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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEB., 1872.

CONTENTS.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS

FOR 1872.

During twenty-five years existence the circulation of the WITNESS has increased from 800 to about 20,000; or, counting by sheets issued, instead of 800 a week, we have in round numbers:—

Daily, 11,000 x 6 - -	66,000
Semi-Weekly, 3,000 x 2 -	6,000
Weekly - - - - - -	7,000
	79,000

The same rates of increase for the next quarter of a century would give us an entry into 500,000 families for 7,900,000 sheets. These figures are no more incredible than the present ones would have been twenty-five years ago, and we shall do our best, with the assistance of constantly improving appliances and facilities for reaching the public, and counting largely on the rapid growth of our Dominion and of its chief city, to realize them.

PLATFORM.

We stand just where we have always stood, and look for success to that aid which has hitherto helped us.

CHANGES.

THE DAILY WITNESS, hitherto issued at Noon, and 2, 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M., will, during the coming session of the Dominion Parliament, and possibly thereafter, appear also at 6 o'clock in the morning, all other editions continuing as heretofore. The object of this is to catch certain mail and express trains which do not suit any of our present editions, so that many are deprived of the paper who want it. THE DAILY WITNESS will then be sold at every town and village for ONE CENT. We shall by 1st January, 1872, have completed our arrangements for city delivery, and will, by means of delivery carts and sleighs, be able to supply dealers in almost every corner of the city. We have a steam press running on bulletins alone, so that each dealer may receive one daily. *Daily Witness*, $3 *per annum, payable in advance.*

TRI-WEEKLY WITNESS.—Subscribers to the SEMI-WEEKLY WITNESS will after 1st January be supplied with a TRI-WEEKLY of the shape and size of the present DAILY WITNESS, which will be found to contain about as much matter as the present SEMI-WEEKLY, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter without any addition of price. *Tri-Weekly Witness* $2 *per annum in advance.*

MONTREAL (WEEKLY) WITNESS.—This paper will continue of the same shape as hitherto, but will be larger by the breadth of a column each way on every page, thus making an addition of fifty per cent. to the reading matter. *Weekly Witness*, $1.00 *in advance.*

CLUBS.

We have never been able to offer any inducement which has borne fruit equal to the assistance of those whose sincere friendship for the enterprise has prompted them to exertion on our behalf.

In all editions where one person remits for one year in advance for eight persons, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or any person remitting $8 for our publications will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising in the DAILY WITNESS costs 10 cents per line for *new advertisements*, or for such as are inserted as new; 5 cents per line for *old advertisements*—that is all insertions after the first, when not inserted as new. The following are exceptional:—Employees or Board Wanted, one cent per word. Employment or Boarders Wanted, and Articles Lost and Found, 20 words for 10 cents and half a cent for each additional word.

The TRI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY WITNESS will be counted together, and all the ssues of one week will be counted one insertion. Thus,

Weekly - - - -	7,000
Tri-Weekly, 3,000 x 3 =	9,000
	16,000

The service rendered will thus be greater in quantity, and for many kinds of business better in quality, than that of the Daily; yet, for the present, the same scale of

(*Continued on third page of Cover.*)

H. R. H. PRINCE OF WALES.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

THE PRESS OF ONTARIO.

BY A MEMBER OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.

It need hardly be urged that those who compare the press of Great Britain or of the United States with that of Canada will not be just in their conclusions if they leave out of the calculation the circumstances of each country. Felling forests and burning brush heaps were the first duties in Canada, as they are the first duties in most new countries. The struggle at the beginning was for the necessaries of life. Little time was left for literature, even if the population was sufficiently numerous for its support. Journalism in Great Britain is the fruit of centuries of culture and the outcome of a constituency of wealthy readers and advertisers. The American Republic has a population of 40,000,000; Ontario has less than 2,000,000; the Dominion of Canada but 4,000,000. When the relative circumstances of the several countries are dispassionately considered, Canada has no reason to dread the ordeal of comparison.

Fifty years ago the greater portion of Ontario was densely covered with "the forest primeval." The adventurous settler enters "the bush" with bright axe and brave heart—usurping the former home of the Indian, and driving farther back the wolf and the bear, the fox and the deer. He soon hews out a "clearing" and erects his log house. Ere long a blacksmith shop makes its appearance at "the corner" where two roads intersect; then a store, with post-office attachment; then the school-house, with its preaching service on the Sabbath; after a while a church; very likely a tavern also. Such are the nuclei from which have expanded flourishing towns and cities like those which dot Ontario. Hitherto the intellectual food of the little but ambitious village has been the common school, and the occasional or regular "preaching service." A new project is now mooted, though with fear and trembling—nothing less than the establishment of a local newspaper. Perhaps a sum of money is subscribed as a bonus by the leading residents; and some young man, usually a practical printer, induced to assume the responsibility. Our "later Franklin" of necessity begins humbly. He is his own book-keeper; his own canvasser; his own pressman; his own compositor; his own reporter; often his own "devil;" generally his own editor. Under circumstances like the foregoing, who can blame him if he installs as first assistant—his scissors! The usefulness of the local newspaper cannot be overestimated. From the day of its appearance it stimulates and encourages enterprise in the locality in which it is published, and contributes more largely than is always realized or acknowledged to the progress of its place of birth. The strength of the local journal lies in fully chronicling local occurrences—in other words, supplying what can be obtained nowhere else. As the village expands into a town, the unassuming hebdomadal grows into a firm and enterprising weekly journal, of which class the Stratford *Beacon* may be named as a notable example. Some of these towns—Guelph and

St. Catherines, for instance — boast of sprightly little dailies; and there is a sarcastic, running controversy, not yet concluded, as to whether the Liliputian daily or the larger weekly is the more creditable form of journalism for Canadian towns. Dailies are also published in the towns of Brantford and Belleville. The wants of the cities, other than the Capital of the Province, are met in more ambitious dailies —Ottawa in the *Times*, *Citizen* and *Free Press*, and one or two French journals; Kingston in the *Whig* and *News;* Hamilton in the *Times*, *Spectator*, and *Standard;* and London in the *Advertiser*, *Free Press*, and *Herald*. The provincial metropolis is well represented by the *Globe*, the *Telegraph*, the *Leader*, and the *Express*. The paper first named is by consent recognized as the *Times* of Canada, in so far as vigor of writing, promptitude of intelligence, and variety and quantity of news are concerned. Our neighbors south of the Lakes have many able newspapers; but when their wealth and population are placed in juxtaposition with those of Canada, the comparison leaves a balance to the credit of the Canadian journal. The *Telegraph* is remarkable for its energy and for the advances it has made within a few years. The *Leader* and *Express* (the latter but recently established) fill their respective spheres with fair ability.

Somewhat noticeable of late years has been the change of numerous Ontario morning dailies into evening newspapers. In Ontario, outside of Toronto, but three morning dailies are published, viz., the London *Free Press*, the Ottawa *Times*, and the Hamilton *Standard*, the latter established since the New Year; each, however, a creditable and enterprising representative of its class. Against these may be placed some eighteen or twenty evening dailies. The cause of this must not be looked for alone in the slightly lessened expenses, in some respects, of evening journals, nor in the fact that journalistic "night work" is thus avoided. One reason is because in the evening the mass of workingmen and the bulk of families have most leisure to read; and another, the development of telegraphic enterprise, bringing news on the day it occurs with equal facility from the other side of the Continent and the other side of the Atlantic. There are not wanting those who believe that the future of daily journalism in Canada, as well as in the United States, lies within the grasp of the afternoon and evening newspapers. As far as places other than metropolitan are concerned, the evidence points clearly in this direction.

Ontario supports three publications devoted to Agriculture, the *Canada Farmer*, the *Ontario Farmer*, and the *Farmer's Advocate;* besides a medical journal, a legal journal, a pharmaceutical journal, a poultry chronicle, and many miscellaneous publications. The largest and most widely-circulated of the religious weekly journals is the *Christian Guardian*, the organ of the Wesleyan Methodist body. The Episcopal Methodists have their *Canada Christian Advocate*. The *Evangelical Witness* is published to advance the interests of the New Connexion Methodists. The heading of *The Baptist* at once indicates its field and scope. The Primitive Methodists recognize as their literary standard-bearer the *Christian Journal*. The *Observer* is the organ of the Bible Christians. The *Church Herald* is published in Episcopalian interests. The *Canadian Independent*, a sprightly monthly, is the official medium of communication among the Congregationalists. Our Roman Catholic friends sustain the *Canadian Freeman* and the *Irish Canadian*. The Presbyterians of Ontario have no weekly newspaper—a fact somewhat surprising, and not altogether in keeping with the activity, the numbers, the wealth and influence of that denomination; but arrangements are being made by which this felt want will be supplied. Besides these are published several undenominational serials and children's papers. No illustrated paper is published in Ontario, and but one in Canada—the *Illustrated Canadian News*. The reason is doubtless the cheapness and excellence of the pictorial papers imported in large quantities from England and the United States. A native magazine literature has been hindered by the same fatal facility of importation. We have had no opportunity

of being thrown on our own resources, and of being compelled to build up little by little a literature, fresh, original and racy, of the soil. We have tried and failed in comic journalism. It is consolation of a sort that our neighbors beyond the great inland seas have been equally unsuccessful. It is not that we are too sober-minded and Quaker-faced to smile. Is it because the shafts of polished wit which provoke a smile in old and highly-cultured communities are not "broad" enough, have not enough "bite," to use an expressive Westernism, for the free, strong life of this northern continent? Or are we habitually so surfeited with the ludicrous and the sarcastic, in the short, spicy, snappy paragraphs which form so unique a feature in American, and to some extent in Canadian, journalism, that there is no field left for the purely humorous paper?

Fifty-five years ago the Kingston *Gazette* was the only paper published in Ontario. From Mr. Lovell's carefully-compiled directory we learn that there are now published in Ontario 24 dailies, 2 tri-weeklies, 1 semi-weekly, 6 semi-monthlies, 25 monthlies, 1 quarterly, 1 annual, 195 weeklies—a grand total in all of 255. The Province of Quebec publishes 96 journals of all sorts; Nova Scotia, 37; New Brunswick, 34; Newfoundland, 15; Prince Edward Island, 10. The figures for British Columbia and Manitoba are not given; but it may be safely stated that Ontario publishes as many journals as the seven remaining Provinces of British North America combined. It may be questioned if this multiplication of journals has not been carried too far, and whether some process of "natural selection" would not improve those which might be left. Fewer and stronger journals, using the telegraph wires more freely, and employing a higher class of talent on their columns, would better meet the requirements of the reading public. Our splendid system of Canadian telegraphy has been until lately comparatively little used for the purposes of the newspaper press, except by the Toronto journals. The Montreal Telegraph Company is fitted to become a strong ally of the newspaper press of Ontario and of Canada, having now under its control no fewer than 8,700 miles of poles, 22,347 miles of wire, and over 700 telegraph stations. The Dominion Telegraph Company, a new enterprise, is also rapidly extending its sphere of operations.

In a literary point of view Canadian journalism cannot expect at one bound to spring into the position occupied by leading English journals; but a high standard should be ever kept before the conductors of our press. In many cases a wiser censorship might be exercised by editors over the "original" contributions of some of their zealous friends. For instance, the greater share of the poetry, so-called, in weekly journals, would show to better advantage in the waste-basket. Look at these extracts from a *bona-fide* specimen sent to a well-known Ontario newspaper, and say where they should be inserted:

A JOURNEY THREW LIFE.

I am a stranger yes a pilgrim
Wandering threw this Unfriendly World
But there is a friend to gide you
And he will gide you safely
Onward to Canaan happy shore.
* * * * * * * *
It was Gods will that
We should part
But hopeful We shell meat agane
On this side of the river Thames
But just keep the lord in mind
For he is good in every line.

LIBERTY.

No other land I choose
For none is so dear to me
I stand for nothing more
than the old Canadian shore
O give me Ontario.
* * * * * * *
O give me the land I love
the land so free and clear
Whare froot will grow
Without a hough
O give me Ontario.

Leaving this bard to the enjoyment of the fullest "Liberty" of composition, and the pursuit of his "Journey Threw Life," a word may not be amiss as to the personalities between rival journals which sometimes disfigure white paper. One newspaper recently alluded to another as "a dying concern;" an editor lately spoke of his rival as a "sorrel pony;" a leading daily some time ago designated a rival as

"the leather organ;" and not long since a Western evening journal spoke suggestively of a certain newspaper as "pigging" with sundry other journals named. In this respect, the dignified courtesy of the leading English newspapers might with advantage be imitated. Another evil calls for correction—the readiness of many Ontario publishers to indulge in trades' puffery as a make-weight with advertisements; with which is also noticed a lack of outspoken criticism of books, lectures, concerts, entertainments, &c. This is a fault which will be outgrown as larger financial resources give greater freedom of utterance. Happily no necessity exists in Ontario, as in some parts of this continent, for pandering to immorality and to the passions of the mob. It speaks well for Canada that those journals which maintain the highest tone command the largest share of influence and circulation.

The future of the Press of Ontario, like that of the vigorous Dominion whose broad fields it is destined to occupy, is full of sanguine promise. The Confederation of Canada, stretching from the boisterous Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, includes within its boundaries every element necessary to national greatness. A contemplation of the glorious heritage of Canadians in this continent is calculated to inspire every journalist in the land with high hopes and lofty aspirations. The Press, in turn, will largely mould the destiny of the Dominion. The field is ever-widening—boundless. It brings honor; but it also entails responsibility. Let no man seek the one unless he is willing to bear the other.

GOD BLESS THEE.

BY JOHN READE.

God bless thee!—I can say no more;
The thousand wishes in my breast
In this one fervent prayer I pour—
This granted, thou hast all the rest.
God knows our needs and gives the best,
If we with faith His aid implore.
The pure in heart are ever blest;
God bless thee!—I can say no more.

God bless thee!—I can say no more;
What matters all my lips would say?
Too poor were all my wordy store
To give the thoughts I feel to-day;
Soon they and I must pass away
Forever from time's shifting shore;
But I will never cease to pray,
God bless thee!—I can do no more.

God bless thee!—I can say no more.
I know not what thy lot may be;
I cannot see the path before
Through which we reach eternity.
'Tis wisely hid from thee and me;
'Tis vain its mazes to explore,
And I can only pray for thee,
God bless thee!—I can do no more.

God bless thee!—I can say no more,
Yet I must ask, although in vain.
"Another year will soon pass o'er—
What changes follow in its train?"
For one, I know, a change of pain;
But, if it thee to joy restore,
I'll share it, too, and pray again,
God bless thee!—I can do no more.

THAT WINTER.

BY EDITH AUBURN.

CHAPTER III.

"What do you want, Lawson?"

"I be in a sad fix about Kitty; my rooms is not fit for her, you see, and I can't have my eyes allers on her; and when she's out of school she do get into mischief."

"What has she been doing now?"

"Helpin' herself to Mrs. Beatty's apples."

"Is that all? I thought she had been breaking one of those lamps again. Why, the little Allans are forever in such mischief."

"Then, if you don't think it dreadful bad, will you take her? and just send her to school of a mornin', and I'll clothe her, and you make her useful the rest of the time."

"Really, Lawson, I would be glad to do it for you; but she would be such a charge."

The father's countenance fell.

"I knowed you'd say that. What can I do with her? I've follered your advice, faithful, to rawhide her every day, and it goes for nothin'."

"My advice, to rawhide her every day! Lawson you're a fool. There's Mr. Allan calling me. I must hurry away. Bring her in the morning."

Quite relieved, Lawson turned home to break the good news.

"This time," he thought, "I'll be slow. Is'e mind when I'se quick and gave my Kitty a start like, it was so sudden. I'll be slow and careful now."

His mind was wandering to his wife's death-bed, and the little spot in the cemetery where he had laid her; so that, though he walked slowly down the church hill, keeping time to his intentions, he forgot them all when he saw Kitty, and announced it to her with an abrupt—

"I say, she's agoin' to take you; and I do feel so thankful."

Kitty, who instinctively guessed who the *she* was, and why he was so thankful, quickly replied, "I don't."

"You ought to be. Isn't it somethin' to be off the streets, and live in the minister's house?—and mind you, Kitty, if you don't mind every word she says, I'll hide you till you're black and blue."

Now it so happened that Mrs. Allan was looking out for a little girl, and had several times turned her thoughts towards Kitty; but her terror of people's tongues kept her from increasing the number of her domestics. She now explained to Mr. Allan—who really did not care how much people talked—that she would mention to Miss Armour how she was taking her solely from pity, and she would make it all right with the religious set: for the rest she did not care.

For the first month Kitty did remarkably well. Her father's threat had a wholesome effect on her. Now that her skin was healed she did not wish it made tender again. When the cook did not need her she was allowed to romp and play with the children, or go with them a message in their cart, drawn by a pretty Canadian pony. On the whole, she thought her life had changed for the better.

But there was one drawback—a sore one—against which she was always stumbling. She could never bring herself to understand why Lucy Allan felt above her—now, particularly, that they were in the same house, and that her blue flounced Cobourg dress looked "a deal sight prettier" than the other's sober gray one.

"It's all pride, nothin' but pride," she said to cook; "an' it's her as makes Mrs. Allan be forever a-talkin' about it. It's not

for me, that's certain; for dad says if I'd more pride it 'ud be better for me. Then I'm allers willin' to be seen with her, but she ain't with me; but tells me to walk with them low Doolans. But I'll tell on her, that's what I'll do, an' she'll be made to treat me right."

Kitty had not long to wait for an opportunity of telling. On the following Sunday she arrested her mistress, as that lady, after giving cook last directions about dinner, was hurrying to the Sunday-school after her husband, with—

"Lucy won't walk with me. She says I'm a servant, an' I ain't."

Mrs. Allan turned sharply on the little offender, and said: "Lucy, what do you mean? Walk with her this moment. I will have no such nonsense in my house."

With a pouting and deeply scarlet face, the little girl took Kitty's outstretched hand.

Mrs. Allan did not mean to be unkind; but she took every exhibition of pride in the young Allans as a reflection on her own humble birth, and determined to crush it out of them.

Lucy, feeling a strong sense of injustice, walked in silence to the Sunday-school. Kitty, who seemed to be always on springs, danced by her side, her expression betraying, "I'm as good as you."

When they reached the room, the children were singing

"I want to be an angel."

"That everlastin' hymn," thought Kitty; "I'm sure I don't want to be an angel—one of them wrigglin' things, allers afraid of soilin' its white dress."

Lucy had different thoughts, and the tears welled in her eyes as she joined in the verse,—

"I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear."

She was a peculiarly sensitive child, cold and reserved outwardly, but with a warm, affectionate nature. The pride which her mother so often accused her of being filled with, was rather self-respect. Her reason for refusing to go with Kitty was that she might be allowed to walk quietly down the street, without being jostled and pushed against the boys.

A few mornings after this, Kitty was called by her mistress into the library, where the Rector was sitting, smoking out of his favorite pipe—"one belonging to his grandfather of Dockport Castle"—and told that from this out she was expected to be on her best behaviour, as a young lady was coming to spend the winter at the Rectory.

"I've been on that ever since I come," she replied, with a toss of her head.

"No impudence. To begin, I wish you to cease calling my daughter 'Lucy.' You must say 'Miss Lucy.'"

This not being quite to Kitty's taste, and fearing to make a rejoinder in the presence of her master, she walked quickly out of the room, and going to the nursery where she was sure to find Lucy, rapped at the closet door, calling,—

"Lucy, Lucy."

No answer.

"Lucy, don't you hear me?"

"Yes, but mamma said I was not to answer unless you said *Miss* Lucy."

"Well, I'll call you *Miss* Lucy, if you call me *Miss Lawson.*"

"Halloo, Miss Lawson," cried Fred, who was just passing, "come along, until I introduce you to the rest of the family."

Kitty, taking it as a matter of course, followed, smiling, down the stairs. She met her mistress, who, annoyed at her wilfulness, gave her a smart slap and said,—

"Kitty, you are the most disobedient girl I ever knew. You are enough to provoke a saint."

"A saint!" screamed the girl, "a saint don't slap; an' sure as you do it again, I'll go right off to dad; for none but them that knows how shall touch me."

"Go," said Mrs. Allan, "go this moment; I will no longer have such a cross in my house."

In another hour the old sexton, who was comfortably seated at his cobbling, and thinking it was a great thing that Kitty was "givin' satisfaction," was astonished to see her walk in, her bundle under her arm. Seating herself on it on the floor, she gave a hearty laugh before she

would deign to account for her unexpected appearance.

"You'll just go back."

"No, dad, she'd flog me if I did."

"What be it all about then?"

"Why don't you listen? you're as scared lookin' as if I could help it. It was about nothin, only she had it in for me for ever so long; I knowed she had, and I can't help laughin.'"

"Laughin', you're allers laughin', you're a laughin' now; I tell you once and for all, it's unbecomin' in poor folks to laugh."

A toss of her head.

"I'se in the minister's house, and it's Mr. Edgar makes me laugh every mornin' at church."

"At prayers, you mean?"

"No, dad, it's just like Sunday; Mr. Allan reads one verse, and we all read the next, and Mr. Edgar says the 'Amens.' He says he's clark, and he's to see we kneel straight up with our hands crosst in front, and I can't help laughin' out loud, he makes such faces."

"Kitty, I'm awful angry with you."

"Can't help that, but I'm a goin' to stay here anyway, *that's* certain."

She now rose, and flinging her bundle into the closet, which she called her room, resumed her old stand by the window. Her father looked at her, picked up the half-cobbled boot, and shook his head.

"Kitty, it'll never do; them drunkards up-stairs 'll ruin you."

"I'll promise for sure never to speak to them. I know a deal more'n you do now. I know they're awful fond of somethin' that smells nice at Mr. Allan's, only they call it wine, and Mr. Edgar gets tight every night."

"Kitty, did I not tell you never to speak of what you seed in that house?"

At the end of a week, Lawson, finding her as ungovernable as ever, decided to take her back to the Rectory, and after making her apologize for her conduct, beg of Mrs. Allan to receive her again.

On hearing this Kitty screamed lustily, and declared she would not go a step. But he was determined, and with one hand grasping the rawhide, now covered with dust from long disuse in its place in the chimney corner, with the other dragged her along.

Mrs. Allan was no way loth to receive her. Her young visitor had come, and cook complained of the extra work; but before she would consent to take her on the old terms, she insisted upon her father giving her the whipping which had been delayed. The rod was applied, much to cook's amusement, who, though not quite approving of this invasion of her kitchen, owed her a grudge for missed help.

Her roars brought Mabel Rivers down.

"Miss, she desarves every blow."

"That's enough, Lawson," said Mrs. Allan.

"You poor little girl," said Mabel, putting her arms around her, "What have you been doing?"

Lawson burst into a great sob.

"Miss, it goes to my heart to do it. But Mrs. Allan there'll tell you I've got to do it."

"Let her come to my room; will you, Mrs. Allan?"

She led the weeping girl away.

"Have you been very naughty! Tell me what you did, and where you live."

"I sha'n't live here, that's certain; and I ain't a servant."

Mabel looked at her.

"Poor child, your cheek is bleeding."

Kitty threw herself on the carpet, then jumping up with a fresh scream of pain cried,—

"Oh! I'm so sore, I'm awful sore; that woman will make dad kill me yet."

Fearing to arouse her anger by saying anything more, Mabel waited until her violent cries were succeeded by sobs, then drawing her to the window, she said,—

"Come help me to arrange these flowers."

In stooping for them, for they lay on the window sill, she saw the old sexton close under it, his face turned up with a wistful expression, while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Poor old man," she thought, "he feels it as deeply as she does."

"Will you tie these geraniums and bridal-roses together with a few green leaves, while I arrange these pansies? But first tell me your name."

"Kitty—I wonder you don't know it. To-morrow, it'll be Kitty here, and Kitty there, and Kitty, you good for nothin',

you are never about when you're wanted."

Here the sobs were renewed.

"Never mind troubling about to-morrow. I want to tell you something you will like to hear. First, like yourself, I am a servant."

Kitty opened wide her gray eyes, and looked at the young lady's rich dress and small white hands.

"Not Mrs. Allan's, I'll bet."

"No."

"Whose?"

"A very kind Master's. One who loves me very dearly, and does all he can to make me happy."

"Oh! I guess you haven't been *very long* with him. Wait till you have and he'll change, like her," pointing her finger contemptuously down stairs.

"No, I have not served Him very long, but every day He grows kinder, or at least, I love Him better, and think more of His kindness, for He is always the same."

"That's what she ain't. One time she's sweet and calls, 'Lucy dear,' and 'Kitty dear,' and 'you dear boys;' then somethin' will make her mad, and she'll clout and fling us all about."

"Hush, Kitty, it is very wrong in you to talk that way."

"It's true as I live; Lucy can tell you. She ailers runs off to her room with baby, and sings,—

'I want to be an angel.'

How would you like a mistress like her?"

Mabel scarcely knew what to say. She wished to gain the child's confidence, and yet did not want to encourage her in this way of talking.

"Kitty, are you happy?"

"Happy as a bird, when no one bosses me."

"You mean when you have your own way."

Kitty nodded.

"But we, who are servants, cannot always have our own way. We must obey those who are wiser and know better what is for our good than we do."

Kitty looked at her with a dubious look.

"What's your Master's name?"

"Jesus Christ."

"I thought you was a-foolin' me. So you're one of the pious sort. I hate pious folk, 'cause you see I belong to the other kind myself."

This was said with so much sincerity that Mabel struggled between a reproof and a laugh.

"You must not hate me."

"Mr. Edgar will. He can't abide cant no more nor me."

Chapter IV.

"Miss Rivers, I am sure you have been quite bothered with that child. She is a constant trial to me. Were it not for Lawson I would not keep her a moment in my house."

"She feels her punishment very keenly."

"It is the only thing she can feel. She is utterly heartless, and without any more feeling for her poor old father than if he were a log of wood. Why, when my baby is sleeping, and everyone going on tiptoe lest they waken her, she will walk straight up to her and give a shout in her ear."

"She must be very senseless."

"Senseless! yes; and yet, when she likes, she can be very useful. But there is Fred, the best boy I have, with the buggy, and we must not keep him waiting. You will surely put on something warmer than that light sacque; and that dainty little hat is scarcely protection enough from our October winds. See how warmly I wrap. This great shawl serves me nine months of the year."

"How long your winters must be."

"They are scarcely as long as that; but I have so accustomed myself to it that I reluctantly lay it aside during the intense heat of summer. Indeed, Mr. Allan says that I and my shawl are inseparable."

Miss Rivers enjoyed her first Canadian drive exceedingly. The country was very lovely. It lay like a picture at her feet. But I am not going to describe it. Let any of my readers who wish take a drive out of town in the early October days, with a clear blue sky and floating white clouds overhead, and they will, no doubt, see roads as inviting, and cranberry bushes as crimson loaded, and a river as peaceful,

with forest banks of as gorgeous foliage as she saw.

Mabel was very pretty—at least, so thought Kitty as, concealed behind a post of the fence, she watched to see her mistress "clear gone." She was a Southerner by birth, but with the extreme, delicate beauty of the North. She was tall, graceful and stately in carriage. Her eyes a clear hazel, her forehead broad rather than high, her hair auburn, which, parted in rich waves, was braided, and encircled her head like a coronet. This latter attraction, Kitty concluded, was why she looked "so nice."

"My hair," she said, trying hard to stretch it; "I wonder when it'll be as long. She a servant, indeed! I guess she's afoolin' me about mindin' Him, too. I see her do just what she likes."

Kitty had yet to learn that the struggle for the most perfect obedience is fought where no mortal eye can witness it. Mabel was daily learning this. Even this drive, where she seemed but the admirer of nature, the patient listener, or the sympathizing friend, was not without its battle.

Her nature was one of those which shrink from giving offence, preferring to suffer herself rather than wound another. To such an extent did this feeling influence her, that it was painful for her to express an opinion opposite to that of those around her. She had not been a guest at the rectory long before she discovered that, in many things, she differed from her new friends. To appear to coincide with them would have been agreeable to the flesh; but she felt, where a principle was at stake, this to be culpable, and the struggle between inclination and duty ensued.

Mrs. Allan did not approve of many of her guest's opinions, and before she was long in her house, she began to look forward with uneasiness to the probable length of the visit.

The children soon learned to idolize her; as Mr. Allan said, "Miss Rivers was their whole theme."

She took the entire charge of Lucy's tuition, and to the younger boys gave music lessons. Edgar was the only one who stood aloof. He was never positively rude, but tried to avoid her, and when it was possible, pretended ignorance of her presence.

Kitty continued as rude and ungovernable, with no vulnerable part but "her skin." Mabel tried every possible way of doing her good; but all her efforts were met with, "You need not try to make me pious. I hate pious folk." She had even tried little presents of dress; but her conscience reproved her, for she knew the child to be full of vanity, and she feared that these would only increase it. One day, on going to her room, she found her dressed in one of her long black dresses surveying herself with a very self-satisfied smile in the mirror. Another morning she came in to prayers, her hair "fixed up like Miss Rivers," and when ordered to change it, sobbed and declared she would not; that she had as good a right as anyone to wear it that way. Mr. Allan seldom interfered with the servants, and Kitty, who stood in a sort of half fear of him, avoided, as much as possible, meriting rebukes in his presence. On this occasion he exerted his authority, and she was forced to obey.

Mabel had as yet met very few Oakboro' people. Mr. Allan's last act—marrying Miss Smith—had ostracized him, and society had not yet recovered from the shock. His congregation tried to compel him to leave—a thing which he would gladly have done had they exerted themselves still further and provided him with as good a parish; but failing in this, he determined to stay where he was and brave it out. At another time Mabel would have felt this isolation, but now her attention was too fully occupied with her self-imposed duties, and mourning over the unhappy state of her country, to have thought anything else.

This was the time of the American war, and her father was engaged on one side, while her only and idolized brother was fighting on the other.

At the time of its breaking out this brother was amongst his mother's people in the North, and with all the pure ardor of youth in a noble cause, joined himself with his cousins to help to wipe away the stain of slavery from the land.

His father, a slave-holder and a Christian, would gladly have sacrificed the whole slave interest to have saved his country

the deluge of blood; yet in the hour of need, he felt himself compelled to support what his conscience condemned. From the first he knew how the struggle would result, and wished to send his wife and daughters to Canada; but they would not consent to leave their home.

Alice, the youngest, whose health had ever been a constant care to her parents, soon drooped from excitement and wearing anxiety as to the fate of her father and brother, and on the eve of one of the most sanguinary of the battles, died.

Mrs. Rivers, now alarmed lest she would lose Mabel too, gladly accepted Mr. Allan's invitation (to make the rectory their home until they were provided with a suitable one), tendered to her through their mutual friend, the pastor of M——, and hastily made preparations to leave for Canada. At the last moment she heard that her husband was about to be engaged in a great battle, and, begging of her daughter to go without her, and saying she would explain all by letter to Mr. Allan, she remained for the issue.

Mrs. Allan, who was impulsively kind-hearted, at once gave Mabel a cordial invitation for the winter. This was how she became domiciled at the Oakboro' Rectory.

Lucy Allan was not a prepossessing child; were it not for a sweet expression which lingered about her mouth, she would have been decidedly plain. She was self-willed too, fully as much so as Kitty Lawson, only she concealed it under what she had been frightened into giving, —outward obedience.

Mabel was not long with her before she read the little quiet nature, and knew that under its apparent calm beat a warm, trusting heart.

One day she was playing soft, plaintive airs for her on the piano, when she grew so perfectly still that she looked round thinking she had left the room; but she was standing behind her, her eyes raised to her mother's picture and large tears rolling down her cheeks.

Mabel put her arm around her, and drawing her close to her, got her to talk of her mother.

The child had a wonderful memory, and though but five years old when she lost her mother, was able to repeat many conversations she had had with her. But the death-bed scene seemed engraven on her heart. She went over the dying charge to her father, concluding with,—

"She told him to give me a great deal of love, for I would die without it. Mamma! Mamma!"

The little bosom was heaving like a wave.

"Lucy, your mother was a very good woman, and she wants you to be a good girl."

Their tears were now mingling.

"Before you came I thought I was very good, better than Kitty, ever so much; every one calls me good still; but you don't think me so, do you?"

The question was very abrupt. Mabel said,—

"None of us are. And now, I want to know why you say I don't think you good?"

"I feel it always when I am with you; I feel it now," looking up at the picture, "I want to be good; 'I want to be an angel.' Will you tell me how?"

In simple words she told her of the sinfulness of her heart by nature, and how it must be changed before it can be fitted for heaven.

The child listened with almost breathless attention. It was the first time anyone had ever spoken to her of a new heart. In the daily prayers she heard her father pray for mercy on a sinful world; and that our wicked hearts may be cleansed by God's Holy Spirit, and on Sunday she was taught her catechism; but of any other religious instruction she was wholly ignorant. Now, to be told that each day's words, actions, passing likes and dislikes must be cleansed, some changed altogether, the rest purified, before she could be an angel, made her doubt her ever being fitted for one. Mabel was in the midst of speaking to her of Redeeming love when Mr. Allan entered the room.

"I am sorry to disturb your interesting chat, Miss Rivers. You have a very happy way of instructing children. It is a talent, and a rare one. Now, I would not pretend to make a subject so plain as you. But do you not think you have been mixing a great deal of truth with a little error? You

have been teaching my little girl of man's depravity, a doctrine which she learns in her catechism; and of the necessity of a change of heart—a necessity which, of course all admit. But you have forgotten an important point, that this change takes place in the baptismal waters."

Mabel looked at him in astonishment. It was the first time she had heard this distinctive doctrine of a party so plainly stated.

"Am I to understand you that every baptized person has received a new heart?"

"Undoubtedly. In our baptismal service do we not thank Almighty God that he hath been pleased to regenerate the recipient?"

"Yes, but those are man's words, and unless they can be proved from the Bible I cannot receive them."

"But they can be proved from it. And besides, they were written by men much wiser and holier than any of our day."

"Then, how do you account for so many outward members of the Church living such unholy lives, and dying in anything but a state of grace?"

"Simply their despising their privileges. As an heir by his misconduct may forfeit his inheritance, so do they by their neglect of the Church forfeit theirs."

"My reading of the Bible will scarcely bear that out. I have ever been taught that the renewed heart cannot perish; for that when once the good work is begun it will be carried on to the day of redemption. Remember what our Saviour himself says in John, chap. x. 28th verse, that no man shall pluck His sheep out of His hand, and also what the Apostle says in Phil. chap i. 6th verse."

"I am afraid, my dear young friend, that you have mixed much with dissenters."

"You forget that in the United States we have no dissenters. Besides, my parents and indeed nearly all my acquaintances belong to the Episcopal Church."

"Then," with one of his kindest smiles, "your clergyman must have neglected to ground you in the doctrines of the Church."

Mabel involuntarily sighed, for she was just then thinking of the dear, good, old man, whose life was a living epistle of Christ, who had helped to ground and establish her in the faith. Mr. Allan continued:—

"Priests of the Church cannot now be too careful in instructing the youth of their charge, for the enemy of souls seems to have aroused himself from the indifference of ages to seize and watch over man's first lessons. Do you not agree with me, Miss Rivers? I know you do in believing that in this age there is a greater effort made than in any preceding one to lead the young and the ignorant astray."

"Yes, I agree so far that the wants of childhood and youth are better known, and the noble work they can do better appreciated."

"Exactly, and that is why the enemy has roused himself to counteract their usefulness by leading them into snares and traps which he lays so that their after life may be marred. The greatest of these snares is this feeling of independence which causes them, first, to despise their parents' authority, and then the greater sin, that of the Church, which cradles them in their infancy, watches over their youth, crowns their maturer years with blessings, and last of all, lays them in the tomb, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

"This tendency is indeed to be deplored."

Mr. Allan gave her a searching look, and said,—

"I knew you would agree with me. I knew you could not but see this ingratitude to our revered Church, which holds the keys to eternal life."

Mabel started—she had been thrown off her guard—and said,—

"She holds the keys only as far as she preaches a full and free salvation."

Mr. Allan opened wide his eyes, and replied,—

"You who are so well versed in Scripture, cannot be ignorant of the power given to the Apostles to bind and to loose."

"Does not this power refer to the visible Church only?"

"To both: we must not limit our Saviour's words to suit our notions."

"Then what office does Christ hold? for you give to the *Church* the power to save or condemn a soul."

"Christ is the All in All; but when He withdrew His visible presence from the Church He made her the depository and disposer of His merits."

Mabel shook her head.

"I can find no warrant for this assumption in Scripture."

(To be continued.)

RESULTS OF A SKATING ADVENTURE.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, AUTHOR OF "GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS IN ACADIA," "MARGUERITE: A TALE OF FOREST LIFE IN ACADIA," &C.

PART II.

"When Abbie and I left the shore on that fatal afternoon" (I am now giving Harvey's account in his own words, as far as I can remember them), "we kept company, you remember, with the other members of the party; but by-and-by we found that we had unconsciously left them very far behind. I must confess that Abbie and myself were among the first to encourage the idea of this adventure, as it afforded us the very opportunity we hoped to find for having a long and uninterrupted conversation; but of course we had no idea whatever that there was the least risk. We soon lost sight of the other skaters, who were less adventurous and kept closer to the shore, near a bend of the river which hid them from us. When we found that we were entirely alone, we kept slowly side by side, talking earnestly of the subject which was then most interesting to us both—I mean the prospect of my speedy departure from the colony. Abbie confessed that she had a dread of breaking the news of our engagement to her mother; but at last we both concluded that it would be best to let her know it the next day. Alas, the next day was to bring to her poor mother far sadder news.

"The hours passed so quickly that we were shocked to find that the sun was setting, and then we felt we ought to return. We saw our friends wave their handkerchiefs to us, for we were then too far off to hear their voices. We had noticed, as we moved swiftly along, that there were a great many fissures in the ice, and as we looked down them we could see the blue water of the river; but the ice was so thick that we made little of the cracks. Our progress, however, was very slow, for the wind came sweeping down the river, directly in our faces, and we were obliged more than once to make a considerable detour in order to avoid the fissures, which in one or two places seemed to have widened alarmingly since we had passed over the same ice.

"'Had we not better try and land at the shore and walk home,' enquired Abbie who could move only with great difficulty, as the wind caught her heavy dress.

"The suggestion was carried out, but we soon ascertained that there was no possibility of landing there, as the ice was broken up. If we had seen anyone on the banks we might have waited until they could come and assist us; but there was no house in sight, and the woods alone fringed the borders of the river.

"I felt very much alarmed, for it was rapidly darkening and the wind was increasing, but I encouraged my companion to make an energetic effort to reach a point where they could see us at the Manor, for I knew that the rest of the party must now be aware of our predicament and be on the alert to assist us in reaching the shore. We had not, however, gone far when we felt the ice shiver beneath our feet, and the next instant we heard a sharp report, and saw a yawning abyss directly before us. We paused aghast, and then, as the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, we skated to a distance from the watery abyss, and as we did so we heard several sharp reports follow each other in quick succession, and saw that the field of ice had separated into three fragments. So far as we could judge in the indistinct twilight we were on the largest and middle floe.

"Very few words were exchanged whilst this fearful scene was being enacted around us. Abbie showed a nerve and presence of

mind which encouraged me wonderfully—for I naturally thought more of her danger than of my own—and which I never expected in one placed in a position of such imminent peril. We could hear a faint shout more than once; but it was vain for us to answer while the wind was blowing as it was. If there had been any *habitans* anywhere in the vicinity they would have heard us; but, as I have before stated, we were opposite a most desolate, lonely part of the river. In the daytime we could have been rescued with little difficulty; but on such a windy, dark night, our prospects were very gloomy.

"Our only hope now, in my opinion, rested on the probability of the floe being swept ashore by the wind, which continued to blow furiously, and even toss the frail raft on which we were floating. The absence of the moon added to the terrors of our situation, during the first four or five hours, for we were not able to see where we were going, and seize any chance that might occur for escaping to some point of land near which we might be providentially tossed by a furious blast. The cold was increasing in intensity, and it was absolutely necessary that we should keep moving to prevent our limbs becoming numb and powerless; but we could only move with the greatest caution, within a small circle, for fear of skating beyond the limits of our raft, on which we could hear the waves dash as we neared the brink.

Our greater peril during that night of terror arose from the ice behind us, which might at any moment be hurled upon our floe by the tempest. We could hear the crunching of the ice, as the wind bore down the fragments upon us, and I shivered at the prospect of being swamped by the overwhelming mass behind. Fortunately for us, the floe kept free of all obstacles; but then we knew—at least, I did—that we could not say how long we should remain safe, for there was a risk every moment of the accumulating mass, which we could see looming like an iceberg, bearing down upon us with irresistable force. Happily, its progress had been stopped—probably it had grounded on some intervening shoal; and therein lay our safety.

"Never shall I forget the agonies of that fearful night; but the worst has yet to be told. I took off my overcoat, in the early part of the evening, and wrapped it around Abbie, despite her protestations that she could do without it. I had no fears for myself, whilst I could keep my limbs in motion; but I trembled whenever I thought of the effect of the cold and fatigue upon that tender girl. In the first part of the night she spoke hopefully enough, but as the darkness grew more dense and the wind howled around us, her courage began to fail, and her steps to waver. We saw some lights on the shore as we moved slowly down, and I had little doubt that they proceeded from persons sent out to help us; but it was perfectly useless to attempt to make them hear, for I shouted till I was hoarse, but the only response was the shrieking of the storm, or the monotonous rushing of the water around us. Midnight came, and Abbie's step became fainter and she no longer spoke, even in answer to my efforts to keep up her courage; and now the terrible thought flashed across my mind that she might die ere morning dawned. What would I not then have given for a flask of wine or cordial to revive her strength, which was apparently ebbing away!

"The moon rose at last over the hills, and then to my great joy the clouds commenced to disperse, and the wind to subside. I called Abbie's attention to these encouraging signs, but she looked absently into my face, and hardly seemed to understand me. She was clearly overcome by terror and exhaustion, so I took her in my arms like a babe, and kept moving up and down the ice, and trying to comfort her with reassuring words. The moon rose higher, but still no sign of succor. Clouds still floated over the heavens, but now and then I could catch a glimpse of our position. I saw that we were on a floe of considerable size, and that we were well in the middle of the river, with what appeared to be an island some distance to the right of us. It was just possible, I thought, that we might be driven by the wind upon the island. At all events, our prospects were better, for the storm was over and daylight must soon come.

"I had no idea whatever how far we had floated down the river; all I could see were white fragments of floating ice amid the dark water, and the forest stretching up the sides of the snow-capped hills. Abbie still kept silent, but I could hear her moaning; and looking into her face I supposed that she was asleep. I moved slowly up and down the ice with my dear burthen, watching anxiously the direction which the floe was taking. Suddenly Abbie looked into my face, with eyes glowing like coals of fire, and exclaimed in a tone of unnatural excitement.

"'Hush, hush! don't you hear that call? Let me down, Arthur, I must go!'

"Poor girl! I thought she was dreaming, and I tried to console her; but she called out again in a voice of the deepest agony:

"'See there, see there—my mother's standing on the shore, and calling me to come to her arms. Let me go to her, for it's very cold here, Arthur, on this dreary ice!'

"As she spoke, the dear girl pointed eagerly towards the shore, where the faint outline of the forest that fringed it could be seen in the dim moonlight. Then she suddenly sprang from my arms and darted towards the dark blue water; but happily I had freed her feet from the skates some hours before, and I caught her before she had taken a dozen steps.

"Again and again she implored me to let her go to her mother—now in a tone of anger, then in a supplicating, mournful voice that made tears spring to my eyes.

"But I pass by the agonizing details of the hour that passed, so slowly to my anxious mind. Abbie soon relapsed into her stupor and no longer tried to release herself.

"Was that a light moving on the land? No, it is only some freak of an excited fancy. Again I shouted, but all in vain; all I saw was the forest standing out weird-like in the gloom, and that white mass of ice which seemed to dog our footsteps like an avenger. Then, I thought that the ice-floe was stationary, and that it would be pleasant to rest my wearied limbs for a while even on that cold floor. The thought was death, and I rallied my ebbing strength once more.

"Oh, joy! there are surely lights moving on the shore, near the island of which I have spoken. Yes, see a large fire lit upon the beach and figures moving about and piling fuel upon it. Though we were at least half a mile from the fire, yet it was a comforting thought to know that friends were so near, making efforts for our rescue. At that instant, a black cloud was carried by the wind athwart the moon, and we were again enveloped in darkness. What followed you know yourself."

Everything that skill could do was done by us that terrible night to rescue the two who were exposed to such peril; but without going into unnecessary details, suffice it to say that our best efforts proved of little avail till the moon arose and the wind went down. On the advice of an old *habitant*, who knew every inch of the river, we made our way towards a point where we would be able to watch the progress of the moving ice, and where we had a hope the fragment holding Abbie and Harvey might float. We lit a fire to cheer the missing ones, if they had been able to survive the terror and exposure, and waited patiently for nearly an hour, when the keen eyes of one of the party detected a dark object some distance up the river. We waited patiently, and as it drew nearer had little doubt that we had found the object of our anxious search; but it was very strange that we could apparently only see one person standing on the floe, which was borne, not upon the point as we had hoped, but upon an island a little to our right. However, we had poles and ropes, as well as a strong *batteau* all ready, and it was not long before three stout *habitans* together with myself, reached the islet. The floe touched the shore, and myself and two others jumped upon it, and found Harvey in the last stage of exhaustion; for as soon as he had given his burthen into our care he tottered and fell, and we were obliged to carry him, as well as poor Abbie, to the canoe, where we revived him for the moment with the contents of a flask of brandy; but his companion remained in a death-like stupor.

When she had been for some time in the house of the farmer to which we carried her, and had somewhat recovered from the chill and fatigue, under the influence of the

grateful heat and restoratives, she knew none of us, but looked at each and all with a vacant stare which affected us, even the strongest man amongst us, to tears. The terror and exhaustion had undermined her reason, and her life itself must have paid the penalty had it not been for the patient, loving care with which Harvey had guarded her during those long hours when death was hovering so near. Harvey himself for some time lay ill with fever, and was obliged to obtain leave of absence from his regiment, which had returned home before he was able to rise from his sick bed. He did not leave Canada immediately, but remained there with the hope that Abbie might show signs of amendment.

Four years passed by, but I heard nothing of Abbie during that time, for I went to Europe and soon sold out of my regiment. I spent a few months on the Continent, and then found my way to the United States and subsequently to the Canadas, where I had accepted a colonial appointment at the solicitation of some warm friends of high political influence. I made enquiries after Abbie and Harvey, but no one appeared to know their whereabouts, or whether she had recovered. Harvey I knew had long before left the army, for any one could tell that by reference to an *Army List.*

Three summers ago I paid a visit to a pleasant Western city, and whilst walking in the suburbs I was struck with the very English look of a cottage, which was perfectly embowered with roses and honeysuckles, and stood on the crest of a hill which gently sloped toward the road and formed a pretty lawn, exquisitely kept, and diversified by some choice annuals then in full bloom. My thoughts went back to an old homestead among the hop-gardens of Kent, and I saw once more well-remembered figures chatting merrily by the hedge-row which ran round a garden just like this. Then I was turning away and about to continue my walk, when I heard a voice which I well knew, and was soon shaking hands with Arthur Harvey.

At his earnest request I followed him up the gravel path, through the trim lawn, and was ushered into the parlor of the cottage.

"Wait a moment," he said, without pausing to answer the questions which I was eagerly putting; and I was left in the parlor, which gave unmistakable signs of female occupancy, with its open piano, its vases of flowers, besides a pair of little boots laid carelessly on a small table near the window. Harvey was clearly married, but to whom? Surely he had not forgotten Abbie! Whilst I was thus perplexing myself with these queries, Harvey returned, but not alone; for on his arm was Abbie, as smiling as of old, and without a trace on her face of those mental sufferings she had borne.

A few explanations and I end my story. By the advice of experienced physicians Mrs. Lyttleton took her daughter, when she had sufficiently recovered from her exhaustion, to the sea-side, where she could enjoy perfect freedom from every kind of excitement. There she recovered rapidly until by the end of the summer she was in perfect possession of all her faculties. Then the physicians advised an entire change of air and scene, and Mrs. Lyttleton took her to the South of France, where the balmy air and perfect repose completed the cure. In the meantime Harvey was kept informed of the progress of Abbie's health, and rejoined them when they came back to England. Mrs. Lyttleton interposed no objection to the marriage of her daughter to one who had no doubt saved her life on that fatal night. They were quietly wedded in a quiet, ivy-covered church in the vicinity of a small village, prettily situated on the Devon coast, where his father had been the Rector for many years. He did not, however, remain long in the army, for rest was still necessary to Abbie, and as he had happily come into possession of a small income which would enable him to live comfortably in Canada, he had very recently settled in that country, and purchased the pretty cottage where I had so fortunately stopped in the course of my morning ramble.

RUSTIC JOTTINGS FROM THE BUSH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CANADIAN PIONEER."

No 5.

TRIUMPHS OF SETTLERS.

These are neither few nor small. Set forth in a manner commensurate with their character and number, ponderous volumes might be profitably filled. The present effort is confined to a few glances at individual success, compressed within the limits of a single chapter.

As the Scotch proverb has it, "A rolling stone gathers no moss;" but the Yankee saying is equally true, "A change of pasture makes fat calves." While the Scotch maxim is correct in fact, the lesson intended is not invariably sound in theory. The moss on the stone may be compared to rust on iron; and, like the latter, the stone be the better of its being rubbed off. As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man his friend. The friction of intercourse improves the faculties, and education is incomplete without travel.

The dormant mass of humanity crowded together in fatherland has not room for improvement; but when induced like one of old, to migrate, like him they take an important step towards advancement. The mandate of the Almighty to Abraham was imperative: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and there shall be a blessing." Thus the Patriarch became an emigrant, and while the promises to him were largely spiritual, they were not exclusively such. Material wealth was added thereto, and Abraham became very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. His nephew also, Lot, who emigrated with him, became possessed of flocks, and herds, and tents.

We have also in the history of Jacob an evidence of the benefits of travelling off and seeking independence beyond the family circle. He went forth with his staff but returned possessing great abundance. A king, gifted as a linguist, was wont to say each language a man acquired gave him a new soul. If visiting new countries does not multiply souls in a man, it multiplies his ideas and improves very much the soul he possesses. To Abraham and his seed was also promised the gift of land. In becoming land-owners the thousands in Canada who hold in fee simple the farms they cultivate have achieved a great triumph. The majority of these did not and could not possess one acre in fatherland. Here the acres owned by the yeomanry are counted by hundreds, in some cases by thousands.

Another great triumph is in having redeemed these acres from the dominion of the forest, and turned a wilderness into fruitful fields. The labor of doing so was arduous, requiring patient, unflagging toil; but the reward was sure and ample. The settled portions of Canada present countless farms, well-cultivated, and pleasing to the eye; the character of the buildings and the general surroundings of each place speaking the industry, intelligence, and taste of their owners. Nor are the benefits of such improvements confined to the men who make them. The country at large is benefited in the augmentation of its wealth and increase of prosperity among its people. Food and clothing are cheapened and rendered abundant—the rigor of the climate is relaxed and the sanitary influence from draining and clearing made evident in the circulation of pure air and the banishment of malaria. Add to these results the beautifying of the landscape—

the advancement of intelligence—morality and religion among the people; and who will deny the dignity of such labor, or hesitate to admit and admire the triumphs of Canadian settlers. In the prophetic language of scripture, they realize practically the figurative sentiments of its prophets: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. Then shall the earth yield her increase and God, even our own God, shall bless us."

Contrast the achievements of the men who have fought the battle of the wilderness, driven back the dense forests, and instead have covered the earth with corn and cattle, and all the necessaries and comforts of life—contrast these conquests of peace with the victories of war, and who has the greater honor, the industrial heroes, or the heroes of blood? The greater conquest of Canada was not that signalized on Abraham's Plains, memorable by the death of the heroic leaders Wolfe and Montcalm, with multitudes of their brave followers, and the triumph of British arms. It was rather the conquest of the country from being a wilderness, and making it a fit abode for millions of the human race. War is a gigantic folly—fearful in its cost but more fearful in its effects. To desolate and destroy, not only property of every kind, but men made in the image of God is its legitimate work. May our Canada be spared in future this direful scourge, and may the mind and muscle of its young men find more rational employ in the pursuits of peace. The signs of the times are favorable in this direction, when the more Christian course of arbitration is being taken by Britain and the United States for the settlement of long-standing and difficult questions of state. If success in destroying life entitles the destroyers to triumphs, what greater triumphs belong to those who preserve life, and make living profitable and pleasant! No country on earth has a greater stake than the Dominion of Canada in the issues of war, or is more deeply interested in the continuance of peace. Every good citizen must devoutly pray that peace may be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces, and long for the promised period when "He maketh war to cease unto the end of the earth—he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder—he burneth the chariot in the fire, and he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The diligent settler presents a picture pleasant to behold, as you find him after years of toil reaping the reward of his industry. His position was perchance in fatherland that of a humble laborer, whose limited income made it difficult to make both ends meet—a representative of the class so beautifully described by the poet:

> "Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
> Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
> How jocund did they drive their team afield,
> How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.
> Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
> Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
> Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
> The short and simple annals of the poor."

Not even in vision did he dream of sufficiency, abundance, affluence and honors. The chance of bettering in some degree his circumstances occupies his thoughts—the decision is made—the Atlantic crossed, and he finds himself in Canada with scarcely means sufficient to reach his intended locality. For a time he works for others better off than himself, and learns the ways and work of the country. At length, having saved sufficient means to make a payment on land, he commences for himself and plods onward and upward, and ere long a change in his condition is reached beyond anything he had dared to hope for. Under a good and clear title he owns the ample acres around. Well-filled barns bespeak a fruitful soil and diligence in its cultivation. The once solitary cow has many companions, and the first two sheep have become a flock. The patient ox, servant of all work, even to go to mill and meeting, may be wanting, but his place is occupied by the well-conditioned span of horses ready to be yoked to the plough, or

to dash along the road, obedient to their master's will.

Beneath surrounding sheds may be seen the double sleigh and cutter for winter, and the buggy and wagon for summer. Within hail we behold the dwelling of stone, brick, or wood, a mansion pleasing to the eye, standing out the successor of the rough bark-covered shanty, once the abode of this well-to-do farmer. In his social condition he has kept pace with his material progress, and we find him a Reeve, a magistrate, and perhaps a member of Parliament. At least he is a man who takes an interest in the moral, educational, municipal, political, and defensive interests of the country.

Viewing this picture, the counterpart of thousands in Canada, and no fancy sketch, who will deny to bush-life triumphs worthy of record? Still the picture is but half-drawn. Enter the mansion and we find an inner kingdom yet unexplored—a co-worker entitled to share the honors of these triumphs—a help-meet in procuring them. A farmer, lacking a farmeress, is of all bachelors most miserable and most inexcusable. The surroundings within speak of comfort, even refinement, and how comes to pass all that constitutes "sweet home?"—magic has no part or parcel in the creation. Ceaseless, persistent, unnoticed, and too often unpraised, toil of woman is the source. How much is man indebted to her for his happiness and honor in life! No small gift was she, but one worthy of the giver; and no unmeaning language is the declaration: "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord;" or as pictured in the words of the wise man: "Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good all the days of her life. She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household. She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth them out also to the poor, yea to the needy also. She is not afraid of snow, for her household are clothed with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates and among the elders of the land. Strength and honor are her clothing. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

While within the precincts of this domestic abode, let us mark more minutely the life routine of her who presides therein. Note the two-fold duties performed, as with one arm she carries her babe, while with the other she attends to some household duty; or the three-fold employment, as she rocks the cradle with her foot, darns or sews with her hands, while she sings with her voice a lullaby to soothe the restless object of her care. A scene this on which an angel might gaze with envy and delight. Then as these troublesome comforts multiply, there is no end to demands on the patience, contrivance and work of the mother. But she is a wife as well, and her lord expects that his house shall be in order, notwithstanding the tossings up and down of the juveniles within. He expects a smiling welcome as he enters the threshold, and that his dinner will be ready to the hour. She too must have a care of herself, and appear in dress and person comely and neat. Then there are the general cares of the house to superintend, in the kitchen, the dairy, and perchance the garden, visits of friendship to make and receive, and missions of charity and benevolence to perform. In a word her labors are endless, unseen, but invaluable, sustaining beyond cavil the dignity of labor and the rights of a wife to share with her husband the honors and triumphs of successful bush life. All honor to such wives and such mothers. Their husbands cannot sufficiently speak forth their praise. The woman who bravely and worthily fights the battle of life in the woods, and rears a family to honor and usefulness, deserves well of her country, and merits renown as much as the hero who gains a battle, or the explorer who enlarges the map of the world.

(To be continued.)

TRIFLES FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER IV.

HARRINGTON COVE — POINTE-AU-MAQUEREAU—THE LOSS OF THE "COLBORNE" IN 1838—AN UNEXPECTED RENCONTRE WITH ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS OF THE SHIPWRECK—HIS OWN VERSION OF THE DISASTER.

The 21st September, 1871, was indeed a bleak, gloomy day on the sea coast; the autumnal equinox was raging. Scrambling over mountain gorges and dark gullies in a springless, two-wheeled post stage is not cheering at any time, still less with a raw easterly wind and drizzling rain switching your face. One feature of the landscape was in marvellous keeping with the surrounding gloom—the ceaseless roar of the surf on the iron-bound coast I was skirting.

> "A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,
> As is that dreamy roar
> When distant billows boil and bound
> Along a shingly shore."
>
> —*Hood.*

Never had I heard old Ocean's voice in grander tones—never in more impressive majesty. I cannot say it had exactly a depressing influence; it made one thoughtful. Closing in with the dark rocks of Pointe-au-Maquereau, bristling with their silvery crest of foam, I naturally thought of the horrors of that awful night of October, 1838, which, at this very spot, consigned to the "chambers of the deep" so many brave men, so many loving young hearts. On my way down I had been shown, in the churchyards at Paspebiac and Port Daniel, the graves of the Hudsons, of Cap. Kent, and of several other victims of that shipwreck.

Before the era of light-houses, fog-whistles, beacons, &c., the coast of Gaspé was particularly dreaded by English mariners bound for Montreal or Quebec. Many and heart-rending were the tales of marine disasters, starvation and death, in these localities; but none left a deeper impression than the loss of the ill-fated barque "Colborne," stranded at Pointe-au-Maquereau on the 16th October, 1838.

The extraordinary value of her cargo,—some $400,000 worth of silks, wines, hardware, silver plate, specie, drifting ashore at Harrington's Cove and Port Daniel, a vast heap of confusion; the spoils picked up by wreckers; the sale by auction of such untold wealth, which built up the fortunes of many a nobby family; the appalling loss of life, exposure and sufferings of the few survivors, all conspired to render the shipwreck of the Montreal trader a most harrowing, a memorable occurrence. It now commemorates an era on the Gaspé Coast.

After crossing by the ford at Port Daniel, the path winds round a cape of very rugged aspect. By some it is called Cap d'Enfer, by others Cap au Diable, and to one ascending these dreary heights, at the gloaming, on a bleak autumn evening, it does seem a haunt not uncongenial to His Satanic Majesty. An artist might fittingly depict the Spirit of Evil hovering over Pointe-au-Maquereau, under the guise of the "Flying Dutchman," looking out for some storm-tossed bark to revel in the death-groans of the drowning mariners.

On we jogged, over rough roads and rougher bridges, until the sombre outlines of the trees in the valley beneath, were scarcely visible at all. Evening had fairly set in; the rain, wind, and moaning of the sea increased. Seeing no dwelling, I at last asked the jehu, who was rather of a bibulous turn, "Where are we then to stop to-night?" I was told, jocosely, that we were rapidly nearing l'Anse-au-Gascon;

that the hospitable roof of Jos. Jones Acteson, Esq., J.P., would soon shelter us.

"Are there, then, no regular hotels on this coast?" I enquired.

"None, sir, I am sorry to say. Travellers have to depend on the good-will of the inhabitants for food, grog, and shelter; however, you are, I consider," he added, "rather in luck's way, you who appear so keen after local traditions—local history, and general information. You will soon have an opportunity of conversing with a thorough-going Englishman—the father of a numerous family—probably the sole survivor on this side of the Atlantic, of the 54 human beings who, in 1838, constituted the crew and passengers of the British bark "Colborne," stranded close by. Mr. Acteson will, I am certain, take pleasure in relating to you all that took place before and after the loss of this ill-starred ship." I was accordingly introduced to Squire Acteson, J. P., and though he suffered at the time from a kick of a horse, he turned out so communicative that, tea being dispatched, I asked him for full particulars of the shipwreck, and with his consent committed them in his presence to paper, as follows:—

THE LOSS OF THE "COLBORNE" AT MAKEREL POINT, 16TH OCTOBER, 1838.

"O! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze when first I looked on that accursed night,
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever, and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams."

(*The Demon-Ship—Hood.*)

"The 'Colborne' was a bark of about 350 tons, owned by parties in Hull, and commanded by Captain Kent, an experienced seaman. She had sailed from London, for Quebec and Montreal, on the 30th August, with an unusually rich cargo of British merchandise, wines, spirits, sperm oil, spices. There was also on board valuable silver plate for Sir John Colborne; ornaments for R. C. churches, and a number of boxes of specie for the banks, each box containing about £1,000. The crew consisted of seventeen men, and some thirty-eight passengers, amongst whom I remember Capt. James Elliott Hudson, of the British Army, and lady, with five daughters and six sons; Mr. Wm. Walker, of the Royal Navy, brother-in-law to Capt. Hudson; Mr. W. Scobell, of Hamilton, U. C.; Mr. J. Scobell, of Devonshire, wife and six children, and also four children of his sister, a Devonshire widow; Capt. Bucket, wife and child; Mr. Gilbert, father of a person of that name in Hamilton; Mrs. Wilson, wife of—Wilson, Esq., Hamilton; Mrs. Keast, mother of Mr. Hawkins, of Toronto; Mr. Barrows, of Devonshire, and Mr. George Manly, of Quebec, Deputy Sheriff. The day had been overcast, the weather foggy; a catch of delicious codfish served up for dinner had put us all in excellent humor. The captain had sighted, as he thought, a light on Anticosti, though I strongly maintained to him that at that time no such light was kept up. The light seen was probably on Mbunt Anne, at Percé. Therein lay our trouble.

"Close to twelve o'clock at midnight of the 15th Oct., whilst Capt. Kent and Capt. Hudson were taking a social glass of wine together in the cabin, the watch was called, and while aloft reefing topsails one of the hands sung out, "Breakers ahead," and before the ship could be put about she struck heavily, starting stern post and unshipping rudder.

"Everything was tumult in an instant, The ladies rushed about frantic in their night dresses, seizing on all the wearing apparel they could, to clothe themselves and their little children—every one of them indeed sobbing and shedding tears. We tried the pumps; eight feet of water in the hold. The chief mate asked the Captain for leave to cut away the masts, and get the boats ready, but Captain Kent said "there was no danger, that he was still master, and that the masts would not be cut." The ship lost her rudder at the first stroke, but the Captain by shifting the sails got the vessel in deep water. Finding her fast filling, he attempted (though she was but a stone's throw from the shore when the ship first struck) to reach the rocks; she could not, having no helm. In about half an hour it blowing very fresh, the ship again struck and fell over. In an instant all were in the sea; the women

wild with terror, the poor dear little children, whom we rough sailors used to play with on deck, uttering piercing cries. When I now recollect the scene I subsequently witnessed on the wreck floating ashore, when we grappled with boat-hooks for their little bodies, and fished them up between the hatches, I could shed tears as if the whole thing had happened but yesterday. I was young and active then, and an excellent swimmer; five seamen and myself had managed to get in the jolly-boat, which was amidships and had served as a roof to protect some live stock deposited in the long-boat. A huge green billow struck her, and making her turn over a somersault, I felt myself sinking to a great depth. At that moment I thought it was all up; I fancied I could see myriads of stars high above my head, shining through the waters—the most secret thoughts of my whole life crowded before my mind, as if I were looking in a mirror. Possibly the stars seen might have been the phosphorus emitted by the waves during the storm, as the whole sea seemed on fire that night. I gradually rose to the surface; my first thought was to rid myself of my coat, but it was no use trying. I made for the ship's yard, as she was on her beam ends and with three others who had previously been with me in the jolly-boat when she capsized, I got into the long-boat, which was between the masts in the water, and after clearing her from the rigging, we tried to reach the wreck to pick up some of the crew or passengers; but, having lost the oars, we had to drift at the mercy of the waves. With some boards which we found in her, we rigged a kind of aft-sail by sitting with our backs to them; this kept the boat's head to the sea. Thus we drifted about all night, which was intensely cold, and two of Capt. Hudson's sons who were on board would likely have perished from cold, wet and exhaustion, had we not protected them by sitting down on them. We were in the neighborhood of the ship, and could hear all night particularly loud and melancholy cries on board; this was a powerful young sailor, who never ceased moaning until he sank exhausted about morning, uttering even from under the waves a loud scream for help, but none ever was to come to him. This strong fellow had shipped just as we started instead of two lads from Hull who had deserted, and they had thus escaped the fate of the majority of us; he had had just time to jump on board, as we left the London docks. It is now thirty-three years ago since I heard his cries of despair and many a time have I woke in my sleep horrified, fancying I heard the same awful screams. At five o'clock next morning our long-boat was towed by the natives into Anse-au-Gascon. Some of us were quite insensible; but the unremitting attention shown to us by the French and English fishermen, after some hours brought us all round. The "Colborne" drifted about, water-logged, from Monday night to the following Saturday, when the numerous boats which the news of her shipwreck had attracted, succeeded in towing her ashore in Harrington Cove, a mile and three-quarters distant from Port Daniel Harbor. Some of the crew were found in the rigging quite dead; some quite exhausted. Capt. Hudson was fished up with a boat-hook from the wreck, also two children and Mr. Walker; one sailor, the body of Capt. Kent and another were picked up amongst the rigging—all were taken on shore at Port Daniel, to the store of Wm. Carter, Esq., where the inquest was held. Of the 54 souls on board, the second mate, eight seamen, two sons of Capt. Hudson, and one steerage passenger were alone saved. I am now 57 years of age and have resided on the coast ever since, having married Isabella Chedor, the daughter of the man who rescued me the morning after the shipwreck.

"Several bodies were picked up. It was reported that the body of Mrs. Hudson, on whom was found £600 in bank bills, had been found, the same having drifted across the Bay, and a number of vessels had been seen picking up the goods floating in the Bay and Gulf. I could mention to you many other details, but it is getting late."

It was indeed, as Squire Acteson well observed, getting late and I retired to my sleeping-quarters facing the beach, from which broke forth like a mournful dirge, the ceaseless roar of the sea; that relentless sea whose foam like a shroud had

closed over poor Captain Kent and his luckless passengers.

"What were the wild waves saying?"

Next morning my host told me all about the extraordinary appearance of the bay and beach, strewn with the valuable merchandise of the stranded ship when she broke up; silver plate put up to auction, and few bidders; church ornaments of great value used by the natives as wearing apparel; costly wines and silk dresses knocked down for a trifle; five boxes of specie of £1,000 were saved. In spite of the efforts of the auctioneer and authorities valuable lots disappearing as if by magic.

The $400,000 of the "Colborne" did indeed enrich many wreckers and some that were not wreckers.

Chapter V.

NEW PORT COVE—PABOS—GRAND RIVER—ITS RICKETTY OLD BRIDGE—CAPE COVE—CAP D'ESPOIR—CURIOUS TRANSFORMATIONS OF NAMES—STILL MORE CURIOUS LEGENDS.

The reader has no doubt enjoyed as much as I did at the time, the graphic description of the loss of the "Colborne," as it fell from the lips of my hospitable host, Squire Acteson; this left us at Anse-au-Gascon, not very far distant from Pointe-au-Maquereau, the western boundary of the County of Gaspé. Pointe-au-Maquereau marks the entrance to the Bay des Chaleurs, the Island of Miscou, distant about fifteen miles, being the boundary of the bay, on the New Brunswick side. From L'Anse-au-Gascon to Newport Islands, a distance of about five miles, the road leaves the shore, and passes through the woods. These Islands are two patches of rock where, we were told, Captain Philip Dean, of Jersey, once had a fishing stand. Pointe-au-Maquereau is not visible from the road, so that the traveller passes the boundary between the two counties without being aware of it. The land through this portage is rocky and scarcely fit for settlement.

"The seigniory of Pabos joins that of Grand River (to the east). Next comes Great Pabos where a chartered English company, under the name of the 'Gaspé Fishery and Coal Mining Company,' formerly established their headquarters, and squandered the moneys entrusted to them by the duped shareholders. Under the French rule this appears to have been a well-settled locality.

"On a small island, in the middle of the lagoon, traces could be lately seen of what once constituted the foundations and cellar of a large house, said to be that of the Governor or Intendant. The remains of three mill dams on the north side of the river were also visible, and the various articles found from time to time prove that a considerable number of families must have once occupied the front.

"Pabos is a bar harbor and very difficult of access. There are two rivers which empty themselves into the lagoon, at a short distance from each other. A large portion of the land in great Pabos is unfit for culture.

"Next to Great Pabos is Little Pabos with a river of the same name, which was bridged by the Government in 1844. The Pabos as well as (the next settlement of) Grand River, are the resorts of large flocks of wild fowl in the spring and fall. The inhabitants are all sportsmen. The distance from Pabos to Grand River is about eight miles—from Newport to Pabos, three."

Pabos the Great, seemed to me an ordinary French-Canadian parish, with a respectable-looking church. A telegraph office has recently been opened here, in the house of a Scotchman, by name of Archibald Kerr. From this house, on the heights, where I stopped for dinner, I could notice a point below where the sea fowl (the *Mounaies*, I fancied) seemed to congregate and feed in countless numbers. I was told that they never left the spot from May till November, and slept at night on the waters.

Grand River will be memorable to me on account of its long and ricketty old bridge. "It was built out of a loan from the 'Municipal Loan Fund,' and is a standing monument of what local dissension can do. Grand River was conceded, on the 31st May, 1697, by Louis de Bu[illegible]

Count de Frontenac (Governor), and John Bochart (Intendant), to Mr. James Cochu, of Grand River,—commencing from the Seigniory of Great Pabos, belonging to Mr. René Hubert, extending towards Cape Hope, near the Island of Percé.

"This Seigniory was purchased by the late Mr. Charles Robin from Mr. Duncan Anderson on the 18th June, 1793. The Cape mentioned in the concession as Cape Hope is the Cape Despair of our day."

The Abbe Ferland, in his journal, speaks very highly of Grand River, not only as a valuable fishing station, but as regards its soil and agricultural capabilities. He also states "that in consequence of the immense quantity of wild fowl resorting to this vicinity every spring and fall, all the men are sportsmen; that if shooting has its delights, it has also its dangers, as many hands are seen minus a finger or thumb; and that, by a remarkable coincidence, accidents of this kind have universally happened on a Sabbath or other holy day."

The Messrs. Robin are still the owners of the soil. Very few of the settlers on their estate have paid for the land, and the majority can only be viewed in the light of tenants. The land is good, for the most part level, and well-adapted for agricultural purposes. But here, as along the whole coast from New Richmond to Cap Chat, agriculture is a mere secondary consideration when compared with the fisheries. The owners have, nevertheless, set the inhabitants a good example, having a fine farm which is well cultivated and yields abundant crops; next to Percé, Grand River is Messrs. Charles Robin & Co's best fishing stand. They generally have about thirty-two boats every season fishing on this establishment. . . Besides this firm there are three other mercantile establishments in Grand River, namely Messrs. J. O. Sirois, Thomas Trembiay, and Thomas Carbery.

This, like all the rivers on the coast, has a bar which makes it both difficult and dangerous of access in bad weather. Small schooners can enter the harbor at high water and remain in perfect security. The population of the seigniory and township of Grand River, which, by the last census (of 1861) was 879 souls, is rapidly increasing, and a perceptible improvement has taken place in the appearance of the buildings within the last few years.*

"The distance from Grand River to Cape Cove, a large settlement, is ten miles, and eight from thence to Percé; it forms part of the township of that name, which extends about eighteen miles along the seacoast.

"The population of this settlement is chiefly Protestant, the church forming a prominent object in the view. There is also a large Roman Catholic church at Cape Despair to the west of Cape Cove.

Cape Cove, like Perce, is an important fishing station. There are three commercial houses, Messrs. De la Parrelle Brothers, Thos. Savage, and Amice Payne. The two first-named firms are also shipowners, and all are natives of Jersey. There is excellent land and some good farms in the vicinity. Mr. Savage has an extensive farm, and a very fine grist-mill, which is in a hollow half a mile beyond his barn. The mill is by far the best of its kind in the district; but, unfortunately, the supply of water is not sufficient for such a combination of machinery, which includes all the latest improvements.

Cape Despair, which shelters the Cove to the westward, is a comparatively low headland, and is said to have been originally called *Cap d'Espoir*, or Cape Hope. The lugubrious change of name is reported to have been caused by the total loss thereon of an English man-of-war, or transport, carrying troops, forming portion of Sir Hovenden Walker's squadron."†

Shortly after the repulse before Quebec, in 1690, of Sir William Phipps (whose expedition had cost the British £100,000), the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary of State, determined to make another attempt to dislodge the French from their strong position at Quebec. The armament intended for this object, in 1707, was entrusted to General Macartney; but the defeat of the allied forces at Alamanza compelled Queen Anne to help her ally, Charles III. King of Spain, and General Macartney,

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* Pye's Gaspe Scenery

† Do. do.

instead of sailing for Quebec, was sent to Portugal.

Four years after (1711) General Nicholson, a provincial officer, who had just taken possession of Nova Scotia, having suggested the plan of the campaign, five thousand troops from England and two thousand Provincials were placed under the command of General Hill, brother to the Queen's favorite, Mrs. Masham, the naval force being commanded by Admiral Walker; a dash was made for old Quebec; the great disaster which befell, was caused chiefly by fog on the 22nd August, 1711.

Let us say a word of this famous spot:—Our readers are, no doubt, aware that this stormy cape has furnished food for many antiquarian disquisitions. On some old maps it is marked as Cape Hope, *Spei*—on more recent ones as Cape Despair. It certainly turned out as such to Admiral Hovenden Walker's distracted fleet, in 1711. The English Armada, which that year was going to annihilate French Power in Canada, came to grief, like the Spanish Armada destined to invade the British soil. I have already noticed the curious mutations which many names have experienced on the Gaspe coast. Free translations have played the mischief with more than one—We may add to Pointe de Monts, Cape Chatte; L'Anse au Gris Fonds—the Cove with the grey bottom, made into Griffin's Cove; Mille Roches, converted into Mile Rush, &c. One of the most curious instances of free translation was recently mentioned by the Burlington *Free Press*. That journal, alluding to the murder lately committed at St. Albans, by John Bishop, says:—

The French-Canadian papers made bad work of the late Bishop tragedy in St. Albans. Finding the announcement in English that "John Bishop, of St. Albans, in a fit of jealousy, shot his wife and himself," one of the French papers translated it for its own columns as follows: "*Jean Eveque, de St. Albans, dans un acces de jalousie, a tué sa femme!*" The *Franco-Canadien* took this up, and as it would never do to have it supposed for an instant that a bishop of the Church of Rome was married, made all plain by making it read, "The Protestant Bishop of St. Albans, &c." The *Minerve* next gave this news as direct from St. Albans, as follows: "The Protestant Bishop of this city shot his wife and himself. He was killed, and his wife is not expected to recover." And the *Daily News* brought up the rear with the curious version that "a murder and suicide took place yesterday at St. Albans. In a fit of jealousy, a man killed himself and afterwards killed his wife."

Legendary as well as antiquarian lore surrounds the hoary and frowning Cape with a maze of romance.

Queen Ann sent in 1711, as aforesaid, a powerful fleet, with seven or eight thousand troops, to kill off forever French power in Canada. A most violent storm arose, dispersed the Armada, and eight of the vessels were lost, with every soul on board, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, chiefly on Egg Island. It is supposed that the fragments of the wreck, generally known as the *Naufrage Anglais*, seen until of late years on Cap d'Espoir, as related by the Abbé Ferland, belonged to one of these ships. Mr. Pye sums up this incident as follows: "To this tradition of the sad disaster which probably is substantially correct, superstition has added wild and supernatural visions, which haunted the imaginations of the fishermen of the last, and of the early part of the present century. Something after this style:—When the surface of the treacherous deep was smooth as a mirror, mountain waves would suddenly appear bearing on their foaming crest a phantom ship crowded with human beings, whose antique military dress denoted that they belonged to a by-gone age. On her bow is seen the tall figure of one whose mien and dress denote that he is a superior officer. One foot resting on the bowsprit, in an attitude as though he were prepared to spring ashore, with his right hand he appears to point out the dark cape to the helmsman, whilst on his left arm he supports a female figure clad in white flowing robes. With wild and lightning speed the doomed bark rushes to destruction, as though urged on by some invisible and supernatural agency. One mighty crash—a wild cry of despair in which is plainly distinguished the voice of a woman—and all is over. The phantom

ship with her living freight has disappeared beneath the roaring surge."

Chapter VI.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF PERCE—THE ROCK AS VIEWED BY NATURALISTS—TWO RIVAL REPUBLICS—WHAT MAY LEAD TO WAR.

A short drive over tolerable roads and rather dangerous bridges brought me from Cape Cove to Percé—the shire town, or *chef-lieu*, of the Gaspé district.

This is a very old settlement. In 1534, Jacques Cartier visited Percé and gave the name of "Cap de Près," either to Percé Rock or to Mont Joli. Ever since the end of the sixteenth century this spot continued to be frequented by the French—most successful fishermen, who there found every species of facility to cure and dry codfish. Probably they followed in the wake of Cartier. Subsequently to the foundation of Quebec, Champlain, on different occasions, sent boats to Percé, either to procure stores and provisions, or to take advantage of the vessels on their return to France each fall, to convey letters.

Jean Nicholas Denys, having obtained from the Company of New France a grant of all the sea coast which skirts the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Canseau, in Acadia, to Cap des Rosiers, paid a visit to his domains and attempted to turn them to advantage. He sent some vessels to Percé, but with indifferent success, as he could not personally superintend his ventures—in fact, matters turned out so bad that he was ruined. The French Government, in order to help him out of trouble, and also to meet the demands of several shipowners, re-annexed to the royal domain this immense extent of country, and by way of indemnity, granted to his son, Richard Denys de Frousac, lands in the Bay and on the river of Miramichi. Later on De Fronsac obtained the grant of Percé and of the adjoining territory, where he induced seven or eight families to establish themselves; but this small population of residents was scarcely noticeable amongst the five or six hundred fishermen who arrived there each summer for the annual catch of fish. The Bishop of Laval deemed it worth his while to look after the spiritual wants of this remote portion of his flock. In 1673 he entrusted this mission to the Recollet Fathers, who erected a chapel at Percé—another at Bonaventure Island, which chapel was called Sainte Claire. To the two first missionaries succeeded, in 1675, Father Chretien Le Clercq, who wrote on Canada two works now very scarce: "*La Gaspésie—Le Premier Etablissement de la Foi dans la Nouvelle-France.*" After William of Orange had assumed the sceptre of his father-in-law, James II., English ship-owners took advantage of the hostile feelings which sprang up between France and England to destroy the French settlements in America, and to attempt to seize on Canada. Percé was attacked without a moment's warning. Father Jumeau relates as follows this episode of the war, which took place in August, 1690:—

"Two British men-of-war appeared under French colors in the roadstead of Bonaventure Island, and by this stratagem easily captured five fishing-vessels, whose captains and crews, entirely engaged with the fishery, had to make for Quebec, not being able to defend their ships. The enemy landed . . . . pillaged, sacked and burnt the houses of the inhabitants—some eight or ten families, who, for the most part, had already taken refuge in the woods . . . . I am seized with horror at the bare memory of the impiety . . . which those miscreants committed in our church, which they had converted into a guard-house. They broke and trampled under feet our images. The paintings representing the Holy Virgin and St. Peter were both pierced by more than one hundred and fifty gun shots . . . . Not a cross escaped their fury, with the exception of the one I had formerly planted on Rolland's Table, which, from its height on a nearly inaccessible mountain, still subsists as a monument of our Christianity . . . . They set fire to the four corners of our church, which was soon consumed, as well as the church of our Bonaventure Island Mission."

The historian, Ferland, to whom I am indebted for these interesting details, draws a lively sketch of the death-like

stillness which pervades the settlement during the lonely winter months, and the awakening bustle, stir, and cheerfulness which the return of the ships brings with it in May. A poet's fancy might, indeed, revel in the sight, and find therein a congenial theme.

"At peep of day you see the shore swarming with stalwart Jersey lads, in their blue smocks, or shirts, worn over their pants, busy launching their light barges for a long and sometimes a dangerous day's cruise; in a minute or two the sunlit ocean seems all studded with white specks —a whole fleet of swift fishing-smacks, with their white sails filling to the last breath of the land breeze, like a flock of vernal birds winging their flight over the glad waters towards some fairyland in the blue distance—the return of the venturesome crew from the dreaded Orphan's Bank*—some three or four hundred, with the last of the sea breeze, at eventide, each proclaiming his success with boisterous mirth, loud shouts, love ditties wafted—they would wish—to that bright isle, their native land, their Eden, far in the East, where more than one 'black-eyed Susan' sighs for their return, they hope."

But enough for Percé; as may be observed, it has its lights and shades.

Let us again translate from our old friend's journal—the Abbé Ferland. Here is one of his delightful chromos of Percé Rock and its airy inhabitants—the gulls and cormorants. More than once have I myself watched these curious proceedings:—

"From the windows of the priest's residence one can see distinctly the green plateau of Percé Rock. It is strewed with conspicuous objects, which at times seem to move, at others are stationary—the winged denizens of this retreat; some are busy hatching their eggs, whilst others are on guard to protect the newly-born yonng. This airy city is divided into two wards: one is occupied by the Gulls (the Herring Gull), and the other by the Cormorants. If any member of one tribe presumes to wander beyond the boundary of those of his feather, such an encroachment is not silently borne A formidable outcry, formed of one thousand voices, pervades the air, and is heard some times at a distance of several miles. A cloud like a heavy storm of snow hovers over the spot tainted by the presence of the stranger. If the invaders should be in numbers, a column detaches itself from the innumerable inhabitants of the threatened territory, and describing a half circle rushes to attack the rear of the enemy. As the defenders of the country are always formidable and fierce on their native soil, the strangers have to withdraw and shrink from the blows and maledictions of their adversaries."

This border warfare causes frequent encounters; scarcely a quarter of an hour elapses without one's being aware from the loud cries that Discord has let fly her shafts.

The two republics, whose territory combined covers about two acres in superficies, were of yore protected by the steepness of the rock and lived secure far from the reach of man.

The paternal nest was bequeathed from one generation to the next. The Gulls and Cormorants educated their children at the identical spot where they themselves had sprung from the shell into this wicked world.

This world, however, was undergoing changes. It was, 'tis true, always above the same sky; around the same sea, roaring and lashing the solid foundations of their citadel, and covering with the foam of its mountainous waves the beaches of the two adjoining coves. But, close by, a few hundred yards away, the world was not the same. The forest was cut down; smoke rose over roofs inhabited by the white man; the shore had ceased to be solitary; the surf bore on its crest, vessels with white sails and long masts. The republic was in danger; her fisheries were invaded by barbarians, who, on more occasions than one, had shed the blood of the ancient denizens of the rock. After all, if it did become prudent to go and catch fish at a greater distance, cormorants and gulls could equally eat it in safety from the inaccessible summit of their habitation.

* The Orphan's Bank, which is far out at sea, is not visited by all. A violent wind from the land may blow out the boats to sea. The fate of many in the past—a watery grave—must be the result. Hence the name.

Fallacious hope!—for gulls no more than for men. Nothing on earth exists free from change. About the year 1805, some thousand of years after the establishment here of the descendant of the first gull, two foolhardy fishermen resolved to scale the fortress which so far had been considered impregnable. . . . A single point seemed to offer a chance of success. Near one of the arches, about forty feet above the base, the rock forms a point, and underneath the ascent seems more practicable. But the fearless fishermen chose another through bravado; it might have scared a chamois. With oars tied together, and leaning on the surface of the rock, they managed to climb the most steep portion of the rock, and then by hanging on to projections and shrubs, they actually got to the top.

It was indeed a glorious feat, this ascent of the rock by Duguay and Moriarty—for the first time. It is true there was a vague tradition that on certain occasions a youth of herculean proportions and preternatural appearance had been seen on the top; but these superstitious tales merely served to exhibit in more vivid colors the venturesome spirit of the mortals who had dared to brave the genius of Percé Rock, and beard him in his inaccessible den.

The feat suggested to these two men by the love of distinction, was prompted in others by motives of interest and the rage of imitation; once the path was known, one half of the difficulties disappeared. Each year the eggs and young birds were robbed. At first the presence of man disturbed the old birds so little that they often remained on the nest until removed. Fortunately a by-law of the magistrates of Percé, prohibiting these practices, has restored the peaceable inhabitants of the Rock to their hearths and homes. The loud cries of these birds, heard from afar, have more than once been of great help to boats or ships caught in the fog near Percé; they were excellent fog-whistles and beacons to the benighted mariner.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE IMMIGRANTS' BURIAL PLACE, POINT ST. CHARLES.

BY H——

Not in the hallow'd churchyard ground
With kindred dust and graves around,
May their lone resting-place be found;
Nor yet 'midst ocean's foam,
Where bounding billows lull to sleep
The creatures nurtured in the deep,
And fabled mermaids vigil keep,
Found they their last sad home.

Ah no! lov'd homes and fatherland
They left, and reached our Western strand
An immigrant and stranger band,
Whose hearts soon fail'd with dread;
For dire disease's blight was laid
On lusty manhood, babe that play'd,
While matron, too, and blooming maid,
Were number'd with the dead.

Sad thoughts to think, O hearts sore tried,
You'd safely cross'd the Atlantic wide,
And landed on St. Lawrence side,
Doomed there to find a grave!

For one it is—a verdant mound,
With boulder mark'd and clos'd around,
A silent city to be found—
Close by the river wave.

There, mingl'd in one mouldering heap,
These fated thousands lowly sleep
Apart from those by Royal's steep,
Yet calmly slumbering on
Until that morn when earth shall quake,
The trump's loud peal the dead awake,
When rising myriads graves forsake
In that dread awful dawn!

O deep mysterious will, which man
In vain through time has tried to scan!
The purpose of each wondrous plan,
Who, who, on earth can tell?
But since God wills, it must be so,
To journey thus while here below,
Contented that we truly know
"He doeth all things well."

NAMING THE BABY.

BY MRS. SARAH BRIDGES HYNES.

The young aunties had said it was a "rose-bud;" and when it woke from its noonday nap in its little white crib, it was a very blooming little bud indeed; its round dimpled face was pink with the warm flush of sleep; its tiny lips that had been softly sucking in a dream, were dewy and red as two unfolding leaves; its small, doubled fists, that it looked at so curiously with its wide, blue eyes, were tinted in the tender palms like the satiny inside petals of a flower; and the wee balls of the feet, that had kicked themselves out of their pretty socks, had such rosy soles and such mites of cunning pink toes that the delighted aunties might have thought each one was verily a sweet and separate blossom.

And it lay on its downy bed just like a bird in its nest, and cooed at its funny dots of hands, till the young father and mother, who had been sitting very quietly while baby slept, hardly venturing to speak above a whisper for fear of stirring that sacred slumber, smiled at each other as they listened to that little chirp, and went side by side and leaned together over their treasure, God's crowning gift to holy human love.

They looked down on Baby with such shining faces that Baby left off studying its fingers and looked up at them, with its bright bit of a dawning laugh, that made the admiring mother lift it in her loving arms for the happy father to kiss its damask cheek. And then they sat down to watch and wonder at the growing meaning in its ways; and while, with a solemn tenderness, they talked of what might be in the dim far off of Baby's future years, there came a peculiar knock at the chamber door, vigorous and muffled, as if given by strong knuckles well cased in folded flesh; and directly there entered in, puffing and beaming, the fat nurse in whose ample lap Baby had received its first notions of active life, when habitual trotting churned its daily bread into buttermilk. Instead of the frilled cap that had nodded over Baby's naps, she wore a large black bonnet like a bombazine coal-scuttle, with an expansive bow tied just in the crease of her double chin, and carried in one hand a swelling basket whose lid was intricately fastened with a green ribbon, and in the other a bulging cotton umbrella, stout in the stick, and faded in the stuff. She announced that having just finished up one engagement, and being on her way to another, she had dropped in to see how her former patients were getting along; and then, carefully depositing basket and umbrella upon a chair, she loosened the bonnet bow, flung the flowing strings over her broad shoulders, and took the baby right into her pillowy arms, as if, while she was about, its place was only there. The mother saw that she looked at the infant with critical eyes, and anxiously awaited her first remarks, Gradually the long embroidered robe began to wave up and down as the two cushioned knees fell into their usual motion, and Baby's dinner kept time to the rolling mellow voice. "Its a growin' fust rate, mum; its as fine a child as I've seed since I went a-nussin'; my babies mostly is good speciments; it aint got no marks nor distorts, and no rashes nor chafes. You've did better than most beginners with the fust; its pooty well over the colic time, and aint got a croupy neck, so I reckon it'll get on now all right." The fair little mother sparkled all over at the praise of experience.

"Now, mum," nurse continued, glaring benignly at the white roll that heaved up and down upon her spacious lap, "you haven't told me the young un's name?"

"Oh, nurse," was the reply, "its only 'Baby' yet; we have hardly thought of any other name!"

"Well, now, that's oncommon," rejoined the nurse in a meditative tone, "if it was the last of a beggar's dozen I could understand that you might have run out of names; but mostly there's one cut and dried for the fust afore its born, and it pops into the world and its name both at onct."

"Yes," answered the mother, "it is generally so; but there are so many to name our baby after that it is hard to decide; we cannot name it for one of the grandmothers without hurting the feelings of the other; and if we were to call it after any of the aunties, all the rest would think they were each neglected; and I do not wish it christened after me because it would seem selfish, and there are so many pretty fancy names that we never know which to choose."

Nurse slowly laid again behind her broad back the bonnet ribbon that had dandled forward by degrees, and nodded assentingly to these confidential remarks.

"It's curious about names," she said. "I've been a-noticin' all my life that people grow like their names; Johns and Jameses ain't near so like to go to the bad as your Howards and Augustuses; for you see, fine names sort o' give young uns hifalutin' notions; many a one I've seed onsettled, tryin' to match his doin's to a big soundin' name, that might have turned out sober chap enough if them he belonged to had had sense to call him after some of the plain old Bible folks. Now there's me! You'd never guess what a name I've got; it was a sore point to me many a long year before I plucked up courage to put it

down. My mother had been a-readin' some trash or other of a novel just afore I was born, and nothin' must do but I should be named after the young woman it was all about. So when daddy came into the room to see her and me, just as soon as she could gasp, she ups and says, 'Its to be Sophronisber, Bill; I've settled it so in my own mind.' The old man'd like to have gone off. 'Don't you think Susan would suit us better?' said he. 'Susan!' says she, a-turnin' up her nose, 'I ain't a-goin' to have a child of mine called Susan!' 'And I don't think I can stand one of mine named Sofynisby!' says he. And so they bandied the two names until mother she was a-gettin' excited and the old man mad; and Mrs. Jane Spots, who was a-nussin' of her, she just took him by the collar and pulled him out of the room. But the long and short of it is he wouldn't give in and neither would she, and so they tacked the two together, and there I was, Sophronisber Susan Boggers! And such a time as I had with that name; when I got big enough the older children they all made fun of it and plagued me half to death about it, and mother, she never called me nothin' but full Sophronisber, and dad, he never called me nothin' but Sukey, and it was 'Phrony,' and 'Sophy,' and 'Nis,' and 'Sue' till I had as many names as a cat has lives. And after I grew up it got worse, till I was 'shamed as could be of the horrid sound, and ready to cuss my sponsors in baptism; the young fellers they sniggered over it, and the gals, they just purtended they couldn't say it, it was so long, and used to ask me to spell it for 'em, till at last I got so touchy over it it was a-spilin' my temper, 'cause I wasn't born a vixin at all. But when Cuddle came along, and him and me was to make a match, says he, 'I don't like your name of Sophronisber!' 'No more do I,' says I. 'Let's drop it then,' said he. 'Agreed,' says I. So we got the parson to say *Susan*, will you take this man?' and made him leave out the Sophronisber, and Mrs. Susan Cuddle I've been ever since. And so I never advise nobody to stick a name to a child that'll be a thorn in their side, when more like most of 'em will have to be about homely things than livin' like grand folks in a play. How would it sound for me to be goin' out to nussin' and bein' called Mrs. Sophronisber Cuddle! You ladies would think I was too fine to know my bizness. No indeed! Plain Susan for me, I say!"

Mrs. Cuddle's garrulous recital might have run on interminably to such polite listeners; but while they were laughing over it, the door opened, and in walked quite a family procession bearing cautiously in their midst a snowy box bound and tied up with bright and dainty ribbons. There were the grandfathers leaning sturdily on their gold-headed canes; and the grandmothers in their shining black silks with their good-natured faces just tipped to ruddiness by the outside air; and the young aunties, a whole troop of them, fresh and gushing and gay, and the poor relation, clad in a quiet dress, with the spiritual beauty of an unselfish life written on her countenance. And the blithe and jubilant greetings all over, the grandmothers laid the box upon the bed, and with deft fingers undid the fastenings and removed the lid, and lo, before all the sparkling and admiring eyes, the wonderfully worked and delicate, long, christening robe! And because all those who came with it had had some share in it, they had made up this party to bring it all together to the only baby in the family, on whom they all already doted. One grandfather had given the material; and the other, who was something of an artist, in his leisure hours had drawn the design, with quite a pride in its leaves and flowers as they grew and entwined beneath his gold-rimmed spectacles; and one grandmother had made it up, and the other had set in the lace-like wheels of some fine, old-fashioned stitch that had been familiar in the far-off days of her girlhood; and the young aunties had each embroidered buds and sprays, roses and scrolls, with much comparing of work, and chatting over the "angel" who was to wear it; while the poor relation had finished it off with all those parts which had required unwearying patience and a steady hand. As it lay there before them, beautiful in feminine sight, a dumb exquisite thing of cambric and thread, it seemed almost hallowed to the mother's heart by reason of the richness of love that had made it, and spoke to her like a voice of the tenderness with which old and young had wrought out their thought for her little one; tears filled her soft eyes; she reverently lifted the little dress and kissed it. "Oh Baby," she cried with a sweet quiver in her tones, holding it up before the unconscious optics that were engaged in watching the bobbing up and down of its other sweeping garments which the fat nurse still monotonously kept going; "look what they have done for you! All of them, my darling, all of them!" And she laid the snowy robe carefully back on the bed, and caught one head after another in her embracing arms, caressed and thanked them, half laughing and half crying. All talked at once, till an excited grandfather rapped upon the floor with his gold-headed cane, producing a moment's comparative lull, of which he availed himself to speak.

"Here," he said, "is the christening frock, but we have not heard yet what is the baby's name?"

And the young mother was again oblig-

ed to make humiliating confession that Baby was still a nameless waif; whereupon arose once more a chorus of voices, exclaiming and suggesting, until the other grandfather also called the meeting to order, and there was a general subsidence into a semicircle of chairs to debate the important question. The mother took the baby into her own arms, and sat upon the low seat in their midst, and the father stood half behind her, looking down upon the two who were dearer to him than all the rest of the world.

"Now, then,"remarked Grandfather No. 1, "the matter under discussion is, "What is to be the baby's name?'"

"It appears to me," said Grandfather No. 2, "that this is not our business at all; it belongs to them;" and he pointed with his cane to the father and mother.

"Well, now," chirruped Grandmother No. 1, "it will be pleasant to talk it over, and if they have not made a choice, perhaps we can help them to something that will suit."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Grandmother No. 2, "it is a girl, and if a girl is pretty and nice, as our baby is sure to be, it does not matter much what her name is!"

"Oh, don't it?" interposed the fat nurse, *sotto voce;* and the young couple smiled at the recollection of Mrs Cuddle's early woes with her romantic cognomen.

"Call it after Sis," hypocritically observed one auntie, indicating another auntie with a slight flirt of her neatly gloved hand.

"Oh, not for the world!" impressively replied the other young lady; "*your* name is *so* much sweeter than mine that I am sure it ought to be called after *you!*"

And another youthful auntie sentimentally murmured, "Name it Angelina, *do;* because it is such a seraph, you know!" And the fat nurse looked at her quenchingly, and said so lugubriously, "Better Susan than Sophronisber!" that they all laughed, though only Baby's father and mother understood the personal allusion.

And then, one after another, each proposed a different name, and the young mother had to exercise great tact and diplomacy to decline all without giving offense; and ever and anon, she glanced over at the poor relation, who alone sat silent, gazing with floating eyes at the baby and its parents, as if she comprehended the holiness of the child, the sanctity of the mother—she, who would never have a baby of her own.

And they brought up all the old family names, and those of Biblical heroines, from Eve to Phebe whom Paul commended as a "succorer of many"; and there was much chiding of each other's tastes, and quips and quirps and merry sayings over the associations aroused, and affected little shrieks of horror from the aunties at the unpoetic title of some otherwise forgotten ancestress, and much rolling of the eyes and raising of the hands at the Judiths and Deborahs of the Scriptures. But the young parents seemed hard to please, and objections were offered to everything proposed.

At last, one of the grandmothers, who had had her ups and downs in life, and was therefore a rather worldly old lady in so far as she was anxious to save all those belonging to her from corresponding downs, and equally desirous to secure for them all possible ups, insisted upon a moment's silence of the mingling voices, as she had an important motion to make.

"My dear," she said to the mother, evidently considering the father's opinion on the subject quite a secondary and insignificant consideration, "in naming the baby, would it not be well to regard something else than a mere pleasing of the fancy—the child's future advantage, for instance? Now there's your great-aunt Hannah"—here there was a simultaneous outcry from the aunties, which caused the grandmother to shake her politic old head at them, and address the conclusion of her remarks to those fastidious butterflies: Oh, yes, ! you midges," she continued, "I know it is not a pretty name, but Aunt Hannah is enormously rich, and has no one in particular to bequeath her money to, and never tells any one what she is going to do with it. She is a lone creature, and who knows but it would give her a new interest to have our little one called after her; she might be enough pleased to make it her heir, and the very least she could do for the compliment would be to leave it a handsome sum for its name!" And the worldly old lady looked triumphantly around her as if she had unquestionably propounded a final satisfactory solution to the difficulty. There was a momentary pause; even the most thoughtless and gushing of the aunties saw a possible good thing for the baby in the proposed arrangement, and had not the heart to venture a word against the chance of a prospective fortune for the general darling; while the elder people waited in evident anxiety for the parents' reply, and Baby crowed away in happy unconsciousness of scheming sapience. But the young father's face flushed, and the young mother lifted her graceful head a little haughtily, as she emphatically answered:

"No, mamma, I will not lay upon my child's clean life the stain of mercenary motive! Not for all Aunt Hannah owns would I have my baby grow up to know I had been so mean as to use its precious name as a bait to catch money! How could I teach her higher things when she had

learned I thought so much of gold? I could never look Aunt Hannah straight in the face again; I should be sure of her suspicion of design, and I should feel as if I had given over baby and myself for a degrading bondage of expectation depending on another's death! I will trust her good fortune to God; we must not stoop for it!"

Grandfather No. 1 rapped approval with his gold-headed cane, and ejaculated, "Spoken like my own brave lass!" Grandfather No. 2 said, with just a perceptible inflection of disappointment, "When she comes to our age she will have found out that money is more useful than pride!" The relieved young aunties clapped their applauding hands, and the husband leaned over and kissed the delicate cheek, a trifle paler from the unusual act of self-assertion against maternal guidance, while the defeated grandmother rustled her shining black silk, and grew rather redder in her ruddy face, as she somwhat testily exclaimed, "Well, then, what *are* you going to name the child for? and *who* are you going to call it after?"

A soft blush suffused the young mother's tender face, that had bent over her cooing baby, and her voice took even a sweeter melody, as she replied: "Since we have been talking it over, quite a new thought has come to me about my baby's name. Nurse says that people grow like their names, but I myself have observed that children, in time, resemble the persons they are called for; I suppose they naturally feel a peculiar interest in and try to imitate those whose names they bear; and there is one we know whom I should like my little girl to model after; one who is good, and pure, and true; who has kept a white soul through dark days and hard times; who has been faithful in all things, thinking more of others than of herself; never faltering in the path of right, and more nobly fearless than any man I ever saw before a wrong; who is a ministering spirit to us all, and worthy of the best we can give her; who lives humbly among men, but never forgets the presence of her God!" And the young mother rose up with her baby in her arms, and stood before the poor relation. "And so, dear Cousin Mary," she said, "because I would have my child grow like you, will you let me give her *your* name."

And the poor relation was so surprised and overcome at being thus honored in the midst of them all, that she could scarcely speak; and the father warmly seconded his wife's request, and the rest crowded quickly around her, shook her hands, and made her feel they were glad of the choice; for somehow the young mother's little speech had suddenly set her before them in clearer light than they were used to see her, and the beauty of her unobtrusive life glorified her for a moment even more than the accepted fact that she was henceforth an important member of the family, since the first grandchild had been named after her. And the worldly old grandmother forgot the ups and downs of the past and future, and magnanimously said to her, "My daughter is wiser in her generation than I; it *is* better to be good than wealthy;" while the fat nurse, having sat the whole visit through in order to satisfy her curiosity as to what would be the end of it, tied her bonnet strings in the crease of her double chin, picked up the portly basket and stout umbrella, ejaculating, "It's a heap more sensible than toadyin' rich folks in the cradle!" and trotted off with very much the same motion as that which shook up so many infantile breakfasts. And then the family meeting broke up, wending their way in groups, talking it over still as they went.

As the poor relation walked homeward, there was a shining in her eyes, a color in her cheeks, and a lightness in her step that had not been there for many a day; the sun was brighter to her, the skies bluer, the fields greener, than she had ever seen them since her vanished youth; she was full of yearning thoughts of the little one and its mother; she even said over her own name to herself with a little happy laugh that was half a sob of delight too; and she paused once to lift up her soul in such an earnest aspiring prayer that the Father in heaven would help her to keep that name worthy to be worn by the pure spirit whose angel beheld His face! She felt as if she had a partnership in this new being forever; it was a fresh and solemn link to life and eternity; a rush of love for it flooded her heart, and she, who had neither husband nor child, understood for a moment the blissful sense of motherhood. But when she reached the vine-wreathed porch where her aged father and mother sat together in the declining and golden Autumn sun, she sank down on the steps at their feet, and could only cry like a very touched and tender woman, as she told in her sweet and simple way about this Naming of the Baby!—*Christian Union.*

SHADOWS.

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

Our lives are full of shadows; ev'ry day
Hath a peculiar cloud
Its sunshine to obscure,
Weaving a shroud
For pleasures doomed to premature decay.

Lo! Debt, and Poverty, and Pain invite
The shadows of eclipse
Upon life's ev'ry phase,
Blanching the lips
With pallid fear of near impending blight.

And see, full-orbed and radiant as it flings
Its beams our pathway o'er,
How Sorrow's weeping shades
Restlessly pour
Hot tears to drown the smiles Joy's presence brings.

Suspicion, Doubt and Jealousy are clouds
Love's sun obscuring quite;
Their influence casting far,
Breeding a blight
That for two hearts, at once, prepares two shrouds.

And Hope, which yields its energizing rays
The human lot to cheer,
Despair o'ershadowing hides,
Filling with fear
The shrinking soul that else would swell with praise.

And Faith's pure sun, whose precious light descends
To bless and gladden earth,
Grows dim when Unbelief,
Creeping to birth,
Its darkness to unwary souls extends.

Yet shadows are but negatives of light—
Not evils truly known;
By contrast they have power,
Hitherward strewn,
To brighten Day by setting it in Night.

Joy sweeter smiles when Sorrow's tears are dried:
And doubly rich is wealth
Which poverty succeeds;
Sickness seeks health;
Love purer is that Jealousy hath tried.

As night alone the starry hosts reveals,
In wondrous space above,
So all life's trials serve,
Given in love,
To quicken joys that make our common weals.

And I accept them, bowing reverently,
When they my soul oppress,
For well I know they come
Only to bless,
Since well I know they come, oh God, from Thee.

A SHORT LECTURE ON READING.

BY ORIOLE.

Augustus follows the fashions in his reading, as he does in other matters; yet he is obliged to confess that he is gaining nothing. To-morrow's book obliterates to-day's; the next week's sensation will wipe out both. Or, what is worse, he is left without any definite or fixed principle. He rejoices over the bane to-day; to-morrow he will be equally jubilant over the antidote. Yesterday he got hold of Professor Huxley, and was delighted with him—was a convert to his doctrines to the fullest extent. To-day he has read an answer to the Professor, and wonders how he could ever have believed in him. In Hugh Miller's time he was so fascinated with the writings of that good and brilliant savant, that he used to carry a little hammer in his pocket so as to be always ready to smash his way into the lurking-place of some antediluvian. There's no knowing how many bricks he pounded up while the fit lasted; but, as his ardor cooled, he condescended to use his hammer on hickory-nuts. Of late years, his hammer has rusted on a pile of mechanical contrivances,—brushes, paints, daubed canvas, and so forth, that mark, like the fossils in the geological strata, the various epochs in his literary career.

And how close a resemblance is there between our friend's mind and his old lumber-room—that is, as far as his mind has retained anything. A great many things are there; but nothing complete, and nothing that can be turned to any practical use. There are nearly all the parts of a model steam-engine but the boiler. It may have exploded. Here are all the parts of a clock but the mainspring. Here is a square of prepared canvas, with the dim and dusty outlines of a landscape. That indicates the time when Augustus was reading the Lives of the Painters. Here is a monk's cowl, and string of beads, but no cross. That's when he read the life of Ignatius, and seriously thought of going into a monastery; but being dissuaded from it, contented himself with sitting in a cold room so as to mortify the flesh. He did so, till congestion of the lungs drove him at once into a warm chamber, and reason. A rusty sword, and a pair of moldy spurs indicate the period when Augustus fell in love with the angelical creature that Mr. Abbott called Napoleon Bonaparte. And so you might take an inventory of all his effects, and find them to be the tangible symbols of intangible ideas,—there being an exact harmony between the two, the outward and visible sign of inward and invisible purposes.

Now it is evident that such a course of reading, if it may be dignified with the name of "course," can never do any good; nay, rather, evil. Such a mode can never build up any superstructure in the mind. It is the accumulation of all sorts of incongruous material; but it is not architecture. It bears about the same analogy to building that the hod-carrier's labor does to the mason's, or the teamster who brings the material to the architect who plans the edifice. And this, indeed, is taking an extremely favorable view of the question. Perhaps the figure may be more correct if

I compared it to the accumulation of neutralizing chemicals all in the same receptacle. It may also be likened to amateur attempts at agriculture. I remember when I was a boy, that I had a little garden all to myself; and I determined to make it the gem, the *ne plus ultra* of gardens. It was only to be a little less than a garden of Eden—all kinds of fruits, flowers, and vegetables were to flourish there. Things fair to the eye, and sweet to the taste. How slowly did the dreary winter months drag away! How tardily spring came on! Would it ever cease to snow? Would the swallow ever homeward fly? Well, April came; and May, and June, and July, and August, September and October; and still the only crop that flourished in my garden was—weeds. O, but there never was such magnificent weeds! Why, some of them were over three feet high. Splendid fellows! I was proud of them. I had nothing else, indeed, to be proud of. But how happened it? Irresolution. For the life of me I couldn't determine to what I should devote my agricultural energies. To-day I almost made up my mind to have it all berry-bushes; then an orchard would have overmastering attractions to me. The next day I grew poetic, and almost resolved to revel in roses and lilies. The following day, I would sink into common-place and melancholy, and determine to devote the remainder of my miserable existence to the cultivation of turnips and mangel-wurzel. In the meantime, however, while I was thus inactively irresolute, the busy fingers of innumerable little fairies kept scattering the feathery germs of thistle and brier, and dock and chickweed, and sorrel, and a thousand other kinds of rank weed, and I woke up one morning, and heard the wind moaning, and I looked out, and the snow was whirling through the air, and upon the landscape was a fleecy covering, and over my unfortunate garden was the winding-sheet of my vernal hopes.

It is a melancholy day that we wake up from the long dream of a misspent life, to find our garden full of weeds, and all our bright and youthful promises dead and buried. The agriculturist may next year in some measure make up for the mistakes or inactivities of the past season. Human lives have but one seed-time, and one harvest. The fields that neglect has cursed with sterility this year, care and diligence may cause to smile when another harvest comes. The tree that dropped no fruit into your lap last year, may burden you with blessings this. But the man who has reached life's autumn, or even its midsummer, without having devoted his spring to the acquisition of knowledge, to the cultivation of the understanding, to the discipline of his mind, can scarcely hope for another opportunity.—*Zion's Herald.*

UNFAITHFUL.

BY MRS. S. M. J. HENRY.

"What would'st thou do, my son?"
The father said one morn;
"The day is well begun;
Lo! yonder field of corn,
The vineyard on the hill,
The flocks upon the mead,
The grinding at the mill,
The hand of labor need.

"Take thou of all thy choice;
What wilt thou do, my son?"
"O, father, give me work
That man hath never done.
The servants wait thy word;
Why should I dress the vine?
Why should I tend the flocks?
Let nobler work be mine.

"Behold yon barren rock
That overlooks the sea;
Be mine the task to make
A fertile field for thee;
To crown its granite brow
With green and living grace,
And woo, by arts divine,
Strange beauty to the place."

"Do as thou wilt, my son,"
The father sadly said;
"I give the rock to thee;
Go, bring from thence thy bread.
But if thy arts should fail,
And thou shouldst find the need,
Still for thy tending wait
The flocks upon the mead."

And so the youth went forth
Unto his chosen toil,
To clothe the wind-swept rock
With slowly gathered soil.
But evermore the wind
Defied and mocked his care
As day by day he toiled,
And still the rock was bare.

His father called him oft,
But still he would not heed.
"There's nobler work for me
Than silly sheep to lead.
Let servants dress the vines,
And till the fields of corn;
'Twas for a grander work
Than such that I was born."

His father's teeming fields
With harvest's richness shone.
He saw them bind the sheaves,
From fields he might have sown;
But still he scorned to do
The work of common men,
And to his barren rock
He turned him back again.

At last his strength was spent,
And weary, sick, and faint,
He sank upon the rock
And thus he made complaint:
"My father loves me not,
He leaves me here alone;
Ah, would that he would call
Once more, 'My son! My son!'"

A storm came up at night—
A wild storm from the sea.
The wind his garments tossed,
The rain beat pitilessly.
He saw his father's house
Afar, with windows bright.
He whispered, "Father, come:
I am afraid to-night."

He heard the bleating sheep,
He heard the shepherd's call,
Until, at last, for him
Silence had covered all.
The shepherd in the morn,
Looking for lambs astray,
Found him where, stiff and cold,
Upon his rock he lay.

—*Sunday-School Journal.*

BIRDS AT THE WINDOW.

"Better be at work," grumbled John Spence, as he passed the minister's house and saw Jenny, the minister's daughter, feeding the birds that came every day to her window. "My girls have something else to do. I'll not give a cent to support such lazy doings."

"Good morning, Mr. Spence," said a friendly voice.

"Oh! It's you. Good morning, Egbert. Nice day, this."

"Elegant! Balmy as May, and soft as June. I was going round to see you."

"Ah, indeed. Just met then in the nick of time."

"Yes, in the nick of time; I want to know how much you will put down for Mr. Elder's salary this year. We want to increase it five hundred dollars if we can."

The countenance of Mr. Spence fell. He pushed out his lips and looked hard and disagreeable.

"Not one cent," was his slow, emphatic answer.

"Oh, you're jesting, Mr. Spence, said his neighbor.

"No; I'm in earnest. My girls have something better to do than feeding birds. Humph!"

"Feeding birds! I'm blind as to your meaning," replied Mr. Egbert.

"Let me open your eyes. Come back with me a little way."

They turned and walked a short distance.

"Yes, there it is," said Mr. Spence, as he came in view of the minister's house. "Do you see that?" And he pointed to a window where Jenny Elder, the minister's daughter, stood feeding half a dozen birds that flew close to her hand; one or two of them even lighting on her shoulder.

"Well, that is beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Egbert.

"Beautiful?"

"Yes; don't you think so?"

"I think she'd better be at work," replied Mr. Spence, in a hard voice.

Mr. Egbert turned and looked at his neighbor in mute surprise.

"I mean just what I say," added Mr. Spence. "My daughters have no time to waste after that fashion, and I can't see that I am under any obligation to support other people's daughters in idleness."

"Jenny Elder is no idle girl," said Mr. Egbert, a little warmly.

"Don't you call that idleness?"

"No; it's both rest and invigoration. The ten minutes spent with these birds will sweeten her life for a whole day. She will hear them chiriping and twittering as she goes about her household duties, and be stronger and more cheerful in consequence."

Mr. Spence shook his head, but not with the emphasis of manner shown a little while before. A new thought had come into his mind. A bird had flown in through a window of his soul.

"Work, work, work, every hour and evey minute of the day," said Mr. Egbert, "is not best for any one—nor best for Jenny Elder, nor for your daughters, nor mine."

"Nobody said it was," replied Spence. "But—but—." His thoughts were not very clear, and so he hesitated.

"The rest that gives to the mind a cheerful tone, that makes it stronger and healthier, is the true rest, because it includes refreshment and invigoration."

"Nobody denies that," said Mr. Spence.

"And may not Jenny's ten minutes with the birds give her just the refreshment she needs, and make her stronger for the whole day? If not stronger, then more cheerful; and you know how much comfort to a household one cheerful spirit may bring."

"You have such a way of putting things," replied the neighbor, in a changed voice. "I never saw it in this light before. Cheerfulness — oh, dear! I am weary looking at discontented faces. If feeding birds at the window is an antidote to fretfulness, I shall recommend my children to commence at once."

"Let the birds come first to your window," said Mr. Egbert.

"Oh, I'm too old for anything like that," was replied.

"To the windows of your soul, I mean.

Spence shook his head. "You shoot too high for me."

"Thoughts are like birds—right thoughts like doves and sparows, wrong thoughts like hawks and ravens. Open the windows of your mind, and let true thoughts come in. Feed them, and they will come to you and fill your soul with music. They will bear you up on their wings; they will lift you into purer regions. You will see clearer and feel stronger. You will be a wiser and a happier man."

"I never did hear any one talk just as you do, Egbert!" said the neighbor. "You look into the heart of things in such a strange way."

"If we get down to the heart of things, we're all right," was the smiling answer. "And now I want to know how much we

can count on from you toward Mr. Elder's salary. Open wide the windows. Let just and generous thoughts come in."

"As much as last year; perhaps more. I'll think over the matter," was replied.

While sitting at dinner with his family, on that day, Mr. Spence broke the constrained silence—the usual accompaniment of their meal—with the words:

"I saw a beautiful sight this morning."

Both the sentence and the tone in which it was spoken were a surprise. A weight seemed removed from every one—a shadow fell from each dull countenance. All eyes were fixed in inquiry upon him.

"Jenny Elder at a window, with the wild birds feeding from her hands and sitting on her shoulders," added Mr. Spence.

"Oh, yes; I've seen it often, said Margaret, his eldest daughter, a light breaking over her face. "Jenny is so good and sweet that even the birds love her. I wish they would come to my window."

"You must ask Jenny her secret," said the father, with a gentleness in his voice that was such a surprise to Margaret that she looked at him in wonder. Mr. Spence noticed and understood the meaning of her look. He felt it as a revelation and a rebuke.

The dead silence passed away. First one tongue and then another was unloosed; and in a little while the whole family were in pleasant conversation — a thing so unusual at meal time that each one noted the fact in a kind of bewildered surprise.

Mr. Spence opened the windows of his soul still wider, and let the singing birds in. All the hours of that day he pondered the new ideas suggested by his neighbor; and the more he considered them the clearer it became that there was a better way to secure the happiness of himself and family than the hard and narrow one he had been pursuing. Minds needed something as well as bodies. Tastes and feelings had their special needs. Soul hunger must be satisfied.

As he came home from his shop that evening he passed a store, the windows of which were filled with cages of singing birds. And as his eyes rested upon them, he remembered how often he had heard Margaret wish for a canary; and how he had often said, "Nonsense! you've got something better to do than wasting your time with birds."

Mr. Spence saw things in a different light now.

"She shall have a bird," he said, speaking to himself, and turned into the store.

"Oh, father, not for me?"

Mr. Spence was taken by surprise at the sudden outburst of delight that came from Margaret when she understood that he had really brought her the bird. Tears filled her eyes. She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"It was so kind of you—and I wanted a bird so much!" she said. "Oh, I'll be so good, and do everything for you I can."

What a sweet feeling warmed the heart of Mr. Spence through and through! The delight of this moment was greater than anything he remembered to have experienced for years.

"I am glad my little present has given you so much pleasure," he answered, subduing his voice that he might not betray too much of what he felt. "It is a good singer, the man said."

"It's a beauty," returned Margaret, feasting her eyes upon the bird; "and I'll love it, if it doesn't sing a note."

"Such a little thing to give so much pleasure," Mr. Spence said to himself, as he sat pondering this new phase of life. And to his thought came this reply: "A cup of water is a little thing, but to thirsty lips it is sweeter than nectar."

And then, as if a window had been opened in his soul, a whole flood of new ideas and thoughts came in upon him, and he saw that the mind has needs as well as the body; and that unless these were supplied, life would be poor and dreary—just as his life, and the lives of his wife and children, had for the most part been.

Mr. Spence never shut that window, but let the birds fly in and out at pleasure. When Mr. Egbert next saw him, he doubled his subscription for the minister's salary.—*Standard.*

MRS. ARNOLD'S RELIGION.

BY E. M. COGGESHALL.

Mrs. Arnold stood at her cottage door watching a long train of cars, that, steaming over the prairie in the distance, seemed to her fancy like some uncouth gliding leviathan. The rare September afternoon held within itself enough of summer's flush to temper lurking, autumnal frosts, foretokened by the wild plum's yellowing foliage. The air was odorous with the perfumed, pendant blossoms of the Madeira vines that clambered about the porch, and hung in waving festoons from eaves and doorposts. A wisteria, in its second bloom, intermingled with them its purple clusters, making a beautiful frame-work around the motionless figure standing there. But Mrs. Arnold, by the look of discontent marring her face, was evidently not attuned in spirit to her surroundings.

"When the swallows homeward fly," sang a cheery voice behind her. "That's poetry for the longing you have to be bounding eastward after that 'old smoke-wagon,' as Pomp calls it."

Mrs. Arnold smiled faintly as she turned towards her friend. "Yes," she said, "I have to watch the cars every day and sigh for home. You cannot understand it, Sarah," she added, apparently answering the expression of Mrs. Gordon's face. "I never was made for the stagnant life I lead here."

"Just suppose some angel of activity should stir the sluggish waters occasionally."

"Well, it would take an angel to do it. No mortal could. You can't comprehend people who have no ideas beyond pork and hominy."

Mrs. Gordon laughed. "Perhaps not; yet, if I couldn't comprehend their ideas, I'd soon make them feel the influence of mine. But I only stopped to leave that book of extracts you wished. We drove out to make calls and it's time we were on our way home," and she turned away to join her waiting husband at the gate, little thinking that she had left behind a talisman with power to break up this selfish, isolated life of her friend, which she had long mourned over as irremediable.

Mrs. Arnold's husband was just at this time absent from home, engaged in his business as surveyor, and after she had seen the two children safely asleep, and given her last directions for the evening to America, who with her husband, Pomp, made up the number of the little household, she sat down alone to examine the book Mrs. Gordon had brought. Lingering over its pages, charmed by a certain fascination that always attaches to a literary meddler, she dipped into it here and there, till at length a sentence hardly understood at the first glance, compelled her attention. Finally, she read it aloud slowly—"every man in religion is really what he is relatively"—and then leaned back in her chair to think.

"Relatively, relatively," she said musingly, "that is, I suppose, in relation to other people. I call myself a religious woman; and then the point is how much reality is there in my religion as shown in my everyday life; how faithfully do I perform my relative duties, my duties in relation to those about me?" It was a hard question—a searching one, that proved both heart and conscience, and once begun on its painful work would not let her go. During a long and sleepless night she pondered it.

She had reluctantly followed her husband to her new home more favorable for his occupation, determined to consider it beyond civilization. She had looked out over the prairie stretching before her door, tired of the terrible monotony of a dead level of land crossed by unartistic rail fences, but refusing to lift her eyes to the ever-shifting, ever-varying beauty of sky and cloud above. She had so restrained any advance of sociability on the part of the community about her—hard-working, farming folk—that they at last gave over attempting friendliness, and left her to herself and the few "refined, congenial souls," as she saw fit to call them, whom she found in a neighboring city. The consciousness of wrong in all this deepened the longer she thought. She remembered her old pastor's parting words—"make yourself so useful they can't do without you"—and instead she had ignored all duty to those about her, because, as she honestly said to herself, she did not consider them on her own level, and she would not descend to theirs.

But if, instead of contemning, she could by any means elevate, what then? Was it really an obligation? For days she queried silently both the truth of this new view of practical piety, and how it could be tested. Her abstraction did not pass unnoticed.

"'Pears like Miss Arnold's done got the dumb ager," said America; "she mighty down in the mouf."

"Oh, you Meriky! Dem white uns has heaps er studyin' us dunno noffin 'bout, bress de Lord!" answered Pomp.

From America came the first hint. Mrs. Arnold was one day rearranging the contents of a book-case, mounted on a step-ladder, with America busy handing the volumes which were strewed about the room on tables and chairs.

"Here comes that Viry Simmons," said America, who from her position could overlook the kitchen wing of the house.

"Done got a hatchin', that yeller hen's jest bodderin' to be set. Ef the likes of them don't pester! she's clear wild for books."

"What! the yellow hen?" laughingly asked Mrs. Arnold.

"No, Missis, that girl. She looked in one day when this yere door's open an she said 'pears anybody'd be happy 'mong so many books. Jest noffin but her white blood, said America disdainfully.

Mrs. Arnold laughed again; she was accustomed to America's freedom of remark, and never thought of resenting to her a familiarity she would not have born e from one of her own color. "Put down your armful and send the child in here then," she said.

America rolled her eyes, but obeyed; and presently Elvira stood in the doorway, looking awkward and abashed.

"America is in a great hurry to take care of the eggs you brought," said Mrs. Arnold pleasantly, "don't you want to hand me a pile of books—perhaps you'll see some you'd like to read."

"O ma'am!" exclaimed Elvira, flushed and happy, as she began to pick up the books Mrs. Arnold pointed out, and then

she stopped, quite confounded with this unusual condescension.

Mrs. Arnold felt somewhat embarrassed herself, but presently asked her little assistant if she read much. I've read about the man with the pack, ever so many times," answered Elvira timidly, " we haven't any other book."

"The man with the pack?" repeated Mrs. Arnold.

" Yes'm. He did up his sins in a bundle and carried them on his back. I'd tipped them in the ditch," she added, in a sudden burst of confidence.

" Oh, you mean " Pilgrim's Progress.' " said Mrs. Arnold, repressing a smile. " Perhaps you don't quite understand it yet. I think you'll find books here that will suit you better just now. Pick out any you like—I'm sorry I haven't thought of it before." Somehow this confession seemed to break down the barrier of shyness between them, and before America chose to return, Mrs. Arnold had learned more of her neighbors' needs than she had known during her year's residence among them.

The higher shelves having been put in order, as she stepped from the ladder she took up a volume Elvira had put aside, and to her astonishment it was a treatise on Prayer.

"'Tisn't for myself," said the child hastily, interpreting the glance—it's for uncle. You see he's sick and real cross, and Pomp says it's cause he don't know how to pray, and I thought may be that would tell him."

" But you must take some for yourself—here are all the 'Prudy' books," replied Mrs. Arnold, amused both at Pomp's opinion and the child's faith in it, while Elvira with her arms full, started for home, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks rosy with joy.

" Curus," said America looking after her, " that scraggy lookin' young un's done plumpt up like a partridge in an hour."

Mrs. Arnold felt too self-reproached to even smile at the remark, as she thought how long the slight kindness and sympathy that could give so much pleasure had been withheld."

One Monday morning, some weeks after, she was surprised by a call from the minister who occasionally preached at the little school-house in the district—her own attendance upon Sabbath service being given to a church in the city, seven miles distant. Her surprise was increased, when Mr. Morgan told her he had come to give her the grateful thanks of one of his parishioners, who, by her means, had been led into rest and peace after weary months of doubting.

" My means!" exclaimed the bewildered woman.

"Yes madam. Means that God undoubtedly led you to furnish. That admirable book on Prayer, which you allowed the little girl to take, seems to have cleared away all the mist and perplexity that it has been impossible to dispel heretofore. The man is near death, and I have feared till now that his life would go out in darkness. 'Lord, save! I perish!' has been on his lips for days, and this morning he asked me to come and tell you that he had been heard and answered."

"'Twas more the child's means than mine," said Mrs Arnold humbly, as she explained the incident to Mrs. Gordon; "and it seems such large reward for so small an effort," she added, wiping away the falling tears.

"That's so, honey," said America; who was setting the dinner table; "but the good Lord knows just what a weak un you is, and he's encouragin' like. It takes strong saints to stan' a waitin' on him." *Christian Weekly.*

A GERMAN TRUST-SONG.

Just as God leads me I would go;
I would not choose my way;
Content with what he will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray;
So, as he leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content,
I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which he has decreed and sent—
That which his will for me commands—
I would that he should all fulfil,
That I should do his gracious will,
In living or in dying.

Just as God lead I all resign,
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil;
That which his love ordained as right,
Before he brought me to the light,
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, onward I go,
Oft amid thorns and briers keen;
God does not yet his guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How by a loving Father's will
Faithful and true he leads me still.

Young Folks.

EFFIE HAMILTON'S WORK.

BY ALICIA; AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE," "SOWING THE GOOD SEED," "ADRIENNE CACHELLE," ETC.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER XII.

There is a better world they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!

No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land!
No tear-drops glisten in the eye,
Happy land!
They drink the gushing streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land!

There lived some few doors below Effie's home a little lame boy. When quite a child he had fallen down the ricketty stairs up which his mother lived, and broken his leg in two places, which fracture being badly set by some amateur surgeon rendered the poor little sufferer a cripple for life. Many, many such you may find in the poorer streets of any large city, the victims of poverty, and alas! too often of their mother's carelessness and neglect.

Little lame Willie might be seen almost any day sitting at the corner of one of the streets with his stool, against which rested his tiny crutch, and upon his knee was his basket of matches. To these latter he strove to attract the attention of passers-by by the never varying cry of his feeble voice, "Please buy some matches." His mother, a brutal Irishwoman, used to ask him why he did not say, "Please buy some matches from a poor little lame boy;" but Willie said he could not thus attract every one's attention to his misfortune, and that people thought more of him for it, for some would say, "Why you're lame, poor little fellow; I'll buy a bunch;" while if he had called to every one "I'm lame," they might have thought he was "shamming," as more than one did that lived in their own street. And so Nell let him have his own way; she did not care if only he brought his coppers to her; this Willie always did unless some kind passer-by would give him something extra, which he considered belonged to himself, — "Teacher thought so too when I asked him," Willie said; "so it can't be wrong." Not very far from this neighborhood had been erected, a few years previously, one of those invaluable mission-schools which, under the far-famed Dr. Tyng and others, seemed to spring up so wondrously in all parts of the city, working incalculable good wherever they were formed.

About a year before, through one of the earnest teachers who had penetrated the lowest and most loathsome courts in search of scholars, little Willie had been led to enroll his name among the others; not, however, without strenuous opposition at first from his mother and father, but Nell at last said:

"Well, let the little imp go; sure he'll not be about one's heels for an hour or two anyways."

"Dad" never thought of opposing "the ould woman," and so Willie went to Sabbath-school and learnt there truths which seemed to change the aspect of his whole life. He could not be so utterly worthless

as he had thought, for Jesus loved him—had even died for him, and even if he was cold and hungry and often ill-treated here there was a beautiful home for him with Jesus, where he should never say "I am sick," where he should not hunger any more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne would feed him and lead him unto living fountains, and God would wipe away all tears from his eyes. He would not be lame there either, teacher said. Oh! wouldn't it be so nice to be there! Still little Willie felt willing to endure privation and suffering and hardship, for he knew it would be but for "a little time" compared to the ages of eternity he would spend with his Saviour. Blessed are those who can accept the precious message as lame Willie did. From the moment the sweet story was poured into his listening ears he never doubted its truth; he at once took the dear Saviour for his own, and strove to be like Him. To say Willie had no struggle to walk in the narrow way would be but to record a Christian's joys and not his griefs, which must come. Only to live in such a moral atmosphere as the child breathed every day would be a trial severe enough to one who strove to follow the Master; but he had to meet scoffs and jeers each night when, before he crept to his miserable bed, he knelt to ask the great Father's protection for the night and thank Him for the mercies of the day, to pray as Stephen did for his persecutors, to ask for grace to be strong and patient.

In the whole court Willie was soon known as "Pious Limpy," which epithet would be yelled after him with oaths and curses as he made his painful way to and from the school—his mother, when tipsy, too often joining in; yet, if sober, she would shake her fist at the crowd of boys, shouting:

"Get 'long wid yees; can't ye see the critter'll not live long. Arrah now go 'long."

Small wonder that little Willie looked forward to the event which should translate him from the dismal court to the "mansions" above, as the most joyous he could imagine.

Very soon after Effie had come to live in the street she had made friends with the little cripple, and would often have liked to have stayed and talked to him as he sat on his stool in the sunshine; but she had seldom time for more than a kind word or a pleasant smile; yet these were much to Willie, who seldom got one or the other except at Sunday-school.

When her mother died, Effie went the next day to tell Willie; it was warm and sunny and the boy was at his post.

"Oh! Willie, my own mammy is dead, and I am all alone;" sobbed the girl as she knelt beside him.

"Oh! I'm so sorry, I am. I wish it had been me 'stead of her: I should'nt have been missed by nobody, and I'd like to go."

"So would I now; grandfeyther and grandmither and my own mammy are all there," replied Effie.

"I haint got anybody there as I knows of that would be glad to see me but Jesus, He would, I know. But don't cry, Effie, it won't be so very long afore you'll see yer mammy again;" said the little Christian.

"Don't you think so?"

"It won't seem so anyhow when you gets there."

"But it seems so lonely now," murmured the orphan girl.

"Do it? I'm sorry; but here comes somebody; maybe they'll buy a box of matches, and I mustn't lose a chance, else mother would beat me. Come again some day."

It was on one of these days when Effie came again that Willie asked,

"Wouldn't you like to go to Sunday-school, Effie? Oh, it's so nice there; warm and nice even in winter time, and they sings hymns lovely," added he with delight.

"I like singing," said Effie. "Mammy used to sing to me."

"Well come now, do, next Sunday; I'll take you. I loves to be there better'n anywheres else."

"Well, I guess I'll come, said Effie; and so they parted.

When Effie went home and announced her intention Solly's face was a study to behold.

"Well, I never! I didn't think as you'd take up with them low schools!"

"But I'm going," returned Effie resolutely, "and you're going with me."

"Well, I guess I ain't."

"Oh! Solly, you wouldn't let me go alone; something might happen to me."

"Oh! I can take yer to the door and call for yer again." Effie did not say any more, but Solly seemed uncomfortable.

"I don't see why yer's got this notion inter yer head for!" she exclaimed after a few minutes. "Who's been talking to yer?"

"Lame Willie told me about it," said Effie, quietly.

Now if Solly had a partiality for any one but Effie it was for lame Willie; more than once she had rescued him from some tormenting boy, not sparing pretty vigorous blows in his defence, and Solly was reckoned somewhat of a virago among her cotemporaries of the other sex, and none of them would face her when she was angry if they could help it. From looking upon herself as in a measure the lame boy's champion, she had felt a decided friendship for him, as we generally do towards those whom we consider indebted to us. Yet her remark to Effie was characteristic.

"Humph!" she exclaimed. "I jist thought so. Limpy (she had never added the 'pious,' to her praise be it spoken) was a nice kind of chap afore he tuk to them schools."

"He's nice yet," said Effie defiantly. "just as nice as he can be."

Solly worked on vigorously at some garment whose wide rents she was trying to bring together, but she spoke not a word. Effie at length rose up to go to bed and began folding up her sewing neatly, as her mother had always told her to do; then she silently moved away to the corner of the dim room to pray; when she rose from her knees Solly said,

"I guess as how I'll jist have to go with yer to school; yer'd never take care of yerself."

Effie went up and gave her little friend one of the few kisses she gave her upon rare occasions, and then lay down to sleep with a thankful, happy heart.

Solly did not again allude to the Sabbath-school, but Effie saw her trying to patch and make more respectable-looking the threadbare dress that had been almost her only shelter all through the cold days of winter. Then a thought came to Effie's mind, but she dismissed it at first with a pang; again the idea recurred, and this time it seemed to come with renewed force. Very quietly the little girl sat for some time; then she arose and going to the bag that contained all her treasures, she drew from it two dresses that once belonged to her mother; one was a spotted print—neat and pretty, the other a worsted shepherd's plaid—almost new, for her mother had kept it carefully in case of need. Willingly would she have given her little friend the better garment, but she felt as if she ought to keep that; so she returned it to its place, and taking up the print went softly over to Solly, who was sitting with her back to her, and dropped it over her shoulder.

"There, Solly, take that and make yourself a dress; I'll help you, and we'll get it done before Sunday."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Solly, "I won't do no such thing; don't I knows whose it was, and don't you need clothes yourself bad enough."

"Oh, Solly, please; I know dear mammy would like it; I know she would; please, Solly."

"I'll help make it for you," said Solly decidedly.

"But I don't want it; my wincey dress isn't at all bad; indeed I won't take it; I think you might."

"Well, you air as queer a young un as ever I seed, you be. You're mighty too good for these parts." A mist came over Solly's eyes. "I guess its getting dark, ain't it!" she asked, rubbing her sleeve over her eyes.

"Oh! no, not yet; there's plenty of time for us to rip this, and perhaps get the skirt cut," returned Effie, innocently, as she began vigorously to work at the gown, finding it oh! such hard work to keep back her tears as her fingers moved busily over the dress in which she had so often seen her beloved mother arrayed. But little Effie felt ere long, as any one must do, the blessing attendant on self-sacrifice, and with the consciousness of that dead mother's sweet approval of the act, she soon smiled again.

Ere she and Solly went to rest that night the garment wore a different shape, and

before the sweet Sabbath came it was all in readiness for its wearer, who, poor child, was quite excited at the prospect of having a new dress, a luxury she had never yet enjoyed.

CHAPTER XIII.

Joyful be the hours to-day:
Joyful let the season be.
Let us sing, for well we may;
Jesus, we will sing of thee.

Meet it is that we should own
What thy grace has done for us;
Sav'd we are by grace alone,
And we joy to have it thus.

Thine the name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blessed here and everywhere!
Blessed now and evermore!

The Sabbath dawned bright and beautiful; the little peeps of sky visible from Solly's small window were blue as blue could be; the sun shone down in cloudless majesty and brightened even the dingy court. Nature seemed welcoming the children to the Sabbath-school and to shine down lovingly on them as the three made their way along the narrow street, not unfollowed by some sneering remarks at "the three pious ones agoin' to the goodie schoule!" But the children were happy: Willie proud and thankful, Effie reflecting the sunshine in her blue eyes, and Solly quietly complacent in her new dress and responsible position, for she quite took upon herself the care of the other two.

As they stopped at the door of the room which had been appropriated for the Mission School in that neighborhood, the girls drew back and made Willie enter first. As quickly as he could the little fellow limped into the room. There was evidently no hesitation on his part, whatever there was on that of his companions. He went straight up to a gentleman who stood in the centre of the apartment smilingly watching the groups of little ones as they came trooping in.

"Ah! Willie," he said, pleasantly, "how are you to-day?"

"Well, thank you, sir. I've brought two new scholards, please sir:" and with beaming eyes the boy pointed to the two girls who were shrinking back a little.

"Well done! that's right; always bring as many as you can. We are glad to see you, little girls."

Effie hung her head in silence; Solly stood upright, looking somewhat boldly at the Superintendent, for such he evidently was; but the gentleman knew New York children well and saw that Solly did not mean to be impudent—was only "standing on her rights," as she would have termed it, resolved not to be trifled with.

"I suppose you would rather not be separated?"

"My, no, I should think not;" said Solly, "*she* tried that onct," she continued, grinning at Effie.

"Are you sisters?" asked the gentleman.

"Sisters! he, he. She my sister? Oh, its too funny!" And Solly laughed loudly again.

"Hush!" said Effie, reprovingly, and Solly instantly subsided. "We're just friends, please sir; we've lived together ever since my own mammy died, and we like each other very much."

"Oh! I see. What is your name?" asked the superintendent, addressing Solly.

"Solly."

"Solly!—but what else?"

"I don't know nothing else; guess I never had no other name."

This was not an individual case and the gentleman did not press the matter.

"And yours?" he asked turning to Effie.

"Effie Hamilton, please sir."

At once the gentleman saw the vast difference between the girls, though at first the dresses made him think they were sisters.

"That's a Scotch name," he remarked.

"Yes, mammy and me came out nigh three years agone."

Quick tears came to Effie's eyes which did not escape her questioner's notice and he thought it best to say no more just then on the subject.

"Well, Willie," he said to the boy, who had been anxiously waiting to see what would become of his friends," You had better go to your class, hadn't you?"

Now there was one lady teacher who

was a special favorite with the lame boy, and he was longing to ask the superintendent if Solly and Effie might be assigned to her; so beckoning him a little aside, he said in a whisper:

"Please, sir, now won't you put 'em with Miss Clark; she's real nice, she is. I'd like them to go to her. Them's both nice girls," he added, confidentially.

"Well, Willie, they shall go to Miss Clark's class as a reward to you for bringing them."

With a beaming smile and a "Thankee, sir," the little chap hobbled off and the two girls were conducted to their teacher.

"Willie brought them," said the superintendent, and I trust his example may make all the children try, too, if they can't bring new scholars to learn about Jesus."

"I don't like bein' set up for a sampler," said Solly in an indignant whisper to Effie; but the latter was absorbed in watching the children about her, and looking with delight at the pretty bright cards some of them shewed her.

Presently the school opened, and it seemed to Effie as if she had never heard anything so beautiful in her life as the hymn the children sung; it was that beautiful one so popular in America some ten years ago:

"I was a wandering sheep."

The music, so plaintively tender, made the tears come to the child's eyes—and even with Solly the sweet melody appeared to strike some hitherto untouched chord in her heart; her whole frame trembled and she longed to be somewhere where she could weep unobserved. Oh! the wondrous power of music, and most of all sacred music! As when a pebble is thrown into the deep wide sea it agitates the whole ocean to its farthest shores, so the introduction of Sabbath-schools and Sabbath school singing into America, feeble as the first effort was, proved an influence which soon spread through and through the land, from the north to the south, and from the east to the west. And what a blessed influence it has been! Eternity alone can reveal the number of those, young and old, who have been brought to a saving knowledge of the Saviour through the instrumentality of the Sabbath-school.

From that Sunday Solly seemed a changed child; she grew quiet and thoughtful, and one by one she gave up the low profane expressions which had been so frequently on her lips before; she felt as if they should not proceed from the mouth of one who breathed the name of the most High God night and morning—for Solly prayed now for the first time in her neglected life. Oh, would it not be well if many who cannot plead the plea of ignorance, as Solly could, would strive to obey in spirit as well as in letter that commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." How often do we hear carelessly spoken by those who would shudder to give utterance to an oath expressions of alarm, wonder or astonishment which directly or indirectly call upon God.

It was very hard for Solly to change habits which had grown upon her with her growth, harder than many of my readers could imagine; and many a time would she have yielded and gone back to the old ways but for Effie and her kind, unwearied teacher, who strove in every way to help and encourage the little soldier beset on all sides by the Christian's enemies, the world, the flesh and the devil, but above all, Solly's Captain was patient and strong, and He himself bore her fainting spirit up, saying in tender tones, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not discouraged for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yes I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

But to poor Solly there was one besetting sin she found it very hard to give up, even for Jesus' sake—perhaps it had grown upon her more than any other—it was that of untruthfulness. To Effie indeed or to her mother she had never told a deliberate falsehood; but it was far more natural for her to deny any accusations Nance or others might bring against her than to confess them. She never thought of it being wrong to tell Nance, for instance, that she gave her all her earnings on a certain day, when in fact she had carefully hidden away a quarter of them at least; even this she did for some time after she had attended the Sunday-school. Solly, indeed, was trying to learn the commandment, "Thou

shalt love the Lord thy God," but she had scarcely yet thought of the equally binding law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But this must follow when we strive to obey the first; and so it came with full force to Solly one day when her teacher was explaining to her and Effie the parable of the good Samaritan, in one of her frequent visits to the children, when they always begged her to read and talk to them while they worked.

"Well, I think Solly played good Samaritan to poor mammy and me when she took us in that first night we came to New York," remarked Effie.

"That's good!" laughed Solly. "I guess I did, he! he! hope that poor sick man had better quarters, I do."

"Well, you gave the best you had, Solly, and I've no doubt you have felt often since how glad you were you had done the kind action and so gained Effie for a friend."

Solly did not reply, but the silent glance at her teacher spoke more forcibly for her than words would have done.

"Well, I guess as how I don't behave much like a S'maritan to old Nance;" said she after a pause, grinning till she showed all her white teeth.

"You're better than you used to be, I think," said Effie.

"Lor—Oh! I didn't mean to say that, I didn't;" and too grieved to continue, Solly was silent again.

"In what way do you treat the old woman badly?" asked Miss Clark.

"Well, I scold considerable sometimes, and she might be considerable more comfortabler if I guv her all I earns."

"You don't do that?"

"I guess I don't."

"Does she ever ask you how much you get?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, what do you do?"

"I tell I gets just what I gives her."

"Oh, Solly, is that speaking the truth?"

"Why, it ain't no wrong, is it, to keep it back from her? She'd only drink it. I'd never have a bit of fire when Effie and me's alone winter nights if I give her all the money."

"An untruth is an untruth, and to steal is to steal, Solly, no matter who is the person concerned; neither is the sin only against man, but 'tis also against God; and oh! how dreadful sin is in His sight who is so pure and holy!"

"Well, I've took mor'n one thing in my life that didn't belong ter me; though I will say I never took from them as had hard work to get for themselves; but you say that don't make no differ."

"The sin is the same in God's sight, Solly. Of course I would not say that if a poor starving creature, who had never heard of Christ, took some food to which he had no right, his sin would be as great as that of a rich man, who to add to his store of wealth, robbed his neighbor. Even one of our policemen—if he was a kind-hearted man—would look with compassion upon the famishing thief. How much more our heavenly Father, whose loving kindness and tender mercy are new every morning and fail not! But, Solly, when we have been taught God's law we have not the excuse of ignorance, and though I know you have done wrong because you did not know any better, I know, too, that now when you have learnt how much our dear Saviour is grieved by sin, you will try and conquer your faults. It is hard I am sure, but not impossible, for we can always have His arm to lean upon and His smile to cheer us on."

Miss Clark thought it best to say no more just then, but asking when she would be most likely to find Nance in—as she would like to see her,—took a kindly leave of the girls.

You among my young readers who are Sunday-school scholars—especially those of you who live in large crowded cities—do you ever think how much care and anxiety your teacher has? how many anxious thoughts he or she has for you, how unweariedly he prays, how carefully studies God's Word to find the simplest yet most forcible lessons to impress upon your minds, how often he labors among dark, loathsome courts where rude repulse often meets him, where oaths and jeers are sometimes yelled after him; where still he goes again and again perseveringly (though too often with an aching heart) striving to win wanderers to the fold. Do you ever think how much you might help them in showing a good example to others by your constant attendance, by your thoughtfulness and attention, by your well recited lessons, and oh, so much by your prayers! Do not think your prayers would do no good; every prayer offered in humble faith availeth much. Pray then, children, for your Sunday-school teacher! Pray constantly, pray earnestly, and be assured you will not pray in vain.

(*To be continued.*)

LITTLE ROSIE.

BY FLORA.

"Oh! what shall I do?" cried little Rose fretfully. "I am sure no little girl ever suffered so much before. When will these horrid measles leave me?"

Her mother, sitting by her side and hearing these murmurs gently reproved her.

"My little girl, you must try and be more patient. Just think of the numbers of little children who have the measles and much worse complaints, without a mother or sister to nurse them, as you have."

"But I know nothing can be worse than what I feel," said Rose, with a discontented look, which I am sorry to say was becoming habitual on her face.

"Shall I tell you what happened to Uncle Jack when he was much younger than you are, and how bravely he bore it," said her mother.

"Oh! yes, please mamma," and the little face brightened, for Uncle Jack was a great favorite of hers. She was never tired of hearing about him when he was little.

"When your Uncle was about three years old, a sad accident befell him, my little Rose. He was out for a drive with some of us, when we came to a long hill, over which we often drove. When at the top of this the horse began to run; the driver tried to stop him, but it was no use, the horse was soon galloping full speed down this long hill. We were all fearfully frightened when we thought of the rate at which we would be going before we reached the foot of the hill. At one part the road made a turn; here they again attempted to rein in the horse, with no other effect than to make him wilder. All that could be done was to guide him. About half way up the hill there was a steep slope where the road had been banked, and was not protected in any way; just at this place the road was within a foot or two of the precipice, there was no danger in driving down at an ordinary pace, but racing as we were we should certainly have fallen over and most likely been killed, had we not driven to the middle of the road. Here a deep cut had been made by the rain, and in going over this Jackie was thrown out. Our lives were saved, but our little pet suffered for us; the wheel had gone over his leg and broken it above the knee."

"Oh mamma, how dreadful!" cried Rose, with an eager, excited face. "Didn't he scream when grandma ran back and picked him up?"

"He was crying and said, 'Oh Jack can't walk,' but when we told him we would tell papa how good he was if he didn't cry, he had such control over himself as only to moan gently to himself. The doctor came and set his leg that evening, and Jack bore it like a hero. Even the kind doctor was surprised, and said, 'if he hadn't been so good it would have been very hard to cure, but as it was he hoped he would be able to walk in little more than a month.'"

"A month! and I am so cross after lying still for three days;" and Rose's tears flowed freely. "But he wasn't so good all the time, was he, mamma?"

"Yes my dear; his patience was an example to many an older person. He would lie for hours looking at pictures and books, for five long weeks he lay there without turning; but for one or two nights he scarcely slept at all, and would cry out that his foot hurt him so much, we thought this was because he was tired of one position, and soothed him to sleep moaning 'poor me,' and 'what must Jackie do.' At last the doctor undid the bandages and discovered a deep wound on the back of his heel; then we all knew the cause of Jack's mournful cries, and did not wonder at

them any longer, for the bands had been so tight as to wear away the flesh nearly to the bone, and long after he was well this wound prevented his shoe from being put on. But through it all he was so good and sweet-tempered that no one could help loving him. And so they would love you too, dear Rose, if you would try and overcome that fretfulness and impatience which is spoiling you, my child."

"I will try, mamma, indeed I will," whispered Rose, with her arms around her mother's neck. "I will try to be good and patient like Uncle Jack, but I'm afraid I never can."

"Try it, Rosie dear," said her mother gently, "and ask God to help you, and I am sure you will succeed."

And Rosie does try, and though she fails sometimes and has hard battles with her besetting sin, I am happy to say she is conquering, and bids fair to become as good and gentle as her dear mother.

THE BRIDGE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

There was once a beautiful city which stood upon the slope of a hill; it could be seen from a great distance, and the fame of it was such that many people came from far to admire it, as well as to talk with its inhabitants, who were said to be a very wise race of men, skilful in all the arts of life, and constantly making new and great inventions.

One evening, a long time ago, a stranger came to this city. He had travelled a long way, and seemed weary, but he had heard so much of the city and its wise inhabitants, that he allowed himself little time for rest before he set out to inspect the streets, and admire the large squares with their long lines of overshadowing trees, the fountains springing up and tumbling into their deep marble basins, the tall graceful spires, and the clear windows shadowed with sweeping curtains, and filled with flowering plants.

The more he saw, the more he was delighted. The city was as beautiful as he had expected, and the people were wise and kind. Some of them were rich, and had houses like palaces; others were poor: but the rich were very good, and had built schools for their children, where they taught them the peculiar learning of the place, with various arts and trades, by which the boys soon learned to get their own living, and the girls to practise needlework and other useful arts, besides which they had them instructed in the laws which had been made by the King; and so well were the children taught on this point, that many of them knew as much about the King and his laws as their richer neighbors who had founded these schools.

The stranger thought this such a pleasant city that he wished to remain in it for a while that he might observe the manners of the people, and how they employed themselves. So he went about from day to day, and observed how industrious the men were—how they built houses and wove cloth, dug wells and made bread—and how the women spun and knitted, and took care of their children and of their houses. He was pleased, too, to see the children going so regularly to their schools, and when their tasks were over, he often followed them into the meadows to see how happy they were, gathering flowers and playing about in the long grass.

"This town of yours seems a very good place to live in?" said he, one day, to a man who was weaving a basket.

"So it would be," said the man, looking up thoughtfully, "if it were not for the river."

"What river?" asked the stranger. "I have not seen or heard of any river."

"Why, no," replied the man, "I dare say not, for it runs a little way out of the city, and we have planted some trees in that direction that we may not see it; you will not often hear it mentioned, for in fact we do not consider it good breeding to allude to it."

"But what harm does it do to the town?" asked the stranger.

"I don't wish to say much about it," replied the man, "it is a very painful subject; but the truth is, our King, whom you may have heard of, lives a long way off, on the other side of the river, and sooner or later he sends for all here to cross over. We shall certainly all have to cross before long. The King sends messengers for us; there is scarcely a day in which some one is not sent for."

"But are they obliged to go?" asked the stranger.

"Oh yes, they must go," replied the man, "for the King is very powerful. If he were to send for me to-day, I could not wait even to finish my work. Sometimes he sends for our wives or our children, and the messenger never waits till we are ready."

"What sort of a country is it on the other side of the river?" asked the stranger. "Is it as pleasant as it is here?"

"The river is so wide that we cannot see across it distinctly," said the man; "and when our friends and relations are once gone over, they never come back to tell us how it fares with them there. But yet

every one here is agreed, and the highest evidence confirms it, that the country across the river is a far better one than this. The air is so pure that it heals all their diseases: besides, there is no such thing as poverty or trouble, and the King is very good to them, and so is his Son."

"Well, then," said the stranger, "If the country be so fine, I do not see why you should think it such a misfortune to have to go to it, particularly as you are to see there all your parents, and children, and friends who have gone there before you. Why are you so much afraid to cross the river?"

The man did not answer at first; he seemed to be thinking of his work; at length he looked up and said:

"When any of our friends are sent for, we always say they are gone over into that beautiful country; but, to tell the truth, this river is so extremely deep and wide, and it rushes along so swiftly——"

"Well?" said the stranger.

"I don't mind telling you," replied the man, "as you do not know much of these parts, that I think it very doubtful whether many of those who have to plunge in can get to the opposite side at all. I am afraid the strong tide carries some of them down till they are lost. Besides, sometimes they are sent for in the dark, and, as I said before, the messenger never waits till we are ready."

"Indeed!" said the stranger; "in that case, so far from envying these people, I wonder to see them looking so happy and so unconcerned. I should have thought they would have been so anxious lest the messenger should come. Pray cannot your friends help you over?"

The man shook his head. "We have made a great many rafts at different times," he said, in a doubtful tone, "but they all went whirling down the stream, and were wrecked. We began a bridge, too, and it cost us incredible labor, but we could never make it reach beyond the middle of the river."

"Then," said the stranger, "are there no ships to convey you over; must you needs plunge alone and unhelped into those dark, deep waters?"

"I am not learned in these matters," said the man, evidently uneasy, "and I do not pretend to be wiser than my betters, who generally think this a disagreeable subject, and one that we should not trouble ourselves about more than we can help."

"But if you must all go?" said the stranger.

"I am a working-man," replied the basket-maker, interrupting him, "and I really have no time to talk to you any further. If you want to know anything more about this, you had better go and speak to that man whom you see talking to a group of children. It is his business to teach people how to get over the river, but I have not time to attend to him. I dare say, when my time comes, I shall get across as well as my neighbors."

So the stranger went up to this man who had been pointed out to him, and enquired whether he could tell him anything about the dreadful river.

"Certainly," said the man; "I shall be very glad to tell you anything you wish to know. It is my duty: I am one of the ambassadors of the King's Son. If you will come with me a little way out of the town, I will show you the river."

So he led him over several green hills, and down to a deep valley till they came to the edge of a whirling, hurrying torrent, deep and swollen. It moved along with such a thundering noise, that the stranger shuddered and said:—

"I hope, sir, it is not true that all the people in the city are obliged to cross this river?"

"Yes, it is quite true," answered the man.

"Poor people!" said the stranger, "none of them can strive against such a stream as this; no doubt they are all borne away by the force of the torrent. Do you think any man could swim over here in safety?"

"No," said the man, looking very sorrowful, "it is quite impossible, and we should all be lost if it were not for the Bridge."

"THE BRIDGE!" exclaimed the stranger, very much surprised. "No one told me there was a bridge."

"Oh yes," replied the man, "there is a bridge a short distance higher up; it was built by the King's Son, and by means of it we can pass in perfect safety."

"What! may you all pass?" asked the stranger eagerly.

"Yes, all. The bridge is perfectly free, and is the only way of reaching the country beyond. All who try to swim over, or cross any other way, will certainly be lost for ever."

"Sir," said the stranger, "if this be the case, I must hasten back to the city, and tell the people, that no more of them be lost in these swelling waters."

"You may certainly do so if you please," replied the man, "but know first that all the people have been duly informed of the bridge. My brethren and myself spend nearly all our time in telling them of the goodness of the King's Son, and how neither He nor His Father is willing that any should perish,—but their pride is very great."

"What! so great that they would rather die than use the bridge?" asked the stranger in astonishment.

"Some of them have built up works of their own," replied the man, "which they

think are strong enough to bear them over into the King's country; others say they do not believe there is but one way of getting over, and some men throw themselves headlong into the flood, saying they do not believe there is such a provision, or at least that it was not meant for them. But, as I told you before, it is perfectly free, and the voice of the King's Son may sometimes be heard calling to the people over the flood, and inviting them to come to him; for, strange as it may seem to you, he loves them, though they are so backward to believe that he means them well."

"What!" interrupted the stranger, "does not the King's Son repent of what he has done; is he not sorry that he built a bridge for such a thankless race?"

"No," said the man, "though they slight his offers of safety, he still sends ambassadors to call them to him, even at the very brink of the river. Nay, he often himself visits them, and by night, when all is still, he comes to their doors and knocks; if any man will open to him, he will enter and sup with him. He will tell him how he has loved our nation, and what he has done for our sake; for indeed it cost him very dear to build that bridge, but now it stands stronger than a rock."

Now, when the stranger heard this, he wondered greatly at the ingratitude and foolishness of these people; and as he turned away, I went up to the ambassador, and ventured to ask him the name of that city, and the country it stood in.

But it startled me beyond measure when he told me the name of that country; for it had the same name as my own!

THIRTY-THREE CENTS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Erne was happy. She awoke in the morning with a calm satisfaction in her heart, too deep for words. She went to her little box to survey her treasures, as soon as she was out of bed, though the frost stood thick on the window-panes. There they lay, safe and sound; a bright quarter of a dollar, which her uncle Meadows had given her, and eight new cents from her grandmother. There had been ten, but Erne had run up a bill for candy at Aunt Rhoda's "Variety Store" in the village, to the amount of two cents, which bill, she, being an honest little girl, scrupulously paid with the first money she obtained, even though that was her holiday funds. Immediately after breakfast, she and Margaret went to make purchases. Margaret being four years younger than Erne, had only ten cents, which with contentment is a good deal.

It was some time before New Year, but Erne could not think of waiting a single day before spending a part, at least, of her thirty-three cents.

"Besides Maggy, dear," she argued in a matronly way, "you know you are a little girl, and might lose your ten cents if you kept it, so you had better spend it at once." Margaret did not particularly like being called a little girl, but she was used to it, and rather than delay the proposed expedition, she remained silent under the calumny.

The difficulty of choosing presents! If there had been only one thing that could be bought, two little brains would have been saved a great deal of perplexity, but turned into a wilderness of toys, they looked and admired and hesitated, and could not decide upon anything.

"Meg!" said Erne, at length unconsciously adopting a phrase that has become proverbial, "This will never do. We shall never buy anything at this rate. Now I am going into the next shop," and the first thing she set her eyes upon was a wooden whistle, which she accordingly bought for four cents and bestowed in her pocket.

"This is for Agnes, Meg. I shall not buy anything for you to-day, at any rate, because you know I wish to surprise you, and you mustn't suppose you are going to have anything, and so if you get anything you'll be surprised you know—and I will not suppose you are going to get anything for me; but if you do get anything, you'd better buy it when I am not with you, and then I shall be surprised too."

"Yeth," lisped Meg, who was Erne's slave by virtue of her four lacking years.

"And now I must buy something for mamma. What would you get?"

"A bittiful fur tippet," answered Meg promptly, her eyes fastened upon a little girl who had just tripped past them in such array.

"Why, Meg, child, a fur tippet would cost I suppose—ten dollars, and I have only—let me see—twenty-nine cents. I will tell you what I have been thinking. You know Miss Landor that we saw at grandma's."

"The one with a thing on her head?" asked Meg, whose bump of language was not yet fully developed.

"Yes, a beautiful net, and mamma liked it very much, and I dare say she would like one herself, and there are splendid ones at Farley's. I have seen them through the window, and I am going to buy one of those. Don't you think it would be lovely?"

"Yeth, I do," said Meg, emphatically.

"Don't you believe mamma would like it better than anything else?"

"I know she would," said Meg, with increased emphasis. They went into the shop. The nets were there, blue and

crimson and black and gold, interwoven with gold beads in a blaze of beauty. They selected a blue one with gold trappings. "Can you tell me how much money this costs?" Inquired Erne.

"Four seventy-five," answered the clerk, much louder than was necessary.

Erne dropped it as if it had stung her. Her face fell such a distance, and with such suddenness, that the clerk asked her kindly if she wished to buy one.

"I wanted to buy one for mamma," said she sadly, "but I have only twenty-nine cents. I have spent four already."

"Couldn't you buy some silk and make one?"

"Yes, I know how to net," said Erne brightening up.

"Do you? well, here is some braid now that you could make one of."

"How much would that cost?"

"That would be beyond your means, too. I am afraid."

"Haven't you anything that comes in strings that would be only twenty-nine cents."

"Well, now, here is something," said he, laughing, and pulling from a box a skein of white knitting cotton. "You can have this for four cents."

"Oh! can I? but will that do?"

"Plenty of it, I should think."

"But do people ever wear white nets?"

"We don't keep any on hand, but I think they would be very pretty. Run a blue ribbon into them and tie it with a bow. It would be sweet and pretty."

"And then I should have twenty-five cents left," meditated Erne aloud.

"But I must buy a netting needle, for I have lost mine."

"Here is just the article—nine pence,—you may have it for twelve cents."

"And I shall want the blue ribbon, too."

"And you'll have thirteen cents left to get it with, shan't you? Now, here is just the ticket, eight cents a yard; beautiful color, don't you think so?"

"Yes, don't you think so, Meg?"

"Yeth, littiful," said independent Meg.

"And a yard and a half would be just about enough. Will you have it? And you'll have a cent left, to boot."

"Yes, I think I will have it," said Erne.

She parted from her quarter reluctantly, from all the cents but one reluctantly, but found consolation in the package.

"Now, Meg," said she severely, as they were walking home, "be sure you don't say a word of this to any one. It must be a great secret. Mamma must know nothing of it till I put it in her hand on New Year's. You remember."

"Yeth—but—Erne."

"Well."

"What are you going to give to Martial and Rob?"

The little sly-boots had been casting up accounts in her tiny head, as to the probability of any "surprise" being forthcoming to her from the remaining cent, and was skirmishing for herself under cover for Martial and Rob.

"Not much of anything to be sure" replied Erne, remembering with consternation her diminished funds and her unbought gifts, but not thinking it wise to display any uneasiness. "Perhaps I can make them something,—but they are boys and won't care so much. And Meg, dear, I am afraid I shall not be able to get a very splendid thing for you, but you know,—I would if I could,—and you love mamma, dear mamma, it is so sad since papa went away, and you would rather she would have anything than have it yourself?—You don't want to be selfish?" This was superadded a little imperiously, because Meg hesitated. But thus admonished, Meg, as in duty bound, affirmed that she did love her mother, but she wished at the same time, only inwardly, that Erne was going to give her something, and was, it must be confessed, grievously disappointed.

The plots and plans to finish the net in secret were many and various; but Erne understood how to use her fingers, and before the New Year came, it was rounded and completed. Little cousin Peter's little fingers had often come in contact with it, and Erne steadfastly maintained that it was their touch alone which had so soiled it; but good hard soap, and a dipper of hot water smuggled into her little room, did good service in the way of restoring its original purity, and New Year's morning saw the net, white as snow, and brilliant with blue ribbon, lying snugly in a corner of Erne's work-box. Very early, the little girls were stirring. The net was to be wrapped in white paper, and laid under mamma's plate at breakfast. The whistle was to be put into Agnes' little cup, and that was all that Erne had to give. A gingerbread horse which was to have graced Margaret's plate, was nipped in the bud by the untimely loss of the cent which was to buy it.

"Erne, this new whistle won't whistle," said Meg, after blowing herself purple, in vain. Erne was looking for some nice paper to wrap the net in, but she stopped to try the whistle. "It will whistle of course," she said, a little sharply. "It wouldn't be a whistle if it didn't whistle," which self-evident proposition did not help the case, for, with all her puffing and blowing the whistle would not whistle. It only wheezed, and that very hoarsely.

"Well," she said, philosophically, "I am sorry, but I cannot help it. Don't tell Agnes it was made to whistle, and perhaps she won't know the difference. There she comes now. Put it in the drawer quick,

quick!" and down went the whistle just as dear little Agnes came in sight. She went by and down stairs, but the three year old Peter's pattering feet pattered in. Erne's mother called her at that moment and she ran down. Meg stood making pictures on the frosty window-pane with a pin. It was ten minutes before Erne returned, and when she came in there stood Peter in a chair before the bureau, scissors in one hand and that precious net in the other all cut and slashed and ruined.

Erne sprang forward with a scream, and Meg dropped her pin with another, but it was too late. Peter looked scared and ready to cry. Erne did not scold as many girls and women would have done. With an unselfish self-control that could hardly be expected in a little girl, she uttered no harsh word, but only consoled the frightened little fellow with gentle words. Then with a heavy heart she sat down and wrote a little note to her mother.

"DEAR MAMMA:—I made you such a pretty net for more than a week, and spent all my money, and now the whistle does not whistle at all, and Peter cut the net all to pieces, but he did not mean to be naughty, because he did not know, and I have lost the other cent, and that is all of my thirty-three cents. Oh, mamma, I am so sorry, but I wish you a happy New year all the same.

"Your dear little daughter, ERNE.

"P. S.—I spent all my money before I got to the others, so they have not lost anything only one cent, and that was to buy Meg a ginger-bread horse, but I lost it. Your affectionate daughter, ERNE.

Ah me! It was a very sad little face that appeared at the breakfast table that bright New Year morning, and when mamma read the note, the little face bent low to hide the falling tears, but uncle Meadows drew the little girl to his arms and said cheerfully:

"Never mind, my darling, you have given us something better than all the nets in the world. I saw through the open door what a brave, gentle little girl it was—not one cross word to my little mischief maker, and who ruleth his own spirit is better than he who makes the prettiest net that ever was seen. Come, my pet, and we will have a happy New Year yet." And Erne dried her tears and saw light ahead.

"Uncle Meadowth," said Meg, proffering the vulgar fraction of some glass animals, "here 'th a thag that I wath going to give you. One of hith legth ith broken, and I wathn't croth about it either; wathn't I good, too?"

"Ah, another accident! Did Peter break this, too?"

"No, I broke it," said Meg placidly, "but you thet him down tho and he thicketh," and Meg bobbed him down on one side as never mortal stag was bobbed, and contemplated him with great satisfaction.

And there was a sleighride in the afternoon, and parched corn and candy-pulling in the evening, and Uncle Meadows there all day, and so Erne was comforted for her thirty-three cents.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

The cottage work is over,
The evening meal is done;
Hark! through the starlight stillness
You hear the river run.
The little children whisper,
Then speak out one and all—
"Come, father, make for Johnny,
The rabbit on the wall."

He smilingly assenting,
They gather round his chair;
"Now, grandma, you hold Johnny—
Don't let the candle flare."
So speaking, from his fingers,
He threw a shadow tall,
That seemed the moment after,
A rabbit on the wall.

The children shout with laughter,
The uproar louder grows;
Even grandma chuckles faintly,
And Johnny chirps and crows.
There ne'er was gilded painting,
Hung up in lordly hall,
Gave half the simple pleasure,
Of this rabbit on the wall.

—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

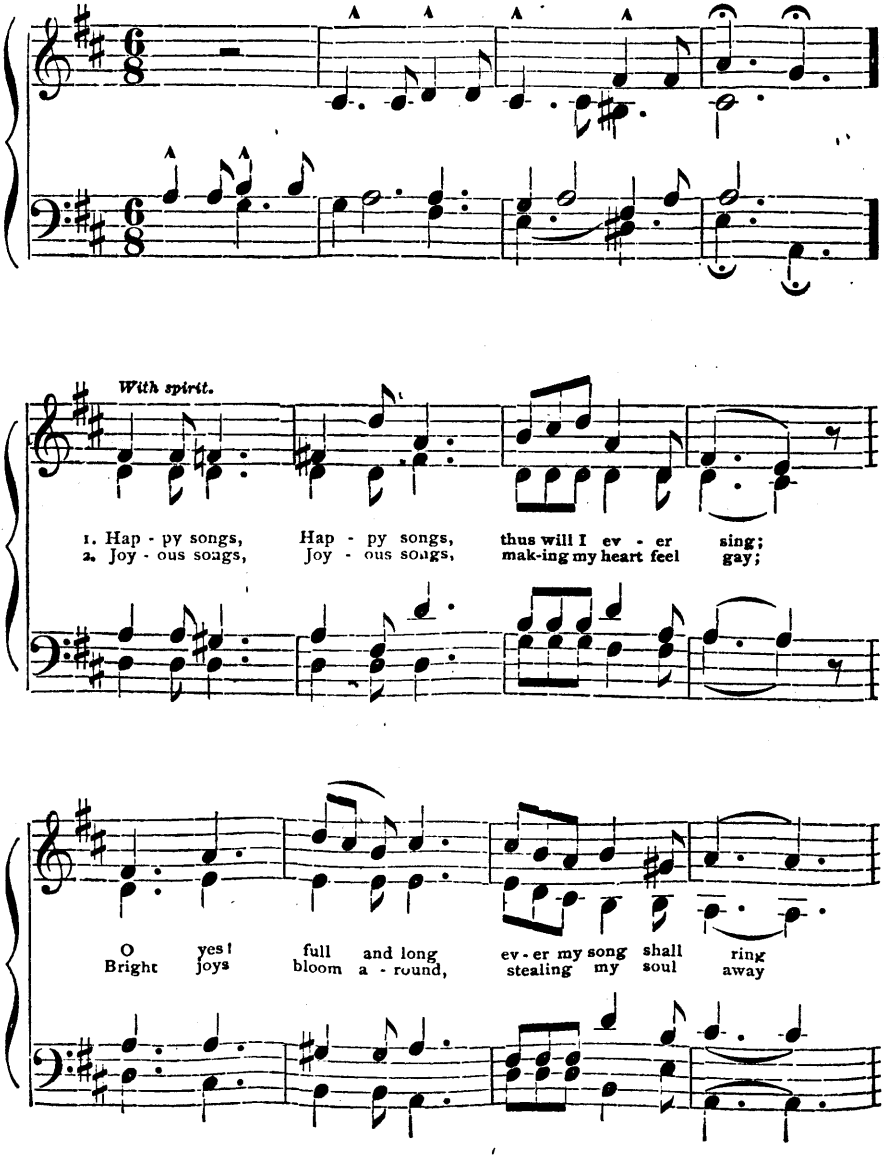
THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER

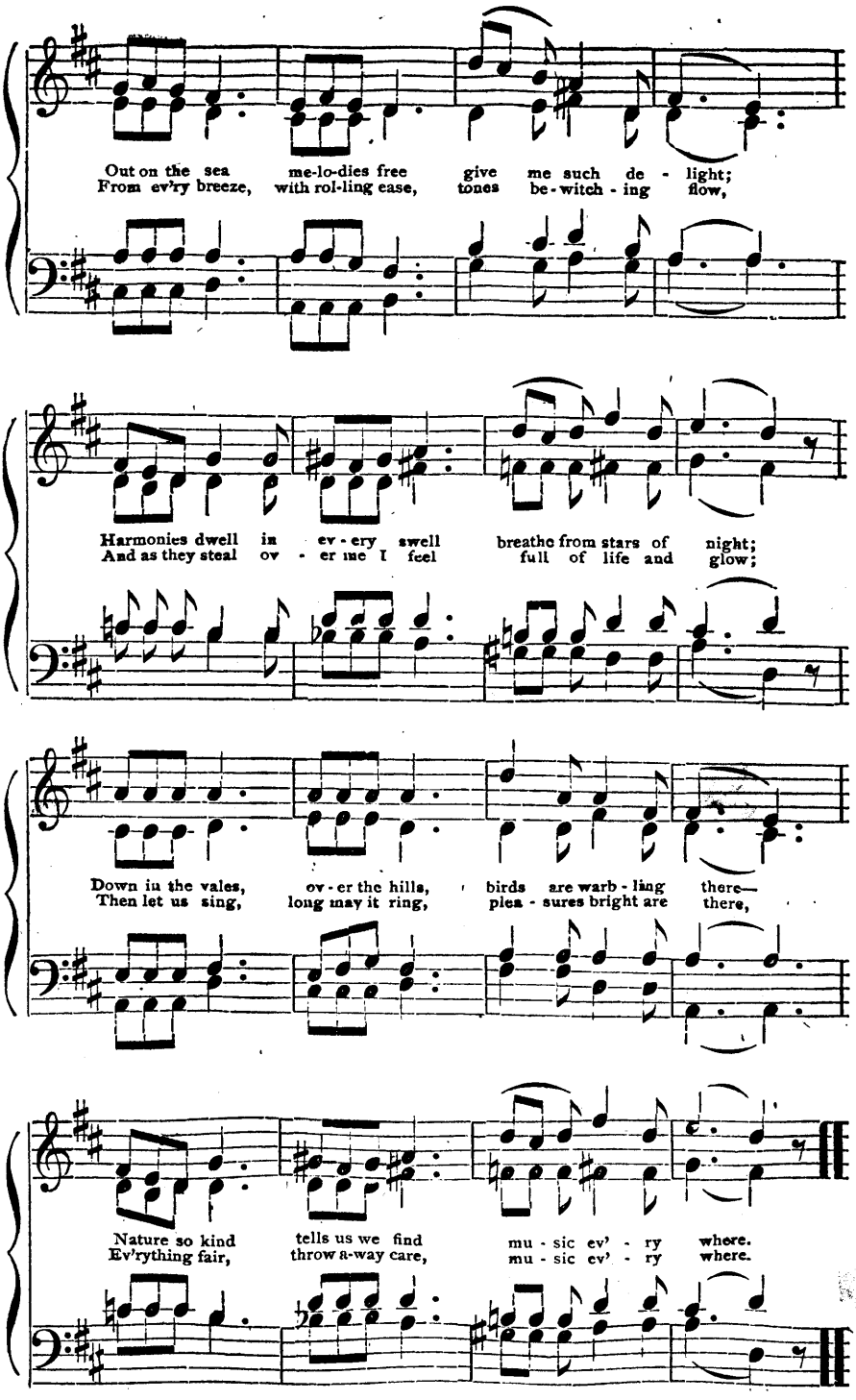
is a pleasant pastime for a large family, or several families can unite in it. Choose the readiest writer and the person with the best judgment among the number, for the editor. He must also be a good penman. The paper can be a weekly or a monthly, as is liked best. Every member of the family that is old enough must contribute one or more articles, either serious, laughable, instructive or absurd, and give to the editor in season for him to arrange his paper and publish it at the appointed time. Such as wish to conceal their authorship must notify the editor, and he is bound in honor not to reveal the name of any writer without his permission. If there is an artist in the circle his pencil can be brought into requisition in illustrating the paper. The whole thing, if entered into heartily, will be productive of more amusement, instruction and pleasure, than one who has not tried it would think possible.

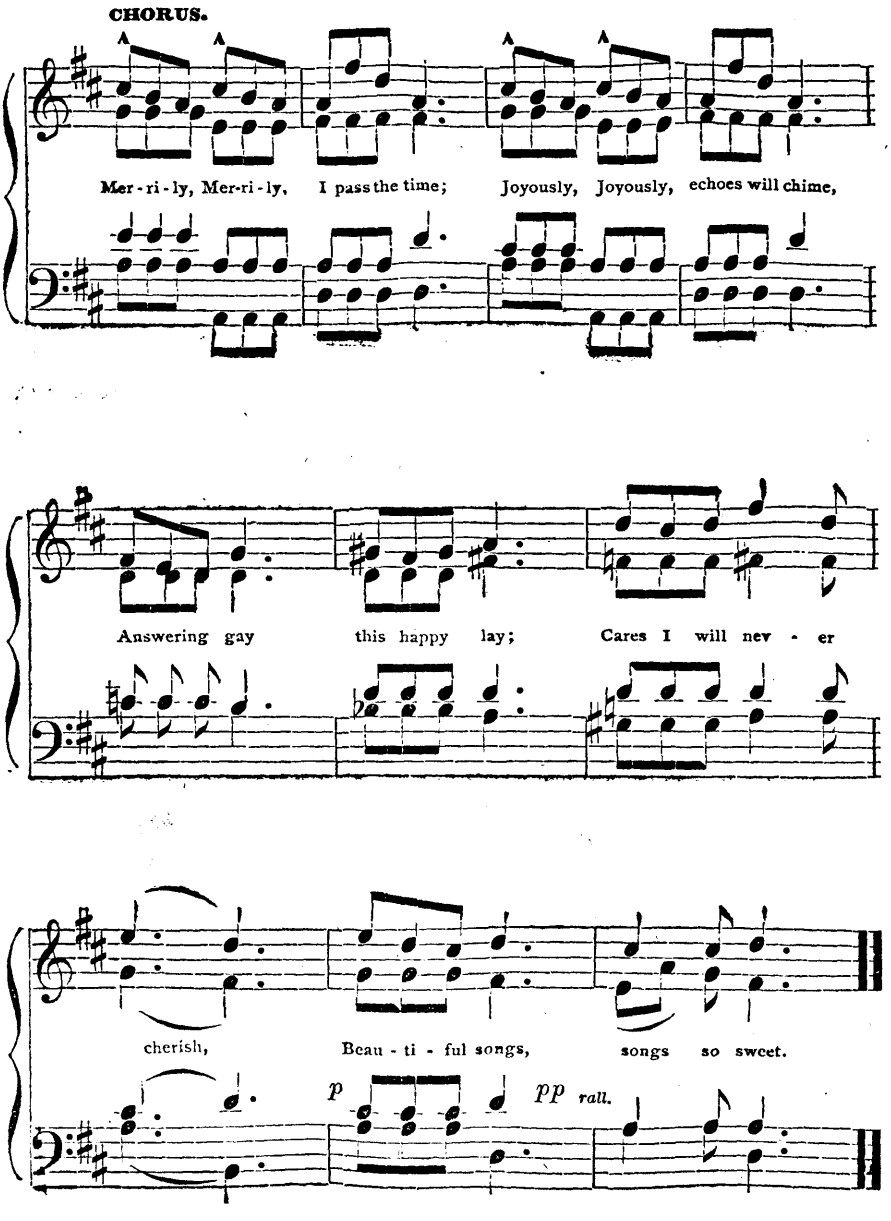
MERRILY, MERRILY, I PASS THE TIME.

Words by GEO. ADAMS. Music by H. G. GILMORE, Organist and Choir-Master.

(Arranged for four voices.)




Out on the sea me-lo-dies free give me such de - light;
From ev'ry breeze, with rol-ling ease, tones be-witch - ing flow,
Harmonies dwell in ev - ery swell breathe from stars of night;
And as they steal ov - er me I feel full of life and glow;
Down in the vales, ov - er the hills, birds are warb - ling there—
Then let us sing, long may it ring, plea - sures bright are there,
Nature so kind tells us we find mu - sic ev' - ry where.
Ev'rything fair, throw a-way care, mu - sic ev' - ry where.


CHORUS.
Mer - ri - ly, Mer-ri - ly, I pass the time; Joyously, Joyously, echoes will chime,
Answering gay this happy lay; Cares I will nev - er
cherish, Beau - ti - ful songs, songs so sweet.
p
pp
rall.

The Home.

THERE MUST BE AUTHORITY.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

The first duty which devolves upon the mother in the training of her child is the establishment of her authority over him—that is, the forming in him the habit of immediate, implicit, and unquestioning obedience to all her commands. And the first step to be taken, or, rather, perhaps the first essential condition required for the performance of this duty, is the fixing of the conviction in her own mind that it is a duty.

Unfortunately, however, there are vast numbers of mothers who do not in any degree perform this duty, but a large proportion of them have not even a theatrical idea of the obligation of it.

"I wish my child to be governed by reason and reflection," says one. "I wish him to see the necessity and propriety of what I require of him, so that he may render a ready and willing compliance with my wishes, instead of being obliged blindly to submit to arbitrary and despotic power."

She forgets that the faculties of reason and reflection, and the power of appreciating "the necessity and propriety of things," and of bringing considerations of future, remote, and perhaps contingent good and evil to restrain and subdue the impetuousness of appetites and passions eager for present pleasure, are qualities that appear late, and are very slowly developed, in the infantile mind; that no real reliance whatever can be placed upon them in the early years of life; and that, moreover, one of the chief and expressly intended objects of the establishment of the parental relation is to provide, in the mature reason and reflection of the father and mother, the means of guidance which the embryo reason and reflection of the child could not afford during the period of his immaturity.

To aid in the development and cultivation of the thinking and reasoning powers is doubtless a very important part of a parent's duty. But to cultivate these faculties is one thing, while to make any control which may be procured for them over the mind of the child the basis of government, is another. To explain the reasons of our commands is excellent, if it is done in the right time and manner. The wrong time is when the question of obedience is pending, and the wrong manner is when they are offered as inducements to obey. We may offer reasons for recommendations, when we leave the child to judge of their force, and to act according to our recommendations or not, as his judgment shall dictate. But reasons should never be given as inducements to obey a command. The more completely the obedience to a command rests on the principle of simple submission to authority, the easier and better it will be both for parent and child.

Let no reader fall into the error of supposing that the mother's making her authority the basis of her government renders it necessary for her to assume a stern and severe aspect toward her children in her intercourse with them; or to issue her commands in a harsh, abrupt, and imperious manner; or always to refrain from explaining, at the time, the reasons for a command or a prohibition. The more gentle the manner, and the more kind and courteous the tones in which the mother's wishes are expressed, the better; provided only that the wishes, however expressed, are really the mandates of an authority which is to be yielded at once without question or delay. She may say, "Mary will you please to leave your doll and take this letter for me into the library to your father?" or, "Johnny, in five minutes it will be time to put your blocks away to go to bed; I will tell you when the time is out;" or, "James, look at the clock"—to call his attention to the fact that the time is arrived for him to go to school. No matter, in a word, under how mild and gentle a form the mother's commands are given, provided only that the children are trained to understand that they are at once to be obeyed.

Another large class of mothers are deterred from making any efficient effort to establish their authority over their children for fear of thereby alienating their affections. "I wish my child to love me," says a mother of this class. "That is the supreme and never-ceasing wish of my heart; and if I am continually thwarting and constraining her by my authority, she will soon learn to consider me an obstacle to her happiness, and I shall become an object of her aversion and dislike."

There is some truth, no doubt, in this statement thus expressed, but it is not ap-

plicable to the case, for the reason that there is no need whatever for a mother's "continually thwarting and constraining" her children in her efforts to establish her authority over them. The love which they will feel for her will depend in a great measure upon the degree in which she sympathizes and takes part with them in their occupations, their enjoyments, their disappointments, and their sorrows, and in which she indulges their child-like desires. The love, however, awakened by these means will be not weakened nor endangered, but immensely strengthened and confirmed, by the exercise on her part of a just and equable, but firm and absolute, authority. This must always be true so long as a feeling of respect for the object of affection tends to strengthen, and not to weaken, the sentiment of love. The mother who does not govern her children is bringing them up not to love her, but to despise her.

A great deal is said sometimes about the evils of indulgence in the management of children; and so far as the condemnation refers only to indulgence in what is injurious or evil, it is doubtless very just. But the harm is not in the indulgence itself—that is, in the act of affording gratification to the child—but in the injurious or dangerous nature of the things indulged in. It seems to me that children are not generally indulged enough. They are thwarted and restrained in respect to the gratification of their harmless wishes a great deal too much. Indeed, as a general rule, the more that children are gratified in respect to their childish fancies and impulses, and even their caprices, when no evil or danger is to be apprehended, the better.

When, therefore, a child asks, "May I do this?" or "May I do that?" the question for the mother to consider is not whether the thing proposed is a wise or a foolish thing to do—that is, whether it would be wise or foolish for *her*, if she, with her ideas and feelings, were in the place of the child—but only whether there is any harm or danger in it; and if not, she should give her ready and cordial consent.

There is no necessary antagonism, nor even any inconsistency, between the freest indulgence of children and the maintenance of the most absolute authority over them. Indeed, the authority can be most easily established in connection with great liberality of indulgence. At any rate, it will be very evident, on reflection, that the two principles do not stand at all in opposition to each other, as is often vaguely supposed. Children may be greatly indulged, and yet perfectly governed. On the other hand, they may be continually checked and thwarted, and their lives made miserable by a continued succession of vexations, restrictions, and refusals, and yet not be governed at all. An example will, however, best illustrate this.

A mother, going to the village by a path across the fields, proposed to her little daughter Louisa to go with her for a walk.

Louisa asked if she might invite her Cousin Mary to go too. "Yes," said her mother; "I think she is not at home; but you can go and see, if you like."

Louisa went to see, and returned in a few minutes, saying that Mary was not at home.

"Never mind," replied her mother; "it was polite in you to wish to invite her."

They set out upon the walk. Louisa runs hither and thither over the grass, returning continually to her mother to bring her flowers and curiosities. Her mother looks at them all, seems to approve of and to sympathize in Louisa's wonder and delight, and even points out new charms in the objects which she brings to her, that Louisa had not observed.

At length Louisa spied a butterfly.

"Mother," said she, "here's a butterfly. May I run and catch him?"

"You may try," said her mother.

Louisa ran till she was tired, and then came back to her mother, looking a little disappointed.

"I could not catch him, mother."

"Never mind," said her mother, "you had a good time trying, at any rate. Perhaps you will see another by-and-by. You may possibly see a bird, and you can try and see if you can catch *him*."

So Louisa ran off to play again, satisfied and happy.

A little farther on a pretty tree was growing, not far from the path on one side. A short, half-decayed log lay at the foot of the tree, overtopped and nearly concealed by a growth of raspberry-bushes, grass, and wild flowers.

"Louisa," said the mother, "do you see that tree with the pretty flowers at the foot of it?"

"Yes, mother."

"I would rather not have you go near that tree. Come over to this side of the path, and keep on this side till you get by."

Louisa began immediately to obey; but, as she was crossing the path, she looked up to her mother and asked why she must not go near the tree.

"I am glad you would like to know why," replied her mother, "and I will tell you the reason as soon as we get past."

Louisa kept on the other side of the path until the tree was left well behind, and then came back to her mother to ask for the promised reason.

"It was because I heard that there was a wasp's nest under that tree," said her mother.

"A wasp's nest!" repeated Louisa, with a look of alarm.

"Yes," rejoined her mother, "and I was afraid that the wasps might sting you."

Louisa paused a moment, and then, looking back towards the tree, said,

"I am glad I did not go near it."

"And I am glad that you obeyed me so readily," said her mother. "I knew you would obey me at once, without my giving any reason. I did not wish to tell you the reason for fear of frightening you while you were passing by the tree. But I knew that you would obey me without any reason. You always do, and that is why I always like to have you go with me when I take a walk."

Louisa is much gratified by this commendation, and the effect of it, and of the whole incident, in confirming and strengthening the principle of obedience in her heart, is very much greater than rebukes or punishments for any overt act of disobedience could possibly be.

"But, mother," asked Louisa, "how did you know that there was a wasp's nest under that tree?"

"One of the boys told me so," replied her mother.

"And do you really think there is one there?" asked Louisa.

"No," replied her mother, "I do not really think there is. Boys are very apt to imagine such things."

"Then why would you not let me go there?" asked Louisa.

"Because there *might be* one there, and so I thought it safer for you not to go near."

Louisa now left her mother's side and resumed her excursions, running this way and that, in every direction, over the fields, until at length, her strength beginning to fail, she came back to her mother, out of breath, and with a languid air, saying that she was too tired to go any father.

"I am tired, too," said her mother; "we had better find a place to sit down to rest."

"Where shall we find one?" asked Louisa.

"I see a large stone out there before us, a little way," said her mother. How will that do?"

"I mean to go and try it," said Louisa; and, having seemingly recovered her breath, she ran forward to try the stone. By the time that her mother reached the spot she was ready to go on.

These and similar instances marked the whole progress of the walk.

We see that in such a case as this firm government and free judgment are conjoined; and that, far from there being any antagonism between them, they may work together in perfect harmony.

On the other hand, there may be an extreme limitation in respect to a mother's indulgence of her children, while yet she has no government over them at all. We shall see how this might be by the case of little Hannah.

Hannah was asked by her mother to go with her across the fields to the village under circumstances similar to those of Louisa's invitation, except that the real motive of Hannah's mother, in proposing that Hannah should accompany her, was to have the child's help in bringing home her parcels.

"Yes, mother," said Hannah, in reply to her mother's invitation, "I should like to go; and I will go and ask Cousin Sarah to go, too."

"Oh, no," rejoined her mother, "why do you wish Sarah to go? She will only be a trouble to us."

"She won't be any trouble at all, mother, and I mean to go and ask her," said Hannah; and, putting on her bonnet, she set off towards the gate.

"No, Hannah," insisted her mother, "you *must not* go. I don't wish to have Sarah go with us to-day."

Hannah paid no attention to this prohibition, but ran off to find Sarah. After a few minutes she returned, saying that Sarah was not at home.

"I am glad of it," said her mother; "I told you not to go to ask her, and you did very wrong to disobey me. I have a great mind not to let you go yourself."

Hannah ran off in the direction of the path, not caring for the censure or for the threat, knowing well that they would result in nothing.

Her mother followed. When they reached the pastures Hannah began running here and there over the grass.

"Hannah!" said her mother, speaking in a stern and reproachful tone; "what do you keep running about so for all the time, Hannah? You'll get tired out before we get to the village, and then you'll be teasing me to let you stop and rest. Come and walk along quietly with me."

But Hannah paid no attention whatever to this injunction. She ran to and fro among the rocks and clumps of bushes, and once or twice she brought to her mother flowers or other curious things that she found.

"Those things are not good for anything, child," said her mother. "They are nothing but common weeds and trash. Besides, I told you not to run about so much. Why can't you come and walk quietly along the path, like a sensible person?"

Hannah paid no attention to this reiteration of her mother's commands, but continued to run about as before.

"Hannah," repeated her mother, "come back into the path. I have told you again and again that you must come and walk with me, and you don't pay the least heed to what I say. By-and-by you will fall

into some hole, or tear your clothes against the bushes, or get pricked with the briers. You must not, at any rate, go a step farther from the path than you are now."

Hannah walked on, looking for flowers and curiosities, and receding farther and farther from the path, for a time, and then returning towards it again, according to her own fancy or caprice, without paying any regard to her mother's directions.

"Hannah," said her mother, "you *must not* go so far away from the path. Then, besides, you are coming to a tree where there is a wasps' nest. You must not go near that tree; if you do, you will get stung."

Hannah went on, looking for flowers, and gradually drawing nearer to the tree.

"Hannah!" exclaimed her mother, "I tell you that you must not go near that tree. You will *certainly* get stung."

Hannah went on—somewhat hesitatingly and cautiously, it is true—towards the foot of the tree, and, seeing no signs of wasps there, she began gathering the flowers that grew at the foot of it.

"Hannah! Hannah!" exclaimed her mother; "I told you not to go near that tree! Get your flowers quick, if you must get them, and come away."

Hannah went on gathering the flowers at her leisure.

"You will *certainly* get stung," said her mother.

"I don't believe there is any hornets' nest here," replied Hannah.

"Wasps' nest," said her mother; "it was a wasps' nest."

"Or wasps' nest either," said Hannah.

"Yes," rejoined her mother, "the boys said there was."

"That's nothing," said Hannah; "the boys think there are wasps' nests in a great many places where there are not any."

After a time Hannah, having gathered all the flowers she wished for, came back at her leisure towards her mother.

"I told you not to go to that tree," said her mother, reproachfully.

"You told me I should certainly get stung if I went there," rejoined Hannah, "and I didn't."

"Well, you *might* have got stung," said her mother, and so walked on.

Pretty soon after this Hannah said that she was tired of walking so far, and wished to stop and rest.

"No," replied her mother. "I told you that you would get tired if you ran about so much; but you would do it, and so now I shall not stop for you at all."

Hannah said that *she* should stop, at any rate; so she sat down upon a log by the way-side. Her mother said that *she* should go on and leave her. So her mother walked on, looking back now and then, and calling Hannah to come. But finding that Hannah did not come, she finally found a place to sit down herself and wait for her.

THE PRINCIPLE ILLUSTRATED BY THIS CASE.

Many a mother will see the image of her own management of her children reflected without exaggeration or distortion in this glass; and, as the former story shows how the freest indulgence is compatible with the maintenance of the most absolute authority, this enables us to see how a perpetual resistance to the impulses and desires of children may co-exist with no government over them at all.

Let no mother fear, then, that the measures necessary to establish for her the most absolute authority over her children will at all curtail her power to promote their happiness. The maintenance of the best possible government over them will not in any way prevent her yielding to them all the harmless gratifications they may desire. She may indulge them in all their childish impulses, fancies, and even caprices, to their heart's content, without at all weakening her authority over them. Indeed, she may make these very indulgences the means of strengthening her authority. But without the authority she can never develop in the hearts of her children the only kind of love that is worth possessing—namely, that in which the feeling of affection is dignified and ennobled by the sentiment of respect.—*From "Gentle Measures in the Management and Training of the Young."*

TWO RECIPES FOR A SERVANT.

The first is for a good servant. First, "catch your servant!"

When you catch her coming in at your door for the first time, say to her as follows:

"Bridget, I am glad to see you. I hope you will like living with me. I want every one who lives in my house to feel that it is their home, and that it is as much for their interest as for mine to make the home comfortable. We shall try to make you happy, and I shall expect you to try to make us happy. Nobody knows how far that will go until they try it. If you are ill or in trouble of any kind, I want you to come and tell me, and we will all try to help you. If we are ill or in trouble, we shall look to you to help us. I pay you so much a week. This is the price I am willing to pay for having certain things done, every day, at certain times, and in certain ways. I shall explain them all to you very carefully. I suppose I shall have to explain them to you a good many times over, because you have never before lived in any house where the customs were precisely like ours. After you do thoroughly understand what the things

are, and how and when you are to do them, then you know it would not be *honest* for you to neglect or refuse to do them, because it is a plain bargain between us. It is just as it would be if you bought a dress in a shop. You expect the shopkeeper to send home the dress you bought, and not another dress. Do you understand me, Bridget?"

The reply to this question will vary according to the age and experience of the servant. In most cases it will be the spirit rather than the words which she has understood, and she will answer with an uncertain look, half pleasure, half distrust, on her face.

"Yis'm, I understand yees. It's me own work I'll be afther doin', and not nobody's ilse!"

Carefully avoid all impatience or amusement, whatever her reply may be. She is studying you carefully. Now is your time to win a foothold of influence with her—influence, that blessed, divine thing, without which authority is short-lived and insufficient. Next, take her to her room. This must be clean and comfortable. It must have all the conveniences necessary to enable a woman to keep her clothes and her person in good order.

If it can also have a cheerful and pleasant look, so much the better. But the first requisites are essential.

Next, instruct her slowly, accurately, patiently what her duties are to be. Have them clearly defined in your own mind. Go over the house with her and show her the places, the methods, yourself. How many times you must do this will depend upon two things. First, on how thoroughly and heartily you do it; secondly, on the age and mental qualifications of the servant. This is a point which must be left, as many things must be in the best recipes, "to judgment." In average cases, however, a week's time will usually be sufficient.

Next, see to it that negligences are *never* overlooked, and *never* angrily reprimanded. A simple reminder, firm but pleasant, is the only efficacious thing. If this does not answer, nothing will.

See to it—not give orders to that effect, but *see to it*—that by every member of your household, children, other servants, all, her rights are scrupulously respected; that she is not asked to do others servants' work; that she is not impolitely treated—in short, that your half of the contract is fulfilled honorably.

If these directions are followed exactly and persistently, a good servant will be the result. Not perhaps a satisfactory servant. That involves many chances which no one can forestall or circumvent. Capacity can not be compelled or cultivated. But no one has a right to call a servant a *bad* servant when she does the best she can. However stupid, inefficient, untaught she may be, she is a good servant if she is faithful and willing, and she *will* be faithful and she will be willing if the directions in this recipe are followed.

SECOND: RECIPE FOR A BAD SERVANT.

First, "catch your servant," or, if she catches you, that is less trouble.

When she arrives, say to her: "Oh! you have come, have you? I am sure I hope you will stay. I hate to change servants. It is such a torment. You can go right to your room and take off your things. Some of the girls will show you where your room is."

The room should be quite bare and comfortless. At least one other girl should sleep in it. Any sort of bed will do, and the washstand may be broken. It is as well not to have a closet. A few nails answer every purpose, if the plastering will hold them; if not, no matter. It is best not to have a bureau. A narrow strip of carpet before the bed does no harm.

When Bridget comes down, say to her: "Of course you understand that I engaged you as waitress" (if that were the office for which you took her.) "You have waited before, you told me. So you know just what there is to be done. I shall expect you to be very punctual; the cook will show you where the things are."

Go up-stairs then, and leave her to herself.

Be sure to reprove her very sharply for every mistake she makes during the first days of her stay with you. Otherwise, take no notice whatever of her.

These directions carefully followed will make a very bad servant in the shortest possible time.

The more capacity she has the worse she will be, probably, and the longer it will be before you find out how bad she is.

Both of these recipes have been tried in families of our acquaintance, and are infallible.—*Hearth and Home.*

SLIPSHOD.

"No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre.*" This is a fact to which every one, however careful of his dignity, must yield. He who puts on the royal robe, adjusts the judicial wig, or pulls off the military boot, necessarily beholds king, judge, and conqueror in more or less of the nakedness of humanity, and in his eyes the symbols, at least, of majesty, law, and command can not but lose much of their awe. The great MOLTKE, who still, even in these days of bearded heroes, shaves, can hardly present a heroic aspect to the barber who holds him by the nose, and

beslobbers the portentous lines of his face with soap-suds.

Vain as may be the attempt to sustain the dignity of the person in the presence of those to whom closeness of intimacy reveals every weakness and defect, there is no reason for lessening ourselves in the eyes of the whole world by an unnecessary display of natural or acquired infirmity. We are all bound by the laws of decorum, the respect for self and others, to present ourselves with as graceful and becoming a mien as possible. Every one should feel it a duty to avoid lowering human nature even in its outward aspects. An unreserved disclosure of natural defects, a wilful disobedience of the laws of taste, carelessness of the person, and negligence in its attire, are social offenses. The slattern in dress and slattern in manner alike degrade human dignity, and should be excluded from all decent company.

People should be careful not only to present a becoming exterior abroad, but at home. There are many who, while they lay great stress upon the duty of obedience to the laws of decorum in dress and behavior in formal company, are entirely careless of their attire and manners in the domestic circle. These attempts to assume the decorous on special occasions never succeed, and the habitual slattern and boor are soon detected under the fine dress and air of ceremony.

Familiarity does unquestionably beget contempt, if not checked and regulated by the formalities of polite society. Trifling as it seems in itself, mere negligence of dress is unquestionably a frequent cause of domestic unhappiness. When the richly attired bride degenerates into the slatternly wife, as too often happens, she loses her hold upon her husband's admiration, and consequently his affection. A fondness which has been awakened by outward charms is not always proof against an ugliness engendered by negligence and a disregard to appearances. The man, too, who at home allows himself to sink into a sloven, is in no less imminent danger of losing the regard of a fastidious woman, whose innate delicacy of refinement is sure to be shocked at any want of propriety in manner or nicety of dress.

Without requiring from the family the most rigorous observance of the formalities of attire and ceremony exacted from society, we doubt whether they can be entirely discarded with safety by husbands and wives, children, brothers and sisters, in their most intimate intercourse with each other. The forms of decorum, though they are but symbols, should not be undervalued, for they serve as reminders of the mutual consideration which they signify. The man who takes his seat at the family table in his shirt sleeves, reeking with the sweat of labor, is not necessarily devoid of respect for his wife; but the mere act of putting on a coat out of regard to her presence reminds himself of the duty of courtesy, and indicates to others his sense of it. All the outward manifestations of mutual regard—the uncovering of the head, the various salutations, the "good-morning" and "good-evening," the "good-by," the "welcome home," the "thanks" for this and that, the "please," "will you have the kindness?" and the thousand other expressions of politeness—are as essential to the comfort and grace of the intercourse of the family as of society.

The influence of these marks and outward signs of regard and courtesy is especially great upon children, in impressing upon them the duties of mutual forbearance, reverence for their parents, and consideration for others; for the young, it must be recollected, are only to be effectually taught, in the first instance, by what is objective or recognizable by their senses. A father who habitually keeps on his hat in the presence of his wife, or never utters a gentle word of courtesy to her, may repeat in vain the fifth commandment, with all its liberality of promise, to his children, if in his boorishness he shows no outward sign of honor to their mother.

No one questions the advantage of ceremonies and courtesies in all our relations with the world at large. "It is," says Lord Bacon, "like perpetual letters commendatory to have good forms." To become masters of them we must acquire them early, and they are only effective and becoming in the service of those who have been long accustomed to their use. The ease which comes from habit is essential to their grace. The family is consequently the best school for the acquisition of these "good forms" as Lord Bacon terms them, and we need hardly repeat that they are inconsistent with every thing that indicates in the mien or dress the least token of the *slipshod.—Harper's Bazar.*

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE.

Miss Julia Colman, in one of her practical and sensible articles on "The Health of our Women" in *Home and Health*, discourses thus:—

But suppose there be not women enough in a family to do the work; suppose its members be mostly men or boys?"

Well, let them work. Who has any objections? It is no disgrace for any man to wait on himself nor on his family, any more than it is for his wife to do so. It always appeared to me a strange kind of gallantry that would allow a man to stand by and see a woman bring in an

armful of wood, or replenish the fuel in the stove, or lift a pail of water without springing to her help, and yet permitted him to go away into another room, or to take a paper and sit down, when he knew she was doing all this and much more, and he doing nothing of importance. When the family all occupy one room for living and working, all such pretence usually dies out, and the wife and mother works on and on, perhaps for hours, while the men-folks do absolutely nothing. I have been struck with that state of affairs on Sunday especially, when the wife and mother who has been working all the week must keep on working still, though she needs rest as much or more than any other member of the family, and that, too, when the work that is wearing her out would be healthful exercise to the others. Why is this? Is the work that women do so degrading that men cannot touch it? I have seen them do it, and do it gracefully, and I honored them for it, and they honored themselves by it. I believe there is no great suffering without some great wrong, and very often the two lie very near each other. Surely it is one of the simplest and most rational solutions of the problem of women's excessive household work to have men and boys do some portion of it. I see no reason against it, unless there is caste in work and women are fore-doomed to the drudgery.

It seems to me that for their own good men-kind should be taught to wait upon themselves in early life. I do not see why a boy should not be taught to make his own bed properly, and keep his room in order just as much as a girl. He should also be taught to do his own mending. It will save him from mortification and annoyance a great many times throughout life, and it would certainly prevent his becoming that egregious laughing-stock in the eyes of all sensible women, the man who justifies himself in getting up a tornado because some woman has omitted to sew a button on his shirt. If a man's equanimity is at the mercy of such trifles I would advise him by all means to take them in his own hands and learn how to do them for himself. It is his only security for serene independence, for absence from home and accidents of all sorts will happen. Children will be sick, and wives and mothers will be sick, and die off, too, for that matter.

Then how much better things would be at home if on a Saturday evening each stalwart son should sew on his own missing buttons, and make good the deficiencies in his own stockings, rather than to be gossiping at the tavern, or loafing on the street corners, or even yawning dutifully in the house around the poor tired mother, who may be obliged to sit up till midnight to do the aggregate of this work for all of them.

I have known cases, too, where a mother of boys only has from sheer necessity selected one to help her in her labors, and reluctantly made him the "girl-boy" of the family. But it is always a blessing to him. He becomes commonly the most versatile, the most gentle, the most successful of them all in after life, if no prejudice against his work has been allowed to warp his feelings. The greatest wrong is in depriving the others of their share of the advantages.

It is no small benefit to a man to be able to know how to manage skilfully all the common details of the preparation of food. It may often give him a comfortable meal when otherwise he would be half starved somewhere in the vicissitudes of life, and no one can tell what is before him. How many a weary traveller has been thankful for such knowledge! I know men who pride themselves upon it not a little. How many a poor soldier in our late war has blessed the fortune, I ought to be able to say, blessed the mother that taught him! Mothers should teach their boys all such things, and expect them to practice them, both for their own good and the good of all the family, so long as they remain at home.

When they are married their wives may pet and wait upon them to their heart's content; but in case of any slight illness, and no help at hand, what a delightful independence it gives a man to be able to get his own breakfast and put things neatly away, and leave the wife with nothing to do but take care of herself and get well again. It is bad enough to have the wife sick; but any civilized man who has experienced in addition the utter desolation of having the house in complete confusion, and every thing at loose ends without being able to rectify it, ought to appreciate a little practical training in that direction. The service that the boys would perform in the meantime, so long as they remain at home, would relieve woman's work of many extra tasks, and often render the remaining work endurable, for there is no fear but that there will be work enough left to keep women busy all the day long.

WINTER FLOWERS.

Parlor gardeners are often too anxious to water their plants. If anything is the matter, away they go for a dipper of water, and the pot is filled full to overflowing. This is not the way to manage them. Be a little more cautious and observant of the

rules of health. Water your plants only once a day, and that in the early morning. Never water at midday, nor pour water on plants already exposed to the sun. Never apply water in winter directly from the well. It should always be warm, and never colder than the temperature of the room in which the plants are kept. Many parlor-gardeners have used water heated up as high as 90 deg. to 100 deg., applied directly to the soil of the pots, with good effect; but over this is not necessary. When you water, give the soil a good soaking, and then let it alone for the rest of the day.

Many are disposed to stimulate their plants too often with liquid manure. They try it once, and find its effects so charming that they naturally want to keep it up. One general rule should be observed; and that is, let your liquid stimulant be well diluted, and do not apply oftener than once a week. If your liquid is the distillation from barn-yard manure, then you must add charcoal to it, to obviate its offensive odor. Be careful how you apply it to bulbs, growing either in sand or water; a teaspoonful at a time is enough for each hyacinth glass, and a tablespoonful for a larger pot of bulbs. For other plants, like Geraniums, Roses, Fuschsias, etc., in large pots, a tumberful is plenty; if strong, use but half of that.

Whenever the weather is mild, you can treat your plants to a draught of fresh air. Pull the upper window down, so that the air will blow over them, rather than upon them. The temperature of your room should not exceed 75 deg., nor go below 40 deg. At night, to prevent all danger of frost, pin a newspaper around the plants. Let it remain until you have done sweeping or dusting in the morning. Nothing is so fatal to plants as dust on the leaves. If your plants are on a movable stand, with castors, you can easily wheel it out of the room until it has been thoroughly cleaned and the dust has settled.

If any of your plants get troubled with the green fly (aphis), you can destroy it by fumigating with tobacco. Take a large box, which will hold a number of plants, invert it over them; then set a dish inside with live coals, and cover them with a few handsful of fine-cut tobacco; cover the box tightly, that the smoke may not escape; and, after remaining a couple of hours, take the plants out, syringe with clear warm water, and they will be found all right.

To beginners in window-gardening, the two most satisfactory plants we can recommend are a simple rustic hanging-basket with an Ivy—either the English or the Coliseum; and for a pot-plant some fine Geranium. Then, as your knowledge increases, you can add more.

SELECTED RECIPES.

POTTED BEEF. — *Ingredients.* — Two pounds of lean beef, one tablespoonful of water, half pound of butter, seasoning to taste of salt, cayenne, pounded mace, and black pepper.

Mode.—Procure a nice piece of lean beef, as free as possible from gristle, skin, &c., and put it into a jar (if at hand, one with a lid) with one tablespoonful of water. Cover in *closely*, and put the jar into a saucepan of boiling water, letting the water come within two inches of the top of the jar. Boil gently for three hours and a half: then take the beef, chop it very small with a chopping-knife, and pound it thoroughly in a mortar. Mix with it by degrees all, or a portion of the gravy that will have run from it, and a little clarified butter; add the seasoning, put it in small pots for use, and cover with a little butter just warmed and poured over.

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE (a Homely but Savoury Dish).—*Ingredients.*—One and a half pound of rump-steak, one sheep's kidney, pepper and salt to taste. For the batter, three eggs, one pint of milk, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one half salt-spoonful of salt.

Mode.—Cut up the steak and kidney into convenient-sized pieces, and put them into a pie-dish, with a good seasoning of salt and pepper; mix the flour with a small quantity of milk at first, to prevent its being lumpy: add the remainder, and the three eggs, which should be well beaten; put in the salt, stir the batter for about five minutes, and pour it over the steak. Place it in a tolerably brisk oven immediately, and bake for one hour and a half, or rather less.

INDIAN-MEAL PUDDING. — Scald three heaping tablespoonfuls of sifted Indian-meal into one quart of boiling milk. When removed from the fire, add one teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter. Stir together in a little milk one teaspoonful of strong ground ginger, one grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of ground allspice and one of cinnamon. Add this to the pudding; three eggs, well beaten, must be stirred in last. This pudding requires a very hot oven; bake one hour. When properly done it will have a jelly around the edge, and the custard will be thoroughly blended with the meal.

APPLE TURNOVER.—Select good apples; peel and slice them, fill a pie-dish with them as heaping full as you can, to have the surface well rounded. Cover the apples with good pie-paste, and bake in a brisk oven. While hot, part the edge of the

pastry from the plate by passing a knife underneath it; then remove the crust, turning it the upper side down upon another plate; scrape the apple upon the crust, add to it about three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, a lump of butter half the size of an egg, and salt; then mingle the apple until it is fine, and spread it evenly over the pastry. Grate nutmeg over the whole, and eat it on the day on which it is baked.

CREAM PIE.—The yolks of three eggs; one quart of milk; steam the latter, and when it comes to a boil add the eggs previously beaten with three tablespoons of flour, and one cup of sugar; flavor; bake the crust, and then pour in the custard, but do not bake the latter; take the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth with one cup of sugar, flavor, lemon is preferable, spread it over the top and brown it in the oven.

CORN BREAD. One pint of wheat flour; one pint of corn meal; two eggs; two tablespoons of sugar; two of melted butter; one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream tartar. Mix with sweet milk, making it as thick as common sugar cake. Bake in a quick oven.

DELICIOUS COCOANUT CAKE.—One coffee cup of butter, two and one-half cups of sugar; four and one-half cups of flour; one cup of milk; one small teaspoon of soda, two of cream tartar; whites of seven eggs, and two grated cocoanuts, reserving a large handful of the latter for the icing.

SNOW-FLAKE CAKE.—One cup of butter; three cups of white sugar; three and one-half cups of flour; one half cup sweet milk; whites of ten eggs; one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in the flour quickly. Bake in three tins. For the icing take the whites of three eggs and one pound of powdered sugar; spread the icing and sprinkle grated cocoanut between each layer; and over the top and sides.

RICE PUDDING.—One quart of rich milk; one-half cup of rice; one-half cup of sugar, a little salt. Bake in a slow oven, and keep stirring occasionally, until you wish the crust to form. Flavor with nutmeg; add raisins if you choose. This makes a small pudding.

MAKING SOAP.—A great deal of grease may be saved for soap that would not be nice mixed with soap. Put all your grease in a large kettle, (scraps, marrow bones and anything else from which grease may be extracted,) cover it with lye and let it boil an hour or two, then put in a quart of less of coarse salt, which will separate the grease from the rest and it will rise to the top; let it boil half an hour; then fill up with cold water, and let it stand till cold. Take all the grease off the top; let it boil half an hour; then fill up with cold water, and let it stand till cold. Take all the grease of the top, throwing away the bottom, which will contain a great deal of sediment. Then put the grease and lye together, and boil, and you will not fail of having good soap, if the lye is good. A trough is much better than a barrel to keep it in, as the hoops are liable to burst.

BALTIMORE GINGER-BREAD.—Sift two pounds of flour into a pan; beat eight eggs very light: stir into the flour, cut very finely, one pound of good butter, and add one large cupful of ground ginger, one whole, grated nutmeg, the rind of one lemon, grated, half a pound of currants, one pound of good brown sugar, one pint of molasses, and one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of cream. Mix these all well together, and bake in small cake-pans in rather a quick oven.

FRIED MUSH.—Mush to be fried, should be boiled an hour longer to evaporate the water, and have half a pint of wheat flour stirred into it about half an hour before it is done. Take it out of the pot and put it in an earthen dish, and let it stand until perfectly cold, then cut it in slices half an inch thick, and fry them brown.

TO REMOVE RUST FROM ZINC.—Clean lard, free from salt, rubbed on zinc, with a cloth, and afterwards removed by a thorough rubbing with a clean, dry cloth, will keep zinc in a good condition, after spots and dirt are cleaned off. We have seen it stated that rust can be removed from steel by rubbing it faithfully with sweet oil and leaving it on the steel for forty-eight hours. Then take unslacked lime, finely pulverized, and rub with that till the rust disappears. We have never tried it, but it comes from good authority; and we see no reason why it should not be as effective for zinc.

These are the best hints we can give for removing rust, after it has once begun its work; but "prevention is better than cure," and this mischief may be prevented by mixing with a little lard-oil and varnish, four-fifths as much well rectified spirits of turpentine. Mix well together and apply with a sponge. Articles rubbed with this retain their polish, and will not contract rust. We know that this is true with regard to steel, brass, copper, &c., and doubt not would be equally useful with zinc.

Literary Notices.

LORD BANTAM. A Satire. By the Author of "Ginx's Baby."

Lord Bantam was the son of one of the wealthiest of British earls, and his life, from his birth to the period when by the death of his honored father he succeeded to the estates, affords an easy opportunity for satirizing the present condition of English society. The pen of the satirist runs freely, and he is not biased by party prejudice, but generally shows both sides of the questions of the day with commendable fairness.

The style is peculiar, the incidents of the hero's life passing rapidly from the commonplace and probable to the unlikely and exaggerated. In both cases, however, the picture is well drawn.

The "Claims of Society on its Gods" are well represented in the following:

"Now fairly launched upon the world—Peer's son, Rotterdam heir, member of Parliament, budding statesman, author—Lord Bantam was a conspicuous object. A star like this could shine with no dim splendor. But if stars are sublunary enough to be reached by human enterprise their destiny is to do more than twinkle. The young lord had taken some quiet chambers at St. James's, expecting to be left to do his work as a people's representative.

"In a few weeks the number of circulars, cards, letters, newspapers, forwarded to him from all parts of the United Kingdom, from people of every nation, sex, and profession, from corporate and incorporate bodies, and from the clergy, struck him aghast. He found it necessary to hire another room and employ a secretary. He was good-natured, he was energetic, he was open to flattery, he was heir to fabulous wealth. These were dangerous qualifications in England just then. So many people were anxious to take advantage of them. The number of agents who called for subscriptions to societies, philanthropic or otherwise, was legion. He went into a good deal of their work with avidity.

"But Lord Bantam proved of too earnest and practical a turn of mind for the managers of some of these charities. In many of them these qualities were gladly welcomed and happily utilized. Others deemed him needlessly intrusive into the conduct of their business or the state of their accounts. Thus he scandalized the managers of the Centenarian Widows' Fund, by suggesting that the annual dinner should be foregone by the subscribers and devoted to the widows, but the secretary and managers hastily explained that dinners were means to extract aid from the consumers of them. Lord Bantam was incredulous. He would not believe that the gift of any really charitable person could be given or withheld on grounds so gross and trivial. But he was admittedly a novice. The officials were better acquainted with the grounds of British benevolence, and since their own living was at stake they may be taken to have been correct.

"He was besieged both in and out of the House, by promoters of public companies, who set before him authentic estimates for making money without trouble. He was simply asked to 'lend his name' as a director. In the course of a year Lord Bantam's name adorned nearly twenty prospectuses of public companies, along with other peers, M.P.'s, and supposititious capitalists. To any other man the results would have been ruinous. It was not until he had narrowly escaped a criminal prosecution that he had the strength to resist the tempting proposals set before him by stock-jobbing fellow-legislators in the lobbies of Parliament."

After a short time the young lord fell unexpectedly in love with the Lady Sophronia Enequil, whose speeches and essays were becoming quite celebrated. The courtship is thus described:

"With her heightened color, when he found himself sitting within the narrow walls of her sanctum, Lord Bantam thought Sophronia absolutely handsome; and so she was. She said:

"'I have been so amused this morning in recalling the conversation of last night. I think Mr. Kelso's definition of the Eclectic Religion was so clever and yet so unjust.'

"'I have come,' said Bantam, passing his hands through his tawny locks, 'to sit

as a disciple at the feet of so fair a prophetess.'

"'No compliments, I pray you, Lord Bantam; I detest them.'

"'I sincerely ask your forgiveness. I very much want to hear more of this new religion, and to hear of it from *you*,' said our hero, getting up, leaning his elbow on the high window-sill, and looking Sophronia straight in the face. He was distant from her about two feet, and glanced down upon her—the light falling over her brown hair, shining into her clear eyes, and glorifying her majestic nose.

"'How shall I begin?' she said, quite unaffectedly; 'for I am unaware how much you know, and what foundation you may have in the principles on which Electicism rests. Have you any acquaintance with the maxims of Confucius; or the Bhagavad-Gita; or the four Vedas of the Rig, Yajust, Saman and Atharvan; or the Zendavesta of Zoroaster, or Emerson's Essays? I know you are intimate with the philosophy of Comte. In these we find the propositions on which have been raised the superstructure of eclectic truth.'

"'No,' said Bantam; 'I have seen none of these. I wish I could study them under your guidance.'

"He looked at her again, very hard.

"'Oh!' cried she, laughing, 'I am but a poor scholar—I should make a worse teacher. But I can tell you the substance of the views which Eclectics hold. We begin by eliminating from our apprehensions the idea of the Divine. This idea, as an objective and distinct reality, we negative. We insist that, as it must have originated with ourselves, it is in ourselves; and that to seek for the extravagant conceptions of the impersonate Divine entertained by religious and Bible enthusiasts, is to seek for the theoretic eidolon of perverted fancy.'

"'There is no difficulty,' sighed the infatuated Bantam, 'in accepting the doctrine that the divine is in you. But I fear that that divinity is likely to be to many enthusiasts a real eidolon—an object of worship.'

"The young lady arose. She did not seem angry, but moved. She looked anxiously at the face now on a level with her own and so close to it. Her cheek was glowing; her lips, slightly apart, showed the fine pearls within; and her bosom heaved with singular and unphilosophic emotion. Lord Bantam was equally enfevered. He said:

"'Sophronia—philosophy knows no title and is fettered by no ceremonies,—I love you. You are my divinity. I accept your new gospel: I beseech you, be my teacher—'

"Sophronia hastily put her hand on his lips; it was glowing with heat.

"'Eclecticism,' she said, 'is modest, and claims no praise. If, Albert, you are sincere in desiring me to tread with you the crystalline ladder to the highest wisdom, my soul is yours and yours is mine.'

"Lord Bantam in a moment clasped with his arm the waist of his enthusiastic companion, and in embracing Sophronia embraced the Eclectic religion."

They were married by civil contract, and after a few years of family life Sophronia began to suspect "that humanity could not be entirely regulated by utilitarian philosophy and eclectic religion." She therefore deserted the philosophers, and abjured the French system. This change was partly brought about by association with Dr. and Mrs. Dulcis. With the account of the subsequent death of Dr. Dulcis we close our notice of the book.

"The room in which Dr. Dulcis lay dying was a large one, with its outlook towards the square, the trees of which were a strange pleasure to him as they waved to and fro outside his windows. He had asked them to raise the blind that he might look once more on the gay spring sky, and the familiar branches, and the twinkling leaves. Keiso was there, and Mrs. Dulcis.

"'Those leaves,' he was saying, 'on their background of glorious blue, remind me of man on the panel of eternity. That never passes or alters, though clouds may intervene to darken it: these die and fall, and are blown away. Whither?'

"'Ah!' said Lord Bantam, as he and Sophronia silently saluted their friends, 'Whither, Dr. Dulcis? Who can anwers that question?'

"'Philosophy cannot, my dear young friend,' cried the doctor. 'Positivism declines to do it—Eclecticism strives to ignore the question—and all men lie down before it and wonder.'

"He paused a few minutes, gazing steadily into the outer light, and smiling to himself.

"'I am looking out into the heavenly sunlight from the gloom of this room. This is a true emblem of our souls, prostrate, weak, helpless, hardly able to cry out darkened in by the curtains of ignorance, folly and sin—and out there, *there*, the supernal sun-glow, immeasurable and everlasting!'

"He turned to Lord and Lady Bantam.

"'My young friends,' said he, 'it is well that you, in the zenith of life and prosperity, and intellectual activities, should look upon this scene. Here am I stretched upon the rack of the inevitable. There is no Eclectic formula for our conduct in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, except obliviousness and resignation. For me there

is more—there is life and hope and peace. Christ is here with help and promise. Christ goes before and clears a shining way. I needed just now a friendly hand to draw yon curtain, and let in the fullness of the sunlight. So we all need the loving hand of Christ to unveil for us the curtained abysm of God's shining infinity—Christ only!' These words he repeated several times, 'Christ only.'

"Bantam, respecting the dying man's enthusiasm, replied with a whisper of sympathy.

"Doctor Dulcis looked round for his children; the haze was dimming his eyes. They were called in. The fair-crowned child of former days was now a fine young woman, and the velvet-coated boy had developed into a jacketed stripling, with student paleness and melancholy eyes. As they all drew near his bedside, he gave them one by one his blessing, and charged them to meet him in heaven, with a confidence as great as he would have shown in engaging to meet them at the house of a friend.

"'Now,' said he, 'sing our Sabbath hymn, Virginia. I cannot blow the bellows for you now; but you need no music; I think I hear another organ playing, but it sounds far away. "The sands of time are sinking."'

"As he folded his hands on his bosom, and lay back on his pillow, the children set up softly, to a plaintive air, the song he had asked for:

"The sands of Time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks?
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark, hath been the midnight,
But days pring is at hand,
And glory, glory, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

* * * * *

"Just then a brighter smile transfigured his pale features as sudden sunlight glints over a cornfield. Mrs. Dulcis clasped her hands, and hung over him, looking eagerly down into the face that was upturned towards her and heaven. . . It was now only a Parian mask with a stony smile. . . Dr. Dulcis was no longer there.

"Not a word was said. The widowed woman was weeping in Sophronia's arms. Kelso had buried his face in the pilow near which he had been leaning, and his hard northern frame shook with emotion. The choristers, divining the awful mystery, broke into sobs subdued by their fear. Bantam restrained himself only by a powerful effort, and finally rushed from the room.

"The Eclectic religion had its practical beauties, its brilliant æsthetic attractions, its noble sentiments and principles, its healthy incredulities; but the young lord questioned in his soul that hour if it could ever make men face death as they would look upon sunshine and roses."

Notices.

We present our readers this month with a portrait of the Prince of Wales, whose recent dangerous illness excited such breathless anxiety among millions of Her Majesty's faithful subjects. The portrait is a good one, and will be compared with interest with those which were taken twelve years ago, when the Prince visited Canada.

Our next number will contain a very able paper entitled, "Novitiate of a Jesuit," showing the careful training which young men receive before being admitted to the Order of Jesuits, and the inevitable effects of that training. It is written by one who has himself undergone a portion of the discipline, and who, therefore, knows whereof he speaks. We commend it to the careful attention of all who are thinking of sending their children to a school managed by the followers of Ignatius Loyola.

A story by Mrs. Rothwell, entitled "A Tale of Stormy Water," will appear in the March number of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

(*Continued from second page of Cover.*)

charges will be followed. Thus an advertiser has, for the same money, advertising for as many weeks in the country editions as he has days in the daily editions. The above startling changes in the terms of the country editions we are enabled to make by increased printing facilities, and in the hope of securing a circulation that will attract advertising patronage. Advertisers may, we think, confidently count on a rapid improvement in the value of time contracts through the working of these changes. No advertisments will be accepted which are not in accord with the known principles of the WITNESS.

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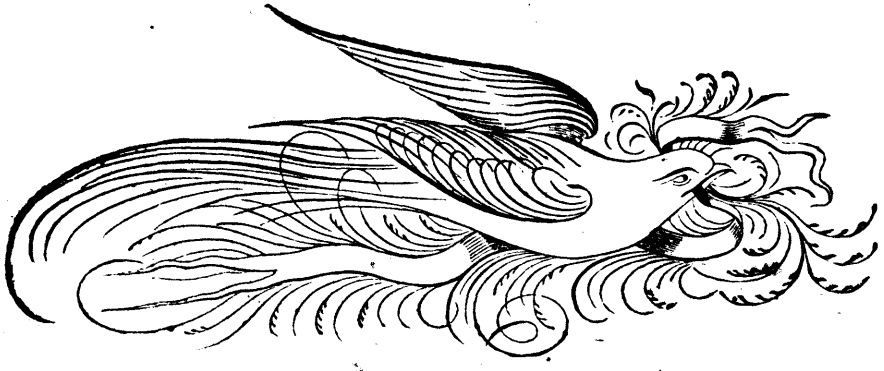

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