained tree of suitable dimensions was selected, from which pieces about four feet long and as wide as the timber would allow were cut, and split with a large "frow." These, unshaved, were used for covering the roof, being placed upon the poles so that each range would lap some distance over the one below, and held in their places by means of logs placed at proper distances upon them. Sometimes the covering was made with long slabs, split from a tree, the rounded and flat sides being placed alternately up and down. On one side an opening was cut about three feet wide for a door, the ends of the cut logs being secured by two upright posts, through which holes were bored for pinning them fast. A similar opening, but wider, was made at the other end for a chimney. This was built of logs, deep and wide, so as to admit of a back and jams of large stones. The puncheons for the flooring being laid, they were levelled, a clapboard door made, and the house was ready for occupation. Filling in the

crevices with moss and plaster was postponed until cold weather made this part of the work a necessity.

The furniture was rude and scanty. A table constructed of a split slab, with four legs set in auger holes; some three-legged stools, made in the same manner; a few pins stuck in the logs at the back of the house supported slabs for holding dishes; a fork with one end in the floor and the other fastened to a joist served for a bedstead, by placing a pole in the fork, with one end through a crack between the logs in the wall—these were the principal articles, which filled the pioneer's cabin. Cooking utensils and table furniture were equally limited in variety. An iron pot and kettle; a few pewter dishes, plates and spoons; some wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins, made up the list with which our grandmothers ornamented their pantries and side-boards. Cups and saucers were a novelty not very highly appreciated by many, as they were too liable to be broken, and regarded as an effeminate innovation designed for persons of quality, who did not labor. A genuine backwoodsman of that time would have thought himself degraded by showing a fondness for any such things.

The diet was simple and wholesome, well calculated to nourish the system and fit it for the imperative toil of their lives. Coarse bread, made of mashed grain, meat, vegetables, milk (in limited quantity), and fish and game of various kinds composed the usual dishes, though many were reduced to a much more moderate fare. On festive occasions a substantial spread of more delicate viands was prepared; but this trouble and expense rarely found favor. For many years it was absolutely impossible for the settlers to command any of the luxuries of life, and they were for the most part content with the bare necessities.

There being no mills for grinding grain until several years after settlement began, and then at such wide intervals as to make it a week's journey to get to them and return, each family had a substitute in the form of a "hominy block," "grater" or "hand-mill," with which they converted corn and other kind of grain into tolerable flour, generally by a laborious process.

The first was made of a large block of wood, about three feet long, or the stump of a tree, with an excavation burned or dug in one end. By means of a "pestle," sometimes fastened to a "sweep," which was made to fit the hollow in the block, the corn was pounded into meal, from which "mush" and "Johnny cake" were made; and by the same means wheat could be ground into flour which, though not so fine and clean as our modern brands, was both palatable and wholesome. The "grater" was a half circular piece of tin, perforated with a punch from the concave side, and nailed by its edges to a block of wood. The ears of corn were rubbed on the rough edges of the holes, the meal falling through them on the block, which, being in a slanting position, discharged it into a cloth or bowl, placed for its reception. The "hand-mill" was better than either of the former. It was made of two circular stones, the lowest called the "bed stone," the upper the "runner." These were placed in a hoop, with a spout for discharging the meal. A staff was let into a hole in the upper surface of the runner, near its outer edge, and its other end through a hole in a board fastened to a joist above, so that two persons could be employed in turning the mill at the same time. These mills are still in use in Palestine, and it was doubtless to a mill of this sort our Saviour alluded, when, with reference to the destruction of Jerusalem, He said: "Two women shall be grinding at a mill, the one shall be taken and the other left."

The clothing worn by men and women was almost entirely of domestic manufacture, and, as might reasonably be supposed, was very coarse and poor. Linsey, made of flax and wool, was the warmest and most substantial cloth in use. But even this could not be readily commanded. The flax crop was uncertain and sheep destroyed by wolves and other ravenous beasts of prey. Almost every house contained a loom, and almost every woman was a weaver. In like manner tanning, shoemaking, tailoring, &c., were performed by each family; for it is well known that necessity has no law, but is "the mother of invention." Such a state of society as

existed during the first years of the settlement of our country was well calculated to call into action every native mechanical genius. In nearly every neighborhood some one was found whose natural ingenuity enabled him to do many things for himself and neighbors, far above the average order of mechanical exploits. When such a person could be found his services were in constant demand, and, considering the tools in use, the work performed was certainly creditable. Their plows, harrows, and wooden ware for holding milk and water, were well executed. Their brooms, also, though heavy, did the work required of them very satisfactorily. Moccasins, made of deer skin, and coarse shoes and shoe-packs were worn on the feet. The women usually went barefoot in summer, and at best their shoes would cut but a sorry figure beside the elegant balmorals, gaiters and morocco slippers which ornament the feet of their grand-daughters. The linsey petticoat and bed-gown were the almost universal dress of the fair sex; which, with the additional luxury of a small homemade handkerchief about the neck, and perhaps a cap of white frills, completed an attire then thought both neat and comfortable. It is a question whether our maternal ancestors had not a more enlightened conception of hygienical laws and organic functions than the extravagantly dressed belles of modern society. But this does not come within the scope of our ability to determine.

When possession was first taken of the frontier townships already located by government surveys, it was feared by many that the soil would become quite barren after several years' cropping and that they would be compelled to remove to new locations. This belief, doubtless, arose from the experience of those who came from the Atlantic coast, where the fertility of the soil is soon exhausted, and requires long rests to recuperate. But an application of Virgil's test reconciled all to the natural resources of their adopted country. The test referred to is this:—If a hole of any reasonable dimensions and depth be dug, and the earth taken out be lightly thrown back, it will scarcely fill the hole if fruitful, and

will more than fill it if unfruitful. Whoever made the experiment was convinced of the richness of the soil he owned, for even the graves dug for the dead were seldom filled with the earth thrown out of them, notwithstanding the size of the coffin. When the forest was removed, and the native weeds destroyed, clover and grass made their appearance, and soon covered the ground with a rich verdure. For nearly a century this land has been under constant cultivation, and to-day the fertility shows little exhaustion. The homes they chose along the shores of the picturesque Bay of Quinté and St. Lawrence River are now celebrated for their substantial comforts and delightful situations, while from the fruitful soil their descendants still raise an abundance of staple grains and cereals for home consumption and exportation.

Though inured to toil and privation, the first settlers were not averse to amusements and manly sports. Of course, their tastes in this direction were circumscribed by social trainings, which compelled them to set a higher value on physical power and endurance than on mental endowments. We should judge leniently and criticise charitably when comparing the habits then in vogue with what prevail at the present day; and if we find ought to condemn in the light of more modern practices, impute it to the circumstances under which it was nourished, rather than to any moral deficiency among the people. The polite accomplishments and fine arts have found patrons everywhere, and increasing facilities for their study and practice have brought them within the reach of farmers' sons and daughters. Rusticity and boorishness are no longer inseparable country accomplishments. But our ancestors had little to refine the feelings and polish manners. It is admitted that amusements among different people are either imitations of the business of life, or receive a coloring from some of its particular objects of pursuit. How easily, therefore, we can account for the rough sports, and sometimes cruel diversions, which found favor in the early days of Canadian history. To excel in running, jumping, wrestling, and even fighting, was, by the pioneers, regarded as an accomplishment which gave a man de-

cidenced social advantages. In justice to their code of honor we must admit that the latter was a rare diversion, and only resorted to when reputation was assailed. But all kinds of athletic sports were common with both men and boys. Hunting was a favorite source of amusement, which was followed with a keen relish and most beneficial results. The rifle and "fusil" were constant companions of the men, and a steady nerve and unerring aim seldom failed in rewarding them for any time lost in this kind of pleasure. Dancing was also very popular with the young people of both sexes, and especially at weddings this amusement was extensively patronized. These interesting social events gave special cause for rejoicing, and the inclination was followed with no stinted rule. It is a well-known fact that the first settlers favored an important physiological maxim, and married young. They had no distinction of rank to contend with, and certainly very little of fortune. With them the first impression of love resulted in marriage, as there were no reasons for objections being urged on either side, and a family establishment cost but little labor, and nothing else. The announcement that a wedding was to take place soon engaged the attention of the whole neighborhood, and the frolic was anticipated by old and young with eager expectation. The invitation to attend was general, and accepted without question. The nuptials were usually celebrated about noon, and in order to reach the house of the bride's father in time, the cavalcade of men and women on horseback started at an early hour. The march in double-file through the woods was often interrupted by narrowness of the horse-path, and not unfrequently by interference of the neighbors, who felled trees or tied grape-vines across the way to impede the progress. Sometimes an ambuscade was formed by the wayside, and an unexpected discharge of firearms would cause much commotion in the cavalcade, the ladies screaming as their steeds plunged wildly about, and their cavaliers exerting themselves gallantly to prevent an accident. In this manner the gay company proceeded, the general dress and equipment being uniform throughout, with, perhaps, an occa-

sional extra, in the shape of a buckle, ring, button, or ruffle, which was a prized relic of the olden times—a family inheritance from some honored ancestor. The men, on these occasions, were gaily dressed in leather breeches, leggings, linsey shirts, and shoe-packs, or moccasins, all homemade. The women “looked charming in the eyes of their lovers,” with linsey petticoats, linsey or linen bed-gowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, and, perhaps, buckskin gloves. The horses were caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles or halters, a blanket or bag, while a rope or bark string as often constituted the girth as a piece of leather. Arriving at their destination they found everything in readiness for the marriage ceremony. The blushing bride arrayed in her best, the sedate minister, or magisterial functionary authorized to perform the sacred rite, and numerous friends impatiently awaiting the performance. Dinner immediately followed the marriage, and was really a substantial backwoods’ feast, consisting of beef, pork, fowls, and sometimes choice pieces of venison, and bear’s meat, roasted, boiled and stewed, with an abundance of potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables. Pies and cakes were occasionally added, but these were more difficult to cook, owing to scarcity of materials, and were lightly prized by the hardy pioneers. During dinner the greatest hilarity prevailed, although the table might have been a large slab of timber, roughly hewed out with a broadaxe, and the furniture rude and scanty. Dancing followed the meal, and was kept up with little intermission until the next morning. Returning to the residence of the bridegroom the feasting and dancing was renewed with vigor, and continued until the whole company was completely exhausted for want of sleep and rest, when they dispersed to their scattered homes, and cheerfully returned to their ordinary labors. Whiskey was provided on these occasions abundantly, but to the credit of our ancestors it must be said there was little intoxication, and very seldom any disagreement. The reputation of any man was seriously jeopardized if he permitted himself to get intoxicated, or disturbed the harmony of the proceedings. If an offence was given satis-

faction was demanded at a future time, and was exacted to the uttermost.

Literary pursuits were not followed, though the inclinations of many turned strongly towards something more solid and lasting than the transient diversions to which we have referred. To indulge this feeling was impossible, for there were no schools or teachers, and but few books in the settlement. In this condition, with the majesty of nature about them, it was an easy matter to imbibe sentiments of a sensational, and frequently of an impossible nature. There was a prevailing faith in the existence and influence of witches, ghosts, and such like ridiculous characters, and various were the charms used to exorcise the demon power. Witches were generally associated with poor, unfortunate or decrepit old ladies, who were, in consequence, often exposed to cruel neglect, if not persecution, by their neighbors and near kinsmen. They were charged with the infliction of strange and incurable diseases, particularly on young children; with destroying cattle by shooting them with hair balls; putting spells and curses on guns and other articles, and lastly, with changing men into horses, and after saddling and bridling them, riding them with full speed over hill and dale until completely worn out. It would be difficult to imagine more ample powers of mischief than were ascribed to the witches and wizards of these early times. Among the means of cure for the above demoniacal inflictions the following may be mentioned: The figure of the supposed witch was drawn on a stump or board, and shot at with a bullet containing a bit of silver; hanging a vial containing some of the urine of the sick child in the chimney; burning the forehead of animals with a branding iron, &c. Witches were likewise supposed to milk the cows of their neighbors, by fixing a new pin in a new towel for each cow intended to be milked, and then hanging the towel over their own doors. By means of certain incantations the milk was extracted from the fringes of the towel after the manner of milking a cow. This mysterious process happened very frequently, when the cows were too poor to give much milk. The first German glass-blowers in the

United States drove the witches out of their furnaces by throwing living puppies into them. This was a cruel means, but they claimed it alone could have the desired effect of exorcising the demon and breaking the witches' spell.

It might reasonably be expected that a community so isolated from every moral influence, and deprived of those inestimable privileges conferred by Gospel and educational teachings, would seriously degenerate towards savage usages. For some time after they arrived in the country the early settlers were deprived of every means for spiritual and mental improvement, and when missionaries did arrive their appointments were so widely separated, and travelling so much impeded, comparatively few could avail themselves of the proffered blessing. It is true the Bible was found in nearly every household, and its sacred pages meditatively read by the quiet fireside; but the absence of an active moral stimulus soon told to the disadvantage of the younger members of society. They did not rush impetuously into moral turpitude, or unbridle their passions with no regard for the majesty of truth and virtue. Considering the circumstances under which they were placed, we find every reason to commend the fidelity to honorable precepts and respect for public opinion which prevailed among them. In fact, the pre-eminent, moral aspirations of our forefathers have been handed down to future generations as one of the brightest ornaments of their characters. They made it a duty to fully reward and publicly honor those who aimed to be recognized as industrious, brave, candid, hospitable, honest and steady in deportment, and the punishments inflicted upon offenders by the imperial court of public opinion, were effectual in reforming the culprit, or expelling him from the community. As they tersely expressed it, the offender was "hated out," a mode of chastisement something akin to the *atimeia* of the Greeks. The sentiments of the people were purely democratical, and every man held his services for the common good. At house-raising, log-rollings, harvest-parties, &c., every one was expected to do his duty faithfully. A per-

son who showed any inclination to shirk such responsibilities was sure to be designated by some opprobrious title, and treated with cold indifference. Debts and dunnings, which now make such an uproar in commercial life, were but little known among the first settlers. They possessed little money, and felt no very great inconvenience by this deficiency. Everything purchased among themselves was paid for in produce or labor. If an agreement or contract was not punctually filled the credit of the delinquent suffered thereby. Petty thefts were rare, and when they occurred unstinted infamy was meted out for punishment. Among the frontier settlements of the United States a summary mode of punishment for theft was resorted to. If the article stolen was of some value, a kind of jury, of the whole neighborhood, after hearing the testimony, would condemn the culprit to be chastised by Moses' law, which was, "forty stripes, save one." If the theft was of lesser consequence the offender was generally doomed to "carry on his back the flag of the United States," which then consisted of thirteen stripes. We have no evidence that such judicial regulations were practiced by our ancestors, and as they were unquestionably more law-abiding and less given to violations of any social rule, it is doubtful whether these extreme sentences were ever pronounced. If a woman was given to tattling and slandering her neighbors, she was voted by common consent with a patent right to say whatever she pleased, without being believed. Her tongue was then said to be harmless.

Our "rude forefathers" were not void of hospitality and the generous impulses of the heart. They freely divided their rough fare with a neighbor or stranger, and would have taken offence at the offer of pay. Their friendships were warm and constant, uninfluenced by the conventionalities of a more modern society. On the other hand they were revengeful, and maintained the point of honor by personal combats. If one man called another a liar, he was considered as having given a challenge which the person who received it must accept, or be branded a coward. The

charge was generally answered on the spot by a blow; but if the injured person was decidedly unable to fight his aggressor he might get a friend to do it for him. The same thing took place upon a charge of cowardice, or any assault upon the character. Thus circumstanced, the early settlers were much more cautious of speaking evil of their neighbors than their descendants of the present day. Pitched battles sometimes occurred, when time, place and seconds were appointed beforehand. Such encounters were both dangerous and brutal, but they were quite as honorable as the Italian stiletto, the Spanish knife, the French small sword, or the English and American pistol.

The Sabbath was, with few exceptions, religiously observed, and an air of quiet seemed to pervade the settlement. When Christian services began to be held the attendance was large and devout, many coming miles barefooted. Profanity was certainly less prevalent than now, a confession no way creditable to our improved state of society.

The resolute strokes of the backwoods-

man's axe soon opened the primeval forest, and the bountiful products of the soil amply rewarded him for all his labor. The rude comforts gradually gave place to more refined modes of life, and with them came intellectual and moral privileges highly appreciated. Increasing wealth, the spread of commerce, and improved means of communication, brought the necessities, and, finally, luxuries of life in abundance. The pioneer cabin disappeared, and large, commodious mansions took their place. One change followed another, until civilization, with all its blessings, brooded over the land, and the last vestige of primitive savageness was obliterated. The groves where devout men and women worshipped "Him who dwelleth not exclusively in temples made with hands," were exchanged for finished places of worship. Schools multiplied, the arts and sciences were cultivated, society was elevated and refined, and the present happy state was brought about chiefly through the instrumentality of a zealous Christian ministry, aided by a spirit of noble manhood and womanhood.

THE OLD CANOE.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue,
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of Time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that sped,
As I rock where the whirls their white sprays shed,
Ere the blossom waned or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.—*Selected.*

CASTING THE LOT :

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF "PLANTAGENET."

CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time, there came a quiet, plain-looking man to bargain for a parcel of ground which was for sale, belonging to the estate of the renowned "Phelim, ieroe." The land was worn out and poor; the lordly owner needy; the stranger, who, as the country people said, "looked like a bit minister bodie," had ready money to lay down; so he became owner of the townland of Ballysomething, "to have, and to hold, while grass grows and water runs."

"The bit minister bodie," who was the godly John Cennick, was joined by others of like mind with himself, having, as their watchful neighbors observed, an outlandish birr on their tongues; having also patience, industry, economy, skill, to which was added "godliness with contentment;" so that the worn-out fields of the great Phelim changed gradually into a fertile spot, which was named by its new owners Himmel-erde. It lay on a gentle slope, with the Maine water for its eastern boundary; a narrow belt of plantation marked it off on the other sides from the land still held by the race of the mighty Phelim. Here was a place apart, a little bit of Germany set on the daisy-sprinkled mantle of Green Erin. Here the church rose, with spire pointing heavenward, with bell calling the simple people every evening from work to worship. Here were schools where children, with Erin's blood bounding in their veins, were trained under a loving rule into the peaceful ways of the gentle Moravians. In the centre of the village there was a square of closely shaven green turf, round which ran a broad, gravelled walk, shaded by a double row of magnificent beech trees; a fish-pond was in the centre, fringed round with a border of pretty shrubbery; a dial stone standing sentry beside it, where I often

stood on tiptoe to see what o'clock it was, and never knew, but pretended I did. The whole was enclosed within a hawthorn hedge, as high, and almost as solid, as a stone wall. Round the square were the principal buildings. At the upper side was the church, with the minister's and managers' houses at either end; next on one side was the sisters' house; on the other the academy. The slope behind was bright with gardens, and two broad walks led up, sweeping round the minister's and managers' gardens, meeting at an iron gate through which, sooner or later, all the villagers expected to be carried, for here, under the sycamores, was the spot, kept like a garden, where slept the village dead. The ladies' school, with its gardens, took up one side of the square, and down at the very corner was the quaint little inn where travellers might rest and refresh themselves. This was long, long ago, before railroads or temperance societies had been thought of. The other side of the square was taken up with schools, the brethren's house, and the solitary warehouse that supplied the wants of the village. At the foot of the square were no houses; nothing to intercept the view of the Maine water, with its border of green meadows, and beyond, in its embowering trees, the square Norman castle of Cashel, nearer a grassy ruin wearing an older name. Ah, me! those "green pastures by still waters" familiar to my childish feet, beautiful to my memory with the beauty that gladdened the heart of a child! There was a grove of firs crowning a little rocky hill by the river side, making a shady place, fitting terminus to a walk through the meadows. On its banks grew pale prin roses, and in its nooks and dingles flourished the brightest blue-bells that ever rung chimes for the little people in green. At the very limit of the

townland there was a wildly beautiful spot called the Tri-linn (three waterfalls), because there three streams, each with a leap, united their waters to form the Maine. Its hills were glorious with golden-blossomed broom, and there were slopes and corners wealthy with hazel bushes; to the vulgar, perhaps, only a cow pasture; to us children, a spot of delight worth the whole island of Juan Fernandez. It was here, among the broom, we first learned how an illustrious name grew out of the penance of the first Count of Anjou. A place in which to have deep secrets concerning birds' nests, and concerning rich spots among the hazel bushes, where the nuts grew most plentifully; a place in which to lie on the cool grass and watch the billowy white clouds sailing over the deep blue, and their shadows chasing each other over the green meadows; and to watch the larks, tiny specks in the sky, soaring and singing so many of them, as if all that were self-exiled from Glendalough had emigrated to the emerald meadows of Himmel-en-erde. Birds felt so safe in this village that they seemed more numerous in it than they were over the boundaries. There were no fowlers to slaughter these innocents; so they built and brooded in peace, paying for their security with music. Perhaps it was as much their love of what was lovely as their sense of security that attracted them to the pleasant homes of Himmel-en-erde—dwellings white as Alpine snow half hidden by lilac shrubbery, or peeping out from behind the golden ringleted laburnum, or draped in green ivy to the very chimney tops, or garlanded with climbing roses, or standing back from the street to leave room for a little flower garden with its wealth of blossoms. Out of the village proper, where the houses were farther apart, they were surrounded by camomile plantations, whose long rows of white blossoms perfumed the air, or they stood in "orchards sweet with apple bloom." So lovely did Himmel-en-erde become that people liked to come to see it. Young couples came there to spend their honeymoon, wandering in its shady walks and by its murmuring rivulets. Young writers broke into song about it, and even a staid Scottish minister backslid into

rhyme and described it as Paradise restored.

One who is known and loved wherever English hymns are sang, who had rambled and played a merry schoolboy in Himmel-en-erde, said to us, "It is the fairest spot on earth to me, so much woven in with every fibre of my heart, that, to this day, when I am old and grey-headed, I never think of His coming for whom I long without fancying, as I did when a boy, that the great white throne will descend in the square of Himmel-en-erde."

The quiet inhabitants lived their life practically teaching habits of order, industry, economy, and "peace and good will to men." Their neighbors beyond the boundaries first mocked and then began to understand and to trust them.

In '98, Edwin Archer, the boy leader of part of the Northern rebels, thought to take some of the large buildings of Himmel-en-erde, thinking them almost necessary to his plans; so he marched with his followers into the village for that purpose. The inhabitants, fearless because of their strong trust in their Master, were gathered at their usual evening service. The United Irishmen, finding the doctrine of non-resistance carried out so quietly by the United Brethren, finding that there was nothing which even an Irishman could fight, marched off again; none of the inhabitants showing any signs of fear except one elderly invalid German sister, who had known something of war's rage and cruelty in the Fatherland, and who, perched up at the open window of the dormitory, prayed loudly in very broken English and distracted German, to the amusement of the rebels below. Many hundreds of pounds' worth of property were brought for safe keeping in those days to the Moravians of Himmel-en-erde. One text of Scripture was the keynote to life at Himmel-en-erde: "Let all things be done decently and in order." There was no apparent drilling; things seemed to fall into place naturally and of their own accord. Every one had his place; every one had his work, and was expected to be "Diligent in business, serving the Lord." The church had separate entrances for men and women, and they sat in rows,

a broad aisle separating them; fathers and mothers, young men and maidens sitting in their allotted seats as orderly as the pupils of the four schools that paced in two and two. As they sat in the church so they slept in the graveyard, each in place with a broad, grassy aisle separating them.

Himmel-en-erde was a place favorable to romance and day dreams. There was an antidote, however, in being so diligent in business as to leave no time for that dangerous disease called "love in idleness." Winged heathen Cupids in scanty clothing were expected to confine their archery to lands beyond the boundaries among the wild Irish.

When young people having arrived at a staid, sensible maturity, wished to marry, they sought the advice and counsel of the Church, and therefore married wisely, and as they thought, happily. When a young minister was ordained, as it is not good for man to be alone, a wife was given to him by lot, and if the one on whom the lot fell did not refuse her lot, they were married, and set off immediately to their sphere of labor, believing that they had obtained

"The very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all their sighs."

How horrified the good pastor would have been had he imagined that love, foolish, earthly love, had set its foot in their Eden. Though they lived a very quiet life, still events did sometimes occur that were thought worthy of a place in the memorabilia that was kept and read in church every year. It is not from this source, however, but from an old manuscript written by the then laborer, Kern Borg, that we gather the following incident.

CHAPTER II.

"Even in the sunniest dimes
Slight breezes will ruffle the roses sometimes."
—Moore.

I have often thought I would like to write down occurrences which I notice as I go along through the world.

I have been reading to-day, in a little book written by an Englishman, about

Mansoul beset by an army of doubters, when the beloved Prince Emmanuel had withdrawn himself and was gone. How thankful I ought to be to Him who has led me all my life long, that I know so little of the terrors of a soul thus left and thus beset. But my life-work having been mostly obeying the command, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," I have been led to notice many who go mourning when they should rejoice, because they do not trust the Lord fully. Poor souls, to whom the Lord Christ might well say, "Wherefore dost thou doubt?"—who darken their way by forgetting whose hand leads them when the path is rough to their feet. Is it not strange that after learning to know the Lord, and tasting a love that, while we were yet sinners, loved us unto death, that we are so slow to trust Him to "make darkness light before us, and crooked things straight, and rough places plain;" so slow to understand that "all things work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to His purpose;" that He purposes what is best for us all; is sure,—the "Judge of all the earth will do right."

I am writing these thoughts sitting in my own room in the sisters' house—a pleasant room, in which I have grown into grey hairs. I am writing in the English tongue, familiar now, once so strange. If I do not express my thoughts well, I hope it will be some excuse that I am not writing in my own language; yet it also might embarrass me after all these years. This country, in which I am at home, and yet, like Joseph in Egypt, a stranger, is not my country. I was born far away, in the great German Fatherland. My earliest recollections are of a pleasant home among the Saxon hills, not far from Herrenhuth. My father was a farmer, one of the United Brethren, remnant they of the witnesses for Christ's truth in Bohemia and Moravia, gathered together by Count Zinzendorf. I have sweet childish memories of a home brightened by the rosy faces of little brothers and sisters, of whom I was the eldest.

The first terrible reality which I knew was that war was in the land. May God send peace in our days! For a time, be-

cause our home was hidden among the hills, we knew little of the horrors of war.

It was the autumn before the battle of Lobositz that we chanced to lose all we had to lose. A Prussian foraging party cut down all our grain for forage, my father going with them to show the fields. When they had cut it down with their swords the officer in charge said: "We passed a better field of grain than any of these are."

"It was not mine," answered father.

"And are these yours then, and do you only show what is your own?"

"I have no right to show what is not my own," he replied.

The officer looked at him steadily, said nothing and rode away. As he rode down the hill he said to him who rode beside him, "That man is a Herrenhutter;" causing father to rejoice for the honest name of our people.

My mother was sick at this time, for little Gretchen, my dear sister, was just born. The grain was gone, and the Tolpatches came and swept away everything the Prussians had left,—cows, sheep, fowl, everything. The officer, a big man with a blue face, as if he had been blown up with gunpowder, swaggering round and swearing because there was not more to take; threatening to burn down the house over our heads. Then came the sore time of want, and baby Gretchen pined and died, because there was no food for the mother, and she could not nurse her. My father's sorrow was dreadful to see, it was so helpless. The little ones crying for bread in vain made me feel as if I would gladly die to get help for them. There were Christian David, Johann, Henrich, and my fair sister, Lina, besides myself. I went often to the stable loft to plead with the Lord Christ not to forget to give us our daily bread. I was sometimes tempted to think that God had forgotten, when the answer did not come, although I asked more than once or twice. I made a vow that if God would in very deed hear a little girl like me, and send help in answer to my prayers, I would give myself to Him to serve others for His sake, taking up no cares or loves of my own to hinder. I vowed this vow with strong crying and tears, the need was so

sharp. When I rose from my knees I noticed a hole in the straw close to the wall. I put in my hand and found a nest of eggs. I was filled with wonder, for our fowl were all gone so long. I took them in my apron. This was, I thought, an answer to prayer, like the manna to the Israelites; so with a glad heart I went into the house to show my treasure. The children began to clamor joytully, and Christian David ran to trim the fire to boil them at once. Just then a horse-soldier rode up to the open door with a basket on his arm. He called me, saying: "See, my child, what the Herr Gott has sent you. Every day, while the war lasts, you will receive so much." There were in the basket two coarse loaves and a piece of beef. I emptied it and he rode away. This supply came daily until the need for it passed away, and we never knew whence it came. Father thought it must come from the camp of King Frederick of Prussia, because one of his camps lay between us and the Austrians, most of the time; but we never knew. And so I grew up with the knowledge in my heart that, like Johann the Blind of Bohemia, my motto was to be "I serve." I explained this to Wilhelm, our neighbor's son, and though he was sorry, he knew I was right to keep the vow which I made when God helped me in extremity; and this, too, passed. And since then I have served, to the best of my ability. I have been nurse-watcher in hospital; I have been on the field after a battle. O God! forgive the creatures thou hast made! I have been a teacher also, and, being needed here, I came; and I have been Laboress here for many busy, happy years. I know the inmates of every cottage in the settlement; I am known, and, I think, loved by every child. Besides my cares as Laboress over the single sisters, whatever affects one of our people affects me also. They come to me with their griefs and anxieties. Is not this a privilege? I serve; I enjoy. My cup runneth over. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

I have said more about myself than I intended when I began. My intention was to write of God's over-ruling hand in the

simple, common events that occur among our people. Though we are set apart from the world, its vanities and cares, "they are not all Israel that are called of Israel." There are many among us who are not entirely of us. People worsted in the battle of life, with sore hearts and hidden, painful remembrances, come to find peace and rest here; and, truly, they are welcome. It is well, however, in showing them kindness to be watchful, lest their unrest affect us.

The cottage on High street, with the woodbine-covered porch, and little shrubbery of Siberian lilac, has been rented by two maiden ladies of the name of Crawford. They brought with them three nieces, motherless offspring of a most unhappy marriage, Margaret, Ellen, and Lily Adair. They came here to give the children the benefit of our schools. They are from Scotland, a land that, notwithstanding the practical piety of its inhabitants, seems always to infect even the wisest of them with a certain amount of romance. They have remained, and become of us as much as was possible. The children, dear children, almost too bright for earth, were brought up among us. Ellen and Margaret have faded away into heaven, and

there is only Lily left. She is much indulged by the sisters Crawford. I have spoken to them of this in all kindness; they answering meekly with precept and example from Scripture to prove the lawfulness of the great love they bear the maiden. The word "winsome," which these Scotch sisters use, describes Lily. She is tall and stately, with wonderful beauty and grace. I myself feel my heart yearning towards her as if she were the little Lina of my childhood, and I say to myself softly: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols!" She is fond of study, and has an aptitude for languages. She is able to converse with me in my native tongue, having studied German with Brother Walrave, German teacher at the academy. Though devoted to study she is useful and practical, and has been a most efficient teacher in the Sabbath-school for outside children. I have watched the maiden closely. She is beautiful to me with soul loveliness. Her talents are of a high order, and her judgment good, for one so young. I believe her to be in truth a follower of the Lamb, so I have recommended her, and I believe her name is on the list of those whose lot may be to serve God among the heathen.

(To be continued.)

THE CANADIAN AFLOAT.

BY W. W. S.

The blue sea is before me
And behind Canada's strand;
Farewell, farewell the valleys
Of my own dear Western land!
Though friendly eyes and voices
May greet me where I roam,
There are no friends like the tried friends
I leave behind at home!

Ye idle winds that wander
This watery waste above,
O carry with you homeward
A kiss to her I love!
Nor whisper whence the token came,
Nor ask me who is she;—
Go find the fairest fair one—
She's dreaming of the sea!

In thought I'm mid the lilies,—
And the violets, tender blue;
Beneath the oak and chestnut,
With the broad lake peeping through!
Where the tardy-robing sumach,
And the beech's shady noon
Bespeak the opening glories
Of our bright Canadian June!

Had I the pearls of ocean,
Or the gems beneath our lee,
To speak my heart's devotion
In a diadem for thee—
'Twere worthier, but not more sincere
Than now I waft a-lee
A prayer for dear Canada,
And a blessing, love, for thee!

THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

BY M.

Life is one constant struggle from the cradle to the grave, only increased and intensified in some cases by the hand to hand fight with poverty. Would one struggle out of the many interest you? Then listen to mine.

I was one of eight children. I am now one of three, for the others are dead. It is happy for them, I think, for their struggles are over, their fight fought. I often think it must have been something more than being a citizen of a garrison town, familiar with soldiers and soldiers' sayings, surrounded by military sights and sounds, which caused St. Paul to refer so often to our life being a "fight," or urging us to arm as "soldiers." He must have felt, even had he been uninspired, that it was a struggle to maintain even earthly life, and would be to the end of time, and he chose those words in which to clothe his divine teachings, which would most conduce to the invigoration of the weary worker here throughout all time.

Strength and victory seem always to be in some inexplicable way the attributes of a soldier. We hear of armies being defeated, but it only serves to strengthen our theory—for are they not defeated by *soldiers* when they could not be by others—and does it not only show us that even with soldiers there are differences in strength?

"So fight I," said St. Paul, when writing to the Corinthians, and though I knew I was straining his words when I applied them to my struggles to obtain necessary food and raiment, still they strengthened me. I knew the gifted Apostle had had to support himself by the labor of his hands; that he had borne hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and I thought his great heart may have pictured to himself some poor, weary traveller through this world, and he may have said more than that *once* to the Corinthians, "So fight I."

Father died when I was very young. I do not remember him; but he must have been a truly good man, performing his duties in life faithfully, and having a strong, earnest love for his Saviour. He was only a carpenter, but being steady and a good workman he received good wages, so that we lived in comparative comfort compared with many others round us. All who were old enough went to school, and those too young for that were taught by mother at home.

How happy we should have been if father had been spared to us!—too happy perhaps, and we might have turned away from serving Him, the Father of Life.

The first thing I can remember clearly is the death of one of my brothers. I know now that it was my eldest brother William, and that he was then about fifteen; but then all I knew (for I was but three) was that mother and Mary cried, as did also most of the others. Scarlet fever, caught in the factory where he worked, was the cause of his death, and before spring came two more lay with him beside father. Mary, our eldest, and Annie, aged ten, were the victims of the fell disease, and mother was left to struggle on alone with five small children, the eldest twelve, the youngest—myself—three. But John was a manly fellow and bravely volunteered to undertake his brother's work. This he could not do; but the superintendent, struck with the boy's desire to work, found him something suitable, for which he received liberal wages.

Fortunately the house we occupied was our own, so there was nothing to pay for rent; but still it took all John's earnings, together with mother's, barely to supply our necessities. How often have we sat down to a dinner of bread and vegetables, bread made by mother's hands, because it came a little cheaper, vegetables bought

after market hours, for the same reason—and not enough of these even to satisfy our hunger. Still we struggled on some way till John was turned sixteen, Frank twelve, Katie ten, and Ned nearly nine. I had forgotten myself, but I had reached the mature age of seven. I never remember being allowed to be idle as other children were. The feeling that I had really “nothing to do,” was never mine, for, from the very beginning, mother gave us our allotted tasks, and we were taught to remember and do them. My first work was to push our chairs to the table for meals, and restore them to their ordinary places afterwards. Not much, you will say; but it was the habit of work mother was forming then, and though either she or Katie could have done it much quicker, still it was my work, and I had to do it—yes, even after the novelty wore off and it became wearisome to me. As I grew older I could of course do more, and besides I began to see the necessity of helping all I could, for as we grew older we took more to clothe us, more to feed us, and mother did not make quite so much by her ironing as usual; dresses were becoming too frilled and flounced for her stiff fingers to manage. About this time Frank got employment that took him away from us altogether; but it was good for him, and so we parted from him willingly. A respectable farmer, who had known father, offered to take him on his farm, and if, after a year's trial, both were agreeable, to adopt him as his own. The offer was too good to refuse, so that once more our family circle diminished.

“We are but a small family now, John,” said mother, the night of Frank's departure.

“Yes, mother, and will be smaller still soon, I'm thinking.”

We none of us knew then what he meant, but not long after he was brought home to us from the factory more dead than alive—a bloodvessel had broken, and our John, our eldest now, our main support, lay at death's door.

“Did you not know that your son has been raising blood for months?” asked the doctor.

“Alas! no,” was the response. And so

it was that our John passed from us. Hard work, impure air, quick growth, and scarcity of strong nourishing food had all helped to lay him on that sick bed, from which he would never rise again. He had known all along how it would be, but he knew we were powerless to help him, and so he fought his battle to the last. May not St. Paul have had such a one in view when he said “So fought I?”

Spring, emerald Spring, came upon us; the snow banks melted at her approach, and the wild flowers peeped out to welcome her, and as she departed, making way for her sister Summer, our John looked his last on earth. We laid him to sleep by father, and ere long the green grass covered his grave as closely as those of our other lost ones.

Katie, Ned and I—not many mouths to fill now, but till such time as Ned and I grew older, mother had hard work of it. Katie might have helped, for she was nearly twelve now, and Mary had earned her living before that; but Katie was never like the others, and now, when she refused to do anything to assist, mother did not urge it. It was years before I knew why mother acted so.

Years passed by, I was now seventeen, and, spite of all I had gone through, was light-hearted and merry. People said I was handsome, too, and though I did not care much for what the neighbors said, still I did care when Richard Baker said so, and I was happier than ever the night he whispered it to me. Mother thought me too young to marry, so Richard consented to wait till I should be twenty. Ned would then be earning better wages even than at present, and so I could be spared better. Mother had not worked for a year or more; Ned and I had made enough without her, and then her sight was very bad.

Strange we never thought of Katie when we laid our plans, never considered her as one to help—yet do not suppose she was quite idle. She would often help me for days together at my dress-making, but she always chose such parts of the work, as pleased her, and could never be depended on for any length of time. “I have worked enough,” would be all she would ever say,

and I never thought of urging her to continue her labors after she once refused.

Had I not been so thoroughly engrossed with Richard I might have noticed more clearly what was going on round me; but love blinds our eyes to a great deal more than the faults of the loved one. Had love not blinded me I might have noticed an increased restlessness in Katie, a gradual failing of dear mother's sight, and worse than all, might have missed our bonnie Ned, when night after night he spent his time away from home. But I never saw these things, or if I did, never heeded them till at last the cruel blow fell which shattered all my hopes of earthly joy.

It did not all come at once; had it been so I never could have borne it. First it was Ned, our last, our youngest; he had been drawn away by evil companions, had neglected his work, and been dismissed by his employer. Disgrace was attached to his dismissal, so that it was useless to seek fresh employment near us—he must go elsewhere. Parting from Ned caused mother many bitter tears, which hastened the disease in her eyes, and she soon became almost totally blind. Surely, surely my cup of sorrow was full, full to overflowing? No, not yet; there was still another and heavier trial in store for me—why I could not see then, I cannot see now; but God willed it, and that ought to be sufficient. Katie, my poor sister, was no longer responsible for her actions; softening of the brain had set in, and she could never recover from it. She was not at all violent, but she required constant care and attention.

I can hardly remember now how I felt when first I heard of our trouble. I only know that I sought my tiny bed-chamber, and there alone with my God, fought out my great fight. Richard must be given up to allow of my devoting myself to mother and Katie, and my whole soul rebelled against it. How I fought there on my knees with my stubborn will, and how the "so fought I" of St. Paul ever sounded in my ears, till at length, crushed and wearied in body, but strengthened in soul, I arose from my knees victor in the fight against self.

I found it hard to tell Richard I would not be his wife, hard to make him understand that I was really sincere in what I said; but, oh, harder far to withstand his pleadings when once he did believe. Truly he had loved me, aye as truly as I had loved him, and he would willingly have shared my burden, but I would not consent. I would not lay so much upon him, though I knew he would never complain; and then again, if I became his wife, other duties would arise and prevent my giving that attention to the helpless ones which they needed. No, I had thought over it, prayed over it, *fought* over it, and my duty was clear to me: henceforth we must be as strangers, and some other woman must fill the place which I fondly hoped would have been mine. Calmly I told him so, but my lip quivered with anguish, and I fear a feeling of envy arose in my heart against that unknown woman I was speaking of. We parted, Richard and I, and never met for a year; then he came to tell me he had waited that long in the hope I would change my mind—but I could not, and I told him so, though it pained me to do it almost as much as before. Once more he came, but God gave me strength to remain firm, then I saw him no more; but after many months it was told me he was to be married to one whom I had known in my happy engagement days.

I cried myself to sleep that night, but they were the last tears shed over my lost love. From that hour I "took up" the cross I had been wearily dragging before, and oh, how different its weight!—I hardly felt it a burden now, and soon it ceased to be so entirely. Six months after Richard wedded Mary Gray, and I could heartily and sincerely wish her joy; there was no envy now, for I had dedicated my whole life to the work which God had so plainly marked out for me. My simple tale is ended, and if you ask why I opened up the past, I answer, it is that you may see others have trouble as well as you; others have to fight the battle of life as well as yourself, and all may overcome if only they persevere, and in the right spirit.

Life's battle for body as well as soul is no sham; it is a stern reality, requiring all

our strength, all our energy. "So fight I," said St. Paul, and as if to increase the force of his words he adds: "Not as one that beateth the air."

My lot to many seems a lonely one, but even so it is a happy one. Dear mother is still spared to me, to comfort, to encourage. True, her natural sight is gone, but with the eye of faith she sees glories in store for her, such as no human eye could bear. I shall not have her left to me for long now, but whenever she may be called away I shall feel she has gone home—home to that blessed land where there is no more sorrow. And Katie, my poor, mentally blind Katie, she is very troublesome to me; but she loves me dearly, the poor darling, and I love her; so that when her restless

moods come on, and I have to spend hours of the bright sunlight playing with her as I would with a child, and then have to sit up at night to make up for lost time, I never complain, never feel a wish to complain. The fight has been fought, the victory won, and I am now strong in a strength not my own. I sit by my little window now; the children pass by on their way to school, and many a laugh, many a jest reaches my ear, and I picture to myself what their future will be; and for all I see trouble of some kind, some greater some less; but all will have to say in years to come, when they hear of the struggles of some Christian fellow soldier:—"So fought I."

THE EMIGRANT'S NIECE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY J. J. PROCTER.

CHAPTER I.

There are few who have not heard of the horrible "Reign of Terror," under which France groaned eighty years ago. That deadly epoch, during which Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety ruled the land, was marked by the most horrible excesses to which human beings can give themselves up. Then was established that government which gave itself the title of "revolutionary," and which exercised the most cruel tyranny ever related in history under the pretence of liberty. Then, to say nothing of a crowd of other measures and decrees each more burdensome than its predecessor, was promulgated that law concerning suspicious persons, which menaced almost every citizen, even the most peaceable and inoffensive, with the prison and with death. Then, too, the old religion was proscribed and the worship of "the Supreme Being" and Reason substituted for it. France was covered with scaffolds, and the most illustrious heads in the kingdom were brought to the block, com-

mencing with the king and queen, and their sister, the good madame Elizabeth.

But the chiefs of the revolutionary government were not satisfied with establishing the "Reign of Terror" in Paris alone; they determine to propagate and extend it in the departments also. With this view they sent commissioners into the provinces, charged with the duty of "actively forwarding everywhere the regeneration of France,"—that is to say, of bringing under the executioner's axe all that did not reach the standard of their bloodthirsty patriotism.

The most violent of these proconsuls who have inscribed their names on the pages of history in ineffaceable characters of blood, was beyond all contradiction the famous Carrier, whom the Convention sent to Nantes in the early part of October, 1793. At that time civil war was at its height in the departments of the West. The victories of the Vendéans, or the fear they excited, had lashed to frenzy the passions of their opponents. Burnings of villages and wholesale massacres had already been be-

gun; and officials whose conduct is now regarded as moderate compared with their successor, Carrier, had permitted, if they had not commanded, many cruel deeds.

It was under these circumstances that Carrier received the mission to Nantes, accompanied by the express order to take more rapid and exhaustive measures of destruction and vengeance. No man was so fitted as he to comply with such a mandate. Already, and on every occasion, he had been conspicuous in the works of persecution and proscription, and he had been frequently heard to say that France was too populous to receive the republic, and that the suppression of at least the third part of its inhabitants was a necessity to the consolidation of the government. It may well be imagined that, with such sentiments, this man, or rather this monster, brought to bear on the execution of his commission a zeal which perhaps overpassed his instructions, for he was disavowed later on, though the Convention had eulogized him at the very moment when his hideous transports were at their height.

The town of Nantes, when he arrived there, had already become the prey of a mob of sanguinary ruffians; he began by surrounding himself with those men, and they stirred each other up to the perpetration of unexampled horrors. The prisons were already full to overflowing, but the defeat of the Vendéans at Savenay still further increased the number of the prisoners, and stimulated the bloodthirsty ardor of Carrier and his assassins. Soon he discovered that the informal and hasty sentences which daily sent a crowd of prisoners to their death, were too tedious and dilatory. "We will make," said he to the madmen who surrounded him—"we will make a cemetery of France, rather than fail in regenerating her according to our ideas."

He proposed to the authorities of the town to destroy the detained "*en masse*," and without the formality of a trial; and this proposal, after a few discussions, he resolved to put into execution, in spite of the resistance of some of his agents. He commenced on the 15th of November, 1793, by putting ninety-four priests on

board a large Dutch galley, under the pretence of conveying them elsewhere. But trap-doors had been constructed in the bottom of the boat, and these were opened in the dead of night, and the vessel, with all on board, sunk. A few days after a similar execution of fifty-eight priests took place, and this was followed by several others. These horrible voyages, to which the people gave the name of "drownings" (*noyades*), and which Carrier himself called bathings (*baignades*) and "vertical deportations" (*deportations verticales*), were superintended by a band of infamous satellites whom he had organized under the title of "Marat's Company." Some had it in charge to visit the prisons, and to conduct from thence to the fatal bark, the victims appointed for the night's *noyade* (for these executions took place at night). Others, manning the boat and directing its course to the middle of the Loire, opened the trap-doors at a given moment, and withdrew in small boats, having first taken the precaution to assure themselves that no victim had escaped; and if by chance any of the shipwrecked managed to extricate himself and sought to swim to shore, the men in the boats brained him with their oars.

Carrier, in the account which he gives to the Convention of his labors, and the earlier voyages, represents the death of these priests as a fortunate and accidental shipwreck, and concluded his recital, which a certain ambiguity rendered more atrocious, without making it less clear, with these words: "What a revolutionary river the Loire is!"

No one in the Convention misapprehended the meaning of this letter, but far from testifying a righteous indignation, the Assembly made honorable mention of Carrier's conduct; and he, finding himself thus sustained and approved of, put no bounds to his ferocity. Two of his confidants, Fouquet and Lamberty, whom he had put into uniform, though they did not belong to the army, were entrusted with the task of exterminating the prisoners without even the semblance of a trial.

A vast building, named the Entrepôt, served to confine the victims devoted to

death. Into it were cast men and women, children, and old men, indiscriminately. Each evening the myrmidons of the proconsul came to seize them and embark them on the vessels. On their arrival there they were tied two and two, and forced into the water at the edge of the sabre or the points of the pike and bayonet, for no more time was wasted in preparing vessels with trap doors. What good end was there to be obtained in playing at shipwreck, and seeking to cover the appearance of a crime, when Carrier made a public boast of it, and the Convention approved of him? For more than a month was the nightly massacre repeated. All that were shut up in the Entrepôt were seized indiscriminately. Women with child; infants at the breasts with their mothers; harmless old men; nay, even foreign prisoners of war. The number of persons who perished at the Entrepôt is estimated at no less than fifteen thousand. It is true that these did not all perish in the massacres; hunger, cold, wretchedness, the complete neglect in which the prisoners were left, fever and other diseases slew a great portion. The removal of the carcasses was even omitted, and the corruption engendered was such that their lives were promised to a few of the prisoners charged with cleaning the prison—a promise which did not prevent those who survived their task from sharing the common fate. Such was the spectacle that Nantes presented during the proconsulship of Carrier. The banks of the Loire were covered with corpses; the very water of the river was corrupted, and the drinking of it was forbidden. Famine and infectious diseases desolated the unhappy city. Nor were the “noyades” the only means employed by Carrier to slacken his homicidal thirst. Every day a military tribunal condemned a crowd of prisoners to death. Every night its decrees were anticipated. Five hundred victims a day were shot in the quarries of Gignan; yet all this slaughter did not satisfy Carrier; madness overpowered his reason, and his madness was murderous. His bloody anger perpetually burned his heart, and he forbade the slightest sign of pity, seized by the collar and threatened with his sword those who came

to appeal to him, and issued a notice that whoever came to plead for a prisoner should be thrown into prison,—in other words, delivered over to certain death. When the families of the Vendéans had sought refuge in flight, after the rout of Savenay, a number of the inhabitants of Nantes had received their children to bring them up. “They are wolves’ cubs,” said Carrier, and he ordered them to be given up “to the Republic,” to be drowned with their parents; and yet, by one of those paradoxes in the human heart which we can neither explain nor comprehend, he allowed a few of the inhabitants to snatch from death some children of tender years, on condition, however, that those to whom this favor was granted should be provided with a certificate of citizenship, guaranteeing that the child should be brought up in true republican principles. It was necessary, moreover, to seize on that short moment of time during which the bell rang out the signal for the departure of the victims to the fatal galleys. Later on Carrier pleaded this shadow of indulgence when he defended himself before the tribunal which sent him to expiate his crimes on the scaffold; for Robespierre, on learning the excesses of Carrier, who “dishonored even the Reign of Terror itself,” recalled him, though he dared neither disavow nor expose him, and Carrier boldly returned to take his seat in the Convention, where he concealed nothing that he had done, and was one of the loudest in favor of every sanguinary measure that was proposed. The impunity he enjoyed was one of the things with which Robespierre was most justly accused, and it was not till the downfall of the latter, on the 9th Thermidor, that a universal cry arose against the men who had caused such torrents of blood to flow during the hateful Reign of Terror. Then the crimes of Carrier were dragged into the light of open day; his name was held up to general execration, and public opinion demanded his head. But his judges hesitated for some time; they themselves were far from having consciences clear of the crimes with which Carrier was accused, and it was not without an indefinable tremor that they heard the defendant declare, “I have only obeyed the orders of the Convention.”

have conformed myself to the spirit of the state of affairs established by yourselves; almost similar measures were taken in all the provinces. At that very time one of your decrees ordered your generals to put all the Vendéans to the sword, and to reduce every village to ashes; and 'infernal columns' executed those orders. Why blame to-day what your decrees ordered yesterday? Does the Convention wish to condemn itself? For, if you judge me worthy of punishment, everything here is guilty, down to the very bell of the President."

His defence was not listened to. After a trial which lasted two months, Carrier was condemned to death, and executed on the 16th December, 1794. He went to the scaffold with firmness, repeating that "he was innocent."

CHAPTER II.

After the loss of the battle of Cholet, (17th October, 1793) 80,000 Vendéans, men and women, children and old men, had left their country, which they could no longer hold against an enemy that destroyed the towns, burned the crops, and massacred the defenceless people without mercy. They crossed the Loire at Varades, hoping to pass over into Brittany and there join the insurgents of that Province. This mass of fugitives contained at most 30,000 armed men, of whom 8 or 10,000 were tolerably accustomed to war, and in a sufficient state of discipline to make head against regular troops. After a few insignificant successes, and a fruitless attack on Granville, the Vendean army was put to utter rout at Mans, where it lost the greater part of its leaders. Still an effort to gain Brittany by following the right bank of the Loire, was made, but the Vendean army was closely followed up and pressed by the republicans as far as Savenay. There, on the 23rd December, 1793, it was entirely destroyed, and those who escaped the swords and the bullets of the Republican army were made prisoners and conducted to Nantes, there to be delivered up to the fury of the pitiless Carrier. Amongst these

families was that of the Countess de Roussier, consisting of three children of tender years, her father, the Count de Lancy, nearly eighty years old, and two servants, a nurse and a valet, a young lad of twenty who was more accustomed to the musket than to the service of his masters. The husband of the Countess had fallen at the battle of Mans, by the side of M. de Lescure, whose aid-de-camp he was. This mournful event had almost slain the young widow, but by a sublime effort of maternal love and filial tenderness, she had put aside her bitter agony to watch over her young children and her aged father. Following the retreat of the Vendean army, she entertained a vague hope of being able to reach some seaport where she could embark with her family and cross over to England to her brother, the Viscount de Lancy, who had long pressed them to rejoin him. When the army approached Savenay, Mme de Roussier, instead of entering the town, was conducted by her valet, who was a native of the country, to a lonely farm-house, situated some distance off, in the direction of Croisie and Saint Nazaire. She instructed her servant to make enquiries in those ports for some coasting vessel, or even fishing smack, which would carry her and her family over to the English islands of Guernsey or Jersey.

The faithful Baptiste discharged his commission with discretion. He found a vessel carrying the American flag in the roadstead of Saint Nazaire, which, on consideration of a large sum of money, would take the fugitives on board and land them in England. He was hastening homewards to announce the good news to his mistress, when he met some country people near the farm where he had left her, who informed him of the disaster at Savenay, and the annihilation of the Vendean army. He learned at the same time that the inhabitants of the farmhouse where his mistress had been received had been carried off to Nantes with her and her children. Baptiste did not hesitate an instant. He immediately set out towards the town, resolved to try every means of saving his mistress, without for a moment thinking of the risks to which he exposed himself. He

took no other precaution than to adopt a dress which would not expose him to suspicion. With a red cap on his head and a frieze coat on his back he assumed the tone and language of a true sans-culotte. Thanks to this disguise he was enabled to traverse the streets of Nantes with impunity, and thanks to a few pieces of gold,—things in great request at that period, when no other money was in circulation but scraps of valueless paper, called “assignats,”—he managed to obtain definite information concerning his employers, and learned that the Countess, with her father and children, had been conducted to the Entrepôt. He knew too surely that over the gate of this horrible prison, as over that of Dante’s Hell, might have been written the inscription, “Leave Hope behind, all ye who enter here”; but he did not lose heart; if he could not succeed in saving his employers he would, at least, endeavor to gain admission to them, see them for the last time, and afford them the consolation of his sympathy. Each day, however, his attempts were fruitless; each night he went to the gate of the Entrepôt, at the hour when those who were to embark on the fatal boat were led out, and each night, as he found that those in whom he took so deep an interest were not in the day’s quota of victims, he said to himself, “Come, they are still in there; perhaps I shall be more fortunate to-morrow;” and each morning renewed his efforts with the same want of success. At last, one evening, in the month of January, the gate of the Entrepôt opened at the usual hour, and Baptiste saw file out between the myrmidons of Carrier a long procession of men, women and children, whom they were conducting to death. A cry of grief and rage escaped him, for he recognized in the mournful train the two eldest of the children of the Countess. Their nurse held them by the hand as if taking them for a walk, and behind them came the old Count de Lancy leaning on the arm of his daughter, who carried her youngest child, a lovely little girl of five months old. It was this sight that had wrung a cry of indignation from the faithful servant, but, fortunately for him, it was drowned in the shouts and howls of the ragged and hideous crowd that came every evening to take part in the preliminaries of these horrible executions, and insult the unfortunate victims. One woman alone heard it, and understood what it meant. She was walking by the side of Baptiste, and, leaning over to his ear, she whispered so as not to be overheard: “Take care, citizen; you are exposing yourself needlessly, without being able to be of the least service to those in whom you take an interest. Indignation, even pity, are crimes punishable with death. Control yourself, for if those men,” pointing to the satellites of Carrier, “were to notice you, they would unite you on the spot to those whom you pity, who would thus experience an additional pang in seeing you die with them. I, too, pity them, but I am going to try and do them a service without compromising myself.”

Baptiste had listened to this woman with feelings of surprise and distrust, while he furtively regarded her. Though dressed like the majority of the women who were there in great numbers, she in no wise resembled the “furies of the guillotine,” as it was then the fashion to call those degraded beings, the disgrace of their sex, who took a fierce pleasure in seeing blood flow, and in being present at the execution of the “aristocrats.” Far from this, her countenance was full of goodness and more sympathy than she cared to show; a perpetual smile wandered over her lips, but it was easy to see that it was forced, and that her eyes with difficulty kept back the tears that would have exposed her to suspicion. His rapid examination sufficed to reassure Baptiste. Still continuing to walk by her side, and following the movement of the crowd, he said in a low voice, “How can you be of service to these unfortunates? If I can help you, speak quickly; I am ready to do anything you may judge needful for the purpose.”

“First of all, keep quiet, as I told you just now; otherwise, you will prevent my succeeding in my scheme. Do you know,” added she, “that young lady, still beautiful, notwithstanding her paleness, who is holding a child on one arm and supporting that old man with the other?”

“Do I know her! It is my mistress, the Countess du Roussier, and her old father,

the Count de Lancy, two of the noblest, bravest, and best that the world holds."

"I am glad to learn that. Well, I am going to try and save the life of the baby she holds on her arm. At any rate, it will be one innocent victim snatched from death, and the mother will have the consolation in dying of knowing that her child will survive her."

"Ah! if you have this power, is it not possible for you to save those two, or, at any rate, one of the little boys who are walking before the Countess, and who are also her children?"

"I would do it with all my heart, but unfortunately I am not able. I am only allowed to save one child, of tender years, who can neither walk nor speak."

While thus speaking they had reached the quay. The boat which was to receive and swallow up so many human victims seemed a gigantic coffin, which stretched its black sides along the wharf. A flying bridge served as a means of communication between the vessel and the shore. Scarcely had the head of the column reached this bridge when the hollow tones of the speaking trumpet proclaimed the fatal order "Embark! embark!" and immediately the foremost prisoners advanced one by one on the narrow gangway. The rest of the column was forced to halt to wait its turn, and at the same time the guards forming the escort forced the crowd to retire to a certain distance, in order to isolate the prisoners more completely.

This movement separated Baptiste from his companion. He lost sight of her, but his eyes remained fixed on his mistress, whom he perceived standing on the shore, and convulsively clasping her baby in her arms. He began to think that the woman he had met had deceived him, or that she was, perhaps, a spy in disguise, when suddenly he perceived her holding a paper in her hand which she was showing to one of the officers of the escort, and heard him say, after having perused its contents:

"It is well, citizen, thy certificate is correct. Go and take the wolf's cub you wish to burden yourself with; but be quick, for we have no time to wait."

Immediately the woman darted to the side of the Countess, and said:

"Madame, are you willing that I should save your child?"

But the poor mother did not hear her: she was conscious of nothing that was going on around her; she saw neither the river nor the fatal boats, nor the crowd that encircled her: she saw only her baby—the baby she was obliged herself to carry to death.

At this sight the woman of the people could not resist the emotion which overwhelmed her, and, holding out her arms, said in a low voice: "Give me your child, madame. I will care for it as if it were my own. I will teach it to know and love God, and to pray for you."

The first impulse of the mother, on understanding that it was her baby that was sought for, was to press it more closely to her bosom, as if to retain it. Was it an involuntary movement; or, knowing the conditions on which the tyrants of the day granted life to these innocent creatures, did she choose the death of the child, rather than expose it to receive the irreligious and revolutionary education which would be given it? It is impossible to say what passed in the heart of this poor mother in that short moment of time; at any rate when she heard the good woman speak of teaching her babe to know and worship God, she raised her head and cast a rapid glance over the countenance of the stranger. She marked the signs of honesty and kindness which were written on it, and when she saw the good woman with outstretched arms and eyes brimful of tears wait for the precious burden she sought for, she no longer hesitated. Pressing one last kiss on the lips of the beloved child, she put it in the woman's arms. Not a word escaped from her mouth, her heart was too heavy, but oh! the eloquence in her look, in those two clasped hands which she stretched towards the mother whom Heaven had sent to take her place. Her child would live! Her step was more elastic as she trod the narrow plank that led her to death. Several times she turned her head to follow with her eyes her baby and the generous woman who had saved

its life. Then thanking God for having sent her this last consolation she cast her looks on those other dear ones who surrounded her.

"O, my God!" she exclaimed, "hadst Thou deigned to save these also I should have died happy. And yet I have no reason to repine, after the favor Thou hast mercifully vouchsafed." So saying she clasped in her arms her aged father and her two sons in turn, and prepared to meet her death with silence and resignation.

In the meantime the woman who had received the child of the Countess, disappeared rapidly in the crowd. Baptiste, who had followed with his eyes all that had passed, made signs to her, and endeavored to rejoin her; but she had re-entered the circle formed by the crowd round the place of embarkation, at a point opposite that in which he was, and it was impossible for him to clear a passage to her. When, after several attempts to disengage himself from the mob that surrounded him, he succeeded in reaching the place where he expected to meet with her she was no longer to be seen. He turned down the first street he came to, but what hope was there of discovering in the darkness of the night, and a labyrinth of streets that he was not acquainted with, a person whom he had only seen for a moment, and of whose name and address he was ignorant? And yet how he longed to see this woman again, and assure himself that she would take fitting care of the last hope of his master's family! He remained more than a week longer at Nantes, preoccupied solely

with this thought, and spending all his time in fruitless researches, Perhaps he would have remained still longer, in spite of the bad success of his enquiries, had he not discovered that he himself was exposed to the suspicions of Carrier's police. Notwithstanding his disguise, he had been recognized by one who had formerly been in the service of the Count du Roussier, and who has now become one of the most zealous members of the Jacobin Club at Nantes, and he could easily comprehend that thenceforward his stay in the town could only result fatally to himself. He could have wished to rejoin his mistress, brother, the Count de Lancy, at London, who would not have failed to receive him kindly, but how was he to escape from Nantes? How could he undertake such a journey without papers, without passport, and, above all, without money? He confided his position to his landlord, in whom he placed every trust, and the latter advised him to volunteer into a battalion just then on the point of marching into Belgium, and procured him the requisite means. Baptiste had no choice; to don the soldier's uniform was far better than to swell the list of Carrier's victims; he thought, too, that on his arrival in Belgium, if he disliked the trade of war he could desert, and would be better able there to find some means of passing over into England, and rejoining the Count de Lancy. His sole grief in leaving Nantes was his inability to discover what had become of his mistress' child; but this he was not to learn for many years.

WINTY DANE'S TRANSFORMATION.

BY JOHN READE.

CHAPTER I.

One day Harry Dane came home from school with a black eye and a dropsical nose. His sister Lizzie was the first to meet him.

"Why, Harry, what has happened you? You look awful," she enquired and remarked.

"It was you," said Harry.

"Me!" exclaimed his sister in real surprise. "What do you mean?"

"It was Jack Harper," said Harry, speaking horribly through his nose and with his hand to his black eye. "Let me alone, will you?"

"I am very sorry," said Lizzie, affectionately. "It must be very sore. Come and Nancy will give us something for it."

"It!" retorted Harry, sharply; "they're both sore. But I don't care if papa doesn't see it."

"Well, come with me to Nancy. Who is Jack Harper, and what did he do it for?"

"He called you names and he's a big fellow, nearly a year older than me," replied Harry.

"Called *me* names! Why, I don't know him and he don't know me. What——"

"You're a goose," said Harry, politely.

"All the boys at Lamb's know all the other boys' sisters. He called you 'Winter'—they all call you 'Miss Winter.'"

"You must be raving, Harry. That's too ridiculous. Miss Winter! Why, there is a Miss Winter somewhere. It must be her they meant."

"It's *you*, I tell you," growled Harry;

"they call you 'Winter' because you're so, so——. I tell you it's *you*. I heard them,

and I hit Jack Harper, and then he *at* me and pounded me. But wait a year, till I'm

as old as he is, and I'll take it out of him. Oh! la! here's papa! What will we do?"

"Well, Harry, how did the lessons go to-day? But what's this? Been fighting? Not a word, sir. I know it. You boys are like bull-dogs. No, no, I want to hear nothing about it. (I hope you gave him as much). A pretty sight, indeed. Go off, sir, immediately, and have that swelling reduced before dinner."

Nancy was the physician in ordinary as well as the cook of the Dane household, every member of which had the utmost faith in her medical skill. Her two great remedies were goose oil, for external application, and peppermint, for internal disorders. But imagination is a wonderful coadjutor to the pharmacopœia. Harry had his wounds dressed and looked worse than before, but he thought he began to feel better. In the course of time, we need scarcely say, his face resumed its natural appearance, and even the feud with Jack Harper was forgotten. But, alas! the word once uttered cannot be recalled, but must fulfil its mission for good or ill. Poor Lizzie was the real sufferer, for not only did the quarrel between Jack and Harry spread the name "Winter" among the boys of Lamb's school and their families, but it even introduced it as a permanency into the very establishment of the Danes; for Lizzie and her brothers and sisters, like other children, sometimes "let their angry passions rise," and, in the heat of their fury, the Dane boys—even champion Harry himself—were often naughty enough to call good little Lizzie by the terrible epithet "Winter." By and by she absolutely began to answer to the name, and, at last, under its pet form of "Winty," she came to like it even better than Lizzie.

CHAPTER II.

Lizzie Dane was as gentle and good-hearted a child as ever lived, but appearances were against her. She had a scraggy, half-starved look which sent an involuntary chill through the nerves of the beholder. Those who knew her liked her and forgave her for her want of outward charm, but those who saw her only as strangers regarded her as a sort of phenomenon, which it was not at all rude to stare out of countenance. Now, it was Lizzie's lot to call sometimes at Lamb's Academy with a message for her brothers, with luncheon forgotten, or a petition for a half-holiday. It was on one of these occasions that Jack Harper, being ordered by the magisterial Lamb to answer the door-bell, caught the first *tête à tête* view of Lizzie Dane. He was exceedingly impressed by her appearance, but fear of Lamb's cane kept him from laughing just then. His mind went to work, however, during the afternoon, and the result was "Miss Winter." Who or what is it that puts things into boys' heads at any rate? We would very much like to know, but fear the problem is insoluble. Be that as it may, "Winter" was received with acclamation by Lamb's boys—the Danes, of course, excepted. And it was only by chance, a considerable time after the christening, that Harry, as has been related, discovered the slight to him and his, to his own cost primarily, and ultimately to that of Lizzie herself.

If Lizzie had been an ill-natured girl matters could never have come to such a pass. She never would have consented to be called "Winty." But, in fact, apart from this consideration, she had no notion of what it meant. Taken in the abstract, "Winty" sounds well enough. It might be a diminutive of Wintred, which we hold to be a very beautiful name. The greatest difficulty to get over was Mr. Dane, who could not understand why the name of his own mother should be discarded for such an unheard of and unintelligible one as "Winty." But it was in vain that he struggled against the juvenile tide. Before long he became so confused that he even surprised himself more than once calling

for "Winty—Lizzie," I mean." If Mrs. Dane had been living he might have succeeded better, but alone against a household, what could he do? At last he had to surrender unconditionally. At the period of the battle between Harry Dane and Jack the whole of the Dane family were under twelve, and long before Lizzie had approached the confines of young ladyhood, she was universally known as "Winty" Dane.

CHAPTER III.

Ovid's "Metamorphosis" is a wonderful book. It was about the first story-book I read after the ascending series which begins with "Jack the Giant-killer" and ends in "Robinson Crusoe." Barring the dismal fact of its being a school-book, I actually enjoyed it. I was so delighted at the turning of people into animals and trees and flowers, and I believed it all, in spite of copious admonitory notes against its heresies. Since I have grown up, however, I have witnessed transformations which far surpass the myths of old friend Naso; and among these none appear to me so remarkable as those which take place in some persons between childhood and mature age. We defy anyone—not a fairy or a magician—to foretell what sort of a fellow that hideous, kicking, screaming little monster will have become by the time he has donned the *toga virilis*. Nay, even that dirty little snub-nosed urchin, who is always whimpering for something, what may he not be fifteen years later? And some of the puniest and most apparently moribund of youngsters rise to be the "admirable Crichtons" of their generation. And, then, as to female babyhood and childhood. Who will dare to cast its horoscope in the matter of personal appearance? We could mention a score, at least, of "the fairest of the fair," whose early years gave not the faintest promise of even passable good looks, and *vice versa*. What works the change? Nature? Love? Culture (so Lola Montez said)? Moral beauty? or Cosmetics? Or, on the other hand, is it some jealous fury of the old serpent kind?

We do not pretend to say. We only know that such things are.

What has all this to do with Winty Dane?

Well, when Winty was not quite fifteen, she was seen no more for a long time in her native town. She went, it was said, with her sister Mary to a boarding-school at a great distance from home, and it was thought she spent her vacations with some friends among whom she had the advantage of good and congenial society. I had been absent, too, for several years. One evening, after my return, I was enjoying a quiet walk with a friend, when we met a lady and gentleman who seemed to be on exceedingly good terms with each other. On passing them my companion raised his hat. Something in both seemed to tell me that I ought to recognize them, but I could not.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Why, don't you remember Jack Harper? He's a doctor now."

"And the lady?"

"Winty Dane. How greatly improved she is!"

"Improved! Why, she's beautiful! I never saw such a face. Is that really Winty?"

"Yes, that's Winty, and Jack and she are engaged to be married." This was said rather mournfully. Then after a pause,

"She's far too good for him."

"I didn't think Jack was a bad fellow, but it is a long time since I had any intercourse with him."

"It was he that called Lizzie Dane 'Winter,' and now she's going to marry him."

"But, my dear fellow, she was *rather* plain at one time, and did you not call her 'Winter' yourself sometimes?"

"Excuse me, never, till everyone called

her so. I knew her goodness too well for that. It was Lizzie Dane that watched by my little sister Aggie's bedside night after night till she died in her arms. I have never forgotten *that*, and if you had seen her then you would not have called her plain. Much as she has improved, her eyes are just the same, and she has always been the same to me."

"Then why did you not take her yourself?"

"Oh, never mind. It's these easy-going, self-confident fellows that take it for granted that every woman is in love with them that carry off the prizes, while——"

"Yes, my boy, it's quite true that 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'" My conscience reproached me the moment I had said it.

"I suppose that's what it comes to, after all," he said, "but let us return. It's getting late."

We have been told that Jack Harper made an excellent husband, and that Winty and he have many a laugh even to this day at the manner in which she became possessed of a name which she deprived of all its dreariness by the charms of a good temper and a noble heart. Jack sometimes tells acquaintances who are not in the secret that she is so called on account of her winning ways.

But the great puzzle to us is Winty's transformation. Of all the keys which we have applied to it we are inclined to think that the one which comes nearest fitting is this—that the change which surprised us all was the reward of a noble child-life, spent in forgetfulness of self and devotion to others; for in some way or other goodness and kindness of heart beautify the plainest face and compensate by their genuine charms for the absence of merely personal graces.

Young Folks.

TREED BY BEARS:

THE GRANDFATHER GRAY SERIES.

BY A. M. AMES.

"Good afternoon, dear grandfather," said Johnnie Gray, as he and his sister Mary came briskly in from school one afternoon and found their grandfather in the sitting-room talking with their father and mother. "I am glad to find you here so early, and I hope you will stop long enough to tell us something more about your life in the backwoods."

"I am afraid, my son, your grandfather is greatly annoyed by your continual solicitations for stories," said his mother reprovingly.

"I did not mean to annoy him," replied Johnnie with a deprecating air, "but I have thought so much about his ramble with Joe Indian and his other adventures, that I can't help wishing to hear something more about those queer old times."

"Never you mind, please, mother," said Mary, coming to the rescue, "for grandfather is never happier than when telling us those old stories of his boyhood. I can tell by the light in his eyes and the way he gets interested."

This aside was overheard by the old gentleman and brought a gratified smile to his lips and a sparkle to his eyes, and with an approving glance and nod to Mary, he promised to comply with Johnnie's request as soon as they had performed the little duties that devolved upon them after school hours: "For," said he, "we can never truly enjoy any pleasure with Madam Duty continually plucking at our sleeve."

Such was the quaint way the dear old man had of impressing wholesome lessons upon the minds of the young, and that his grandchildren remembered and profited

by them, may be inferred from their conversation as they proceeded across the yard to the enclosure to feed their pets, of which they had quite a number.

"What a queer way grandfather has of making ideas seem real things!" said Johnnie.

"Yes, he has," replied Mary, "and a good way it is to make us remember. I shall never wonder after this why I fail to enjoy myself when I have left something undone that I ought to have done. I shall know it is Madam Duty pulling at my sleeve."

"And I suppose the best way to keep her from giving us a sly twitch when we are not disposed to be interrupted, is to keep even with her and owe her nothing," pursued Johnnie, and neither the remark nor the smile that accompanied it would have done discredit to the grandfather himself.

Thus the children continued talking until their tasks were finished, when they hastened to make themselves tidy, and then returned to the sitting-room, where their grandfather was waiting with only little Alice for company, their father and mother having withdrawn to their respective occupations.

Almost before he was fairly seated, Johnnie signified his eagerness for the promised story, by asking his grandfather if he used to have any pets when he was a boy.

"Well, yes," was the somewhat tardy answer that came as though the old gentleman was settling the question in his own mind. "Well, yes, I suppose I had in some

sense, though not exactly as you have them. You see we were obliged to turn our attention almost wholly to matters of utility; and now when I take the matter into consideration, I think our domestic animals stood to us more in the relation of companions or servants than mere pets; though, to be sure, not only the horses and cows, but even the sheep and hens, had names that they would answer to or come for with the utmost readiness.

"I dare say you think we led a laborious and dull kind of existence, with nothing to relieve the everyday monotony, but I can assure you that so far from viewing my situation in that light, I can even now look back upon it and see ample means of enjoyment, especially in spring and summer. Though we rose at earliest dawn, innumerable birds were astir before us to cheer us with their melody; we were refreshed and invigorated by the pure breezes that were laden with no miasma from stagnant marshes or cholera from pestilential cess-pools of a city. Then our labors were rewarded as we went along. The cows welcomed our approach with glad lowing as they came to our call to yield us brimming pails of milk; the sheep crowded bleating around us to share the dish of salt, and the hens flew gladly toward us and clustered around our feet, noisily calling their broods to partake of the bountiful breakfast that was sure to be forthcoming. Then what a pleasure it was to hunt hens' nests, to watch the gambols of the lambs, and to mark the growth of the grain and vegetables and the increasing beauty of the foliage and the flower garden."

"Please excuse me, dear grandfather, for interrupting you," said Johnnie, who had been looking very thoughtful for the last few minutes. "Please excuse me, but were there never any drawbacks to your enjoyments? Wasn't there ever anything happening to distress or grieve or annoy any one, or didn't you sometimes get vexed and feel misused because some other fellow had things that you would like to have, but was forced to do without?"

"That was well thought of, Johnnie," replied his grandfather, smiling at his earnest manner, "and argues well for your observing and reasoning faculties; but,

though I must admit that we were not exempt from troubles that, more or less, are meted out to the whole human family, yet I can assure you that one element of discontent and strife, at least, had little food to thrive upon: I mean envy. You see if a boy had a patch upon his knee and hoed potatoes and corn and milked cows, every boy had to do the same kind of work and was as liable to be patched; and they did not have the mortification of seeing some well-dressed lad leisurely taking his way to school with a well-filled satchel of books on his arm, thus making, by contrast, their coarse garments and limited privileges more conspicuous and less easily endured; and if a girl was obliged to wear a homespun dress and a calico sunbonnet, and churn and wash dishes and sweep, why her companions had to do the same, and there was no smart young Miss decked out in ribbons and flowers and carrying a parasol, to pass them with a toss of the head, in lofty disdain of their humble calling. All were alike forced to employ about the same means and exercise the same economy to secure a comfortable livelihood, so there was really nothing to envy each other for, and perhaps that was the principal secret of their capacity for enjoying whatever was enjoyable within their reach. As for annoyances, there were black flies and mosquitoes in their season; our fowls and eggs were sometimes destroyed by hawks or foxes, and, occasionally, a bear broke into an enclosure and carried off a sheep or two; but there was one *real evil* in the settlement—an evil that wriggles its baneful presence into every country and into every community in some shape; into the palace of the king and into the hovel of the beggar, and that evil was alcohol. It is true we did not see the effects of its influence there as we do here, for there were no grog-shops there at every turn where men could procure drinks by the glass and treat each other till midnight found them barely able to stagger home to their distressed families; but they could buy it by the gallon where they purchased their other supplies, and there was never a logging bee, raising, or even a quilting party where the subtle tempter did not figure largely as a beverage, and in some instances, especially a

raisings, whiskey was the only refreshment (?) offered or expected; and this brings me to my father's first raising in the new settlement.

"Wherever my father was known it was well understood that he was a staunch temperance advocate, and his neighbors had long ceased to tender him a glass of liquor on any occasion whatever; yet so essential had they all come to consider the aid of whiskey to the successful promotion of a raising that, one and all, they predicted that my father would have to yield to the practice of furnishing it for once, at least, or he could never get his barn up; and there were not wanting those who told him as much, and that, too, with a show of triumph in look and tone; for, with many, the plea of necessity on such occasions had been the standing excuse for supplying themselves with the abomination; *but they had not measured the moral power of their man.*

"My father wasted no words about the matter, but hired a carpenter, and together they went quietly to work at the frame. One day, when they had progressed towards its completion and were busily at work, Mr. Green came along, and, after walking around and examining the timbers, he said:

"Well, Gray, you have material here for a mighty good frame, but as I have said all along, and as all the neighbors say, you will never get it up if you persist in making your raising a temperance affair. Not that any of us have anything against you, but you see, every body expects whiskey and fun at a raising, and men won't go where they know there'll be neither. Come, neighbor, you had better take my advice now, and if your conscience won't allow of your buying it yourself, why just let one of your neighbors bring a gallon along and no more about it."

"I shall never forget my father's reply and manner on that trying occasion, and no one can ever estimate the good that may have resulted from that one decided act. I can see as though it had been an event of yesterday, the grave seriousness of his face as he slowly and deliberately laid down his chisel and mallet and sat down, facing Mr.

Green, who had, while speaking, seated himself on a piece of timber. After a moment's silence, my father said,

"Well, neighbor Green, I have long been aware of the sentiments of my neighbors in regard to my proposed raising, and I deplore them more than any of you can realize. You all know that I am in great need of a barn, in which to secure my incoming crop. You think I cannot get it up without the aid of whiskey, and that rather than suffer the loss I shall be sure to sustain for want of a storehouse, I shall eventually conclude to follow an evil practice in order to gain a benefit. I have said very little about the matter hitherto, but I feel that the time has come when I should be fully understood. My timber will be ready to put together in three days at furthest; then I shall decide upon the day for the raising, and invite my neighbors to it. I shall be prepared to give them a substantial dinner and supper, with plenty of tea and coffee, and as much good spruce beer as they wish to drink, and if they refuse to assist me on those terms I shall do my best to hire men to do the job, and failing in that, rather than give the devil a hold upon my soul, that the admission of a single drop of intoxicating liquor upon my premises would entitle him to, both the timber and the grain will be left to rot where they are.' Thus concluding, my father resumed his tools and his occupation, and Mr. Green walked away without making any reply.

"Mr. Green's call had been made on a Wednesday, and before the end of the week the frame was ready to go together; the sills were placed upon the foundation, and the men were invited to come to the raising on the next Tuesday. The appointed day—the day that was to make King Whiskey look sharp for his laurels in the backwoods—dawned bright and beautiful; the gentle breeze and the fleecy clouds that were wafted lazily athwart the sun tempering the otherwise too intense heat, thus making the day one of the most favorable for the raising that could be desired.

"We were up as soon as it was light enough to work to advantage, and busy with our preparations, and I can assure you it would well repay any denizen of the city to go a

hundred miles for a draught of that balmy, health-inspiring air, and to enjoy the scene that old Sol lit up that morning with his genial rays in that one little clearing. Nearly the whole opening was an unbroken wheat-field, and the grain had now attained a growth that, while it concealed the unsightly stumps, gave promise of a bountiful harvest. The house, with its temporary porch of woven branches, was literally overrun with hops and morning-glories, making it look like a fairy bower. The flowers were in their fullest bloom, making us glad with their fragrance and beauty, while they dispensed their sweets to the bees and humming-birds that fluttered and buzzed busily around them. The hens cackled and prated in their enclosure, and the birds sang from the tree-tops their glad welcome to the king of day. My heart danced in unison with the general gladness, and with the anticipation of the coming excitement that a raising is sure to create, and I sang and whistled incessantly as I hurried around helping mother and Ellen indoors and out. It never once occurred to me that anything my father undertook could fail to be accomplished, and here let me say that it does not speak well for a man when his wife and children lose faith in his capability and judgment, and such a one is very likely to go to the bad. Well, it was getting on towards eight o'clock. The 'chores' were all done, and mother was making arrangements around the long table that father and the carpenter had put up in the grove in front of the house, when Mr. Johnson and his two sons came in sight. As soon as they came within speaking distance, Mr. Johnson said, 'Well, neighbor Gray, though I don't suppose there'll be another man on the ground to-day, I told the boys 'twould look mean like for us to stay away, seeing that we came from the same place, so here we are.' My father had hardly time to thank him when Mr. Green made his appearance. He said he did not expect to find anyone there, but he thought he'd just walk over and see how matters stood, and he too sat down with the others. Almost immediately their numbers were increased by the coming of Mr. Graham and Mr. Miles, who said

they had been talking the matter over and had come to the conclusion that it would be a shame to let an accommodating man like neighbor Gray go without a barn for opinion's sake; and so they kept gathering in—some because they had really thought the matter over till they saw it in its true light, some urged on by a half-guilty twinge of conscience in remembrance of past favors, but more, I am inclined to believe, out of a sort of malicious curiosity to see how father would take it when he found no one would come to a temperance raising. Finally, last of all came Mr. Deering, the only man by the way that had agreed to come at all, and when he saw that all the men in our immediate neighborhood were not only on the ground before him, but that they were actually at work with as much zeal as though backed by a barrel of whiskey in prospect, he swung his hat and cheered them till the woods echoed to something besides the strokes of busy mallets. Though, strictly speaking, Mr. Deering was not a temperance man, yet he was animated by a spirit of chivalry that would not allow him to see one man crushed by numbers without doing his utmost in his defence; and when he understood the position in which my father was placed in regard to his raising, he resolved that nothing he could do should be wanting to aid him in carrying out his purpose. Beside being a lover of justice, he was a great lover of fun; and when he heard that three notorious drinkers from the vicinity of the mills had made a bet with the storekeeper that Gray's men would go home from the temperance raising as drunk as pipers, he resolved to frustrate their designs and turn the joke upon themselves. He well knew that both for the sake of winning the bet and to bring ridicule and defeat upon any attempt to put down a custom they so much delighted in, they would spare no pains to bring about their prediction, and that if he would defeat them, he must be on the alert; hence his late arrival. Once fairly enlisted in any undertaking, the men of our neighborhood were no shirks; consequently, the work progressed finely, and in the abundance of other cheer, they had all seemed to forget the absence

of their accustomed beverage, when, about noon, their number was increased by the arrival of two rough-looking men little expected by anyone save father and Mr. Deering. Though I think their motives were suspected, the men were glad of the extra help, and so welcomed them with a cheer.

"These new comers were two of the three men who had laid the wager with the storekeeper, Bill Watson and Tom Reed by name, and though they worked away as well as the best of them, and shouted and cheered more boisterously than everyone else on the frame, it was evident, even to me, in a vague sort of way, that they were acting a part to cover some sinister design, and I wished they had stayed away. By and by I was further enlightened by some fragments of a conversation between father and Mr. Deering that reached me as I was passing by them on some errand for mother. Though I only heard 'Bully Ben—gallon of whiskey—Joe and Paul—on the watch'—it was enough to confirm my suspicions, and now fairly aroused, I watched the two men more narrowly than before, and soon caught, first one, and then the other, peering anxiously into the woods in the direction from which they had come. Again when they were all seated at dinner, the seemingly unprovoked merriment and the rough jokes of these two men about going home drunk on spruce beer, had a significance they little dreamed any but themselves understood—a significance which, added to what I had already more than half guessed, made the whole plot as plain to me as though I had been duly admitted into the confidence of both parties. I knew that Watson and Reed had come to the raising merely to allay any suspicions that reports might have raised, and to open the way for Bully Ben, the most notorious drinker and wrestler and fighter in the whole region, to introduce his whiskey just at the right time, and I further knew that father and Mr. Deering were aware of the whole scheme, and had set Joe Indian and Paul Deering to cut off his approach in some way, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could restrain a shout of delight.

(To be Continued.)

KATY.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

ST. NICHOLAS AND ST. VALENTINE.

"How very funny!" she exclaimed, as she looked at the envelope, which was a green and white one. There was something hard inside. Clover broke the seal. Out tumbled a small green velvet pincushion, made in the shape of a clover-leaf, with a tiny stem of wire wound with green silk. Pinned to the cushion was a paper, with these verses:

"Some people love roses well
Tulips, gayly dressed,
Some love violets blue and sweet—
I love Clover best.

"Though she has a modest air,
Though no grace she boast,
Though no gardener call her fair,
I love Clover most.

"Butterfly may pass her by,
He is but a rover,
I'm a faithful, loving Bee—
And I stick to Clover."

This was the first valentine Clover had ever had. She was perfectly enchanted. "Oh, who *do* you suppose sent it?" she cried.

But before anybody could answer, there came another loud knock at the door, which made them all jump. Behold, Bridget again, with a second letter!

"It's for you, Miss Elsie, this time," she said with a grin.

There was an instant rush from all the children, and the envelope was torn open in the twinkling of an eye. Inside was a little ivory seal with "Elsie" on it in old English letters, and these rhymes:

"I know a little girl,
She is very dear to me,
She is just as sweet as honey
When she chooses so to be,
And her name begins with E, and ends with E.

"She has brown hair which curls,
And black eyes for to see
With, teeth like tiny pearls,
And dimples, one, two—three,
And her name begins with E, and ends with E.

"Her little feet run faster
Than other feet can flee,
As she brushes quickly past, her
Voice hums like a Bee,
And her name begins with E, and ends with E.

"Do you ask me why I love her?
Then I shall answer thee,
Because I can't help loving,
She is so sweet to me,
This little girl whose name begins and ends with 'E.'"

"It's just like a fairy story," said Elsie, whose eyes had grown as big as saucers from surprise, while these verses were being read aloud by Cecy.

Another knock. This time there was a perfect handful of letters. Everybody had one. Katy, to her great surprise, had *two*.

"Why, what *can* this be?" she said. But when she peeped into the second one, she saw Cousin Helen's handwriting, and she put it into her pocket, till the valentines should be read.

Dorry's was opened first. It had the picture of a pie at the top—I ought to explain that Dorry had lately been having a siege with the dentist.

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in his corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
When a sudden grimace
Spread over his face,
And he began loudly to cry.

"His tender Mamma
Heard the sound from afar,
And hastened to comfort her child;
'What aileth my John?'
She enquired in a tone
Which belied her question mild.

"Oh, Mother," he said,
'Every tooth in my head
Jumps and aches and is loose, O my!
And it hurts me to eat
Anything that is sweet—
So what *will* become of my pie?"

"It were vain to describe
How he roared and he cried,
And howled like a miniature tempest;
Suffice it to say,
That the very next day
He had all his teeth pulled by a dentist!"

This valentine made the children laugh for a long time.

Johnnie's envelope held a paper doll named "Red Riding-Hood." These were the verses:

"I send you my picture, dear Johnnie, to show
That I'm just as alive as you,
And that you needn't cry over my fate
Any more, as you used to do.

"The wolf didn't hurt me at all that day,
For I kicked and fought and cried,
Till he dropped me out of his mouth, and ran
Away in the woods to hide.

"And Grandma and I have lived ~~over~~ since
In the little brown house so small,
And churned fresh butter and made cream cheeses,
Nor seen the wolf at all.

"So cry no more for fear I am eaten,
The naughty wolf is shot,
And if you will come to tea some evening,
You shall see for yourself I'm not."

Johnnie was immensely pleased at this, for Red Riding-Hood was a great favorite of hers.

Philly had a bit of india-rubber in his letter, which was written with very black ink on a big sheet of foolscap:

"I was once a naughty man,
And I hid beneath the bed,
To steal your india-rubbers,
But I chewed them up instead.

"Then you called out, 'Who is there?'
I was thrown most in a fit,
And I let the india-rubbers fall—
All but this little bit.

"I'm sorry for my naughty ways,
And now, to make amends,
I sent the chewed piece back again,
And beg we may be friends."
"ROBBIE."

"Just listen to mine," said Cecy, who had all along pretended to be as much surprised as anybody, and now behaved as if she could hardly wait till Philly's was finished. Then she read aloud:

"TO CECY.

"If I were a bird
And you were a bird,
What would we do?
Why you should be little and I would be big,
And, side by side on a cherry-tree twig,
We'd kiss with our yellow bills, and coo—
That's what we'd do!

"If I were a fish
And you were a fish,
What would we do?
We'd frolic, and whisk our little tails,
And play all sorts of tricks with the whales,
And call on the oysters, and order a 'stew,'
That's what we'd do!

"If I were a bee
And you were a bee,
What would we do?
We'd find a home in a breezy wood,
And store it with honey sweet and good.
You should feed me and I would feed you,
That's what we'd do!"

"VALENTINE."

"I think that's the prettiest of all," said Clover.

"I don't," said Elsie. "I think mine is the prettiest. Cecy didn't have any seal in hers, either." And she fondled the little seal, which all this time she had held in her hand.

"Katy, you ought to have read yours first, because you are the oldest," said Clover:

"Mine isn't much," replied Katy, and she read:

"The rose is red, the violet blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you."

"What a mean valentine!" cried Elsie, with flashing eyes. "It's a real shame, Katy! You ought to have had the best of all."

Katy could hardly keep from laughing. The fact was that the verses for the others had taken so long, that no time had been left for writing a valentine to herself. So, thinking it would excite suspicion to have none, she had scribbled this old rhyme at the last moment.

"It isn't very nice," she said, trying to look as pensive as she could, "but never mind."

"It's a shame!" repeated Elsie, petting her very hard to make up for the injustice.

"Hasn't it been a funny evening?" said John; and Dorry replied, "Yes; we never had such good times before Katy was sick, did we?"

Katy heard this with a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain. "I think the children do love me a little more of late," she said to herself. "But, oh, why couldn't I be good to them when I was well and strong!"

She didn't open Cousin Helen's letter until the rest were all gone to bed. I think somebody must have written and told about the valentine party, for instead of a note there were these verses in Cousin Helen's own clear, pretty hand. It wasn't a valentine, because it was too solemn, as Katy explained to Clover, next day. "But," she added, "it is a great deal beautifuller than any valentine that ever was written." And Clover thought so too.

These were the verses:

" IN SCHOOL.

"I used to go to a bright school
Where Youth and Frolic taught in turn;
But idle scholar that I was,
I liked to play, I would not learn;
So the Great Teacher did ordain
That I should try the School of Pain.

"One of the infant class I am
With little, easy lessons, set
In a great book; the higher class
Have harder ones than I, and yet
I find mine hard, and can't restrain
My tears while studying thus with Pain.

"There are two Teachers in the school,
One has a gentle voice and low,
And smiles upon her scholars, as
She softly passes to and fro.
Her name is Love; 'tis very plain
She shuns the sharper teacher, Pain.

"Or so I sometimes think; and then,
At other times, they meet and kiss,
And look so strangely like, that I
Am puzzled to tell how it is,
Or whence the change which makes it vain
To guess if it be—Love or Pain.

"They tell me if I study well,
And learn my lessons, I shall be
Moved upward to that higher class
Where dear Love teaches constantly;
And I work hard, in hopes to gain
Reward, and get away from Pain.

"Yet Pain is sometimes kind, and helps
Me on when I am very dull;
I thank him often in my heart;
But Love is far more beautiful;
Under her tender, gentle reign
I must learn faster than with Pain.

"So I will do my very best,
Nor hide the clock, nor call it slow;
That when the Teacher calls me up
To see if I am fit to go,
I may to Love's high class attain,
And bid a sweet good-bye to Pain."

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW LESSON TO LEARN.

It was a long time before the children ceased to talk and laugh over that jolly evening. Dorry declared he wished there could be a Valentine's-Day every week.

"Don't you think St. Valentine would be tired of writing verses?" asked Katy. But she, too, had enjoyed the frolic, and the bright recollection helped her along through the rest of the long, cold winter.

Spring opened late that year, but the summer, when it came, was a warm one. Katy felt the heat very much. She could not change her seat to follow the breeze about from window to window as other people could. The long burning days left her weak and parched. She hung her head, and seemed to wilt like the flowers in the garden-beds. Indeed she was worse off than they, for every evening Alexander gave them a watering with the hose, while nobody was able to bring a watering-pot and pour out what she needed—a shower of cold, fresh air.

It wasn't easy to be good-humored under these circumstances, and one could hardly have blamed Katy if she had sometimes forgotten her resolutions and been cross and fretful. But she didn't—not very often. Now and then bad days came, when she was discouraged and forlorn. But Katy's long year of schooling had taught her self-control, and, as a general thing, her discomforts were borne patiently. She could not help growing pale and thin, however, and Papa saw with concern that, as the summer went on, she became too languid to read, or study, or sew, and just sat hour after hour, with folded hands, gazing wistfully out of the window.

He tried the experiment of taking her to drive. But the motion of the carriage, and the being lifted in and out, brought on so much pain, that Katy begged that he would not ask her to go again. So there was nothing to be done but wait for cooler weather. The summer dragged on and all who loved Katy rejoiced when it was over.

When September came, with cool mornings and nights, and fresh breezes, smelling of pine woods and hill-tops, all things seemed to revive, and Katy with them. She began to crochet and to read. After a while she collected her books again, and tried to study as Cousin Helen had advised. But so many idle weeks made it seem harder work than ever. One day she asked Papa to let her take French lessons.

"You see I'm forgetting all I knew," she said, "and Clover is going to begin this term, and I don't like that she should get so far ahead of me. Don't you think Mr. Berger would be willing to come

here, Papa? He does go to houses sometimes."

"I think he would if we asked him," said Dr. Carr, pleased to see Katy waking up with something like life again.

So the arrangement was made. Mr. Berger came twice every week, and sat beside the big chair, correcting Katy's exercises and practicing her in the verbs and pronunciation. He was a lively little old Frenchman, and knew how to make lesson-time pleasant.

"You take more pains than you used, Mademoiselle," he said one day; "if you go on so, you shall be my best scholar. And if to hurt the back make you study, it would be well that some other of my young ladies shall do the same."

Katy laughed. But in spite of Mr. Berger and his lessons, and in spite of her endeavors to keep cheerful and busy, this second winter was harder than the first. It is often so with sick people. There is a sort of excitement in being ill which helps along just at the beginning. But as months go on, and everything grows an old story, and one day follows another day, all just alike and all tiresome, courage is apt to flag and spirits to grow dull. Spring seemed a long, long way off whenever Katy thought about it.

"I wish something would happen," she often said to herself. And something was about to happen. But she little guessed what it was going to be.

"Katy!" said Clover, coming in one day in November, "do you know where the camphor is? Aunt Izzie has got such a headache."

"No," replied, Katy, "I don't. Or—wait, Clover, it seems to me that Debby came for it the other day. Perhaps if you look in her room you'll find it."

"How very queer!" she soliloquized, when Clover was gone; "I never knew Aunt Izzie to have a headache before."

"How is Aunt Izzie?" she asked, when Papa came in at noon.

"Well, I don't know. She has some fever and a bad pain in her head. I have told her that she had better lie still, and not try to get up this evening. Old Mary will come in to undress you, Katy. You won't mind, will you, dear?"

"N-o!" said Katy, reluctantly. But she did mind. Aunt Izzie had grown used to her and her ways. Nobody else suited her so well.

"It seems so strange to have to explain just how every thing is to be done," she remarked to Clover, rather petulantly.

It seemed stranger yet, when the next day, and the next, and the next after that passed, and still no Aunt Izzie came near her. Blessings brighten as they take their flight. Katy began to appreciate for the first time how much she had learned to

rely on her aunt. She missed her dreadfully.

"When is Aunt Izzie going to get well?" she asked her father; "I want her so much."

"We all want her," said Dr. Carr, who looked disturbed and anxious.

"Is she very sick?" asked Katy, struck by the expression of his face.

"Pretty sick, I'm afraid," he replied. "I'm going to get a regular nurse to take care of her."

Aunt Izzie's attack proved to be typhoid fever. The doctors said that the house must be kept quiet, so John, and Dorry, and Phil were sent over to Mrs. Hall's to stay. Elsie and Clover were to have gone too, but they begged so hard, and made so many promises of good behavior, that finally Papa permitted them to remain. The dear little things stole about the house on tiptoe, as quietly as mice, whispering to each other, and waiting on Katy, who would have been lonely enough without them, for everybody else was absorbed in Aunt Izzie.

It was a confused, melancholy time. The three girls didn't know much about sickness, but Papa's grave face, and the hushed house, weighed upon their spirits, and they missed the children very much.

"Oh dear!" sighed Elsie. "How I wish Aunt Izzie would hurry and get well."

"We'll be real good to her when she does, won't we?" said Clover. "I never mean to leave my rubbers in the hat-stand any more, because she don't like to have me. And I shall pick up the croquet-balls and put them in the box every night."

"Yes," added Elsie, "so will I, when she gets well."

It never occurred to either of them that perhaps Aunt Izzie might not get well. Little people are apt to feel as if grown folks are so strong and so big, that nothing can possibly happen to them.

Katy was more anxious. So it came like a sudden and violent shock to her, when, one morning on waking up, she found old Mary crying quietly beside her bed, with her apron at her eyes. Aunt Izzie had died in the night!

All their kind penitent thoughts of her; their resolutions to please—their plans for obeying her wishes and saving her trouble, were too late! For the first time, the three girls, sobbing in each other's arms, realized what a good friend Aunt Izzie had been to them. Her worrying ways were all forgotten now. They could only remember the many kind things she had done for them since they were little children. How they wished that they had never teased her, never said sharp words about her to each other! But it was no use to wish.

"What shall we do without Aunt Izzie?" thought Katy as she cried herself to sleep

that night. And the question came into her mind again and again, after the funeral was over and the little ones had come back from Mrs. Hall's, and things began to go on in their usual manner.

For several days she saw almost nothing of her father. Clover reported that he looked very tired, and scarcely said a word.

"Did Papa eat any dinner?" asked Katy, one afternoon.

"Not much. He said he wasn't hungry. And Mrs. Jackson's boy came for him before we were nearly through."

"Oh dear!" sighed Katy, "I do hope *he* isn't going to be sick. How it rains! Clovy, I wish you'd run down and get out his slippers and put them by the fire to warm. Oh, and ask Debby to make some cream-toast for tea! Papa likes cream-toast."

After tea, Dr. Carr came up stairs to sit a while in Katy's room. He often did so, but this was the first time since Aunt Izzie's death.

Katy studied his face anxiously. It seemed to her that he had grown older of late, and there was a sad look upon it, which made her heart ache. She longed to do something for him, but all she could do was to poke the fire bright, and then to possess herself of his hand, and stroke it gently with both hers. It wasn't much, to be sure, but I think Papa liked it.

"What have you been about all day?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, much," said Katy. "I studied my French lesson this morning. And after school, Elsie and John brought in their patch-work, and we had a 'Bee.' That's all."

"I've been thinking how we are to manage about the housekeeping," said Dr. Carr. "Of course we shall have to get somebody to come and take charge. But it isn't easy to find just the right person. Mrs. Hall knows of a woman who might do, but she is out West, just now, and it will be a week or two before we can hear from her. Do you think you can get on as you are for a few days?"

"Oh, Papa?" cried Katy, in dismay, "must we have anybody?"

"Why, how did you suppose we were going to arrange it? Clover is much too young for a housekeeper. And beside, she is at school all day."

"I don't know—I hadn't thought about it," said Katy, in a perplexed tone.

But she did think about it—all that evening, and the first thing when she woke in the morning.

"Papa," she said, the next time she got him to herself, "I've been thinking over what you were saying last night, about getting somebody to keep the house, you know. And I wish you wouldn't. I wish

you would let *me* try. Really and truly, I think I could manage."

"But how?" asked Dr. Carr, much surprised. "I really don't see. If you were well and strong, perhaps—but even then you would be pretty young for such a charge, Katy."

"I shall be fourteen in two weeks," said Katy, drawing herself up in her chair as straight as she could. "And if I were well, Papa, I should be going to school, you know, and then of course I couldn't. No, I'll tell you my plan. I've been thinking about it all day. Debby and Bridget have been with us so long that they know all aunt Izzie's ways, and they're such good women, that all they want is just to be told a little now and then. Now, why couldn't they come up to me when anything is wanted—just as well as to have me go down to them? Clover and old Mary will keep watch, you know, and see if anything is wrong. And you wouldn't mind if things were a little crooked just at first, would you? because, you know, I should be learning all the time. Do let me try! It will be real nice to have something to think about as I sit up here alone, so much better than having a stranger in the house who doesn't know the children or anything. I am sure it will make me happier. Please say 'yes,' Papa, please do!"

"It's too much for you, a great deal too much," replied Dr. Carr. But it was not easy to resist Katy's "Please! Please!" and after a while it ended with—

"Well, darling, you may try, though I am doubtful as to the result of the experiment. I will tell Mrs. Hall to put off writing to Wisconsin for a month, and we will see."

"Poor child, anything to take her thoughts off herself!" he muttered, as he walked down stairs. "She'll be glad enough to give the thing up by the end of a month."

But Papa was mistaken. At the end of a month Katy was eager to go on. So he said, "Very well—she might try it till spring."

It was not such hard work as it sounded. Katy had plenty of quiet thinking-time for one thing. The children were at school all day, and few visitors came to interrupt her, so she could plan out her hours and keep to the plans. That is a great help to a housekeeper.

Then Aunt Izzie's regular, punctual way was so well understood by the servants, that the house seemed almost to keep itself. As Katy had said, all Debby and Bridget needed was a little "telling" now and then.

As soon as breakfast was over, and the dishes were washed and put away, Debby would tie on a clean apron, and come up stairs for orders. At first Katy thought

this great fun. But after ordering dinner a good many times, it began to grow tiresome. She never saw the dishes after they were cooked, and, being inexperienced, it seemed impossible to think of things enough to make a variety.

"Let me see—there is roast beef—leg of mutton—boiled chicken," she would say, counting on her fingers, "roast beef—leg of mutton—boiled chicken. Debby, you might roast the chickens. Dear!—I wish somebody would invent a new animal! Where all the things to eat are gone to, I can't imagine!"

Then Katy would send for every recipe-book in the house, and pore over them by the hour, till her appetite was as completely gone as if she had swallowed twenty dinners. Poor Debby learned to dread these books. She would stand by the door with her pleasant red face drawn up into a pucker, while Katy read aloud some impossible-sounding rule.

"This looks as if it were delicious, Debby; I wish you'd try it: Take a gallon of oysters, a pint of beef stock, sixteen soda crackers, the juice of two lemons, four cloves, a glass of white wine, a sprig of marjoram, a sprig of thyme, a sprig of bay, a sliced shallot—"

"Please, Miss Katy, what's them?"

"Oh, don't you know, Debby? It must be something quite common, for it's in almost all the recipes."

"No, Miss Katy, I never heard tell of it before. Miss Carr never gave me no shell-outs at all at all!"

"Dear me, how provoking!" Katy would cry, flapping over the leaves of her book; "then we must try something else."

Poor Debby! if she hadn't loved Katy so dearly, I think her patience must have given way. But she bore her trials meekly, except for an occasional grumble when alone with Bridget. Dr. Carr had to eat a great many queer things in those days. But he didn't mind, and as for the children, they enjoyed it. Dinner time became quite exciting, when nobody could tell exactly what any dish on the table was made of. Dorry, who was a sort of Dr. Livingstone, where strange articles of food were concerned, usually made the first experiment, and if he said that it was good, the rest followed suit.

After a while Katy grew wiser. She ceased teasing Debby to try new things, and the Carr family went back to plain roast and boiled, much to the advantage of all concerned. But then another series of experiments began. Katy got hold of a book upon "The Stomach," and was seized with a rage for wholesome food. She entreated Clover and the other children to give up sugar, and butter and gravy, and pudding-sauce, and buckwheat cakes, and pies, and almost everything else that they par-

ticularly liked. Boiled rice seemed to her the most sensible dessert, and she kept the family on it until finally John and Dorry started a rebellion, and Dr. Carr was forced to interfere.

"My dear, you are overdoing it sadly," he said, as Katy opened her book and prepared to explain her views; "I am glad to have the children eat simple food—but really, boiled rice five times in a week is too much."

Katy sighed, but submitted. Later, as the spring came on, she had a fit of over-anxiousness, and was always sending Clover down to ask Debby if her bread was not burning, or if she was sure that the pickles were not fermenting in their jars? She also fidgeted the children about wearing india-rubbers, and keeping on their coats, and behaved altogether as if the cares of the world were on her shoulders.

But all these were but the natural mistakes of a beginner. Katy was too much in earnest not to improve. Month by month she learned how to manage a little better, and a little better still. Matters went on more smoothly. Her cares ceased to fret her. Dr. Carr watching the increasing brightness of her face and manner, felt that the experiment was a success. Nothing more was said about "somebody else," and Katy, sitting up stairs in her big chair, held the threads of the house firmly in her hands.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO YEARS AFTERWARD.

It was a pleasant morning in early June. A warm wind was rustling the trees, which were covered thickly with half-opened leaves, and looked like fountains of green spray thrown high into the air. Dr. Carr's front door stood wide open. Through the parlor window came the sound of piano practice, and on the steps, under the budding roses, sat a small figure, busily sewing.

This was Clover, little Clover still, though more than two years had passed since we saw her last, and she was now over fourteen. Clover was never intended to be tall. Her eyes were as blue and sweet as ever, and her apple-blossom cheeks as pink. But the brown pig-tails were pinned up into a round knot, and the childish face had gained almost a womanly look. Old Mary declared that Miss Clover was getting quite young-ladyfied, and "Miss Clover" was quite aware of the fact, and mightily pleased with it. It delighted her to turn up her hair; and she was very particular about having her dresses made to come below the tops of her boots. She had also left off ruffles, and wore narrow collars in-

stead, and little cuffs with sleeve-buttons to fasten them. These sleeve-buttons, which were a present from Cousin Helen, Clover liked best of all her things. Papa said that he was sure she took them to bed with her, but of course that was only a joke, though she certainly was never seen without them in the daytime. She glanced frequently at these beloved buttons as she sat sewing, and every now and then laid down her work to twist them into a better position, or give them an affectionate pat with her forefinger.

Pretty soon the side-gate swung open, and Philly came round the corner of the house. He had grown into a big boy. All his pretty baby curls were cut off, and his frocks had given place to jacket and trousers. In his hand he held something. What, Clover could not see.

"What's that?" she said, as he reached the steps.

"I'm going up stairs to ask Katy if these are ripe," replied Phil, exhibiting some currants faintly streaked with red.

"Why, of course they're not ripe!" said Clover, putting one into her mouth. "Can't you tell by the taste? They're as green as can be."

"I don't care, if Katy says they're ripe I shall eat 'em," answered Phil, defiantly, marching into the house.

"What did Philly want?" asked Elsie, opening the parlor door as Phil went up stairs.

"Only to know if the currants are ripe enough to eat."

"How particular he always is about asking now!" said Elsie; "he's afraid of another dose of salts."

"I should think he would be," replied Clover, laughing. "Johnnie says she never was so scared in her life as when Papa called them, and they looked up, and saw him standing there with the bottle in one hand and a spoon in the other!"

"Yes," went on Elsie, "and you know Dorry held his in his mouth for ever so long, and then went round the corner of the house and spat it out! Papa said he had a good mind to make him take another spoonful, but he remembered that after all Dorry had the bad taste a great deal longer than the others, so he didn't. I think it was an awful punishment, don't you?"

"Yes, but it was a good one, for none of them have ever touched the green gooseberries since. Have you got through practising? It doesn't seem like an hour yet."

"Oh, it isn't—it's only twenty-five minutes. But Katy told me not to sit more than half an hour at a time without getting up and running round to rest. I'm going to walk twice down to the gate, and twice back. I promised her I would." And Elsie set off, clapping her hands briskly before and behind her as she walked.

"Why—what is Bridget doing in Papa's room?" she asked, as she came back the second time. "She's flapping things out of the window. Are the girls up there? I thought they were cleaning the dining-room."

"They're doing both. Katy said it was such a good chance, having Papa away, that she would have both the carpets taken up at once. There isn't going to be any dinner to-day, only just bread and butter, and milk, and cold ham, up in Katy's room, because Debby is helping too, so as to get through and save Papa all the fuss. And see," exhibiting her sewing, "Katy's making a new cover for Papa's pincushion, and I'm hemming the ruffle to go round it."

"How nicely you hem!" said Elsie. "I wish I had something for Papa's room too. There's my washstand mats—but the one for the soap-dish isn't finished. Do you suppose, if Katy would excuse me from the rest of my practising, I could get it done? I've a great mind to go and ask her."

"There's her bell!" said Clover, as a little tinkle sounded up stairs; "I'll ask her, if you like."

"No, let me go. I'll see what she wants." But Clover was already half-way across the hall, and the two girls ran up side by side. There was often a little strife between them as to which should answer Katy's bell, both liked to wait on her so much.

Katy came to meet them as they entered. Not on her feet: that, alas! was still only a far-off possibility; but in a chair with large wheels, with which she was rolling herself across the room. This chair was a great comfort to her. Sitting in it, she could get to her closet and her bureau-drawers, and help herself to what she wanted without troubling anybody. It was only lately that she had been able to use it. Dr. Carr considered her doing so as a hopeful sign, but he had never told Katy this. She had grown accustomed to her invalid life at last, and was cheerful in it, and he thought it unwise to make her restless, by exciting hopes which might after all end in fresh disappointment.

She met the girls with a bright smile as they came in, and said:

"Oh, Clovy, it was you I rang for! I am troubled for fear Bridget will meddle with the things on Papa's table. You know he likes them to be left just so. Will you please go and remind her that she is not to touch them at all? After the carpet is put down, I want you to dust the table, so as to be sure that everything is put back in the same place. Will you?"

"Of course I will!" said Clover, who was a born housewife, and dearly loved to act as Katy's prime minister.

"Shan't I fetch the pincushion too, while I'm there?"

"Oh yes, please do! I want to measure."

"Katy," said Elsie, "those mats of mine are most done, and I would like to finish them and put them on Papa's washstand before he comes back. Mayn't I stop practising now, and bring my crochet up here instead?"

"Will there be plenty of time to learn the new exercise before Miss Phillips comes, if you do?"

"I think so, plenty. She doesn't come till Friday, you know."

"Well, then, it seems to me that you might just as well as not. And Elsie, dear, run into Papa's room first, and bring me the drawer out of his table. I want to put that in order myself."

Elsie went cheerfully. She laid the drawer across Katy's lap, and Katy began to dust and arrange the contents. Pretty soon Clover joined them.

"Here's the cushion," she said. "Now we'll have a nice quiet time all by ourselves, won't we? I like this sort of day, when nobody comes in to interrupt us."

Somebody tapped at the door, as she spoke. Kate called out, "Come!" And in marched a tall, broad-shouldered lad, with a solemn, sensible face, and a little clock carried carefully in both his hands. This was Dorry. He has grown and improved very much since we saw him last, and is turning out clever in several ways. Among the rest, he has developed a strong turn for mechanics.

"Here's your clock, Katy," he said. "I've got it fixed so that it strikes all right. Only you must be careful not to hit the striker when you start the pendulum."

"Have you, really?" said Katy. "Why, Dorry, you're a genius! I'm ever so much obliged."

"It's four minutes to eleven now," went on Dorry. "So it'll strike pretty soon. I guess I'd better stay and hear it, so as to be sure that it is right. That is," he added politely, "unless you're busy, and would rather not."

"I'm never too busy to want you, old fellow," said Katy, stroking his arm. "Here, this drawer is arranged now. Don't you want to carry it into Papa's room and put it back into the table? Your hands are stronger than Elsie's."

Dorry looked gratified. When he came back the clock was just beginning to strike.

"There!" he exclaimed; "that's splendid, isn't it?"

"But alas! the clock did not stop at eleven. It went on—Twelve, Thirteen, Fourteen, Fifteen, Sixteen!"

"Dear me!" said Clover, "what does all this mean? It must be day after tomorrow, at least."

Dorry stared with open mouth at the clock, which was still striking as though it would split its sides. Elsie, screaming with laughter, kept count,

"Thirty, Thirty-one — Oh, Dorry! Thirty-two! Thirty-three! Thirty-four!"

"You've bewitched it, Dorry!" said Katy, as much entertained as the rest.

Then they all began counting. Dorry seized the clock—shook it, slapped it, turned it upside-down. But still the sharp, vibrating sounds continued, as if the clock, having got its own way for once, meant to go on till it was tired out. At last, at the one-hundred-and-thirtieth stroke, it suddenly ceased; and Dorry, with a red, amazed countenance, faced the laughing company.

"It's very queer," he said, "but I'm sure it's not because of anything I did. I can fix it, though, if you'll let me try again. May I, Katy? I'll promise not to hurt it."

For a moment Katy hesitated. Clover pulled her sleeve, and whispered "Don't!" Then seeing the mortification on Dorry's face, she made up her mind.

"Yes! take it, Dorry. I'm sure you'll be careful. But if I were you, I'd carry it down to Wetherell's first of all, and talk it over with them. Together you could hit on just the right thing. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps," said Dorry; "yes, I think I will." Then he departed with the clock under his arm, while Clover called after him teasingly, "Lunch at 132 o'clock; don't forget!"

"No, I won't!" said Dorry. Two years before he would not have borne to be laughed at so good naturedly.

"How could you let him take your clock again?" said Clover, as soon as the door was shut. "He'll spoil it. And you think so much of it."

"I thought he would feel mortified if I didn't let him try," replied Katy, quietly. "I don't believe he'll hurt it. Wetherell's man likes Dorry, and he'll show him what to do."

"You were real good to do it," responded Clover; "but if it had been mine I don't think I could."

Just then the door flew open, and Johnnie rushed in, two years taller, but otherwise looking exactly as she used to do.

"Oh, Katy!" she gasped, "won't you please tell Philly not to wash the chickens in the rain-water tub? He's put in every one of Speckle's, and is just beginning on Dame Durden's. I'm afraid one little yellow one is dead already—"

"Whv, he mustn't — of course he musn't!" said Katy; "What made him think of such a thing?"

"He says they're dirty, because they've just come out of egg-shells! And he insists that the yellow on them is yolk-of-egg. I told him it wasn't, but he wouldn't listen to me." And Johnnie wrung her hands.

"Clover!" cried Katy, "won't you run

down and ask Philly to come up to me? Speak pleasantly, you know!"

"I spoke pleasantly—real pleasantly, but it wasn't any use," said Johnnie, on whom the wrongs of the chicks had evidently made a deep impression.

"What a mischief Phil is getting to be!" said Elsie. "Papa says his name ought to be Pickle."

"Pickles turn out very nice sometimes, you know," replied Katy, laughing.

Pretty soon Philly came up, escorted by Clover. He looked a little defiant, but Katy understood how to manage him. She lifted him into her lap, which, big boy as he was, he liked extremely; and talked to him so affectionately about the poor little shivering chicks, that his heart was quite melted.

"I didn't mean to hurt 'em, really and truly," he said, "but they were all dirty and yellow—with egg, you know, and I thought you'd like me to clean 'em up."

But that wasn't egg, Philly—it was dear little clean feathers, like a canary-bird's wings."

"Was it?"

"Yes. And now the chickies are as cold and forlorn as you would feel if you tumbled into a pond and nobody gave you any dry clothes. Don't you think you ought to go and warm them?"

"How?"

"Well—in your hands, very gently. And then I would let them run round in the sun."

"I will!" said Philly, getting down from her lap. "Only kiss me first, because I didn't mean to, you know!"—Philly was very fond of Katy. Miss Petingill said it was wonderful to see how that child let himself be managed. But I think the secret was that Katy didn't "manage," but tried to be always kind and loving, and considerate of Phil's feelings.

Before the echo of Phil's boots had fairly died away on the stairs, old Mary put her head into the door. There was a distressed expression on her face.

"Miss Katy," she said, "I wish you'd speak to Alexander about putting the woodshed in order. I don't think you know how bad it looks."

"I don't suppose I do," said Katy, smiling, and then sighing. She had never seen the woodshed since the day of her fall from the swing. "Never mind, Mary, I'll talk to Alexander about it, and he shall make it all nice."

Mary trotted down stairs satisfied. But in the course of a few minutes she was up again.

"There's a man come with a box of soap. Miss Katy, and here's the bill. He says it's resated."

It took Katy a little time to find her purse, and then she wanted her pencil and

account-book, and Elsie had to move from her seat at the table.

"Oh dear!" she said, "I wish people wouldn't keep coming and interrupting us. Who'll be the next, I wonder?"

She was not left to wonder long. Almost as she spoke, there was another knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Katy, rather wearily. The door opened.

"Shall I?" said a voice. There was a rustle of skirts, a clatter of boot-heels, and Imogen Clark swept into the room. Katy could not think who it was, at first. She had not seen Imogen for almost two years.

"I found the front door open," explained Imogen, in her high-pitched voice, "and as nobody seemed to hear when I rang the bell, I ventured to come right up stairs. I hope I'm not interrupting anything private?"

"Not at all," said Katy, politely. "Elsie, dear, move up that low chair, please. Do sit down, Imogen. I'm sorry nobody answered your ring, but the servants are cleaning house to-day, and I suppose they didn't hear."

(To be Continued.)

WHAT GOES WITH IT.

BY RUTH KENYON.

Auntie Meg threw open her blinds to let in more of the fresh morning air; the children were up before her, and out under the apple tree she saw Tilly.

"What is the child doing now?" she thought, for Tilly with her hands folded, and her feet held very closely together, was making very stiff jumps into the air; one would have thought for the mere fun of jumping, only that after each leap, she stopped and looked carefully upon the ground all about her.

"What are you looking for, Tilly?" and Johnny came bounding from the back door.

"Looking for nothing; only trying something; you know what uncle Ned said, that the earth kept turning around, right over that way, I mean;" Tilly pointed off toward the hills where the great, warm sun had come in sight an hour before; "well, I was jumping up, right up straight, you know, to see how much it went along while I was off."

"Well," said Johnny, "how much does it? There, I'll put an apple close up to your heels, and we'll see how far off 'tis when you come down—don't move a speck! See there! You see the thing moves dread-

fully slow, Tilly, you can't stay up long enough to give it a chance. Come on, don't try that any more; come and help me pick up my apples; breakfast is most ready, and I shan't have them done."

Tilly helped with all her might, picking up the beautiful red fruit, and chatted and laughed as if she had forgotten that the earth moved at all, or at least was convinced that it went very slowly; but away in the corner of her mind she had stored the question for her uncle, the next time he should have leisure to answer it; for wasn't Susie's father weeks going around, and part of the way in the cars too! Then mustn't it be a great way? And that apple tree and she, and Johnny and the house, and everything, had got to make the journey in twenty-four hours. It must be they went fast!

She asked the question that evening; uncle Ned said, "keep it for the next lecture," and the next lecture did not come for more than a week. Then they gathered in the sitting-room, the same little group, only that auntie Meg insisted upon bringing in her crocheting, and listening too, since she had seen Tilly's experiment, and become interested in the subject; and Tilly's experiment was the first thing discussed.

"Come Roy, get your slate and pencil, and do an example for me. If the earth is twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, and turns around once in twenty-four hours, how many miles does any one point on it go in an hour?"

Roy bit the end of his pencil and thought a few minutes, till Susie suspected he could not divide twenty-five thousand by twenty-four, and thought of offering to help; but Roy had another idea.

"That depends on where the point is, uncle," said he.

"Why so, Roy?"

"Why, if it was on the equator, 'twould have to go the whole twenty-five thousand miles, but the circles would grow smaller and smaller as you go toward the poles, so places away from the equator would not have to go so far."

"First rate! my boy; you know more than I thought you did, and when I am through you may borrow one of your mother's knitting-needles, run it through an apple, and show to the children how different spots which you make on the peel have to go different distances when you whirl it, according as they are near or far from the poles; for convenience now, we will pretend we are on the equator, and you may find out how many miles an hour we would move."

"A little more than ten hundred and fifty-one," said Roy, after a little ciphering.

"Yes, and how many would that be in a minute?"

"Let us see—why, uncle Ned! more than seventeen miles in a minute."

Tilly gave John a gentle punch with her elbow, and whispered roguishly, "Goes slow, don't it?"

"Now I don't suppose Tilly's feet when she jumped, were off from the ground more than a second, and reckoning as we have, the earth would move along about one-third of a mile, but not being on the equator, the place where we are would not go so fast; about a quarter of a mile perhaps; that's far enough; why didn't she land a quarter of a mile farther west when she came down, away over on the hill by Deacon Maynard's house? Even Roy can't tell me that. It is pretty much all explained in one short sentence which I will give you to remember; it is called a *law of matter*; that is, something which is true of everything on the earth; and this is the law. Everything that is still, that has no motion, would never have any, if some force outside did not move it; and everything which is once put in motion, would never stop of itself, but would go on forever if some force did not stop it; there are a great many things in nature that show us this law is true, but no one ever tries to explain why it is so."

"But I don't see that it is true," said Tilly, "for when Johnny and I play ball, the ball don't keep going; it very often stops and falls on the ground, when we don't stop it at all."

"Yes, my little girl, but you've forgotten that some other force may stop it besides you or Johnny. What is it that all the time is pulling that ball toward the earth? Gravity? yes, and gravity is so much stronger than any person is that no matter how hard a ball is thrown, gravity will very soon draw it down to the earth and stop it."

"Did you see that express-man who brought grandpa's trunk last summer, when his horse fell down? What became of the man?"

"Went right over the dash-board flat in the road."

"That's it, the horse was going very fast; the man's body had gained the same speed that the horse had, and when he fell, and the waggon was so suddenly stopped, the man kept right on going, till the force of gravity pulled him to the ground, just as Tilly is carried by the earth, a quarter of a mile each second, and when she jumps into the air, there is nothing to prevent her going on, and thus keeping up with the earth, and coming down at the same spot where she leaves it. Do you understand? I think if you keep it in mind, you will see a great many things that will show you that this law is true. A thing at rest naturally stays at rest, and a thing in motion naturally keeps its motion."—*Little Corporal.*

The Home.

NOISE IN THE SICK ROOM.

Unnecessary noise, or noise that creates an expectation in the mind, is that which hurts a patient. It is rarely the loudness of the noise, the effect upon the organ of the ear itself, which appears to affect the sick. How well a patient will generally bear, *e. g.*, the putting up of a scaffolding close the house, when he cannot bear the talking, still less the whispering, especially if it be of a familiar voice, outside his door.

There are certain patients, no doubt, especially where there is slight concussion or other disturbance of the brain, who are affected by mere noise. But intermittent noise, or sudden or sharp noises, in these as in all other cases, affects far more than continuous noise—noise with jar far more than noise without. Of one thing you may be certain, that anything which wakes a patient suddenly out of his sleep will invariably put him into a state of greater excitement, do him more serious, aye, and lasting mischief, than any continuous noise, however loud.

Never to allow a patient to be waked, intentionally or accidentally, is a *sine qua non* of all good nursing. If he is roused out of his first sleep, he is almost certain to have no more sleep. It is a curious but quite intelligible fact that, if a patient is waked after a few hours' instead of a few minutes' sleep he is much more likely to sleep again. Because pain, like irritability of brain, perpetuates and intensifies itself. If you have gained a respite of either in sleep you have gained more than the mere respite. Both the probability of recurrence and of the same intensity will be diminished; whereas both will be terribly increased by want of sleep. This is the reason why sleep is so all-important. This is the reason why a patient waked in the early part of his sleep loses not only his sleep, but his power to sleep. A healthy person who allows himself to sleep during the day will lose his sleep at night. But it is exactly the reverse with the sick generally; the more they sleep, the better will they be able to sleep.

I have often been surprised at the thoughtlessness, (resulting in cruelty, quite unintentionally) of friends or of doctors who will hold a long conversation just in the room or passage adjoining to the room

of the patient, who is either every moment expecting them to come in, or who has just seen them, and knows they are talking about him. If it is a whispered conversation in the same room, then it is absolutely cruel; for it is impossible that the patient's attention should not be involuntarily strained to hear. Walking on tip-toe, doing anything in the room very slowly, are injurious, for exactly the same reasons. A firm, light quick step, a steady quick hand are the desiderata; not the slow, lingering, shuffling foot, the timid, uncertain, touch. Slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such; quickness, lightness, and gentleness are quite compatible. Again, if friends and doctors did but watch, as nurses can and should watch, the features sharpening, the eyes growing almost wild, of fever patients who are listening for the entrance from the corridor of the persons whose voices they are hearing there, these would never run the risk again of creating such expectation, or irritation of mind.

I need hardly say that the other common case, namely, for a doctor or friend to leave the patient and communicate his opinion on the result of his visit to the friends just outside the patient's door, or in the adjoining room, after the visit, but within hearing or knowledge of the patient is, if possible, worst of all.

A nurse who rustles (I am speaking of nurses professional and unprofessional) is the horror of a patient, though perhaps he does not know why. The fidget of silk and of crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of staves and of shoes, will do a patient more harm than all the medicines in the world will do him good.

Again, one nurse cannot open the door without making everything rattle. Or she opens the door unnecessarily often, for want of remembering all the articles that might be brought in at once.

A good nurse will always make sure that no door or window in her patient's room shall rattle or creak; that no blind or curtain shall, by any change of wind through the open window, be made to flap—especially will she be careful of all this before she leaves her patients for the night. If you wait till your patients tell you, or remind you of these things, where is the use of their having a nurse? There are more shy than exacting patients, in all classes;

and many a patient passes a bad night, time after time, rather than remind his nurse every night of all the things she has forgotten.

If there are blinds to your windows, always take care to have them well up, when they are not being used. A little piece slipping down, and flapping with every draught, will distract a patient. All hurry or bustle is peculiarly painful to the sick. And when a patient has compulsory occupations to engage him, instead of having simply to amuse himself, it becomes doubly injurious. The friend who remains standing and fidgeting about while a patient is talking business to him, or the friend who sits and prosés, the one from an idea of not letting the patient talk, the other from an idea of amusing him,—each is equally inconsiderate. Always sit down when a sick person is talking business to you, show no signs of hurry, give complete attention and full consideration if your advice is wanted, and go away the moment the subject is ended.

Always sit within the patient's view, so that when you speak to him he has not painfully to turn his head round in order to look at you. Everybody involuntarily looks at the person speaking. Never make a patient repeat a message or request, especially if it be some time after. Occupied patients are often accused of doing too much of their own business. They are instinctively right. How often you hear the person, charged with the request of giving the message or writing the letter, say half an hour afterwards to the patient, "Did you appoint 12 o'clock?" or, "What did you say was the address?" or, "ask perhaps some much more agitating question—thus causing the patient the effort of memory, or worse still, of decision, all over again. It is really less exertion to him to write his letters himself. This is the almost universal experience of occupied invalids.

This brings us to another caution. Never speak to an invalid from behind, nor from the door, nor from any distance from him, nor when he is doing anything. The official politeness of servants in these things is so grateful to invalids, that many prefer, without knowing why, having none but servants about them. These things are not fancy. If we consider that, with sick as well, every thought decomposes some nervous matter,—that decomposition as well as re-composition of nervous matter is always going on, and more quickly with the sick than with the well,—that, to obtrude abruptly another thought upon the brain while it is in the act of destroying nervous matter by thinking, is calling upon it to make a new exertion,—if we consider these things, which are facts, not fancies, we shall remember that we are doing positive injury by interrupting, by

"startling a fanciful" person, as it is called. Alas! it is no fancy.

If the invalid is forced, by his avocations, to continue occupations requiring much thinking, the injury is doubly great. In feeding a patient suffering under delirium or stupor you may suffocate him, by giving him his food suddenly, but if you rub his lips gently with a spoon and thus attract his attention, he will swallow the food unconsciously, but with perfect safety. Thus it is with the brain. If you offer it a thought, especially one requiring a decision, abruptly, you do it a real not fanciful injury. Never speak to a sick person suddenly; but, at the same time, do not keep his expectation on the tiptoe.

This rule, indeed, applies to the well quite as much as to the sick. I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruption who did not muddle away their intellects by it at last. The process with them may be accomplished without pain. With the sick, pain gives warning of the injury.

Do not meet or overtake a patient who is moving about in order to speak to him, or to give him any message or letter. You might just as well give him a box on the ear. I have seen a patient fall flat on the ground who was standing when his nurse came into the room. This was an accident which might have happened to the most careful nurse. But the other is done with intention. A patient in such a state is not going to the East Indies. If you would wait ten seconds, or walk ten yards further, any promenade he could make would be over. You do not know the effort it is to a patient to remain standing for even a quarter of a minute to listen to you. If I had not seen the thing done by the kindest nurses and friends, I should have thought this caution quite superfluous.

Everything you do in a patient's room, after he is "put up" for the night, increases tenfold the risk of his having a bad night. But, if you rouse him up after he has fallen asleep, you do not risk, you secure him a bad night.

One hint I would give to all who attend or visit the sick, to all who have to pronounce an opinion upon sickness or its progress. Come back and look at your patient *after* he has had an hour's animated conversation with you. It is the best test of his real state we know. But never pronounce upon him from merely seeing what he does, or how he looks, during such a conversation. Learn also carefully and exactly, if you can, how he passed the night after it.

People rarely, if ever, faint while making an exertion. It is after it is over. Indeed, almost every effect of over-exertion appears after, not during such exertion. It is the highest folly to judge of the sick, as is so

often done, when you see them merely during a period of excitement. People have very often died of that which, it has been proclaimed at the time, has "done them no harm."

Remember never to lean against, sit upon, or unnecessarily shake, or even touch the bed in which a patient lies. This is invariably a painful annoyance. If you shake the chair on which he sits, he has a point by which to steady himself, in his feet. But on a bed or sofa, he is entirely at your mercy, and he feels every jar you give him all through him.

Conciseness and decision are, above all things, necessary with the sick. Let your thought expressed to them be concisely and decidedly expressed. What doubt and hesitation there may be in your own mind must never be communicated to theirs, not even (I would rather say especially not) in little things.

Irresolution is what all patients most dread. Rather than meet this in others, they will collect all their data, and make up their minds for themselves. A change of mind in others, whether it is regarding an operation, or re-writing a letter, always injures the patient more than the being called upon to make up his mind to the most dreaded or difficult decision. Farther than this, in very many cases, the imagination in disease is far more active and vivid than it is in health. If you propose to the patient change of air to one place one hour, and to another the next, he has, in each case, immediately constituted himself in imagination the tenant of the place, gone over the whole premises in idea, and you have tired him as much by displacing his imagination, as if you had actually carried him over both places.

If a patient has to see, not only to his own but also to his nurse's punctuality, or perseverance, or readiness, or calmness, to any or all of these things, he is far better without that nurse than with her—however valuable and handy her services may otherwise be to him, and however incapable he may be of rendering them to himself.

With regard to reading aloud in the sick room, my experience is, that when the sick are too ill to read to themselves, they can seldom bear to be read to. Children, eye-patients, and uneducated persons are exceptions, or where there is any mechanical difficulty in reading. People who like to be read to, have generally not much the matter with them; while in fevers, or where there is much irritability of brain, the effort of listening to reading aloud has often brought on delirium. I speak with great diffidence; because there is an almost universal impression that it is *sparing* the sick to read aloud to them.

Reading aloud to the sick ought always to be rather slow, and exceedingly distinct,

but not mouthing—rather monotonous, but not sing song—rather loud but not noisy—and, above all, not too long. Be very sure of what your patient can bear.

One thing more:—From the flimsy manner in which most modern houses are built, where every step on the stairs, and along the floors, is felt all over the house; the higher the story, the greater the vibration. It is inconceivable how much the sick suffer by having anybody overhead. Better far put such patients at the top of the house, even with the additional fatigue of stairs, if you cannot secure the room above them being untenanted; you may otherwise bring on a state of restlessness which no opium will subdue. Do not neglect the warning, when a patient tells you that he "feels every step above him to cross his heart." Remember that every noise a patient cannot see partakes of the character of suddenness to him; and I am persuaded that patients with these peculiarly irritable nerves, are positively less injured by having persons in the same room with them than overhead, or separated by only a thin compartment. Any sacrifice to secure silence for these cases is worth while, because no air, however good, no attendance, however careful, will do anything for such cases without quiet.—From Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing."

A SCHOOL FOR MISTRESSES.

We hear a great deal about training schools for servants. Several have been opened in our large cities. Servants are invited to come to these schools and be taught how to sweep, wash, cook, and so forth. No doubt much good can be done in this way. Certainly the average servant in America to-day has but small knowledge of the mechanical duties of the position. But their ignorance of the mechanical duties is a small part of the real failure of their service to be what we need and what it ought to be. Their ignorance of the meaning of the word "service" and of the nature of a contract is at the bottom of the trouble, and is much harder to overcome than the mere inexperience of their hands and feet. It is a short and easy thing, comparatively speaking, for an affectionate and loyal man or woman to learn to do dexterously and systematically any sort of household work. It needs only to bring the heart to bear. There is not a really difficult thing to be done from morning to night in the ordinary household routine. Wearing it is, and no doubt very uninteresting, and there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year—that means one thousand and ninety-five meals to be cooked and fifty-two washings to be done. How can we expect or dream of expect-

ing that this routine is to be trod patiently and well unless some motive reaching deeper than any material one can be supplied. Even a mule cannot be worked in a tread-mill longer than a few days at a time. He becomes obstinate, and simply will not keep the wheel going any longer.

Hence we say, side by side with the school in which our servants are to be taught how to wash and cook and sweep and make beds, let us have a primary school for mistresses.

Here it shall be set forth in the most impressive manner—perhaps by some dramatic representation—firstly, how mistresses should speak to servants, in what tone, and with what language; secondly, what amount and quality of service they should require of them; thirdly, what wages they should pay them.

The *first* act should begin in an intelligence office. The language and the tones not proper to be used by a mistress in making enquiries of a servant can be heard in any intelligence office any day. When a woman goes into a carpenter's shop to hire the carpenter to come to her house for a few hours to do a certain piece of work, she addresses him courteously; she asks all needful questions in a gentle and pleasant tone; if she asks his price per hour, and finds it too high, she does not tell him that it is too high—she simply looks further. In making her bargain, at last, she specifies minutely each thing which is to be done. While the work is under way, if she finds it needful to oversee it, she does it in the same courteous way. The principle which is unconsciously acted upon for the few hours' service is the one which is needed for the many. It is a simple one; but how seldom do we see it put in habitual practice in the daily life of the household. Genuine and constant courtesy of speech toward servants—how many mistresses ever think that there is such an obligation?

Secondly. What amount and quality of service should be required? We do not mean by amount of service the number of rooms to be swept or dinners to be cooked. Those are minor details—alike in no two houses. But in all houses the spirit of the requirement should be one tolerant of some leisure, some freedom on the part of the servant. There are mistresses who seem to be annoyed, to consider themselves defrauded, if a servant is not actively at work in their behalf from sunrise to sunset, without a moment's intermission. To see a servant reading a newspaper for ten minutes by daylight would call forth from this class of employers a sharp reproof. Ah! if they did but know it, their work would have been better and more swiftly done for the few minutes' relaxation. Even the poor, ignorant Bridget, who cannot read,

will work more blithely for a few minutes' run in the street or chat with a hand-organ man.

"Love, and do what you will!" says Degerando. The motto would be as good a one in housekeeping as in theology. But the full consideration of this point in service would require an article by itself.

Thirdly. What wages should be paid to servants? Here again we do not mean money. The lowest wages known are too high for mere eye service. No money can pay for service which has in it love and loyalty. But the employer has something implied in his side of the bond besides dollars and cents and food and lodging. This something is Home. To the man or the woman coming to live under our roof, to do for us certain duties at so much money per month, we are bound to give a home. What does home mean to them? Just what it means to us; no less. Not that we are to furnish for them the same amount of pleasures and comforts which make home for us—then would there be no longer the employed and the employer; but the same pleasures and comforts in kind we are to furnish them, or we do not pay just wages. Home means cheer, good fellowship, leisure, privacy, comfortable living, means of growth, hospitality. In due measure, and yet within exact bound, all these belong to the stranger that is within our gates as servant. When in the average homes throughout America mistresses fully perceive this obligation and act accordingly we shall hear less outcry about the difficulty of getting good servants. There are homes to-day in our villages and rural districts—some also in our cities—where mistress and maids alike read with perplexed incredulity the perpetual and discordant discussions of the "servant question." They are served and serve, "as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart"; "knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."—*N. Y. Independent*.

POISONOUS PLANTS.

At this season of the year great numbers of people indulge in a vast deal of sentiment about rambles in the woods, rocky glens, purling brooks, and similar adjuncts of rural life. These are all very well in their way, but they have some very disagreeable accompaniments. Snakes, toads, wasps, hornets ants, ticks, beetles, and such like inhabitants of the "leafy woods," are to most persons great drawbacks to the enjoyments of ruralizing. These annoyances, however, are only momentary, and are as nothing when compared with the

disagreeable and dangerous effects produced by some poisonous shrubs and plants.

We should like to give descriptions of some of the more common plants of this class, but as the botanical descriptions, which are the only correct and precise ones, would not be generally understood by a large majority of our readers, and any attempt to give common or popular descriptions might mislead, and perhaps lead to bad or injurious consequences, we refrain as much as possible from attempting either, simply noting the common names of most of them as they are known in various parts of the country, and advising our friends never to taste or eat any root, leaves, or berries of any wild plants that are not well and definitely known to them to be innocuous. For want of caution in this respect we every summer see accounts in the newspapers of serious consequences, sometimes resulting in death to the imprudent.

Of our native poisonous plants one of the most annoying and unpleasant in its effects is the *Rhus toxicodendron*, variously known as poison-vine, poison-ivy, and poison-oak, although it is not related to either the ivy or oak families. There are two varieties of this plant, one growing erect as a small shrub, from two to five feet high, and the other growing as a vine, from eight to thirty feet high, clinging by small rootlets to trees, fences, and such like objects. When growing as a vine it is the *R. radicans* of some botanists. In both varieties the leaves are compound, being divided into small leaflets, as in the pea or wistaria; in this species there are three leaflets, toothed or lobed in various ways on the edges, and somewhat downy on the under side. Those of the erect variety are from six to eight inches long; those of the climbing variety are from one half to two-thirds that length.

This plant should not be confounded, as it sometimes is, with the ampelopsis, or Virginia creeper, or American ivy, which has large digitate leaves, that is, five leaflets growing finger-like from the apex of the footstalk.

Another species of poisonous rhus is *R. venenata*, or poison-sumac, also known as poison-elder and swamp-dogwood, although it in no respect resembles either a dogwood or an elder. It grows as a shrub or small tree from ten to eighteen feet high, and generally inhabits swampy or moist places. The foliage is light green; the leaves have from seven to thirteen leaflets, and resemble those of the ailantus, only on a smaller scale.

To most persons the handling of the poison-vine causes swelling of the face and vesicular inflammation of the skin, especially at the joints and between the fingers, accompanied by a very irritating and pain-

ful itching, which continues for two or three weeks. The poisoning power of the plant appears to be very much intensified by moisture, as when the dew is on it, or when the leaves are wet with rain. Persons who, when the leaves are dry, can handle the plant with comparative impunity, are quite susceptible to the poison when the leaves are moist. We have known persons poisoned by it through having the smoke of the burning stems attached to fire-wood come in contact with the face. Sometimes, though rarely, the poisonous effects are shown by an irritation of the stomach and bowels, accompanied with apthous sore mouth and a general derangement of the system. At one time it was supposed that it would produce salivation, and was used for that purpose by the so-called botanic physicians; hence a former name for the plant was mercury-vine. That it has a direct action on the liver the writer knows from experience, having felt the internal effects of the poison.

The best remedy to relieve the swelling is a solution of sugar of lead in water, applied as a lotion to the parts affected; permanganate of potash is also used for the same purpose. To relieve the itching and vesicular inflammation rye flour toasted over the fire in a pan clean of grease until of the color of roasted coffee, and dusted on the affected parts, is a very useful remedy. In no case should any greasy or oily ointment or application be made, as it only aggravates the symptoms. A cooling aperient drink taken occasionally is of great assistance. Homœopathic physicians prescribe "rhus," and in internal poisoning we have found relief from it.

The poison-sumac is even more poisonous than the poison vine, as we have known persons poisoned by the exhalations from its leaves blowing upon them, without their coming in contact with the plant at all. The same remedies or palliatives are to be used for it as for the other species.

What is known among botanists as the family of *Umbelliferae*, or the parsley family, contains a large number of dangerously poisonous plants. In this order or family are included the carrot, parsnip, parsley, celery, and a few others of our cultivated vegetables and herbs. These in their cultivated state have no noxious qualities, but in their wild state are, to say the least, suspicious. The whole family have a strongly marked resemblance, making the order one of the most natural and distinct of any of the orders or families instituted by botanists. A reference to the plants named will give a more distinct idea of the general appearance of the plants composing the order than any popular description would do.

Among the native genera growing in woods and fields which are to be especially

avoided as articles of diet, and not even to be placed in the mouth, are the wild carrot, wild parsnip, cow-parnsnip, cow-bane, hemlock-parsley, fool's-parsley, water-hemlock (the roots of which are a deadly poison), water-parsnip, and poison-hemlock (also a virulent poison). Every season the newspapers contain accounts of persons being poisoned and dying from using one or other of these plants, either intentionally as vegetables, mistaking them for the cultivated representatives of the family, or from ignorantly eating the leaves or roots. Some are used as medicines both by the regular faculty and in domestic prescriptions, but they should never be employed unless prescribed by a regular physician.

We would advise our readers to let any plant they may find in a wild state that resembles any of the vegetables above mentioned severally alone.

Sometimes children are poisoned or injured by attempting to eat the root of the *Arum*, commonly known as Indian turnip, Jack-in-a-box, wake-rob-in, Jack-in-a-pulpit, green-dragon, dragon-root, and various other names. This is also a distinctly marked botanical order, of which the well-known calla lily may be taken as a familiar example. The root of the Indian turnip has an intensely acrid juice, causing, when chewed, great irritation of the throat, and sometimes blistering the tongue and mouth, and producing troublesome swelling of the fauces. Many of the family produce showy-colored berries, but they should never be eaten, as nearly the whole order are suspicious or dangerous when taken internally.

The root, leaves, and berries of the *Phytolacca*, commonly known as poke-weed, poke, and garget, are poisonous; the young stout shoots are sometimes eaten boiled as asparagus, the boiling appearing to destroy the poisonous quality, or perhaps it may not be developed in the young state of the plant. When older it is certainly poisonous.

The *Solanum*, or potato family, like the *Umbellifera*, contains several species that are cultivated as vegetables, such as the potato, the egg-plant, the tomato, and peppers, but also contains many species that are suspicious or decidedly poisonous, the berries of some of them being showy and tempting to children. The whole order is dangerous, as in many of them one part of the plant may be safely used while another part may be dangerous, as in the potato, the tubers of which are so wholesome, and the leaves and berries poisonous. Of this family there are not many species native Northward. The principal dangerous species are the *Datura stramonium*, commonly known as thorn-apple, Jamestown weed, and stink-weed; the *Hyoscyamus*, or henbane; the bitter-sweet, the common nightshade, the deadly nightshade, and the

matrimony-vine. The dark purple, almost black, berries of the deadly nightshade, or belladonna, are sometimes eaten by children, producing death.

Children sometimes also eat the berries of the *Rhamnus*, or buckthorn, which is a violent and drastic purgative, frequently producing dangerous symptoms.

The only safe way to avoid unpleasant or dangerous effects is to scrupulously refrain from handling or chewing any plant, or any part of it, unless the plant is well known to you, and known to be innocuous. —*Harper's Bazar*.

TEACHER AND PARENT.

When we teachers ask of the mother, very hesitatingly, "Are you sure that Mary takes exercise enough?" they answer us, "Mary does not like to go to walk. I can't make her go." And Mary is, perhaps, seven years old. We ask that Lizzie may bring her luncheon every day, or else not bring it all—Lizzie being eleven years old, pale and thin, with the exhausted look round the eyes in the morning that is terrible enough to see in an overworked man of business, but more terrible in a child. The mother answers: "Well, I know she ought to; but I can't make her take her luncheon."

Susie is twelve, nervous and excitable, easily made sick. She is just recovering from an attack of measles, and her dearest friend has a party. This is the one occasion of the child's whole life. Nothing in all the after years can compensate for this one lost delight. Susie goes to the party, dances, eats ice-cream and candy, and goes to bed, but not to sleep, at half-past eleven. Her mother says: "It seemed so hard, I could not refuse her." Are not tonics needed to correct this appalling weakness?

I beg pardon of the mothers, for it is not alone they who need the tonics. And I am telling the simple, unvarnished truth.

Ella is seven years old, nervous, highly excitable. She must not, so says the physician, stay in school during the whole session. She is over nervous. A friend has private theatricals, and she is just the one to act the part of the page. There is no one so slight and trim, so quick to learn, so swift and light of foot. Mother says no; but father says: "Oh! yes. Once won't hurt her. Let the child have some pleasure." And so Ella goes through with the rehearsals; and, finally, on the crowning last two evenings, amid glaring lights without and a nervous excitement within which will not be quieted for hours, and which keeps the great blue eyes open till toward morning, she succeeds and is applauded.

Jenny begs for cake, for candy at all times—before breakfast, after dinner.

Mother says: "No; you must eat at your regular meals and only then." But father says: "I call that cruel, now. Yes, father's darling shall not be starved as long as there is anything in the house." And the physician soon begins to be asked what can be the reason that Jenny has no appetite for her breakfast, nay, will not even drink the coffee which papa kindly allows her to take from his cup.

Mothers and fathers, we, the teachers, have read article after article on the "murder of the innocents," on the "cramping system" of our school-rooms, on the unreasonable demands, the cruel, thoughtless requisitions of the members of the teaching profession. Has not the time come when we may ask if there is not another side to the question? Are we so wholly and always to blame when the children are sick? Is it quite fair to us to send us not fresh, rosy, happy, healthy children, but broken, pale, nervous, sickly little ones? Can we do for them what we ought? Can we do ourselves or you justice under such circumstances? Can we do anything of real value for the children, for the girls who are to be our women, if, while we work toward law, order, and regularity, with the aids of fresh air, plenty of sunshine, and moderate, healthful, necessary education of the thinking power, you give us at the other end of the line indulgence, caprice, and irregularity, and do not enforce the physiological laws relating to sleep and diet and clothing? Should we not be working hand in hand? Are we not both desirous of the same thing? We cannot do our part unless you do yours. It is the schools and the teachers now who ask of the parents that the health of the children be not overlooked in homes which should be the abode of laws framed by wisdom and carried out by firmness, and a regard for the future real good, rather than the present pleasure of the little ones. Are the teachers asking too much? We have borne the undivided weight of responsibility long enough.

Will you not forgive us if we seem too persistent, because we venture to speak for the sake of the children whom God has given you?—*N. Y. Independent.*

BREAD-MAKING.

BY MRS. T. B. BARRINGER.

Now, John is not a saint, though, come to think of it, I don't know that he ever set up to be one! but, when we have poor bread, he is a great way below his usual saintliness. We sit down to the table, and after pouring the tea carefully, and dishing the preserves, and passing the water, I at last come to the bread plate, and pass it.

John takes a small piece, looks at it, looks at me, and then says, "Jane!" But I break in upon him with, "Now, John, for goodness sake don't lug up your 'dear ma,' or your 'perfect sister Martha.' This bread is ruined, and there is the end of it. I can't help it now."

After biting off my last words, at which John laughs, I go on in a very lofty way with my supper. I suppose every man does, once in a while, refer to his relatives (at least John does), and the most aggravating part of it all is, that I know very well how delicious their bread and pie and cake always is. When I commenced house-keeping, I was sure of only one thing, and that was that we should have good bread. I knew exactly how to make it; had tried it any number of times successfully, with mother at my elbow, and, if I wasn't very expert in the cake line, we could get along, I thought, complacently. I tried it once according to the old routine, except that mother was *not* at my elbow, and—failed. I tried it twice, and—failed. I tried it three times, and—failed! Then I woke up to find that I knew absolutely nothing about it with mother away, and that was all that saved me. I went to work in right down good earnest, and learned at last how to make good bread. It takes care, patience and some skill. If you are a slovenly housekeeper, there is no use in your bothering your brains with it, for you will never succeed. Patronize the baker. If you are really anxious to learn, just follow my directions to the letter, and you will have done with "rheumatic" bread.

To make the yeast, boil a single handful of hops and a sliced potato in three pints of water. In fifteen minutes strain it out, boiling hot, on two pints of flour, stirring it well. When it is so cool it will not scald, put in a tea-cup full of light yeast, and a half teaspoon of ginger. When the whole is light, put in sifted meal as much as can be kneaded. Then crumble it up fine and dry it on tins or a board around the fire, taking care not to scald it. When thoroughly dry, tie up in a bag. At noon, the day before you wish to bake, put the yeast (allowing a tablespoonful to a loaf of bread) to soak in a teacupful of tepid water. If it is very warm weather, however, it should not be put in soak before five o'clock in the afternoon. Before going to bed, pare and boil as many medium-sized potatoes as you wish loaves of bread. When done, mark, pour on the hot potato water, add a teaspoon of salt (neither lard nor sugar, in spite of other authorities), stir in a little sifted flour, and when it is blood warm, add the yeast, with more flour. In cold weather make the sponge moderately thick; in warm weather moderately thin. Cover it, and set it in a warm place to rise. In the morning dissolve a teaspoon of

soda in a little water, and stir it in well; then take warm milk enough to make the quantity you wish, and mix in flour until it is just hard enough to be handled. Knead it for fifteen minutes, then set it in a warm place, and be very sure that no cold draft strikes it. It should rise, if everything is right, in two hours. When it is light, full of cracks on the top, knead it into loaves (do not knead each loaf more than two minutes, just enough to get it in good shape), let it rise again as before, and then put it in a steady oven. *Don't let it bake too long.* Thirty minutes is time enough for medium-sized loaves. More than half the bread-makers err in this particular. The substance of the bread is dried out, just because some stupid person started the rule, "bread in the oven an hour." Try it with a broom splint, as you would cake. My "perfect" sister-in-law Martha taught me that, and told me why my bread was oftentimes dry and hard after the first day.

If you don't have white, spongy bread after this process, even from the cheaper flour, I shall lose my guess, and shall be very sorry for you, though I should certainly not lay it to my receipt if you did fail!—*Selected.*

CLOSETS IN THE HOUSE.

Having suffered somewhat for closet room at one time and another, or for places to stow away things, I have had considerable sympathy with that man who said that when he built a house he should begin with a big closet and make additions to that. When I speak of closets my husband understands me, but immediately begins to talk about modes of ventilating closets, and I have only gradually grown to understand his strong sense of the necessity for closet ventilation. Having for several years hung the clothing of the family in rooms where there was a free circulation of air, I am surprised when I go into the well-finished clothes-rooms (let us call them *close rooms*) in some fine houses to find how dead and unwholesome—not to say foul—the air is. The soiled garments hung in a tight and dark room contaminate the whole apartment, and such contamination is very perceptible to a well-trained nose or to olfactories accustomed to the refinement of habitual pure air. Old boots and shoes cause a bad smell in a close room.

To pursue an unpleasant subject a little farther—why will people keep the dirty clothes designed for the weekly wash in a close closet? That which has come from the skins of unclean or unhealthy persons (the latter adjective describes nine-tenths of the human family) grows constantly more impure shut away from light and air, and everything kept in the same room is

contaminated by the effluvia. Cannot soiled garments be kept, while waiting for the wash, in some bag or covered basket in the wood-shed or some such place? There are baskets on purpose for soiled clothing, open enough for ventilation, but too fine to admit mice.

Unless a closet is ventilated so that there is some *circulation* of air through it, it is no place to hang away night-gowns, unless they have previously been aired, so that the perspiration accumulated in the previous night—only insensible perspiration, perhaps—has been dried and sunned away.

I have no means of ascertaining this morning how far science has attended to this subject of closet ventilation, but I am very sure that it is an important matter, and should be well looked into. Of course, there can be closets with windows in them, and this should generally be the case. They can be kept dark, as a general rule, if desired, but it ought to be *possible* to admit a flood of light.

Closets built under stairways might be ventilated by a grate closed by a sliding shutter under one of the stairs. It would be well to have the grate capable of being shut to keep out dust when the stairs are swept. I do not know whether this has been tried, but the idea has occurred to me as practicable. A sliding window in the closet door is also possible. The small sliding window in the door, and the grate in the elevation of one of the stairs, ought to give a sufficient circulation of air to a small stairway closet.

It is idle to suppose that a closet (or any other room) is provided with ventilation because it is built large and high. There must be some *circulation* of air, or the atmosphere becomes dead.—*Reli, in Hearth and Home.*

SAD MEMORIES OF HOME.

I was riding to a funeral the other day, an autumnal day whose softened gleam on the tinted woods and whose chilly air were in harmony with the sorrowful errand we were on. By my side sat a widow whose life had been made very sad by repeated and heavy bereavements. As we had several miles to pass over before the cemetery could be reached, there was opportunity for the interchange of many thoughts. Some of hers made a deep impression upon me. I recall one of them.

We were talking about heaven, and especially about our recognition of friends and their probable present knowledge of us. Said she, "I hope and I expect to see many that I love there, but I have a strange feeling in respect to my mother. I want to see her, and yet when I think of being with her and remaining in her company, I have

a sort of shrinking from it as if I did not care to be there. My mother and father were so cold and so strict. All was law and duty. Why, I never had any idea of God as my heavenly Father till I was a woman grown; indeed, not until these later years. All my knowledge of Him from the teachings of my home was that of a stern and inexorable lawgiver, without a thought of sympathy or tenderness. And this passed into the discipline and the training of our home. We were taught to be obedient and moral and religious; the Bible, the catechism, the church, were all made familiar to us; but around them and around our whole life there was nothing of sweetness or tenderness thrown. And so it came to pass that over our home there reigned an air of sternness and severity that was only repulsive while we were in it, and has nothing pleasant now in memory to give us. I think of my parents with love and respect, but over the love and respect there are no sweet or affectionate emotions. I find that the same feelings come up when I think of them in heaven; I would like to see them, to greet them, but not to be with them all the time and for ever."

I listened to this with surprise. I had never heard just such things. I suppose the same sentiments have not often been expressed, although I doubt not very many have had them in their hearts. It seemed to me then as I heard this lady speaking, and it seems to me now, inexpressibly sad. Here was a Christian home, hallowed by the family altar and made sacred by careful religious instruction, yet a home around which clung not one pleasant association, and which projected even into the anticipations of heaven an air of repulsiveness.

Was it an exceptional home? Did these parents leave behind them memories such as no other parents had ever left? I wish that I could think so; but I know of other homes and other parents of whom the same things might be said. There are homes from which all elements of tenderness and manifested affection have been left out. There are parents who never give a caress, from whose lips never comes a pet name or an intonation that speaks of fondness or love. I know of children now grown to manhood who look back to childhood, as connected with home, without an emotion of pleasure. They cannot remember ever to have been taken in the arms, ever to have been hugged or kissed, except in a formal way. If they ever were, it was when they were too young now to remember it. I know too, how they ceaselessly regret it; how they wish that amid the scenes of those bygone years, there mingled some sweeter visions of father or mother. Instructions, prayers, duties they remember; but no tender sympathies, no smiles, no words of love.

A world which to some is like a paradise in memory, is to them only full of gloom, which they care not to think of.

Perhaps some parents who read this will stop for a moment and think. They will be certain that they have tried to be very faithful; that they have instructed and trained their children carefully; that they have tried to have them obedient and even religious; but they will also be just as certain that the element of tenderness they have left out of their home life. Law and duty have been always there; manifested affection has been always absent.

I do not know whether or not it is too late to make it different; but it will be very sorrowful if your children shall, as did my friend, think that heaven would be more attractive if they could be sure that you would not be always near them.—*Uncle William, in Christian Weekly.*

PNEUMATIC DRAINAGE.

BY D. ESDAILE, D.D.

Though to some the subject of this paper may appear unsavory and uninteresting, thoughtful people, we are persuaded, will gladly learn how dirt can literally be blown out of every house, unnoticed by the inmates, and be conveyed to the country in such a form that agriculturists shall eagerly compete for the possession of it. We are evidently on the point of arriving at the conclusion that water-closets and sewer drainage are too costly and too dangerous to be longer tolerated.

The cost of such a system in cities like London, Liverpool, and Glasgow is enormous; and after it has been incurred we are forced to acknowledge that the objects which should be aimed at by a rational system of drainage have not been attained. Medical science teaches that human excreta should not be permitted to accumulate in the vicinity of our houses, or be so disposed of as to pollute the atmosphere or destroy the amenity of our coasts or rivers. What we do is this—we construct cess-pools close to our dwellings, and fill them with the most dangerous impurities; we intersect our streets with sewers which generate noxious gases; we saturate our rivers with filth, so that they are fishless and their waters undrinkable; and now, when air, earth, and water have been rendered pestiferous, we are at our wits' end, and see no escape from our position of growing jeopardy. We cannot cleanse our drains by the more abundant use of water without incurring intolerable expenditure. For instance, the remedy for the offensiveness of the London sewers is said to be an additional daily supply of forty-two million gallons of water, costing £383,250 a year,

whereas the existing water companies can only supply five millions of gallons per day. The costliness of the water system is thus strikingly put by Captain Liernur:— "The average amount of water used per day per individual is four cubic feet, or say two hundred and fifty pounds, while his faecal products weigh but two pounds; so that the water-carriage men, in order to move handily one pound, add a hundred and twenty-five pounds to it. Strange engineering this."

Besides all this, we are now being forced to the conclusion that our expensive and dangerous mode of dealing with sewage is an absurd plan for throwing away matter the preservation of which is essential to the productiveness of agriculture. While so treating it as to convert it into a prolific source of disease we have been practising what Liebig calls "robbery culture." And, in order to give back to the soil that which it needs, we are annually expending incredible sums in the purchase of bones, guano, and artificial manures. Other nations have been wiser. From the report of Dr. Maron, who was connected with the Prussian expedition to Eastern Asia, we learn that Japan, a country equal in area to Great Britain, but so mountainous that only half of it is capable of being cultivated, not only contains more inhabitants, but maintains them all abundantly from the products of its own soil, without the application of cattle manure, or the importation of bones or guano. The only manure producers in Japan are its inhabitants; and the careful preservation of faecal matter has insured equal and abundant harvests from time immemorial. The Japanese Embassy, who lately left our shores, have doubtless astonished their compatriots by the information that while Japan is largely exporting bread stuffs, Great Britain is annually paying millions of tribute to foreign countries for the means of sustenance.

Until made acquainted with Captain Liernur's system of pneumatic drainage we shared in the prevailing despondency resulting from this deplorable state of matters. No way of profitably disposing of sewage, so as to satisfy the requirements of the public health and also of agriculture, has up to this time been discovered. Captain Liernur's method appearing to supply what was desired, we entered into correspondence with this distinguished Dutch engineer. In the most friendly manner he answered our queries, and also supplied us with a number of German pamphlets in which his system was amply discussed. The perusal of these has convinced us that this system is of the highest value, and that its introduction into this country will be a national boon. It is gratifying to be able to add that our advocacy of it has in-

duced Mr. Adam Scott, of London, to visit Captain Liernur, and to arrange with him for putting it to the test in some town of Great Britain, not exceeding 10,000 in population. If our present explanation of the Pneumatic Drainage System create the desire to witness it in actual operation, we trust that "Liernur's Pneumatic Sewerage Company, Limited," a private prospectus of which lies before us, will soon enable our readers to form their opinion after personal acquaintance with its working.

It is to be borne in mind that this novel method only professes to remove from our houses human excreta, and to supply these to the agriculturist undiluted by water. If it effect so desirable an object not only without annoyance to any one, but also at a pecuniary profit, it furnishes the solution of a very puzzling problem. It will be comparatively easy to find means for the removal from our dwellings of foul water, ashes, and other solid matters.

With the mechanical details of Captain Liernur's process we shall not weary our readers; but as some explanation may be desired we hope the following may suffice.

In a building, in any convenient part of a town, is placed a steam engine, which drives an air-pump so as to maintain about $\frac{3}{4}$ vacuum in certain cast-iron hermetically-closed reservoirs below the floor. From these reservoirs *central* pipes radiate in all directions, following the main streets. On these central pipes are laid, from distance to distance, street reservoirs below the pavement. From the street reservoirs up and down the street are *main* pipes, communicating by short *branch* pipes with the closets of each house. All the junctions of pipes with reservoirs are furnished with *cocks*, which can be shut off or turned on at pleasure, like water mains.

The vacuum created in the centre building reservoirs can thus be communicated to any given street reservoir, so as to furnish the motive power by which, when the connections with the houses are opened, all the closets are simultaneously emptied. When their contents reach the central reservoir, they are in like manner forced through the central tubes to the reservoirs under the central building, and thence transferred to a closed tank above ground, from which they are decanted into barrels without any escape of foul air. This is done every twenty-four hours, before the excreta ferment and become offensive, and they are at once converted into *podrette* without exposure to the air.

If any be sceptical as to the possibility of such offensive matter being almost instantaneously expelled from all the streets of a town without exciting attention or annoyance, let them believe Dr. Volger: "I have repeatedly witnessed the operation with real pleasure. Once an elegantly

dressed lady with her servant came close to me, and I noticed how she stooped down over the mouths of the reservoir, watching carefully, with warm-hearted interest, the various manœuvres, without the slightest idea of the loathsome substance which was being handled."

In like manner Professor Ranke attests that, without the slightest annoyance, he was present at the daily removal of the excreta of 2,800 men in barracks at Prag, and that within three hours the whole of the collected material was transferred to barrels and on the road to the agriculturist who had contracted for it.

The Liernur system, moreover, possesses the great advantage of being applicable to a single street, or collection of streets, and to single large establishments, such as universities, railway stations, prisons, barracks, hospitals, factories. We have received information that it is about to be introduced into large mills in Belfast, and in the south of Scotland.

Even in the objectionable form of a fluid manure the product of the system was eagerly purchased by the farmers in the vicinity of Prag, and an agricultural society at Cologne, valuing it at twenty-five per cent. above guano, made an arrangement for the purchase of all that could be supplied from that city.

The introduction of the pneumatic process in Holland, Austria, and Germany has not cost £2 per head of the population; and as the excreta of each individual are estimated at ten shillings a year, it is certain that within a limited period the original outlay will be repaid, and the purified town will afterwards draw a large revenue from what used to be an expensive nuisance. The outlay of capital being £2 per head, and the profits per head 4s., after deducting fifty per cent. for interest, maintenance, and working expenses, it is evident that in ten years the original outlay will be re-paid, and the charges thereafter will be for maintenance and working expenses alone. Of what other system can so much be said?

While thus benefiting the funds of civic corporations the Liernurian system promises to be a prodigious boon to farmers. They will have nothing to do with sewage so diluted that the excreta of a hundred and twenty-five persons are required to manure one English acre! But give them the products of this process carefully and inoffensively packed in barrels and dispatched per rail, and they will eagerly purchase all that is offered. So has it been in Hungary and Bohemia, and so will it be ere long in this country also.

Captain Liernur is careful to point out that the introduction of his system is free of pecuniary risks. "I do not first construct conduits to get fecal matter away

from the town, and then look around for means to dispose of it. I commence by entering into contracts with farmers for delivery of certain quantities of undiluted and fresh excreta. The pneumatic tubes are then laid to get the matter I agree to furnish." One great merit of his plan is that it can be introduced piece-meal, in proportion to the demand for manure, so that large capital is not required, because of each portion of the work bringing in money and paying for itself. Alluding to the possibility of Glasgow receiving at the rate of 10s. per head of its population of 500,000, that is, £250,000 annually, he remarks:—

"That such a high figure is not visionary, but really practicable, is proved by the contracts at Prag, for such manure collected and supplied by my system, contracts with large and reliable agriculturists who pay very nearly this price, besides furnishing the barrels, and paying for the transportation to their fields. It is not the town which applies my system here, but a company of capitalists which lays the drains, connects them with the closets, furnishes all the machinery, carries on the works all at its own expense, and for its own account, looking solely to the sale of manure for a return for their outlay, and having obtained a concession from the authorities for this purpose. As the cost of the work is determined by contracts with reliable firms, and the revenue by contracts for sale of the manure, all doubts as to the success of the enterprise have vanished, whereas the good working of the technical part of my system is well known, and now only questioned by people who know nothing about it, or by the same class who years ago wrote scientific treatises to prove the absurdity of steam locomotion, illumination by gas, electric telegraphy, pneumatic letter despatches," &c.

Writing to us, Captain Liernur observes, "Though, in truth, I do not think you will ever find an arrangement more perfectly free from every scent, or anything that might offend in the whole manipulation, while all poisoning of the soil is forever prevented, and a most valuable manure is gained, still it won't do for me to say so, and I must let others give evidence of these facts."

We shall furnish that evidence.

After much difficulty Captain Liernur obtained permission to introduce his system into all the barracks in Prag, on the following onerous conditions,—first that the whole operations should be at his own cost, and next that they should be proceeded with only after a month's trial in a particular barrack, followed by a favorable report from the head of the Imperial Engineers; and, lastly, that his sole remuneration should arise from a concession of the

manure for fifteen years. By help of a small company of capitalists these conditions were complied with, and with such marked success as to lead to the introduction of the system in other important places, viz., Leiden, Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Olmütz, Brün, and in part of the Exhibition Building at Vienna. From official documents, with copies of which we have been favored, it appears that the corporation of the city of Leiden, of date June 20, 1872, and after one year's trial, certifies that the application of Liernur's pneumatic system for the removal of fecal matter in a part of the city has been so highly successful that the further extension of the system is to be highly recommended.

On July 31, 1873, the Mayor and Aldermen of Leiden thus address the Common Council of that city:—

"Since Captain Liernur's system has been put in operation" (two years past), "the good and regular working has been daily witnessed, and there were no failures to report. The immense beneficial influence it has on the public health, resulting from the advantage that the excreta are daily removed without polluting the soil, stream, or atmosphere in any way whatever, or being a nuisance to any one, is of itself reason enough for its further extension; and the fact of its requiring a greater outlay is of no importance in this case.

"All the working expenses are already nearly covered by the sale of the collected manure, notwithstanding the very unfavorable contracts which circumstances forced us to enter into, such as prejudice against the use of the manure, imperfect means of transport to the place of utilization, and want of knowledge on the part of the farmers as to the real value of the material. These difficulties are now removed. *It is hence a matter of certainty that all expenses will be repaid, and our capital returned.*"

The Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council of Amsterdam, of date April 10, 1872, declare that the results of Captain Liernur's system, in a technical point of view, agree in every respect with the assurances of the inventor, and that the results in a sanitary point of view in general, but particularly for Amsterdam, are of the utmost importance.

Seeing that the extension of the system cannot but be beneficial, they therefore resolve to make its application compulsory in certain places which are indicated.

The report of the Chief Councillor of the Minister of Agriculture caused His Majesty the Emperor of Austria to inspect the Pneumatic works of the Exhibition, on September 17th.

His Majesty ordered the entire manipulation to take place in his presence, and expressed loudly his satisfaction with the rapidity, certainty, and absolute absence of all offensiveness with which the emptying

of so many places and transferring their contents into barrels for transport to the country took place.

If all this most satisfactory evidence as to its efficiency and economy do not convince our sanitary reformers that it is their duty at once to introduce Captain Liernur's system into this country, we shall be painfully surprised. As an act of justice to a skilful engineer we make known the facts connected with his invention, and this solely from the desire to aid in diminishing the frightful amount of preventible sickness and mortality. The subject is of universal importance; and, so far from being out of harmony with the pursuits of our professional life we venture to impress upon the clergy that they more than others are called on to exert themselves in improving the physical condition of the people.—*Good Words.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

UTILIZING COLD TONGUE.—Cut what is left of a tongue in very thin slices, taking off the skin and any hard bits; pound it in a marble mortar, adding by degrees a little fresh butter, melted, till it is reduced to a smooth paste, seasoning it to taste, as you proceed, with pepper, salt, allspice, nutmeg, pounded mace and cloves, or such of these spices as are preferred. When it is thoroughly beaten and mingled together, press it closely down into small, shallow pots, fill them up with a layer, a quarter of an inch thick, of clarified butter, and tie them down. They should be kept in a cool place. This potted tongue is nice to eat with bread and butter, and makes good sandwiches.

STEWED SWEETBREADS.—First soak them in cold water for two hours, then put them in boiling water, and let them boil for five minutes; take them out, and put them in cold water until they are quite cold. Trim the sweetbreads, and put them in the stew-pan with a little carrot, onion, parsley, thyme, and bayleaf; add a little stock, and put the stew-pan in the oven for twenty minutes, then place it on the hot stove, and let it remain there for an hour tightly covered. They must not boil, as it would harden them; they only want to steam. Take them up, and dish them on spinach without gravy.

ICING PASTRY.—When nearly baked enough, take the pastry out of the oven and sift finely powdered sugar over it. Replace it in the oven, and hold over it till the sugar is melted, a hot salamander or shovel. The above method is preferred for pastry to be eaten hot. For cold, beat up the white of two eggs, wash well over the tops of the pies with a brush, and sift over this a good

coating of sugar; cause it to adhere to the egg and pie-crust; trundle over it a clean brush, dipped in water, till the sugar is all moistened. Bake again for about ten minutes.

PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS—Rice, large pearl sago, and tapioca, are beat when made without eggs. Sprinkle a little of any one of the above at the bottom of a pudding-dish; add a little sugar, and fill up with milk. Stir well before placing in the oven. To the sago add a small piece of cinnamon, broken up. The rice must bake quite four hours, the sago and tapioca about three. Skim milk will do if you cannot spare new milk.

SNOW PUDDING.—Take half an ounce of gelatine, one pint of boiling water, three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, the juice of two lemons. After it is thoroughly dissolved, strain it; as soon as it begins to thicken, add the well-beaten whites of two eggs; beat it for half an hour, and set it on ice, after putting in a mould or bowl. Make a rich, soft custard, flavored with the lemon rinds, grated. Send it to table in the middle of the custard.

VEAL TEA.—An excellent receipt for beef or veal tea for a child or invalid. Cut into small dice a pound of lean meat; place on the fire with two tablespoonfuls of water and a teaspoonful of salt; stir it gently until the gravy is drawn, then add a quart of boiling water; simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour, skimming off the fat; when done, strain through a sieve.

BLACK OR RED CURRANT PUDDING. *Ingredients:* One quart of red or black currants, measured with the stalks, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of moist sugar, suet or butter crust. Make, with $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour, either a suet crust or a butter crust (the former is usually made); butter a basin, and line it with part of the crust; put in the currants, which should be stripped from the stalks, and sprinkle the sugar over them; put the cover of the pudding on; make the edges very secure, that the juice does not escape; tie it down with a floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and boil from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. Boiled without a basin, allow half an hour less. We have given rather a large proportion of sugar; but we find fruit puddings are so much more juicy and palatable when well sweetened before they are boiled, besides being more economical. A few raspberries added to red-currant pudding are a very nice addition: about half a pint would be sufficient for the above quantity of fruit.

Fruit puddings are very delicious if, when they are turned out of the basin, the crust is browned with a salamander, or put into a very hot oven for a few minutes to color it; this makes it crisp on the surface. Time, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours; without a basin, 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

SWEET-POTATO PUDDINGS.—To a large sweet-potato weighing two pounds allow half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one gill of sweet cream, one grated nutmeg, and a little lemon peel, and four eggs. Boil the potato until thoroughly done, mash up fine, and while hot add the sugar and butter. Set aside to cool while you beat the eggs light, and add the seasoning last. Line tin plates with puff paste, and pour in the mixture. Bake in a moderate but regularly heated oven. When the puddings are drawn from the fire, cover the top with thinly sliced bits of preserved citron or quince marmalade. Strew the top thickly with granulated white sugar, and serve, with the addition of a glass of rich milk for each person at table. The above quantity is sufficient to fill three plates, and one quart of flour will furnish enough pastry for as many puddings.

GOOD, SMALL RICH CAKES.—Whisk four eggs light, add to them half-pound of fine sifted sugar; pour to them by degrees a quarter pound of clarified butter as little warm as possible; stir lightly in with these four ounces of dry sifted flour, beat, well for ten minutes. Put into small buttered patty-pans, and bake the cake for fifteen minutes. They should be flavored with lemon, mace or cinnamon, according to the taste.

YOUR OWN MASON.—Small holes in white walls can be easily repaired without sending for the mason. Equal parts of plaster-of-paris and white sand—such as is used in most families for scouring purposes—mixed with water to a paste, applied immediately and smoothed with a knife or flat piece of wood, will make the broken place as “good as new.” The mixture hardens very quickly, so it is best to prepare but a small quantity at a time.

SOFT AND CLEAN PILLOWS.—Pillows long used acquire a disagreeable color. The ticks should be emptied and washed, the feathers put into a bag and exposed to the heat of the sun for several hours. If in the country where the good old-fashioned brick oven is still in existence, it is a good plan to place the bag in the oven after the bread has been withdrawn.

Literary Notices.

THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT: Sights and Scenes in South Eastern Asia. By Frank Vincent, jun., with Maps, Plans, and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper Bros.

This is a personal narrative of travel and adventure in Burmah, Siam, Cambodia and Cochin China. In these countries, as in so many others, the last few years have witnessed great changes. Extraordinary innovations have been introduced; and opinions, laws, customs, and even religions which have been rooted and established for ages, are now gradually undergoing change. Mr. Vincent gives a very interesting account of his tour in these countries with much information concerning them.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

It is interesting to learn that the White Elephant, a most important State appendage in the kingdoms of Ava and Siam, is not white at all, but coffee-colored; dull brownish yellow. At Mandalay, the present capital of Ava, the author saw the important animal which gives to the king his proudest title. He writes:—

The Mandalay animal I found to be a male of medium size, with *white eyes* and a forehead and ears *spotted white*, appearing as if they had been rubbed with pumicestone or sand-paper, but the remainder of the body was black as coal. He was a vicious brute, chained by the fore-legs in the centre of a large shed, and was surrounded with the "adjuncts of royalty"—gold and white cloth umbrellas, an embroidered canopy above, and some bundles of spears in the corners of the room. The attendants told me that a young one captured in the northeastern part of British Burma, had recently died, after a short residence in the capital, and that the king had been "out of sorts" ever since. This animal was suckled by twelve women, hired for the express purpose: these elephant "wet nurses" receiving Rs. 50per mensam, and thinking it a great honor to serve in such a capacity. The white elephant, well named the Apis of the Buddhists, has long

been an appendage to Burman state. Mr. Ralph Fitch, who travelled through Burma about the year 1582, speaking of the king who reigned at that time, says, in his quaint black-letter folio, that "among the rest he hath foure white elephants, which are very strange and rare, for there is no other king that hath them but he; if any other king hath one, hee will send vnto him for it. When any of these White Elephants is brought vnto the king, all the merchants in the city are commanded to see them, and to give him a present of halfe a ducat, which doth come to a great summe, for that there are many merchants in the city. After that you have given your present, you may come and see them at your pleasure, although they stand in the king's house. The king, in his title, is called the King of the White Elephants. If any other King have one, and will not send it him, he will make warre with him for it, for he had rather lose a great part of his kingdome than not to conquere him. They do very great service vnto these white elephants; every one of them standeth in a house gilded with gold, and they doe feede in vessels of silver and gilt. One of them, when he doth go to the river to be washed, as every day they do, goeth under a canopy of cloth of golde, or of silke, carried over him by sixe or eight men, and eight or ten men goe before him playing on drummes, shawms (clarionets), or other instruments; and when he is washed, and cometh out of the river, there is a gentleman which doth wash his feet in a silver basin, which is his office given him by the king. There is no account made of any blacke elephant, be he never so great, and some be nine cubites in height." Again, in Father Sangermano's "Description of the Burmese Empire," some 200 years later, we have an interesting account of the capture, transportation to the capital, and more than royal treatment of the white elephant; how, when caught in the forests of Pegu, it was bound with scarlet cords and waited upon by the highest mandarins of the empire; how the place where it was taken being infested with mosquitoes, a silken net was made to protect it from them; how it was transported to Amarapooora in a boat having a pavilion draped with gold-embroidered silk, and covered with a roof similar to those covering the royal palaces; how, on its arrival in the city, a grand festival, continuing for three days, was

celebrated in its honor; and how the most costly presents were brought to it by the mandarins, one offering a vase of gold, weighing 480 ounces. This animal was honored no less at its demise than during life. Being a female, its funeral was conducted with the same forms and rites as those practised at the death of a queen. The body was burned upon a pile of sassafras, sandal, and other aromatic woods, the pyre being fired with the aid of four immense gilt beilows being placed at its corners. Three days afterwards its ashes were gathered by the chief mandarins, enshrined in gilt urns, and buried in the royal cemetery. A superb mausoleum, of a pyramidal shape, built of brick, richly painted and gilt, was subsequently raised over the tomb. If this elephant had been a male, it would have been interred with the same ceremonial as that used for the sovereign. And even at this day the "celestial" white elephants are still the objects of great veneration, royal favor, and attention; apart from their divine character of transmigrating Buddhas, their possession, according to Burmese superstition, is considered to bring prosperity to the country in peace and good fortune in war, and therefore their death is regarded as nothing less than a national calamity. At such times the entire nation shave their heads, and perform such deeds of sorrow and mourning as are customary in the loss of the nearest and dearest of their relatives.

At Bangkok, the capital of Siam, the author was introduced to several White Elephants.

The first animal whose stable we entered was quite small and possessed few of the peculiar characteristics of a "dark cream albino," excepting, perhaps, the eyes. The keeper fed him with bananas, and caused him to make a *salaam* by raising his proboscis to his forehead for a moment and then gracefully lowering it to the ground. In another shed we saw a larger and also whiter elephant, its body having the peculiar flesh-colored appearance termed "white." Here there was, besides, a white monkey—"white animals are the favorite abodes of transmigrating souls,"—kept to ward off bad spirits, as the attendant informed us. Sir John Bowring tells us that the Buddhists have a wonderful reverence for white quadrupeds; that he has himself seen a white monkey honored with special attention. Also, that white elephants have been the cause of many a war, and their possession more an object of envy than the conquest of territory or the transitory glories of the battle field. In the money market a white elephant is almost beyond price. £10,000 would hardly represent its pecuniary value; a hair from its tail is worth a Jew's ransom. "It was my good fortune," he says, "to present in 1855 to

the first King of Siam (the Siamese have two kings exercising supreme authority) presents with which I had been charged by my royal mistress. I received many presents in return; but the monarch placed in my hand a golden box, locked with a golden key, and he informed me the box contained a gift far more valuable than all the rest, and that was a few hairs of the white elephant. And perhaps, it may be well to state why the white elephant is so specially revered. "Because it is believed that Buddha, the divine emanation from the Deity, must necessarily, in his multitudinous metamorphoses or transmissions through all existences, and through millions of æons, delight to abide for a time in that grand incarnation of purity which is represented by the white elephant. While the *bonses* teach that there is no spot in the heavens above, or the earth below, or the waters under the earth, which is not visited in the peregrinations of the divinity—whose every stage or step is towards purification—they hold that his tarrying may be longer in the white elephant than in any other abode, and that in the possession of the sacred creature they may possess the presence of Buddha himself.

It is known that the Cingalese have been kept in subjection by the belief that their rulers have a tooth of Buddha in the temple of Kandy, and that on various tracts of the East impressions of the foot of Buddha are revered, and are the objects of weary pilgrimages to places which can only be reached with difficulty; but with the white elephant some vague notions of a vital Buddha are associated, and there can be no doubt that the marvellous sagacity of the creature has served to strengthen their religious prejudices. Siamese are known to whisper their secrets into an elephant's ear, and to ask a solution of their perplexities by some sign or movement. And most assuredly there is more sense and reason in the worship of an intelligent beast than in that of stocks and stones, the work of men's hands.

THE WORKING ELEPHANT.

The common black elephant is made very useful. At Maulmain, Mr. Vincent saw them working in the timber yards. He says: "In these timber-yards the usefulness, power, sagacity, and docility of the elephant is most wonderfully illustrated, for these uncouth monsters are employed in drawing, stacking, and shifting the immense teak logs,—some of them weighing as much as two tons. A log that forty coolies would scarcely move, the elephant will quietly lift upon his tusks, and holding it there with his proboscis, will carry it to whatever part of the yard he may be di-

rected by his driver. They will also, using their feet and tusks, pile the huge timbers evenly, and correctly as one could wish. What surprised us most was to see the elephants select and pick out particular timbers, from the centre of an indiscriminate stack or heap of more than a hundred, simply at the command of the driver. The huge beasts are directed by the *mahouts*, or drivers, by spoken orders, pressure of the feet on their necks, and the customary use of the *ankus*, or elephant goad. It usually requires a year, or a year and a half, to teach them the lumber business, and when thoroughly taught they are worth from 500 rupees upwards, according to their abilities. We saw one, a venerable old fellow, nearly ten feet in height, for which the owner said he had refused an offer of 3,000 rupees. Sometimes an animal breaks his tusks, being forced to carry an excessive weight by a stupid or brutal driver; though the elephant knows his own power, and generally refuses to lift more than his tusks can safely bear; for if these should be broken off close to the head, death would soon ensue; if only cracked they are hooped about with iron bands, and are thus rendered serviceable for many years."

COCOA-NUT OIL.

Mr. Vincent visited a large cocoa-nut plantation of about six hundred acres, and thus describes the manufacture of the oil, which is one of the chief products of Singapore:—

The trees are planted in rows, each way about twenty feet apart, and are of all ages and sizes. Cocoa-nuts are raised principally for their oil, though rope is made of the husks, and some quantity of them is exported for food. We walked for some time beneath the trees, and then, re-entering the buggy, drove to a distant part of the plantation where there was a coil-rope manufactory. The European manager was kind enough to explain the different processes of manufacture, which are extremely simple. First the cocoa-nuts are broken in halves and the meat is grated off the shells, and boiled down to make oil, while the husks are soaked for a day or two in a large tank of water. When taken from the tank they are quite soft and their coats are then removed by simply forcing them between and through two rough rollers (revolving by steam); this process leaves the long, straight fibres, which are something like those of a broom, and next they are cleaned by being placed in a large fan mill. The fibres are then taken to another house, where they are again cleaned by shaking them in the air with two sticks, and then they are ready to be spun into ropes of various sizes. There are several ingenious, as well as

simple contrivances, for the twisting of the strands, though the greater part of the ropes made by hand. Nearly 200 Malays and Chinese were employed in this establishment, which "turns out" about 25,000 lbs. of rope per annum. This kind of rope, though extensively used by vessels, is not so strong as that made from hemp. We also had an opportunity to see a sago manufactory, through the kindness of Dr. Little, who sent his Chinese servant, who spoke English, with us as cicerone. It is not generally known that sago is the pith of a tree called the sago palm. The raw produce comes chiefly from Borneo and Sumatra, and Singapore is its chief place of manufacture and exportation. The sago palm bears but once, in its fifteenth year: it is then cut down, the pith is removed, cleared of its fibres, pressed into small masses, and, being bound with leaves, is shipped to the factory. Here it is washed a number of times, dried, and passed through sieves, becoming a fine white flour. It is then placed in large pieces of linen, sprinkled with water, and shook until it forms into grains; then it is dried in large kettles heated very hot, next passed through a fan mill, and dried for a day on large mats placed in the sun, and then, being put in bags holding about two bushels, is ready for shipment as the sago of commerce.

A SIAMESE TEMPLE.

The walls are covered with admirably executed paintings; the floor is laid over with brass bricks. The altar, built in the shape of a pyramid, about sixty feet high, is surmounted by the "Emerald Idol," an image twelve inches in height and eight in width. "Into the virgin gold of which its hair and collar is composed," says a recent observer, "must have been stirred while the metal was yet molten, crystals, topazes, sapphires, rubies, onyxes, amethysts, and diamonds, the stones crude and rudely cut, and blended in such proportions as might enhance to the utmost imaginable limit the beauty and the cost of the admired effigy." On the altar there are many large images covered with pure gold, whose robes are ornamented with genuine precious stones; also some *lusus naturæ*, as extraordinarily formed tusks of the elephant and rhinoceros, beautifully carved marble statues, clocks, golden altar utensils, and garments which belonged to the late king. The reigning monarch worships in this temple, and here, also, the nobles take the oath of allegiance. On either side of the principal entrance stand two life-size marble statues, whose history I could not learn, of Peter, "the apostle of Jesus Christ," and of Ceres, the Roman goddess of agriculture. Near this *vat* is a small pagoda, which, in an enormous pyramidal cabinet of ebony and

mother-o'-pearl, contains the Buddhist sacred books. A carpet of silver wire lies upon the floor. Adjoining this is a large pagoda which has been ten years in building, and has already cost over 200,000 dollars (American), and two years more will be necessary for its completion. The interior side of the wall which surrounds the temple of the Emerald Idol, is covered with gorgeous paintings of old Siamese fables and superstitions. . . . We next visited the temple *Wat Poh*, outside the palace walls, in which is a "reclining" Buddha, 145 feet in length, and 65 feet in height at the shoulders. It is built of brick and *chunam*, thickly covered with leaf gold. The soles of the feet, which are sixteen feet in length, are covered with the mystic symbols peculiar to a Buddha, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, and finished with gold leaf.

THE FAMILY AND THE CHURCH: Advent Conferences of Notre-Dame: Paris, 1866-7, 1868-9. By the Rev. Father Hyacinthe.

DISCOURSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS; by the Rev. Father Hyacinthe. Edited by Leonard Woolsey Bacon. New York: G. V. Putnam.

The pretty domestic picture of Father Hyacinthe and his baby, which forms our frontispiece, has induced us to turn up two volumes of his discourses, published in 1869 and 1870, that we might copy some of the beautiful thoughts about family life, which pleased and edified Parisian audiences eight or nine years ago:

LOVE.

Love! this is the word which we must have courage to pronounce, if we would express the essence of the conjugal relation, its inmost principle and law. I know well that this word is exposed to the sneers of skepticism, which knows no greater chimera—next to God—than love. I know, too—O wretched, miserable fact!—that it wakens involuntarily in the mind the recollection of numberless abuses and unequalled desecrations. But what matter the abuses! What matters the shame of the sinner! Thank God, my heart has remained pure, my reason has continued sound, and, preacher of the Gospel as I am, teacher of the understanding and heart of man, it is my right, my duty, to speak of love. Yes, love. And if our morals are going to ruin, if the basis of the family is undermined, if domestic society leans and totters like a ruined edifice, it is because men have forgotten to put love at the foundation of the house, the love of two beings

who love each other in honor, in respect, in holiness.

Let me open my old Bible. I am a Bible man, and I do not blush to declare it before this generation. I open the book at the first page. It is an unstained page, for sin had not yet existed—a page all filled with love and conjugal society. I have led you, Gentlemen, before now, to this cradle of our race, called Eden; I am going to take you back to it to-day. It is not, believe me, a caprice of my imagination, or a captivation of my heart, but a sober, serious conviction, that therein lie the secrets of humanity. I believe that the final solutions of things have been set by God in their primordial principles. I turn again, as I have said, to Eden: I turn to it again, on that first day of the world, when God founded the marriage state. It is the first day of the world of mankind. There had been other days, ages perhaps, the cycles of geology; but now, at last, the world of human life begins, in all the freshness of its dawn. O how fresh the breezes that breathe over every thing! how pure and glorious the light that shines upon this paradise of earth, this abiding-place of holy pleasures! Lo, man comes forth the latest born of this long series of beings, which is summed up in himself, and over whom he holds imperial sway! Hail, man, thou king of the creation! Hail, great Adam, father of the human race!

He looks through all the infinite scale of nature, through all the gradations of being; his gaze penetrates their inmost parts, and his speech expresses their qualities, for "he calls them all by their own names." His language is rich, his mind luminous, but his heart was unawakened; "there was not found an help-meet for him." I know not whether upon that serene majestic brow of Adam there came the shadow of a cloud; or whether, from some inner recess of his heart, unknown even to himself, there was breathed a complaint. I know only that God spake these words in a mystery: "It is not good that man should be alone." A strange thing! God, so well-pleased hitherto; God, who had gloried in each of his works, and had said: "It is good." God, who had gloried in the completed whole, and had said: "Behold it is very good." Now, in the presence of his masterpiece, like an artist who has failed to reproduce his ideal, turns away, and says: "It is not good!—It is not good that man should be alone!"

To the work then, great Artist! For thy image, thy likeness upon earth must not remain unfinished. It is God made visible in the world: endow it with all his beauty and majesty! And the Artist takes up again his brush to retouch the canvas; he seizes his chisel to shape again the marble. Bending over the form of Adam, the Lord

pierces his side. Adam had fallen into a sleep—into no common sleep, but into a trance, the first and sublimest of prophetic trances. He was to be not merely passive, but conscious and active, consenting inwardly, in the light of prophecy, to that which was wrought upon him from without. Adam slept in ecstasy, he waked in prophecy; he saw the wound that had been opened in his flesh—this rib that had been separated from next his heart, all warm and pure from contact with that abode of love and innocence—and in that rib the marvelous structure of woman. "God builded the rib into a woman." A biblical expression, full of marvels, and full also of instruction—marking the structure on which the master architect had exhausted his art—the visible structure of that body in which shines the highest beauty, the invisible structure of that soul in which the highest goodness breathes, the complete structure of that person in which the highest dignity resides! All honor, all honor to the highest work of God, O all ye whosoever have not forgotten what it is to honor any thing here in this world.

And when Adam awoke, he no longer spoke, he sang! his lips unclosed in grace and sanctity, and from his heart came forth these words:

"Now is this bone of my bones,
And flesh of my flesh.
And Woman shall she be called,
For she was taken out of man.
Therefore shall man leave father and mother,
And cleave unto his wife,
And they twain shall be one flesh."

Thus speaks the Bible; that ancient book of ancient wisdom, that virgin page, which tells me nothing of *mother*, everything of *wife*! Man is suffering, or about to suffer, from loneliness: God creates for him society, and, best of all, conjugal society. There is no reference to anything else in the sacred narrative. It is not till after the fall that the woman receives a distinctive name:—"Eve, the mother of all living." Hitherto she was called by the one name common to the pair, which indicated the perfect unity which love creates between a true husband and true wife. "He called their name *Adam*, in the day when they were created."

MOTHERHOOD.

Recall that charming type of Christian art, that from the Catacombs to the Renaissance is so often modified, but which is never changed—that type of the Virgin Mother, the pure and tender mother carrying in her arms the Divine Child! Ah! I know that it is a reality; I know that there was at Nazareth a daughter of royal stock, a mechanic's wife, ever virgin, yet the mother of Jesus Christ; but I know also that this woman has become, in the glory of Christianity, the supreme type of

motherhood! O Christian mother!—or, rather, whoever thou art, daughter of humanity, created by the Almighty, redeemed by Christ—O human mother, if only thou have a mother's heart and sympathies, look at the woman of our sculpture and our painting, the mysterious and radiant image of our cathedrals! it is thy sister, thy model, and thy law—it is thyself, if thou canst understand it! Be thou the stem rising from the earth, and never separating from its flower, so full of tender beauty and sweet perfume; be the blooming "branch that groweth out of his root." Be the mother that holds her infant, night and day, cradled in the caresses of her arms—cradled in her own purity and love. Like her, nourish it on thine own substance; it is God who has filled thy breast; *ubere de celo pleno*, as the Church sings. Lavish upon it that divine food, the best of all for its physical and its moral life. This substance is living with the life of thy own soul, which penetrates and quickens it; with every wave of this sweet draught, with every gush of this chaste intoxication, something of thy heart and thy thoughts is passing into thy son!

It is, then, in the arms and from the heart of its mother that the child receives its primary education. It is there that it receives those first cares for the body, which are at the same time the first things to waken and stir the heart. The infant is sensible only of that which touches its body; it is upon that that its entire attention is concentrated; consequently, the mother herself should hold this body, this little sacred body, in her arms, not only because she has for the task inimitable hands, hands instinct with intelligence and delicacy, such as other men and women have not, but also because in touching the body she shall reach the heart, and awaken its life in a smile. O Gentlemen, this is not poetry; or, if it be poetry, it springs from the very bosom of fact. What, then, is the meaning of a child's smile? Look at the animal, and on its inert lips and its eye, deep as it often is when nature is dreaming there, you will never catch a smile. The smile is the first gleam of intelligence, the dawning twilight of reason and affection: that is the reason why it belongs only to man. So long as no distinct thought has lighted up the baby's mind, it does not smile. But, some day, among the chaos of forms that flit before the dim gaze of its bodily eye, and the still more uncertain gaze of its mental eye, one form is perceived more distinctly defined; the child has seen its mother, the first individuality that has been revealed to it, the first thought which has enlightened its mind, the first affection which has throbbed in its heart. The human world opens before it, the clouds of native ignorance are

riven asunder, and like a rainbow, his radiant smile lights up his cradle.

It is at the age of six weeks that the child first smiles upon its mother; it is not till after a year that it speaks its first word—an event in the domestic history which always makes a family-festival, and which really marks an important epoch of life. The smile marks the beginning of thought in the child; but this thought is of an inferior order, it cannot abstract itself from the external objects with which it is connected, and come back freely upon itself, and hold self-consciousness and self-control. To deliver it from this tyranny of individual forms which fix and absorb it, it must have a sensible sign—for human thought cannot separate itself completely from the senses—a sensible, but arbitrary sign upon which it may depend in its abstraction. This sign is speech; speech, which is not only the expression, but the liberator of thought. The father of the human race received it from God, and every son of Adam receives it from his mother. As the mother's gaze has revealed to him the world of visible realities, even so it is the mother's tongue which opens to him the world of invisible realities, and the most august of all, God! It is a tradition of Christian firesides, that the first intelligent word addressed by the mother to her child should be this great name of God. Sublime prerogative, which elevates the priesthood of the mother, in this, at least, above that of the father, even above our own. O lips of woman, ye beguiled us in Adam, and behold how God has counted you worthy to teach us his truth, and to reveal to us his nature!

FATHERHOOD.

I call to mind the patriarch Jacob, as he went to Mesopotamia to look for a wife worthy of him in the house of his kinsman Laban. The grandson of Abraham, destined to found and give name to the house of Israel, slept, one evening, after sunset, upon a stone which he had placed under his head for a pillow; and there, in the simplicity which marked the communication of God to man in ancient days, Jacob dreamed dreams which were more of heaven than of earth: he saw a ladder that rested on the ground beside him, but whose top pierced beyond the stars; the angels of the Lord descended along its steps and returned again, and at its summit the Lord himself appeared and said: "I am the Lord God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac thy father; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south." And when in the morning the son of Isaac arose from his slumbers

and his dreams, he looked at the stone upon which he had slept; he reared it with reverent hands, and anointing it with sacred oil, he set it up for an altar, and said: "Thou shalt be called Bethel, that is, the House of God!"

I am thinking, Gentlemen, of you! This ladder, which begins and ends in heaven, and does but touch the earth, is chaste and Christian fatherhood. This Jacob, son of the patriarch, father of the people of God, it is yourselves, both now and in the years to come. O young men, and you of riper years, who hear me, you have part in the vocation of Israel; you have a great race to build up, which shall extend from the south to the north, which shall invade the east and the west, which shall carry far and wide, in its peaceful invasions, its civilizing colonizations, the glory of France, the glory of the Catholic Church, the glory of your race and of your name! Ah! take that stone on which you lean your head, on which you rest your heart, the hearthstone of your home: take it with trembling hand and say, "O, sacred hearthstone, for a moment, perhaps, I had despised thee, I had counted thee a common thing; but no, the water of holy baptism, the benediction of holy wedlock, have rested upon thee; and each day, a common faith, a common prayer, a household Christianity, renew thy consecration! O, hearthstone of my home, rise from the earth, stand thou as an altar stone before the Lord, and thou shalt be called Bethel, the House of God! On thee rest family and country; on thee the very Church of God shall rest more firmly than on the foundations of her temples!

These extracts are from his *Advent Lectures* at Notre-Dame, Paris, in 1866. At that time, highly as he extolled marriage, he held that the celibacy of the priest was holier still. Speaking of the Resurrection he says:

No more marrying and giving in marriage, in the earthly sense; and yet there is a grand continuance of love; there is the latest bloom of what I have called the tree of life, the consummate flower of love, *virginity*. O, vainly have men sought to make virginity the foe of love; it is the sister, the continuator, the perfecter of love; it is the reproach that men cast upon my Roman Catholic Church, and it is its glory. For me, this alone would be its demonstration, a demonstration that needs no further proof:—the Catholic Church has always accepted, affirmed, and practised voluntary celibacy; and highly as it has extolled conjugal love, higher still has it exalted Christian virginity.

Ah! virginity is that craving for love in another life; it is the exclusive longing

after love eternal, infinite; for "the marriage of the Lamb," of which St. John speaks in the Revelation; when one shall no more love one single person; when one shall no more be absorbed in a single created mind and heart; when the veil being rent (for love in this world is a veil—as it were a bridal veil that is spread over the wedded pair—a transparent veil, which reveals the mystery of God, but hides it even more), as in the temple of Jerusalem, when the hour of types and figures had passed away, and the Jewish people was making way for the Christian. . . . O, let me, let me rend away the veil! I long to love God, no more through a heart finite and fallen, like mine, however pure and tender it may be—I long to love God, face to face, heart to heart, and to clasp him in the exclusive embrace of my love!

FAMILY LOVE.

In 1868, in a Lecture on Civilization, he says:

I have spoken before now about love in the family—quite too much about it, some people say. I am only sorry that I have not said more. To exhibit the indissoluble union between love and the family is the noblest and most needed task that any earnest man, and especially any priest, can set himself. For my part, I have never been able to put myself into the position of those theologians, with neither heart nor genius, who ignore this great sentiment of the human soul, and are afraid, apparently, to pollute their lips by uttering its name. I am bold to declare that it is such men as these who have unconsciously prepared the way for the dynasty of those conscienceless writers who, separating, after their fashion, passion from duty, extol love without comprehending its true dignity, and inflict upon it that supreme outrage of confounding it with caprice and lust. Ex-

cept when it fixes its undivided gaze on heaven, and becomes virginity, love cannot blossom, save in the sanctuary of home, with that twofold bloom, so beautiful and yet so serious and holy—marriage and parentage.

However, I have no occasion, just now, to recur to this important subject. I will only observe that in all prosperous nations public life is subordinate to private life. This is true, not only in this sense, that the State, having for its mission to protect the rights of the family, holds toward it the relation of means to end, and that the means is necessarily subordinate to the end, but in this higher sense, that the citizens themselves concentrate in their homes the noblest of their activities, convinced that, as the best and worthiest service to humanity is attained by serving it in one's own country, so one may best serve and love his country in his family. There, most of all, is played the drama of human life, intense and ravishing as the best passions of the heart, grave as duty, active as the pursuit of interest (which is itself a duty), calm and collected as study and prayer. It is, therefore, to impel any people in a direction full of falsehood and peril, to hold exclusively, or even principally, before it the prospect of the political career. Doubtless the life of a great nation is at the polls and in the legislature, but far more than this, it is at the fireside. Where shall we find philosophers to teach us this—authors and artists to depict it—where, above all, the men to live it? Ah! look beyond the Alps, at our little neighbor, Switzerland, home of toilsome industry, and of the household, of simple, honest, happy life!—home, too, of free, traditional democracy! And here, poor French democracy, despising the family, despising religion, here thou art lying yet, after eighty years, crying, helpless, in thy bloody swaddling clothes!

Review of the Times.

In these melting days of summer, when the prominent thought of everybody who can obtain time for relaxation, is to seek for repose and quiet, it will be well to leave the exciting topics of the politician, and dwell upon some aspects of the "times" which are more suitable to the season. Few things are more remarkable, as indicating the progress of Canada, than the extent to which provision for summer recreation has been developed of late years. It is not many years since there was scarcely a possibility of it, and, consequently, no arrangements for it. Seaside hotels were an unknown luxury. A visit to Portland or Boston could scarcely be paid, when it would have taken nearly a week to get to them. Steamers there were in abundance on our lakes and rivers, and well they were used for general travelling purposes, but beyond a journey by this mode to Upper Canada, or perhaps to some point on the Lower St. Lawrence, recreative and summer travelling was limited indeed. Then we got through the summer as we best could. Now, we have, in every part of the country, the most abundant provision for summer enjoyments. Seaside resorts abound below Quebec, easily accessible by rail or steamer, and the savage and strange grandeurs of the Saguenay are as open now as the way to Toronto. If the tourist wishes to lengthen the journey, there is ample opportunity of doing so by a visit to the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, abounding as they do in picturesque beauty, while in Cape Breton there are solitary wilds, mountainous and grand, penetrated by salmon-stocked rivers, and affording as ample opportunity for the study of the picturesque as the mountains and valleys of North Wales. The beautiful lake scenery of our Eastern Townships is now available for those who love quiet and retirement, and only a little farther on we

are within reach of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the beautiful region bordering Lake Champlain. Westward we have the Valley of the Ottawa, the upper portion of which is so well worth a short visit, and the Thousand Islands, too, now have every convenience for the comfort of families visiting them, and their singular wildness, in the midst of hotels, railways and steamboats, lends a charm which is difficult to describe. On the shores of Lake Ontario several hotels have lately been erected for the convenience of summer visitors, of which a very charming one at the mouth of the Niagara River, commanding a magnificent view of Lake Ontario, is worthy of particular mention. But it is in the regions north of Toronto that the most remarkable developments have taken place. The chain of romantic lakes which border the water-shed of Lake Huron are all studded with pretty retiring places, where one may enjoy again the charms of Nature in her primitive wildness, and realize the days, only a few years back, when the solitude of the waters was only disturbed by the paddle of the Indian's canoe. The railway and the steamer, however, have penetrated to spots that seemed sacred to silence and simplicity, and on the shores of one of the most beautiful of inland lakes (Lake Couchiching), close to an Indian settlement, has arisen a hotel, which now has two railway stations at its very doors, besides a landing place for steamboats. The great inland sea of Huron was formerly scarcely traversed in its north-eastern borders, except by a solitary schooner now and then, or by canoes picking their way along the shore. Now, several lines of steamboats are traversing its rock-bound waters, and these now have pushed their way to the farthest extremity of Lake Superior.

It is something to remember for a lifetime is a trip to the shores of this the most vast and most interesting of all our inland seas. The cool temperature, fully ten degrees below that of Lake Ontario, and the thickly wooded hilly shores rising occasionally into mountains, the pointed rocks of the South border, the vast rocky promontory of Cape Thunder with its neighboring rocky islands and rising settlement at the beginning of the Dawson Road, the singular rocky island under the lee of the Cape which has proved a mass of silver ore, the vast and wonderful expanse of Nepigon Bay, studded with rocky and timber-crowned islands, a very dream of romance and beauty, the wild solitudes of the Nepigon River, the beautiful Michipicoton Island rising with its woods and groves some 800 feet out of the Lake,—all these combine to make the trip to Lake Superior quite unique and unparalleled. Day after day the steamer wends and winds her way amongst the mazes of the islands of the Georgian Bay (of which 30,000 have been counted), and under the shadow of the mighty rocks of Lake Superior, the voyage having all the incidents of ocean travel without its excessive monotony, and generally without its accompanying sickness. Every hour brings change of scene. The bracing air inspires the appetite. Fish are caught on the way in abundance. Here and there passengers can land in some romantic out-of-the-world kind of spot, and wander about picking up strange mosses, pebbles, agates, and what not; or, if it pleases them better, they can fish. The social intercourse takes place that always arises on an ocean voyage. Intimacies arise, and friendships are formed. Evenings are spent in music and social enjoyments, and when the long and varied voyage is brought to an end, and the little world of the steamboat has to be broken up, there are few but must regret that all is over, and wish for a renewal of such pleasant scenes.

Nature has indeed been bountiful to us in these latitudes. Not only is everything abundantly bestowed which is requisite for substance, but the cravings which invariably accompany leisure and education are

bountifully provided for. The beautiful and the sublime are both to be found along our borders, and it is good, at this season, to leave for a time, if at all possible, the crowd, the rush, and the worry of our business life (to which may be added the cares of domestic life also), and commune with Nature in her varied moods of calm and storm, and take in the sweet influences of sky and air and cloud, and sunrising and sunseting, and lake and river and waterfall, and voyaging and canoing and fishing, and—so to put it—of idling and day-dreaming.

It is, however, not wise to make a mere change from one form of excitement to another. It is much to be doubted whether any true recreation is obtained at the crowded resorts of fashion where elaborate dressing wearies and distracts, and where late hours, hot rooms, and heavy crowds make larger demands on our powers of endurance than the heaviest strain of business.

There is much excitement in Ontario over the candidature for an important office in her School system. A gentleman whose relations with his former wife ended in so unsatisfactory a manner that a divorce was the result, is one of the parties nominated, and a violent controversy has broken out in the papers about him. It is unfortunate that the controversy has taken a political turn, though what possible bearing the matter can have on politics it would puzzle the most acute intellect to see. But the fact of a leading Liberal paper having taken exception to the candidate—not at all on political grounds—seems to have been sufficient reason for the leading Conservative journal to espouse his cause. Nothing can be more unfortunate.

In a matter like this, the personal qualifications of the candidates are alone worthy of consideration, and, to say the truth, the controversy is ostensibly waged entirely on personal grounds. But it is a controversy between two rival party papers for all that; and when the time comes for votes to be given, it is inconceivable, after all that has taken place, that party preferences, or say newspaper predilections, will not largely influence the result.

We cannot here enter into the merits of the controversy, but it is obvious that the candidature of a gentleman upon whom even a cloud of suspicion rests, is, to say the least of it, unfortunate. This is not the case of opposing political partisans who may accuse and be accused of all manner of political sins without their personal character being impeached. An educator of youth ought to be above reproach. The very fact of his having been charged, and that persistently, with a course of conduct that requires elaborate defences to explain it, should be a reason why a candidature should not be pressed; for this is not the kind of accusation that dies away when the heat of contest is over. In politics, no matter what may have been said during a contest, the moment a member is elected excitement subsides and animosities abate; but in this case a certain number of persons will feel, rightly or wrongly, that the moral sense of teachers has been outraged, and this, as we know by experience, is not a matter that will gradually die away, but will rather become more and more irritating and embittered as time passes on. We repeat, the matter is unfortunate for the interests of the common school system of education, which has had often enough to repel the unreasonable accusation of godlessness, and has all the more reason to guard against the least imputation of wrong on the part of prominent officials.

What wonderfully fine weather this country is enjoying this summer! A late and cold spring has often grown into a charmingly fine and beautiful summer, rich in promise of abundance, and the present year has furnished another illustration of the rule. Divine Providence is favoring this land, and not this only, but the grain-growing regions of the earth generally. Everywhere the land is bringing forth abundantly, and the present harvest of the world will probably be the most productive ever known. While enjoying the gifts, would that we remembered the GIVER!

Two recent efforts to effect an alteration in the Education Act in England afford interesting illustrations of the exclusive, dog-in-the-manger spirit which actuates certain Churches, more especially the Established, in dealing with this Education question. The discussions which have arisen on these efforts afford information upon the extent of population over which the Act is operative and its general character. A very influential deputation has lately waited on the Minister of Education to induce him to prevent the School Boards opening new schools at a less fee than the average of the neighborhood, or any newschool where the local accommodation is already sufficient. These propositions, apparently so fair and prudent, are in reality a protest against the State carrying out the education of the people, except by means of the schools of the religious denominations. As the wealth and social prestige of the Established Church has enabled it to cover the land with parochial schools, the effect of prohibiting a Board School being erected to give education on cheaper terms, where one already existed, would be to perpetuate the monopoly of popular education so long enjoyed by the dominant Church, and render the wider diffusion and improved character of the education given by its agencies contingent upon the zeal or temper or jealousy or superstition of the clergy alone. No one familiar with English parochial life can disparage the efforts of many of the State Church clergy in the cause of education. Raising funds for and administering the affairs of the Parish School is usually the heaviest burden of the clergy, and they are left to a very great extent without the moral support and sympathy of their well-to-do flock. Such a condition of affairs is not calculated to give that energy and vigor which are absolutely required in school administration, especially amongst a population who do not appreciate education, and are naturally prone to be suspicious of clerical power and influence. Whether it is the duty of the State to provide cheap education for the people is a very debatable question indeed. It is surely no credit to a nation that a large

mass of its industrial population are so badly paid for their labor that they are unable to discharge a very obvious parental duty, the education of the young, without State help. It is surely no credit to the Church which has had a monopoly of the power and unlimited opportunities for exercising its function to teach the people who have recognized its authority for centuries, that a vast population has grown up so ignorant as to prefer spending in beer what would educate their children. While, then, we honor the new-born zeal of the State Church of England in the cause of popular education and the labors of its clergy, we are not only indisposed to perpetuate the monopoly it so long abused and has justly forfeited, but we see no hope for a thorough diffusion of education through the whole of the lower strata of social life in the old country, except in the vigorous enforcement of the present Education Act, with such amendments as will give every child in the land a fair and easy chance of securing such mental training as will fit it for the obligations of citizenship. We see a great danger preparing for England in denominational education,—a danger which is the great trouble of France and not unknown in Canada, that is the division of the people by hard and sharp social and religious lives. At present, out of 14,000 parishes in England, there are only 767 School Boards, only about one-third of the population are practically affected by the new Education Act, as the country districts have managed to elude its provisions. A motion to enforce the Act in the rural parishes has just been negatived in the House of Commons, so that the entire country population is still left without any educational opportunities or stimulus beyond what the bucolic minds of the farmers care to help in providing for their peasants' families—which is really only just enough to save the parish school being such a farce as to excite public attention and reform. Town and country now in England are divided by a great chasm; the life of the former in an educational aspect is all agitation and progress and aspiration; the latter is in the deep rut of secta-

rian prejudice, where it may stick fast for generations and serve to perpetuate there the great scandal of England—the ignorance of the working classes. Denominational education has been proved to be inferior, and to have a tendency to disintegrate a nation. There is no fact more patent than that education when left to the ecclesiastical powers has been grossly neglected; there is a lesson in this for Canada which our people will do well to ponder over in time. The social elements of this country need welding, not dividing further by parcelling out the young among separate schools, which will give national sanction to the selfishness and narrowness of party interests.

The Jesuits are, if not the most wicked, the most unfortunate of communities. The recent attempt on the life of Prince Bismarck is charged at their door. On the hypothesis of their entire innocence of this and the thousand offences they are believed guilty of, it is really most difficult to understand why they are so incessantly suspected and accused. The Society of Jesus is far from being the only secret one with wide ramifications and strict discipline. In these respects it has rivals in the same Church and outside, but, oddly enough, they are never associated with political plots, and the assassin is not an understood agent of theirs as with the Jesuits. The situation is a very awkward one for a religious body to occupy, and we should be glad for its members to give the world some explanation of the concurrence of innocence with constant charges of guilt. It is not, however, essential to the fixing the crime of murder, for such it is in this case, on this Order that it was attempted with their cognizance or at their suggestion. They are too subtle to use so direct action in seeking an object which crime only can secure. They, and all men, know that certain natures are open to passionate impulses, and that so-called religious zeal is to such men a madness which puts out reason and all the higher and tenderer instincts as a gust of flame extinguishes a calm light. There has been language used

in this land by a peregrinating Jesuit preacher, which, to the hot-blooded ignorant Catholic would convey the most distinct conviction, that it would be an act of devotion to the Church and innocent before God to make away with Bismarck. We have heard such denunciations of this statesman here, and heard of this vehemence being used elsewhere, as explain to us how the wrath of a German Catholic might be fired to the heat needful for a crime so darkly wicked as assassination; and we, therefore, have no hesitation in believing that the motive power of the impulse to murder Prince Bismarck came from those who cloak their satanic machinations against the good order of human society by the name of the Prince of Peace.

While naming this Order we may incidentally mention that we have private advices from one familiar for many years with Spanish sentiment, both religious and political, who informs us that the present struggle in Spain is a religious war; that it is the great struggle there between the two Catholic parties, the one led by the Jesuits, the other the men open to modern improvements and ideas; that Don Carlos is a mere instrument by whom it is sought to bind down Spain in the bonds of Ultramontane tyranny and superstition. As such a contest, we are assured, it is watched with intense interest by all Liberals in the Catholic Church, and certainly this aspect renders it of more profound interest to humanity than a mere struggle between

Monarchy and Republicanism, which men are beginning to discover not worth the cost of the fight.

The situation in France is not changed, but is more easily understood by those who need some simple fact to fix their attention and symbolize the unseen. Marshal MacMahon has addressed a communication to the army in which he quietly speaks of "we," *i. e.*, himself as Marshal, and they as soldiers, being bound to maintain order in that country,—“order” meaning, as usual, in such cases, the continuance of the speaker in his office. There is thus placed before the Republicans, the Legitimists and Bonapartists, the awkward fact that the army is to be used to keep the nation without a settled government or head for seven years, except such government as it approves, and such head as a mere soldier's is, which is not much outside barracks or camp. MacMahon seems to forget that Charles the Tenth's army and generals were loyal, but saved not his throne, and that Louis Philippe's experience was not dissimilar. The French army is, in fact, part of the people of France, and when the time comes for some strong man to seize the throne, or establish a Republic proper, MacMahon will find his battalions will decide to relegate him to his only true sphere—military command, in which he will gain more honor than can come from being a military dictator as now, and as he threatens to remain for seven years by force of arms.