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THE

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FOR

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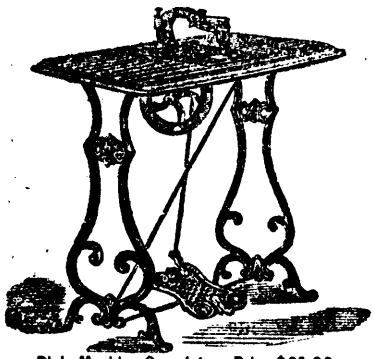

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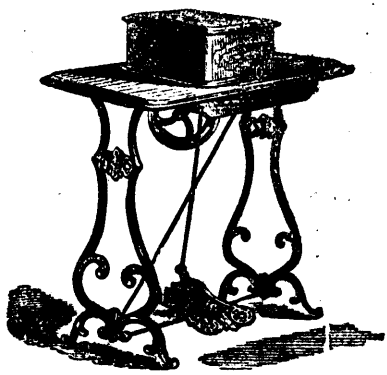

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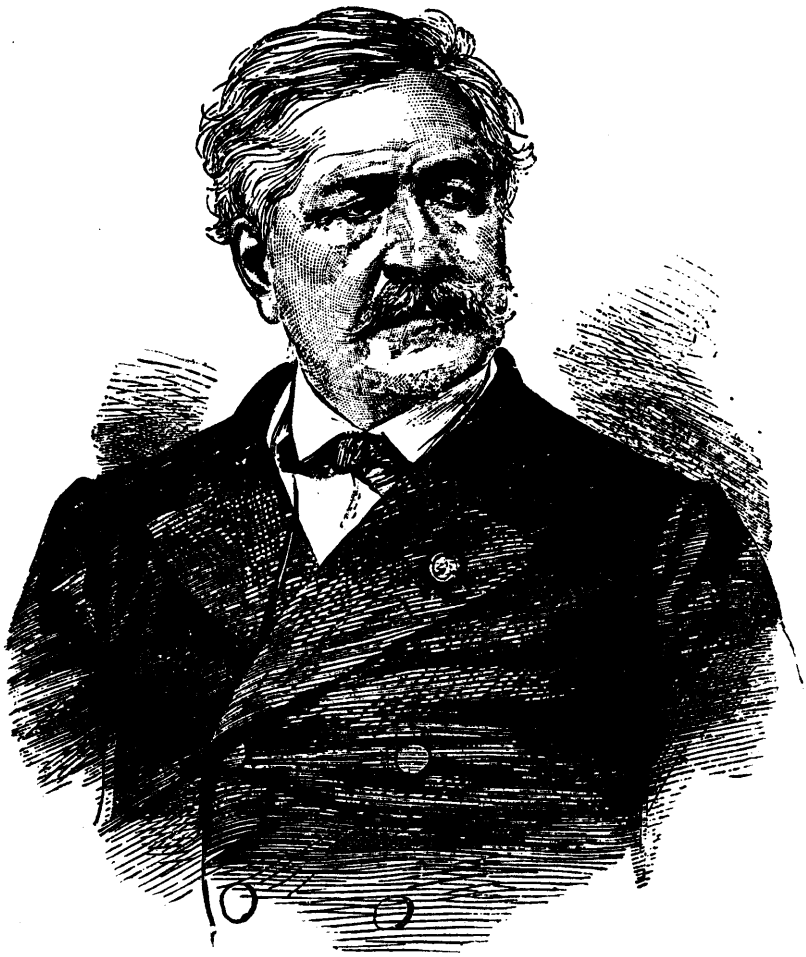


M. DE LESSEPS.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1870.

MARGUERITE:—A TALE OF FOREST LIFE IN THE NEW DOMINION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS IN ACADIA," &C.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

"A slippery and subtle knave."
—SHAKESPEARE.

In commencing this story of forest life in the New Dominion more than a century ago, I must ask my readers to go with me to the town of Halifax, and see it as it was in the year 1756—at the time when the great contest between France and England for the supremacy in America was about to begin. Halifax was then the most important town that the British possessed within the limits of the present Confederation of British America. Both the French and English, from the early settlement of Acadia, had recognized the natural advantages of the bay, called Chebuctou by the Souriquois or Micmacs; but it was not till the year 1748 that England acknowledged the necessity of building up a town on the Atlantic Coast of Nova Scotia, which would be a rival to the formidable fortress of Louisbourg, in Isle-Royale, and a base of operations against the French in America. In the early part of the summer of 1748, when the woods were arrayed in their deepest green, Lord Cornwallis commenced to build the town which has ever since been one of the principal military and naval stations of Great Britain on this side of the Atlantic. Accessible at all seasons of the year; remarkably free from dangerous rocks and shoals; capable of defence at no very great cost; within a few days' sail of the colonies of New York and New England,—the harbor of Chebuctou seemed designed by nature for the site of a large commercial city. The country around the harbor was very rocky, and covered with a thick growth of spruce to the very water's edge; and it gave the first settlers no little trouble to clear off a tract sufficient for their purposes on the western side of a hill, which slopes gradually to the beach. The first houses of the town were certainly not remarkable for their architectural pretensions, for they were either built out of spruce logs or of rough lumber, which was then imported from the settlements of New England. None of them exceeded a storey and a half in height; and many were conspicuous for their high-pitched roofs and fantastic gables, as may be seen from a few specimens which even yet remain of the architectural taste of the fathers of the town. The house occupied by the Governor —or President, as he was first called—was a very grotesque affair, being simply a building of one storey, surrounded by cannons mounted on casks filled with gravel; but, at the time of which we are writing, a mansion, more suitable to the vice-royal dignity, was nearly ready for occupancy. Even St. Paul's Church—devoted to the services of the Church of England—had no more right to be considered a triumph of architectural art than it has in these modern

days, when Halifax is a city of palaces compared with what it was a century ago. The town, from the very first, was regularly laid out in blocks of considerable size; the streets were broad, but exceedingly rough and almost impassable in places; for the first inhabitants, it is hardly necessary to mention, had as much as they could do to provide roofs to cover their heads without tormenting themselves about street improvements. The town was defended by the fort on the hill overlooking the harbor —then as now known as the Citadel—and by several batteries and block-houses at important points, whilst the whole place was surrounded by a strong fence of palisades, for which the woods, that stretched in all directions, afforded any quantity of material.

The total population of the town in 1757 could not have exceeded three thousand souls, among whom were a good many Germans and Dutch. As the exterior of the dwellings was rude in the extreme so the interior presented little to gratify the eye. The poorer classes was glad to get any kind of rough furniture; and it was only in the residences of the officials and a few merchants that the visitor would see some articles made out of solid mahogany, and exhibiting curiously carved legs and gorgeous brass ornaments. Those were the days of hoops, powder, gilt buckles, and three-cornered hats. The wealthy citizens and officials dressed as gaily as their means allowed, and enjoyed themselves in their way. Their entertainments may not then have been as expensive or elegant as in the present fast times; but the ladies, no doubt, rustling in heavy brocades, flirted as determinately with the officers of the United Services, whilst the poor civilian was too often left to bite the tips of his gloves with pure vexation at the coquetry or faithlessness of some fair one, snugly ensconced in a quiet corner with one of those who wore that uniform which always possesses such an influence over the female—I was about writing—"heart," but, perhaps, "imagination" will be the more appropriate word.

Our story opens on the morning of a fine day towards the latter part of September. It was about ten o'clock, and there was a considerable crowd proceeding up the main street in the direction of a small square or parade ground, in the centre of which stood a tall, grim tree, which had long been shorn of its lower branches. On its topmost boughs, tradition says, more than one unfortunate man had swung during the early days of the town; but, at the time of which we are writing, it was not a public execution that attracted the miscellaneous crowd—chiefly soldiers, sailors, and the lower classes of citizens—to the square. The object of interest was an individual who was fastened in the rudely-constructed stocks, which had been erected against the side of the old tree. Although he was not to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, yet he had a rope hung about his neck; but it was only intended to be a gentle reminder to him and all other offenders of what they might expect, should they thereafter seriously offend the military authorities, who were all-supreme in those days. A military guard in charge of a subaltern was stationed close to the stocks to see that the orders of the authorities were carried out to the letter. The *gamins*, as usual, were mustered in force, quite ready to hoot and pelt the culprit most vigorously whenever they could do so without being seen by the soldiers, who were endeavoring to keep them in check.

But what appeared to attract most attention was a large placard, which was tied to his breast, and contained the two following emphatic words, written in staring capitals by some cunning penman:—

"AUDACIOUS VILLAIN."*

To the spectator the unfortunate object of public scorn appeared to be about thirty years of age, of medium height, with a frame giving the idea of considerable activity and strength. His face was bare

* Lest it be thought that the author has invented out of his imagination the curious mode of punishment stated in the text, it may be mentioned that not only was it actually carried out in the case of a man who had struck a gentleman in a high position during the early days of the colony, but the culprit was forced to enter the ranks. In those times offenders against the law were frequently put in the stocks or whipped at the cart's tail; while those who refused to turn out in the militia had to undergo the strange penalty of "riding the wooden horse."

of whiskers or beard, and was bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind; his wiry, straight hair and his restless eyes, together with the shape of his head, would convey the idea to a close observer that he had Indian blood running in his veins. As he sat on the platform, he preserved a sullen demeanor for nearly the whole term of his punishment; but now and then, as some saucy youngster would jeer at him, his eyes would for a moment blaze with hidden fire, and his lips quiver with suppressed anger, but he gave no open demonstration of his feelings.

Three months before the curious scene we have briefly described, the military authorities had reason to believe that there was some one within the town in league with the French. Their suspicions had been aroused by the information that had been brought to them by a friendly Indian, that a French vessel had been seen on the coast, not very far from the town, and that one of its boats had communicated with the land, where a party of Indians was encamped. The Indian was unable to approach close enough to see the faces of the persons in the boat, or obtain any knowledge of their mission; but he was positive that one of the number was left behind when the vessel left the bay. Some important plans and papers, not long after this event, were not to be found in the Engineer's Office in Halifax; and when enquiry was made into the matter, it transpired that one Boudrot and his brother had been seen lurking about the quarters where the robbery took place. This Boudrot was an Acadian who had been keeping a tavern—not in the best repute with the authorities—and he had been already warned that unless he kept more within bounds he would be summarily ejected from the settlement. Orders were given to search his house,—a small, low shanty near the beach—but though they came upon him unawares, they found nothing of the missing documents. Boudrot expressed his surprise at the questions that were put to him, and professed himself, in his broken English, a loyal subject of the king. But their search was not without its results, for a soldier discovered in a small closet off the bar a person whom Boudrot declared to be a brother of his own. At first he answered the queries of the officer in a quiet, subdued tone; but as his replies were far from being satisfactory—for nothing could be elicited from him except that he belonged to Minas, and had come to the town on some business of his own—he was ordered to accompany the guard to the Citadel till further enquiries might be made suspecting him. Then he seemed to forget himself, and broke out into a tirade of abuse in French against the officer. Thereupon, two of the guard seized him; but he broke from them, and levelling the officer to the floor, attempted to reach the door. A scuffle ensued; but in a very few moments he was securely bound and marched off to the military prison. The next day he was brought before the authorities; but he refused to give any other account of himself than that previously given, and persisted in exhibiting a sullen demeanor which influenced his examiners very strongly against him. Enquiries were made concerning him in the town; but no one professed to know anything about him. All that could be elicited was the fact—which was in his favor somewhat—that Boudrot had had a brother some years before at Minas; but he was supposed to have left the country even before the expatriation of the Acadians as a body.

After a short deliberation, it was decided to sentence him to three months imprisonment, expose him on the public square as a warning to all similar offenders, give him a hundred lashes at a cart's tail, and then ship him to Louisbourg at the first convenient opportunity. Although suspicion was strong against him, yet it was felt that there was not sufficient evidence to convict him of being a spy in the French service; and all that could be done was to punish him for his attempt to resist the officer who had ordered his arrest. At the time we have seen him he had completed his three months imprisonment—the remaining part of his sentence had yet to be carried out.

As the Acadian was undergoing this ordeal in the face of the assembled populace, a party of gentlemen, mostly officers of the garrison, came up and stood looking at him for a few moments. Any one who

was observing the prisoner very closely at the time of the arrival of the party, could have noticed that his eyes lit up with a sudden fierceness; and that his resemblance to an Indian appeared more striking than ever. The party, however, looked at him with an amused air, and then proceeded to their destination.

The party—for we now leave the Acadian to finish his probation—went to the "Beach"—the name given to an irregular street following the windings of the shore, and where was transacted most of the business of the town, they stopped for a minute or so to converse with some of their citizen friends, who were about entering a long, low wooden building, along whose front ran a piazza, where at all hours of the day would be seen gathered the notables of the town chatting on current topics of interest. One of the officers, as they passed on, laughingly called the attention of his friends to a placard on the walls of the building just mentioned. It informed the public that there would be offered at auction on the following day:—

"TWO WELL-GROWN NEGRO-GIRLS, AGED 14 AND 12, TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER."

The party soon reached a rude wharf, just below the Market House, where a number of idlers were collected to watch the loading of two canoes with provisions and materials for a hunt in the country. When the preparations were all completed, four of the gentlemen we have followed to the Beach made their adieus to their friends and took their seats in the canoes. In the course of a few seconds they were speeding rapidly across the harbor under the skilful direction of a Micmac.

Two members of this party require our particular attention. One was Henry Osborne, an officer in one of the regiments, and one of the aide-de-camps of the Governor. Any one watching him as he dexterously drove his paddle into the water and kept chaffing his less skilful companions, would see that he had a good English face, a bold, fearless eye, and a frank, pleasant exterior. The friend, Captain Hay, who was handling the other paddle in the same canoe, was a man some twelve or fourteen years older; and had seen more service than either Osborne or the others, who were only subalterns in the same regiment.

In those days sport was not without risk at times, for the Indians were generally prowling in the woods; but for many weeks previous to the departure of the party, nothing had been heard of them and the Micmac guide—an old and tried friend of the English—was confident that the great majority of his people were absent in Isle-Royale, where the French had summoned them to a grand council. At all events, the party felt strong enough to face any handful of Indians that might be wandering in the forest; and, indeed, the prospect of meeting with some of them only gave a spice of additional excitement to the expedition in the opinion of Hay and Osborne, who were among the most adventurous and daring spirits of the garrison.

The hunters landed at Dartmouth, on the opposite side of the harbor, as it was their intention to proceed by a chain of lakes which extend from that place to the Shubenacadie River, which flows for a considerable distance across the country, until at last it mingles with the waters of the Bay of Fundy. It was in this way that the Indians were wont in old times to make their forays upon the English settlements on the Atlantic coast. Some years before this story commences, a large party had suddenly swooped down in the night on the little settlement at Dartmouth, and in the course of a few hours had either massacred or captured the inhabitants, although there was a company of regular troops stationed in the vicinity. At the time of which we are writing, the place was almost entirely deserted—only some three or four persons still clung to their homesteads with courageous hearts.

We shall not attempt to follow the party in their progress up the lakes, which presented, at that time, scenes of exquisite beauty. The trees, which were just commencing to assume their most gorgeous autumnal hues, overshadowed the lake in great luxuriance—the maple, the beech, the birch being intertwined in many places, and contrasting charmingly with the deep green of the spruce. In the stillness of

morning, as the sun lit up the placid bosom of the lakes, they would resemble so many mirrors set in a framework of gold, scarlet, and crimson—of a rich Arabesque pattern, which no workman but nature could pretend to equal in beauty.

The day after the incidents we have narrated, there was not a little excitement among the military authorities on account of an occurrence of considerable interest. On the completion of his punishment, the supposed Acadian had been taken to his former quarters in the fort, and it was intended to carry out the other part of his sentence on the following morning; but when the guard went in at an early hour the next morning, he found, to his great astonishment, that the room was empty. It was soon seen that the Acadian had worked off the lock on the door by the help of a small chisel (of which he had somehow obtained possession), and then managed to climb, unperceived by the sentry, to the top of the walls, whence he dropped into the deep ditch, and found his way to the country. Strong suspicions were entertained by the authorities that Boudrot had some connection with the escape of the prisoner, but no evidence was offered to justify his imprisonment, though he was carefully watched for some time after.

But we must now leave Halifax, and follow the hunters into the forest.

CHAPTER II.

As chief who hears his warder call
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste.

—SCOTT.

On the morning of the second day after their departure from the town, the hunters were encamped on the margin of a brook, in the depths of the forest, and were busy making their preparations for their first hunt. The air was fresh and bracing, the very odour from the spruce boughs was redolent of health. An enormous fire was burning briskly in front of the rudely constructed camp. Hardly any wind was stirring when Osborne and his friend awoke; but by the time they were seated at their breakfast, the movement of the dead leaves on the crisp ground, or the rustling of the branches of the hollow trees, gave promise that there would soon be a strong breeze. It was just such a day as one can enjoy amid the solitude of the woods.

Hunting the moose in the months of September and October, is very lively sport, for it requires a thorough acquaintance with the habits of the noble animal. The slightest crackling of a dry twig, or the least scent borne on the breeze, is enough to alarm the wary brute, and send him miles away from the perplexed hunter. During the hot summer months, however, the moose is easily approached, as in order to avoid the flies, which are then so troublesome, he passes nearly all the day in the deep water of the rivers and lakes, feeding on mosses, lilies, and other aquatic plants. Then the hunter may approach him without difficulty; but no true sportsman will ever attack him at this season. Indeed, his flesh is poor and comparatively unfit for food till the fall.

In the winter, again, he can be easily tracked to his places of resort, which are generally where there is an abundance of young ash, or birch, or a species of maple called "moose wood," on whose bark and twigs he luxuriates. As a rule, never more than half-a-dozen animals are to be found in one of their "yards," which cover a space of ground varying from ten to forty acres. It requires a skilful hunter to come within gunshot of the animals when they are in their yards; but the moment he sights them he has a first-rate chance of bringing down his game, especially if the snow is of more than ordinary depth. The hunter, on his snow-shoes, will soon be able to drive the moose into the deep drifts, where he will be an easy victim. But it is in the autumn, and commencement of winter, that the skill of a sportsman will be best brought out.

Two of the party remained in camp, whilst Osborne and Hay accompanied the Indian to survey the situation, and see it there were any "signs" of moose in the surrounding country, which has always been, from time immemorial, a favorite resort of the animal; for it abounds with the trees which he prefers, and is watered

by numerous streams and lakes, in which he can revel during the hot summer months.

The brook to which we have previously referred ran into a small river, called by the Indians the Musquodoboit, and it was in the direction of that stream that the two hunters first proceeded. In less than an hour they came within sight of the river, sparkling in the sunshine amid a wilderness of overhanging trees. The country presented a pretty combination of hill and dale, and the two friends were able, more than once, to enjoy quite a commanding view of the surrounding forest. Eventually, however, they came to a more level part of the country, where they found considerable groves of ash and small maple; and as they were now likely to meet with moose, they moved with greater caution, and carefully surveyed the ground and the trees for signs.

At last their patience was rewarded when they had come upon a patch of moose-wood; for there the Indian pointed significantly to a tree somewhat larger than its fellows, and said:—

"Moose been here!"

"Where?" said Hay, who had been unable, from the place he was standing, to see anything to account for the satisfaction visible on the faces of both the Indian and Osborne.

"There has been a large moose here, only a few hours ago," replied Osborne, "for you will notice that the sap is still wet." With these words, Osborne directed his friend's attention to two ash trees, off which the bark had been neatly scraped by the keen teeth of the hungry animal in the course of the same morning.

The party then went on a short distance further, and came upon other signs, showing that several moose had been in that neighborhood. It therefore became necessary to use every caution to entrap the wary animal. There was now a brisk breeze, and it was necessary to keep well to leeward of the place where the tracks had been seen. By a careful scrutiny of the "signs," they concluded that he must have taken a course almost parallel to the river, and they accordingly struck off to the water, which was about half a mile away, so as to bring them well to leeward of the "signs" they had seen.

When they had reached a suitable place close to the river, and were screened carefully from view, the Indian took a piece of birch bark, and, forming it into the shape of a trumpet, applied it to his mouth. The result was a loud roar, like that of a bull, and was certainly far from musical. The "call" was repeated several times, but to no purpose.

"Moose shy in the day—no answer call," said Toma, at last, exhausted with his efforts to entice some wandering moose.

Leaving Hay in the same position, Osborne and the Indian went off to see if they could come again on the track. Following the course of the river for a few minutes, they struck once more into the woods; and, by good luck, came upon the marks of a moose—apparently the same animal. He had evidently halted; and after a few moments hesitation, the Indian concluded that the animal had retraced its steps; for it is a common trick of the moose to make a sudden detour in their course, and then lie down under cover not far from a part of the path which they had previously passed over. In this way a hunter may pass them quite unconsciously, and give them timely warning of his presence. Keeping well down wind all the time, the two hunters made several attempts to strike the lair of the cunning brute; but all to no purpose for at least half an hour or more. They had nearly decided that the animal had somehow taken the alarm, when they suddenly noticed, as they stood on a small acclivity where they were taking cautious observations, a large grove of moose-wood and small birch some distance to their right—down in a hollow. As the grove seemed to be in the vicinity of the track they had supposed the moose to have taken, they moved carefully on their hands and knees down to the hollow till they got on level ground. At last they came to a spot which appeared to their practised eyes admirably suited for a lair; and after making a number of movements in various directions, they were gratified by the sight of a large pair of horns moving gently among the trees.

Osborne moved carefully and silently a

few steps farther until he was able to see the head of the animal, and then the Micmac gave a gentle call; and as he did so, the horns became perfectly motionless for a moment, and then suddenly darted up from the ground where the creature had been lazily reclining and nibbling off the choice twigs which were so abundant around him. Then he stood for an instant revealing all his noble proportions—a large moose of some seven or eight years, with immense antlers, which towered above the surrounding saplings. His horns were thrown back, and his long, asinine ears was intent on catching a repetition of the call, when Osborne brought his gun to his shoulder. At that instant, the animal caught a glimpse of his adversary, and was about to bound away; but he was too late, for the bullet, sped by an unerring hand, brought him to the ground, where he lay a big, ugly, lumbering mass of flesh. As he lay perfectly motionless, the hunters saw that the shot had taken instant effect, and immediately approached him. In another moment the Indian had completed the work by cutting the animal's throat deftly with his hunting knife. He then proceeded to cut up the carcass; and in the course of a few hours the party returned to the camp with a large supply of choice venison.

When they reached the camp the sun was just sinking below the horizon, and it was quite dark before all were seated around the fire discussing their supper of moose-steaks and coffee, with that keen appetite which sportsmen are sure to have. The camp was simply made of spruce branches laid upon poles, and was open in front. Seated on buffalo robes and bear skins, and directly opposite to a waving fire, which was kept burning in front of the camp, the party presented an exceedingly comfortable appearance. Tall spruce trees surrounded them, and stood out in the night like so many weird sentinels. A few steps behind the camp a brook passed swiftly over its pebbly bottom, now and then diverging into little streamlets where its progress was impeded by the obstructions which had been brought down by the freshets of spring. The moon, then at its full, was sailing majestically through a clear autumnal sky, studded with a few stars sparkling like so many gems of unsullied radiance.

All the party, with the exception of Osborne, were smoking furiously as if they were competing with the heavy volume emitted from the green logs that hissed and seethed on the fire. The Indian was sitting a few paces off, on the opposite side of the fire, engaged in cleaning his gun for the next day's sport. The horns of the deer which had been shot a few hours previously were already hanging over the entrance to the camp, like a trophy of the chase in some baronial hall of Old England.

Lazily reclining on their elbows, they puffed away in silence for at least twenty minutes. Each appeared to derive a vast amount of pleasure in watching the smoke as it curled up into the air.

"How many *Chateaux en Espagne*," observed Marston at last, "rise and vanish with the smoke. How many pleasant memories are evoked. Most of us some time or other build our air castles; but the smoker never ceases constructing them in his brain. Like the genii in Eastern story, he is able to raise palaces at a moment's notice, and people them with fair creations of his fancy. Shade of Sir Walter Raleigh, is it not so?"

"But a pipe cannot remain full for ever. Tobacco, like all other things terrestrial, must fade away," said Hay laughingly, as he reluctantly shook the bowl clear of its ashes and laid it aside.

"For my part," interposed Osborne after a moment's pause, "I consider that smoking is a practice more honored in the breach than in the observance. Sir Walter Raleigh is responsible for having done mankind a great injury when he introduced the weed from his loved Virginia."

"What is the matter with the dog?" suddenly exclaimed Fortescue, directing attention to a noble pointer belonging to Hay.

As Fortescue spoke the others turned towards the dog, which was moving restlessly and eyeing a part of the surrounding wood as if he saw something.

"Perhaps he smells a bear!" said one of the party. "I saw a lot of tracks to-day about a quarter of a mile off."

"Nonsense," replied Hay; "bears are not likely to come so close to the fire."

The dog hereupon commenced to bark furiously, and the sportsmen immediately seized their guns and searched the woods around the camp; but they saw nothing to account for the disquietude of the animal. By the time they had returned to their seats, the dog became quiet and settled himself once more cosily by the fire. The conversation then naturally turned to stories of the Indians.

"I do not think one can ever consider himself safe," said Hay, "from these treacherous wretches. You all remember Martin of the Artillery, who went ashore at Passamaquoddy, only a year ago, and found himself in the hands of the Indians, who were lying in ambush. They carried him to Louisburg, and it was several months before his friends knew that he was safe. They are lurking where you least expect them."

"However," said Osborne, "they are all absent from this part of the country just now. What do you think, Toma?"

"May be," replied the Indian. "Saw Indian tracks to-day."

"Why, you never told us!" exclaimed Osborne.

"Where did you see them?" asked Hay.

"Near the Mousquedaboueck; perhaps old camp—not sure."

"It is all right," said Osborne, who knew the Indian better than his companions; "if Toma thought there was any danger he would tell us."

A quarter of an hour later, Hay said: "Come now, Toma, we must go out on our hunt. for the moon is now well up and it will be a good time to 'call.' Are you resolved, Osborne, not to accompany us?"

"Yes; I feel tired to-night."

It was now past eight o'clock, and the moon was speeding athwart the heavens in all her glory, lighting up the glades and giving a silvery glow to the trunks and boughs of the tall white birches, which stood a few paces from the camp. Hay and the Indian proceeded in the direction of a part of the country where moose signs had been seen in the course of the day; and they had not been out for an hour when they heard some "calls" in the distance. Fine as was the night the air was somewhat chilly; and the hunters walked briskly for a time over the ground, which was thickly carpeted with fallen leaves, until at last they felt warm and in a perfect condition for the sport. They came to a large tract, undulating and covered with small groves of maple, and here they found the "signs" more frequent. Placing themselves in a favorable position, the Indian commenced to call; but no response came for some minutes. They moved silently about for at least three-quarters of an hour, until Hay got perfectly chilled and despairing of finding any game, lit a small fire of dry twigs behind a large rock, and knelt down to warm his numbed hands. In the meantime the Indian started off to a place some distance to the right of Hay, who could hear him repeating his calls with dogged perseverance. At last he recognized what he believed to be a response to the repeated calls of the Indian, and thereupon he took up his gun and took a position a few steps off under cover. The sound was repeated from a spot within gun shot, and almost instantaneously Hay observed a pair of antlers looming to a gigantic size in the light of the brilliant moon. Hay made an attempt to approach closer so as bring the animal into better range; but before he could carry out his intention the moose suddenly vanished, having evidently scented danger. In a few moments, a shot from the direction the Indian had taken, told Hay that the guide had seen him. Toma, however, was unsuccessful; for he rejoined Hay in the course of half an hour, much disgusted with his failure.

"Never mind, Toma," said Hay, "perhaps we shall have another shot at him yet; or, at all events, see another."

"Moose scared," answered Toma after a minute's pause.

"Well," replied Hay, "it will never do to return without making another attempt to bring back something to the camp. They'll say Toma's no hunter."

"Toma shot more moose than the Englishman has years," retorted the Indian, evidently piqued at the reflection cast upon his ability as a hunter.

"Well, then, Toma, kill another to-night," replied Hay, good-humoredly.

It was necessary to make a considerable circuit in order to reach the point where they believed they would most probably find the same animal, or its consort. So they occupied at least two hours in a tramp through the forest, but they seemed fated to have a run of ill-luck that night, for they could not come within range of a single moose, though they heard any number of "calls." At last, feeling fatigued, Hay decided to return to the camp, which must have been at least three miles off. On their return homewards—perhaps about a mile from where they started—they were suddenly startled by a loud report considerably to their rear.

"Gun!" said Toma, with emphatic brevity.

"Who could it be—hardly any of our friends? No, for they are in an entirely different direction."

"Injins, may be."

"Hardly, Toma; more likely some falling tree," replied Hay, in allusion to the fact that it is not unusual for trees which have been torn from their roots by the tempest, and only supported by the intervening branches of some neighborly fellow, to come down at last with a crash which awakes the echoes of the forest far and wide.

But Toma did not condescend to discuss the subject, and the hunters then proceeded in silence the rest of the way to the camp, where they found Osborne patiently awaiting their return, while the other members of the party were soundly asleep under the buffaloes. A few minutes later, all the camp was buried in repose, the Indian alone keeping watch for two hours later, when another was aroused and took his place; for those were times when it was not prudent to overlook such precautions even on a moose hunt. Danger too often lurked in the night-time behind every tree.

(To be continued.)

SONG OF THE SNOW-FLAKES.

BY G. E., CLARENCE, ONT.

With faces bright,
All clad in white,
We leave our airy sources;
Though puny things
On gauzy wings,
Resistless are our forces.

When winds are out,
And all about
They drive us in their madness,
We whirl along
As light as song,
And dance for very gladness.

Athwart the sky
In clouds we fly,
In wild and dire commotion,
To find a place
In earth's embrace,
Or 'neath the waves of ocean.

And when the rose
Or purple glows
Upon the gates of morning,
Our pearly rays
Reflect the blaze
Of nature's bright adorning.

On pine and spruce,
Like flags of truce,
We cling around the branches,
Till, by their sway,
We fall away
In mimic avalanches.

Our presence tells
Of tinkling bells
Dispelling gloom and sadness,
While o'er the ways,
The swift-drawn sleighs
Glide on in joy and gladness.

Spring's balmy breath
Bespeaks our death;
We melt at her appearing,
And down we flow,
To vales below,
O'er rocks and banks careering.

ONE CHRISTMAS.

BY A. N. D. S.

"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him, neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God to walk in his laws which he set before us."

There was a slight tremor in the clergyman's voice as he spoke the words, and a momentary compression of his lips when he had finished, before he began the next sentence:—

"Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified."

It was Christmas morning; a wonderfully bright, clear, Christmas morning; a keen, invigorating frosty morning. Great drifts of snow in the open fields and deserted gardens, and along the sides of the well-beaten sleigh-tracks; and a dazzling sun shining with unwonted brilliancy over all.

The church bell had ceased now; but a little time ago it and the sleigh-bells together had rung out a merry chime, as the sleighs from the neighboring farm-houses and the more distant parts of the town had set down their occupants before the door of the church.

Inside, the church looked gay and picturesque with its wreaths and garlands of evergreen, following the sharp angles of the windows and the chancel arches, and twining gracefully around pillars and pulpit.

The chancel itself had a great stained window, through which the mellow light came ruby-red, and purple, and gold; and Maggie—poor little Maggie, who should never look on it any more with childish wonder and delight—thinking, as she often used to think, of the city of pure gold "like unto glass," with its walls of jasper and sapphire, and of all manner of precious stones—poor little Maggie, grown to woman's years, but still innocent and pure in heart, with a wild-rose bloom on her cheek, and a bright—alas, too bright—light in her large blue eyes, should never again kneel there in the light of the great colored window to partake of the emblems of His broken body and shed blood. For Maggie had passed away, and the snow was lying white and cold on her grave in the old churchyard.

It was not to be wondered at that a thought of his dead child was in the clergyman's heart all through that Christmas service. The sorrow for her loss was so recent; this was their first Christmas without her. The last time the day had come round she had been there in her place in the choir; he had heard her voice, he could always distinguish it from the other voices,—a sweet, girlish voice, not loud or strong, but clear as a bird's, and with an undertone of sadness even in its joyous measures that always went to his heart.

Was she singing now the new song in the presence of Him whose birth they were met to commemorate? How she had loved this day and its holy services. Was her spirit with them now?

And Maggie's mother, sitting there with Maggie's three surviving sisters in the pew near the pulpit. What a great gap there was in her heart to-day! Sore trouble had been hers and her husband's before this last and heaviest stroke—trouble they could neither of them ever put quite out of their minds, especially not on a day like this, meant to be so joyous—trouble, too, which had in it a bitterness which no sorrow for their dead child could ever have; and which, year by year, had deepened the lines on the wife's forehead, and sewn with silver threads her dark hair,—the hair which Maggie had been so proud to think her own resembled. Yes, as the clergyman had said, "it had pleased the Lord to afflict them;" and as months rolled on to years and still the one

shadow hung over their home, people began to notice how changed both husband and wife were,—how his erect form was beginning to stoop, and how, as we have said, her forehead was becoming seamed with care-lines, and her hair was turning white.

And yet even with this shadow on its hearth, their home had been a happy one, for each had striven to bear up bravely and to make the most of the blessings left, and each had hoped and prayed and believed that in God's good time the cloud would be lifted. So, though the parsonage was not quite what it used to be, and though the father and mother were changed, it was as we have said, a happy home.

In this trouble of which I have now spoken, Maggie and the younger children, but Maggie most of all, had shared. Indeed, it had gone very heavily with Maggie at first, and she had drooped and pined under it, till the parents in alarm had put away as it were their own great grief to dissipate hers. But with time she had grown tranquil and resigned, and outwardly cheerful. Her step was again the lightest in the house; her smile the brightest; her help the readiest.

Now, all these things had ceased to be. This Christmas Day Maggie was lying away from them all under the churchyard snow. When the choir broke out glad and full in the *Venite*: "O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation," the mother's tears fell fast under her veil for the missing voice; she missed it most of all to-day, for this was Christmas.

The service was over, and the people had gone to their homes, not a few talking as they went with friendly sympathy of their clergyman's sorrow. The family at the parsonage were alone. Dinner was over. What a sad dinner it had been! When the father had raised his hand to ask a blessing, his voice had faltered, as it had done in church—it often faltered now—and the mother had had to exercise all her self-control to keep down the choking in her throat, that seemed as if it must have vent in sobs. The children had not cared to eat, at least they had not enjoyed as they were wont to enjoy the great annual turkey and the big plum-pudding with its liquid leaping flames. If the mother had consulted her own inclination, the great pudding would not have been made at all this Christmas; but she thought only of them, though they, poor things, did only indifferent justice to her consideration, for their childish hearts were full of grief and a sense of loss.

The afternoon wore slowly on. A great storm of snow had arisen, and was driving blindly through the air; the sun, which had shone so brightly in the morning, was overcast, and cold, grey tints had settled over the sky. The hours passed slowly in the lonely parsonage house; but at length evening came. In his sermon for that morning, the clergyman had taken for his theme the oft-told and still new story of Divine Love. From a full heart he had spoken of that amazing love of God, before which all human love, so strong and deathless, grows faint and cold. His own sad heart was comforted, his faith exalted, as he pursued the theme. Oh well for weary souls that thus it is; well for those whom the Father chasteneth, that in all their sorrows they have this great consolation—"The love of God, which passeth knowledge!" That love which shrank not at the sacrifice of the Son of God. Oh, surely, may the Christian say, in all his dark hours, "If God could yield for me his only son to a weary life on earth, to sorrow and tears, and temptation in the flesh; to sufferings, to the measure of which no sufferings of mine can ever approach; and at last to the bitterness of death,—then may I know that it is in mercy He afflicted me; then may I feel that my light affliction, which is but for a moment, will work for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

The night express came gasping, shrieking, breathing hard through its great iron lungs, up to the G—— Station. The conductor passed from car to car, calling out with the peculiar nasal twang of his class the name of the station, and pausing here and there to awaken some sleeping passenger, or, as the people began to hurry from the cars, to offer the assistance of his hand to some unprotected woman or girl as she stepped on the slippery, snow-covered

platform. There were the omnibusses from the hotels, and a private sleigh or two belonging to persons who were expecting their friends, and who, in defiance of the wild, blustery night, had come to welcome and carry them off in person.

Into one of the omnibusses stepped a young man, wrapped in a heavy travelling coat, the collar of which was drawn up around his face and neck so high as almost, with the aid of his astrachan cap, which was pulled correspondingly low, to conceal his features and preclude, if that were his object, the chance of recognition. He had travelled all day, and had resisted every attempt on the part of his companions in the car to engage him in conversation, absorbed as it would seem in his own thoughts, for even the book and newspaper with which he was provided lay most of the time untouched on the seat beside him. When the omnibus had carried him some distance through the street to where two roads branched off, the one in the direction of the church and parsonage, the other to another part of the town, he had himself set down, paid his fare, and, taking his valise in his hand, walked rapidly away in the direction of the parsonage. The road was evidently familiar to him or he would have been confused by the blinding storm and the darkness of the night—in spite of which he walked on with a quick assured step, and never once paused until he found himself at the gate of the parsonage. Then he came to a dead stop, and, with his hand upon the latch of the gate, stood irresolute, looking up at the lights which gleamed from the windows of the house. After a pause of some minutes, he opened the gate with a noiseless hand, and stole cautiously up the path to the house. The blinds were up in one room where the light was brightest, and, raising himself to a level with the window, he looked in. It was the family sitting-room, of moderate size, and homely in its appointments. A small open stove occupied one corner of it, and in his leathern arm-chair before the fire sat the clergyman, with little Marian, his youngest child, upon his knee. One arm was round the child, the other was resting on the arm of the chair and supporting his head, and his eyes were looking thoughtfully into the leaping blaze before him. The mother and two other children were gathered round a table on which some work and books were scattered, and she was apparently interesting them in the gaily-colored pages of a large open book, bright with gilding and color—a Christmas gift, no doubt. The picture was a pleasant, home-like one, and the unseen spectator of it as he looked drew his hand hurriedly across his eyes, which were suddenly moist. Then his covert glance searched rapidly around the room, and he seemed to miss some familiar form or object. Then it seemed to strike him that there was a something wanting in the little group. They were very quiet all of them, and they sat with a sort of hush upon them, and for the first time he noticed that they were all dressed in black. It might have been a Sunday night, they spoke so softly. He could see that they spoke to each other now and then; and there was no loud laughter or noisy childish play. All was cheerful; but quiet, strangely quiet. When he had looked thus for some time, the traveller left the window and stole softly to the door. Here again he stood irresolute, and once even turned away, as if about to leave without ringing. Then with sudden determination he laid his hand on the knob and rung the bell. There was a short pause, and his heart beat audibly in the stillness. Then a step was heard, and a moment after the door was opened by the clergyman himself. The good man looked with some surprise at the tall, muffled figure, covered with snow, standing in the door-way. It was trembling all over, and it did not speak or look at him.

"What can I do for you?" he asked gently. "This is a bad night to be out. Come inside."

The figure moved a step into the hall, and then a sudden cry broke from it: "O father, father!"

At the words there was a movement quick as lightning in the adjoining room, and almost before the clergyman had taken them in, the mother's arms were about the traveller, and she was weeping on his breast. "O Harry, my boy, my boy!"

Then the father started forward and stretched out his hands to grasp his son's, and with a faltering voice he bade him welcome home. They drew him into the warm, pleasant room, and seated him before the blazing fire; and the children came forward half-shy, for he had been absent three long years. He kissed them again and again; but he could not speak, and then he looked at his mother and she knew what he meant.

"She is not with us now," she said in a broken voice. "God has taken her to Himself."

"O Maggie, Maggie!" And this was Harry Vincent's return home.

He had left his father's house in anger and rebellion; a wayward erring youth, impatient of control and spurning the counsel that would fain have held him back from sin. He had left in anger, and for three long years they had not known his fate. Whether he was still living, or had found a grave in the far-distant gold-regions, for whose shores they had ascertained him to have taken passage, (but from which, if he had landed on them, no word or line had ever reached them) the dread uncertainty had been a heavy trial to them. It had been the first shadow on their home. But now he was returned. If Maggie had but lived to see it! That night, alone with his mother, the house all still and all but they two gone to rest, he sat and talked till the clock had struck the first small hours. He told her what he could not tell his father, loving and forgiving as he knew him to be; how, when the first heat of his anger was gone, his heart had smote him bitterly for his sin; how he would have returned, but pride had held him back; how he did not write, hoping that success might first crown his search for gold; how disappointment and sickness had followed him; and how at last, weary and heart-sick, he had humbled himself, and, like the prodigal in the parable, had returned to his father's house. "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

At midnight the storm ceased, and the quiet stars came out and shone upon Maggie's grave. Her dying prayer was heard; the wanderer had returned to his father's house, and there was joy in heaven and on earth! Farewell!

BLANCO WHITE'S SONNET.

Poor Blanco White! Probably few of us in this city, where for some years he dwelt, are unacquainted with the main outlines of his mental and moral history. No sadder nor more pathetic story, none that more wrings the heart, has ever been written than that which his life records; how he passed from one form of Christian faith to another, how from that again to a third, and then passed out of all forms of belief into the dim darkness and uncertainty beyond. That, however, is a theme neither for this place nor time. It is not a little remarkable that he, to whom English was an acquired language, who can have had little or no experience in the mechanism of English verse, should yet have left us what Coleridge does not scruple to call "the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language." Coleridge, it is true, slightly modifies these words by adding, "at least, it is only in Milton and in Wordsworth that I remember any rival."

"Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed,
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?"

—*Archbishop Trench.*

THE TOWER OF LONDON AS A PRISON.

BY THOMAS WIDD (A DEAF-MUTE.)

Those who have visited the British capital and "commercial metropolis of the world," could not but view that venerable pile, the Tower of London, with mingled feelings of awe and wonder. To most people who go to London, the chief curiosity which they desire to see is this edifice, of which they have read so many strange stories and dark deeds in their school-days. Many a day did the writer spend in the British Museum and public libraries in London, reading its wonderful history; and, with the knowledge thus gained, and the materials on hand, he purposes giving the story of "The Tower of London as a Prison." To give its whole history—as a fortress, a prison, a palace, and a repository of curiosities—would fill many volumes; for the Tower of London consists of many towers.

As we ascend Tower Hill, the hoary walls of the ancient pile arise before us amidst the surrounding mass of more modern buildings, grim witnesses of a bygone age. The dark shadows of the past enshroud the gloomy fabric; but they serve to throw into stronger relief the justice and the liberty, the intelligence and the refinement which illuminate our day. While contemplating the Tower of London, the mind spontaneously reverts to the Norman Conquest. Amidst the terrific conflict which sprang from the Norman's ruthless desire to quench the spirit of liberty in the bosom of the Saxon, the Great or White Tower arose. The patriot citizens of London so spurned the iron rule of him who sought to crush them, that the policy of the Conqueror would lead him to provide some stronghold adapted at once to shelter himself and to awe the rebellious. Thus the Tower of London was the offspring of England's tempestuous morning. And now in the zenith of Britain's prosperity and peace, when the various races are perfectly blended into one harmonious whole, and the Norman and the Dane, the Roman and the Celt are best known amongst us as having imparted grace and spirit to Saxon vigor, the gloomy old pile is almost lost amidst the all-pervading light.

THE TOWERS.

The vistor enters the fortress by

THE MIDDLE TOWER, formerly called the MARTIN TOWER, which is a strong portal, flanked with bastions, and defended by gates and a portcullis.

THE BYWARD TOWER resembles the Middle Tower, which forms the principal entrance to the exterior line of fortifications.

THE TRAITOR'S GATE, or ST. THOMAS' TOWER, is a large square building. The passage underneath, by which state prisoners entered the Tower, is guarded by two strong water-gates. It is now used for the raising of water, and has a steam-engine.

THE CRADLE TOWER, of which only the lower part of the original structure remains. It forms a curious vaulted gateway, which led in former times to a drawbridge.

THE WELL TOWER is a vaulted chamber, of which very little remains of the original.

THE IRON-GATE TOWER is described so far back as 1641 as an "old ruynous place."

THE GREAT or WHITE TOWER, in which are the apartments of the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, and here he wrote his "History of the World." This was also the prison place of many others.

THE BLOODY TOWER, built in 1327. In this tower is the traditionary scene of the murder of the royal children, the two sons of Edward IV., in 1483.

THE BELL TOWER, so called on account of its having the alarm-bell of the garrison. The venerable Bishop Fisher and Queen Elizabeth were imprisoned here. It is a very old building.

THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER is full of deep interest. Built in 1199, and the name is derived from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned here by Richard II., in 1397.

THE DEVEREUX TOWER, named after R. Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, whose enemies prejudiced his sovereign against him, and who was imprisoned here, and condemned to die. This tower has walls eleven feet thick, and has secret passages to other buildings.

THE FLINT TOWER, whose narrow dungeons gave it the name of Little Hell. The old walls only remain, it having become so ruinous in 1796 that it was pulled down and rebuilt.

THE BOWYER TOWER, in which the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine in 1474. The fire in the Tower of London in 1841 originated in this tower.

THE BRICK TOWER, where Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned.

THE JEWEL, or MARTIN TOWER, a prison lodging, The crown jewels were once kept here, and on the walls is inscribed the name of the beautiful but unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

THE CONSTABLE TOWER is a prison-lodging.

THE BROAD-ARROW TOWER is so concealed by official buildings, that it almost escapes notice. It is a prison-lodging, aud has many inscriptions on its walls.

THE SALT TOWER is one of the most ancient in the fortress. Also a prison-lodging.

THE RECORD TOWER is also called the Wakefield Tower, from the imprisonment of the Yorkists there, after Margaret's victory at Wakefield, in 1460, and anciently the Hall Tower. The Records of the nation were kept here in the earliest Norman times. Its walls are thirteen feet in thickness. The Records are now removed to the Record Office in Chancery Lane.

Besides these towers, there are many other buildings and strongholds of deep interest, which help to make up the famous Tower of London. Rumors reach us of secret passages, torture-rooms, and of dungeons, abounding within and beneath the fortress, which accords well with the dark age in which it was built, and with the dreadful scenes it has witnessed; but history here, unaided by tradition, is sad enough. Let us pause before that gloomy archway, the Traitor's Gate. How often have grandeur, and even royalty, passed beneath its ominous portals, to exchange the dreams of honor and of glory, and the festive brilliancy of courts, for the realities of prison-lodging, torture-room, and the fatal block and axe! The frowning gateway of the Bloody Tower admits us into the Inner Ward. We glance around at the towers, in whose chill and lone lodgings illustrious captives have sighed out a lifetime! The eye at last rests on the simple Chapel, within which the bodies of these prisoners moulder in the dust, and in front of which is the spot which marks with so indelible a stain the Tudor Race—the spot where was erected the scaffold, which accustomed Englishmen to look upon woman's life-blood, held sacred in the most ruthless Norman age, ebbing beneath the headsman's stroke!

THE PRISONERS.

In the Norman and early Plantagenet age, history has recorded the names of few captives of note. One of the most remarkable was the first state prisoner known to have been incarcerated in the Tower of London—Flambard, Bishop of Durham. His origin was humble, but his talents made him so useful to William Rufus in carrying out his oppressive system of taxation, that he raised him to the highest place in the State. Henry I. imprisoned him on his ascension in 1100, to please the people, but the wily Flambard contrived to escape, and fled to Normandy. Hugh de Burgh was another captive statesman of this period, but of a far different order. This great man and faithful minister was guardian of the kingdom during Henry III.'s minority. Those who envied his greatness prejudiced the king against him, and he was cruelly imprisoned within the Tower dungeons in 1240, but was subsequently released.

In the fourteenth century, the Tower appears in the lustre of that martial glory which was shed upon England by the royal

warriors, Edward I., Edward III., and Edward the Black Prince. A tragical instance of the irksomeness of captivity to Cambria's mountain chiefs, was given in the attempt made by Griffin, the son of the Prince of North Wales, to escape from the Tower. The treacherous rope by which he lowered himself from the turret broke, and the unhappy prince was found next morning a mangled corpse beneath. His son, undaunted, soon after did escape, and succeeded to the Principality; but only to fall in battle before the victorious Edward, who sent his ivy-crowned head to be fixed over the turret which had proved so fatal to his father. The names of many Welsh chiefs are chronicled as having been captives in the Tower during the reign of Edward I.

Many a mighty spirit from Scotland, too, chafed within these gloomy and dismal dungeons during this century. Among them are John Baliol, in 1297; the noble Wallace, who suffered a cruel imprisonment and a terrible death in 1305; the earls of Ross, of Athol, and of Menteith; and King David in 1346. The Black Prince sent the King of France (John) and his son, along with many French nobles, to the Tower. The Treaty of Brétigny, however, restored John to his throne in 1360.

Six hundred Jews were incarcerated in these dungeons during Edward III.'s reign, for adulterating the coins of the realm. The king was prejudiced against Jews in general, and he banished all the unhappy Israelites from his kingdom, compelling them to leave behind all their wealth, which was immense, and all their libraries, so rich in the treasures of science, which were taken possession of by the monasteries. Roger Bacon owed much of his extraordinary knowledge to the Jews' libraries, especially to the gigantic volumes of the Babylonish Talmud.

In the fifteenth century, a gloomy shroud of darkest deeds enveloped the Tower of London. The Black Prince died in the glory of his manhood, and England became the prey of wolf-like passions of rival factions. Richard II. was a child in character. His imbecility allowed lawless ambition to rage unchecked, and the Tower chronicles record how dismally it wrought in the sons and son's sons of Edward III. They show us the royal cousins wresting the crown from each other, and dooming one and the other to dungeons and to assassination; and even causing the valleys and plains of England to flow with the blood of her bravest sons, and this to gratify the terrible lust of power. This dark period was appropriately commenced with the erection of the fatal scaffold on Tower Hill. The first victim who shed his blood on this spot was Sir Simon Burley. "A noble knight, I found him," writes Froissart, "sage and wise." His only crime was faithfulness to his young sovereign. Richard's queen pleaded for Sir Simon on her knees, with tears, but in vain. He was beheaded in 1388.

The king's weak government produced general discontent, of which Henry Bolingbroke, son of the famous John of Gaunt, availed himself to gain popularity, and very easily prevailed upon the nation to accept him as their sovereign. The deserted king assembled the chief men of the realm in the Palace of the Tower, and gave his crown to Bolingbroke, and the king himself was cast into a dungeon in the Tower! He was afterwards sent to Pomfret Castle, Yorkshire. A mystery hangs over his death.

The year 1406 brought a most interesting young captive to the Tower—the eldest son of Robert III., of Scotland. While on his way to France to be educated, the royal youth was driven by a storm upon the English coast, and was doomed to captivity for eighteen years by King Henry, who, however, gave him a princely education; and when restored to liberty, Scotland had in him a king distinguished for consummate wisdom and virtue. The next prisoner in the Tower was the saintly, though weak, monarch, Henry VI.

Margaret's victory at Wakefield, 1470, again seated Henry on the throne, and filled the Tower with his enemies. However, another reverse again dethroned the king, and he found himself again in the Tower dungeons, and was soon after found dead. His queen pined for three years in captivity, and was then released from the Tower. In 1483, the gay Edward sickened and died. His young sons were committed to the care of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, after-

wards Richard III. The royal children were sent to the Tower and never seen again. It is said they were murdered by Richard's orders in the Bloody Tower, and buried at the foot of a staircase in the White Tower. Lord Hastings, who opposed Richard's murderous course, was doomed to instant death on pretence of approval of Jane Shore's practice of magical arts to Richard's injury. The wicked sentence was executed in the Tower in front of St. Peter's Chapel. Jane Shore was also sent to a tower dungeon. The battle of Bosworth Field terminated Richard's career, and placed Henry, Earl of Richmond, on the throne.

In 1401 a law was passed empowering the bishops to imprison any one suspected of *heresy*. From that time the cells of the Tower were constantly tenanted by those to whom truth was dearer than this world's liberty and life; and often were its dismal recesses the scenes of their terrible tortures. Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, a man renowed for his virtues and valour, was the first of his rank in England to suffer in this most noble cause. Henry V. had an interview with him in the Tower in the hope of prevailing on him to retract his opinions; but finding even royal rhetoric to fail, he was left to the clergy, who burnt him in St. Giles-in-the-Fields in 1417. In the reign of Henry VII,, the last male of the Plantagenets was a captive in the Tower. The young Earl of Warwick was the son of that Duke of Clarence who died in the Bowyer Tower—a victim of Henry's jealousy of the Plantagenets. In Henry VIII's reign, Rome was in the zenith of its persecuting spirit; and the cells of the Tower were filled with those convicted of heresy. This whimsical king's passion for Anne Boleyn changed the current of royal opinions; and we find him espousing the cause of the Reformation for the next ten years. The Tower dungeons were again filled, principally with those who withstood Henry's claim to be head of the Church, among them was the gifted and brilliant Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor, and Bishop Fisher, at the age of eighty years. The tragical fate of Anne Boleyn soon followed, and brought the Romish party into favor.

On the 1st May, 1536, a splendid tournament was held at Greenwich, at which the king and queen were present. Henry abruptly quitted the gay scene, and the following day, while Anne was dining, officers arrived with a warrant to commit her to the Tower. The gates of the palace of the gloomy fortress again opened to receive Queen Anne; but her glory had departed. She came attended by her jailers, her fair fame foully aspersed, to await in captivity the fearful scene which in a few days was to cut her off from all that she held most dear. She inhabited the same royal apartments—the Queen's Lodgings—which were the scene of her triumph before her coronation. She was not allowed to see the king after he quitted her at Greenwich. She was arraigned before her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, in the great hall of the palace, charged with unfaithfulness to her kingly husband! She was dignified and composed before her judges; but they pronounced her guilty! She heard her sentence with a serene countenance, and lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, she exclaimed: "O Father! O Creator! Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life! Thou knowest I have not deserved this death!" On the 19th of May in that year a mournful procession passed over Tower Green—Anne was on her way to the scaffold. She was attended by two or three of her faithful maidens, and her attire was black. Those who were eye-witnesses to the scene, record that her beauty on that day was mournfully brilliant. After addressing a few calm words to those around her, she laid her head upon the fatal block, and the executioner severed it from her body with one stroke of his sword. Her body was thrust into an old chest, and was immediately placed in the vaults of the chapel, in front of which the scaffold was erected. Thus closed the brilliant career of Anne Boleyn!

Lady Katharine Howard succeeded Anne Boleyn to Henry's hand and heart; but no sooner was she exalted queen, than the accomplishers of her former ruin seemed to hover around her like evil spirits. Many terrible accusations were brought against her, and she was arraigned for high treason and brought to the scaffold in 1542, at the age of only twenty years. Two years after,

the gifted Cromwell perished on Tower Hill. He was the son of a blacksmith, went to Rome and became secretary to Cardinal Wolsey, and then a member of parliament, and was finally raised to the highest office in the kingdom. After his death, the Tower dungeons were, during the remainder of Henry's reign, filled with learned divines holding Reforming views. In 1546, Anne Askew, a lady of cultivated mind and good family, was tortured in the tower and burnt at Smithfield, for having denied, in conversation, the doctrine of transubstantiation. The last of Henry's victims seems to have been Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, related to the murdered Duke of Clarence. Her crime seems to have been her royal blood. When brought to the scaffold, she refused to lay her head on the block. "So do traitors use to do; but I am no traitor," she exclaimed. A terrible scene ensued, which ended in the executioner seizing her by her grey hairs, and dragging her down to the block. Thus perished the *last* of the Plantagenets of whole blood!

The reign of Edward VI. witnessed the death on the scaffold of two of the young king's maternal uncles, Lord Thomas and Lord Edward Seymour, through the machinations of Dudley, afterwards Earl of Northumberland. This ambitious nobleman sought to place the wife of his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, on the throne in 1553. But events unexpected turned the tables on the Duke of Northumberland, and Mary sent Lady Jane Grey and her young husband to the Tower, and there they lost their heads,—Lady Jane on the Green, and Lord Guildford on Tower Hill. Mary also committed the Princess Elizabeth to the Tower. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer soon followed, and each tenanted a dungeon in this British Bastile! The dungeons were all now filled with those who rejected the faith of Rome. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer did not stay there long, for a more terrible fate awaited them. The Popish clergy could not rest till they persuaded Mary to send them to the stake. At this time religious persecution was the order of the day, and hundreds of holy lives were sacrificed to the shrine of the Vatican. The accession of Elizabeth, however, put a stop to this butchery.

In the reign of James I., Sir Walter Raleigh was sent to the Tower *on suspicion* of being implicated in a plot to give the throne of England to the niece of Mary, Queen of Scots. This lady was imprisoned for presuming to marry, made her escape with her husband, was recaptured in Calais Roads, and died in the Tower in 1616,—her reason having fled. Sir W. Raleigh was released after twelve years' incarceration, and sent to Guiana, in South America, to search for gold; but, failing in this, he returned, and was sent to the Tower, and beheaded in 1618—to please his enemies in Spain. Sir Walter's prowess had too often defeated the Spaniards, and they rejoiced in his ruin. His talents as a statesman, a warrior, and an author were great. In the struggle between Charles and his Parliament, the eminent statesman, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, lost his head for trying to stem the current of rebellion, to the intense grief of his sovereign,—1641. Archbishop Laud perished on the scaffold for trying to introduce popery into the Established Church. In Cromwell's time the Tower was well filled with Charles' friends, and when Charles II. was restored the adherents of Cromwell took their place in the tower, and forfeited their heads on the bloody scaffold. In the reign of James II., the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth endeavored to lay claim to the throne, on the plea of the marriage of his mother with Charles II. He was defeated at Ledgemoor in 1685, and brought to the Tower, and two weeks after was beheaded on Tower Hill. Seven Bishops found lodgings in the tower for opposing James II.'s introduction of popery in England. Judge Jeffries, the notorious abettor of that king's tyranny, was brought to the Tower, where he ended his life.

Tower Hill was again stained with blood by the convulsive efforts of the Stuarts to regain the throne. As Sir Simon Burley was the first who perished on this scaffold, so let us trust that the names of Balmerino, of Kilmarnock, and of Lovat, will be the last recorded as having ended their days on this fatal spot. These three Scotch

lords were beheaded on Tower Hill in 1746, for favoring the pretensions of Prince Charles Edward, grandson of James II.

THE GRAVES OF THE DEAD.

The venerable chapel of St. Peter's, in the Tower of London, has the remains of nearly all the above prisoners, now mouldering in the dust. This chapel was erected in 1272, on the site of a much handsomer edifice built in 1100. It is a plain stone building, consisting of a nave and one side-aisle. It is devoid of ornament; but the simple structure contains that which awakens thoughts of deep and solemn interest. Here rests in peace the revered and beloved Lady Jane Grey; and with her many less exalted, but perhaps not less worthy martyrs. Here the dust of a Northumberland and a Norfolk instruct us that grasping ambition often only raises itself on the loftiest pinnacle to experience the deepest fall. Here, Thomas Cromwell, the noble Earl of Surrey, the good Duke of Somerset, the brilliant Devereux, Earl of Essex, the place where once lay the body of Sir Thomas More, combine to teach that the loftiest talents, the most exalted virtues, are no security against the loss of fame, of liberty, and life. And the once lovely queens who also moulder in these vaults repeat the same warning respecting woman's beauty and most attractive grace.

MORS AND SOMNUS.

BY H. B. M., HAMILTON.

Exhausted from her daily round,
Now Nature dropped, all slumber bound,
Wrapped in a morning dream she lay;
The life of night had dozed to sleep,
Not yet awake the life of day.
The tears of night not now did drip
Adown the darkness of her hair;
Not yet were seen the dews of morning,
With pearl and diamond light adorning
Her flashing risen forehead fair.
The night-blowing flowers had shed their leaves;
Nodding and drooped and dozing yet,
The sunflower dwells with eyelids met
Fast 'neath the cottage eaves.
The nightingale, that sleepless lover,
Had ceased his serenade;
And brave sky-lark, the early rover,
With floods of orison doth cover
Not yet champaign and glade.
The beetle hums no more;
The bee is not astir;
Silence, silence, everywhere!

Silence, silence, everywhere!
The genii world is all astir
In that still, haunted hour—
Spirit of meadow, fell and flood;
Spirit of cloud and shower;
Spirit that quickeneth the bud,
That coloreth the flower.
You can feel their breath like balm
In the rapt Aurorean calm;
In the air's faint quiverings
You can hear their wavy wings.

And who are these that flying come?
Twin-winged rovers—
Cleaving the air's blue windless deep,
They come with wreathen arms like lovers,
From out the far horizon's sweep
Of gold and crimson-lighted meadows;
Beneath the morn's grey amber dome
Fly they soft and swift as shadows.
One is ripe and rich as sunlight;
One is still and pale as moonlight,
Falls his hair in coal-black rings,
And a sense of numbness swings

With the waving of his wings.
Melancholy like a weight
Hangs upon his eye and brow,
Melancholy fixed as fate,
Melancholy wan as woe;
Weighs it down his marble limbs
With a leaden sense, and swims
Heavily round his drooping head;
But mingled with a peace divine,
Like a halo overspread,
Even as that reflection fine
Thro' the oriel's glass that streams,
And falls thro' dark Cathedral glooms
Over effigies and tombs.

One is ripe and rich as sunlight;
Part his rose-red lips with smiles,
And his graceful head is sunbright,
With his tresses' clustering piles.
Like Apollo's forehead rayed,
The light of dreams his brow doth braid,
And plays like an Iris around his face
That droops with a soft and languid grace,
Even as a dew o'erladen posy.
His limbs are moist and warm and rosy,
And flexile as flowers, tho' lulled and still,
And laid in these exquisite contours
That beauty flings like festoons round her
When wandering at her own sweet will
In happy careless hours.
He bears in his hand the golden chalice
Whereat they renew the wine of life;
And like bees around a flowery palace,
Droning and drowsing with lulling tune
In the hot and slumbering noon,
Sweet thoughts about him are thronging rife;
Soft images around him move
Of dews, and flowers, and purling streams,
Of youth, and freshness, and hope, and love.

And so they float as quiet as dreams,
Or as clouds on the lap of the summer winds—
They are Sleep and Death, the twins.

Where a grand old mansion riseth
  Stately 'mid parterre and lawn,
Straight towards the open casement
  Wend they dimly thro' the dawn.
Lo! within a silent chamber,
  Rich with oak and crimson gloom,
Lay its young lord, sleepless, tossing,
  Weary-eyed and pale as doom.

"Come, oh blessed," so he murmured;
  "Take me to thy gentle breast;"
(It was thus he lay invoking
  Sleep, that mercy-bearing guest.)
"Come, my brain is wild with watching!
  Come, my heart-throbs will not rest!
Drop upon life's fitful fever
  Thy sweet cooling kiss of balm;
Fall upon my being's tempests
  Like some still divinest calm.
I have thought too long and wildly,
  And the quivering nerves outworn
Straight are all a-wail with anguish—
  Unstrung harp-strings, tempest torn.
Long time have I vainly wooed thee,
  Never tempest-driven dove
Sought the sheltering wood more wildly
  Than I seek thine arms of love.
Standing by my vassals' couches,
  Thou hast bathed their brows with wine,
Cool as dew, but soft as wine;
  Every care thou lull'st but mine;
Even my bosom's gentle lady,
  Tired with faithful vigils done,
Yielding to thy soft allurement,
  Drops—and I am here alone."

Yet not alone, for he was 'ware,
  Entering with the golden dawn
Thro' the casement open drawn,
  Of a wreathen winged pair.
Are they the shadows of the clouds?
  Are they the shimmer of the trees
Across the wall in golden shrouds
  Flickering to the morning breeze?
A gentle influence softly stole
Like a wave of peace across his soul
As to the couch of pain they leant,
  A calm sweet purpose in their eyes;
  Their motions like twin harmonies
Were swayed by one divine intent;
And over him they gently bent,
  Stirring him softly as he lay,
With loving looks and gestures bland,
  And they bore him in their arms away
Towards the Spirit Land.
When the world was flushed with wakening bloom,
And the morning's glory filled the room,
Only an empty shell was there;
For when they looked 'neath the eye-lids, where
The light of the soul had erewhile shone,
All was darkness—the man had gone.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SETTLERS FOR CROWLAND—JOURNEY FROM PENNSYLVANIA INTO CANADA—ITS MANNER—ITS DANGERS — SCENERY—SPIRIT THAT ANIMATED U. E. L.S—ARRIVAL AT FORT ERIE—HOSPITALITY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Among the early settlers in the township of Crowland were the Yokoms,—a family many of whose numerous and respectable descendants are still resident in the vicinity of their first Canadian home, while others of them have established themselves in various parts of the country. They came into Canada from Pennsylvania in the year 1799. Like other loyalists who came into these provinces at that early day, they knew that they would have much to endure while making the long and hazardous journey to be performed ere reaching their destination. But their ardent longing to again dwell beneath the folds of the dear time-honored flag, nerved them to brave all the dangers of the intervening wilderness, infested though it was with beasts of prey and roaming Indians, some of whom were known to be hostile to the whites. Little did it avail those who were so hapless as to fall into the hands of these avengers of the departing glory of the Red Men, to plead that they were friends—being British, not Yankees. Such nice distinctions were without weight in the depths of the forest, out of reach alike of British arms or favors. It was enough for the grim savages to see that their victims belonged to the hated pale race that was spreading itself all abroad over the hunting-grounds of their fathers.

Though by no means ignorant of the dangers, toils, and unnumbered difficulties to be encountered by the way, yet undeterred by them, band after band of devoted loyalists gathered together the remnants of their portable property, and having traversed the intervening solitudes, made homes for themselves in Canada. For mutual protection and assistance, a number of families usually travelled together.

The Yokom party was composed of two families. Their household effects were packed into a large covered waggon, and so arranged that at night some of the party could sleep upon the goods in the waggon.

The women rode upon horseback,—Mrs. Yokom riding on a pony carrying an infant of three months in her arms, and having her little son, Jesse, a lad of four summers, placed behind her on the same animal.

With the exception of only the teamster, the men and larger boys all walked. The cattle belonging to the party, of which there was quite a number, were driven by the men and boys, to whom they gave not a little trouble by ther frequent attempts to escape into the woods, particularly at night.

The preliminaries all arranged, the little company moved forward beneath the solemn arches of the grand old forest.

The scenes through which their route lay were often imposingly magnificent or wildly beautiful. The former abounded in the mountainous region of Pennsylvania; the latter were liberally distributed along almost their entire pathway. As they paused to rest after having climbed a rugged mountain to its summit, how rapturously would the genuine lovers of nature contemplate the varied beauties of hill and dales, forest and flood, spread out before them far as the eye could reach. Or when they had descended to the pleasant stream that like a band of silver wound itself along the verdant valley, the wearied travellers, won by the facilities the place afforded for the purpose, determined to compensate themselves for the toils of the past days by an early encampment. How soothingly would those sweet melodies of nature—the

singing of birds, the humming of insects, the murmuring of the stream, and the sighing of the gentle winds among the tree-tops—steal over the senses of the quiet listeners, charming their ears and solacing their flagging spirits!

It was not, however, all sunshine, enchanting scenery, or melodious sounds to the emigrating bands who came in those days through the "forests drear" in the United States to the "woods profound" in Canada. There were deep swamps and treacherous quagmires, unbridged creeks and rivers to be passed over,—the passage of all of which was attended with difficulties and some of them with danger.

Nor when they laid themselves down beneath their star-bespangled canopy were they always allowed to enjoy the so-much-needed repose. Frequently at dead of night were the forest echoes awakened, and the slumber of the jaded wanderers put to flight, by the hideous howling of ravenous wolves prowling about the camp, eager to clutch and feast upon some tired and worn-out animal. Then would the terrified mothers with quaking hearts gather their little ones more closely in their circling arms, fearing lest their voracious visitors might snatch one of their darlings from the open camp,—the men of the party meanwhile firing guns and resorting to the other usual expedients for driving the unwelcome serenaders to a distance.

But the discomforts of their situation were greatly increased when storms of rain came on in the night, drenching their persons and rude couches, and extinguishing their camp fires,—the dreary scene illuminated only at intervals by the lightning's glare as it flashed through the inky heavens or splintered a tall tree close at hand, while the fierce wind swept through the forest hurling its giants to the earth,—the rolling of the thunder, the roaring of the tempest, and the crashing of falling timber all about them, altogether constituting a combination of terrors that might well appal the stoutest heart. And all this was sometimes intensified by the fear of an attack from the savages.

Such were the sufferings and dangers through which the pioneer fathers and mothers of Canada passed in their journeying through the wilds. What impelled them thus to expose themselves and their families? Their love for British institutions. The hope of securing these for themselves and their posterity inspired them with courage to endure hardships and to overcome all obstacles while pushing their way to the desired country.

By the good providence of God the Yokom party accomplished their tedious journey without any serious mishap. It had occupied a number of weeks; they had also been rather late in the season in starting; consequently, when they reached the frontier, the trees were already aglow with October's gorgeous hues.

They passed through the place where Buffalo now stands, but which was then a forest. There, had his British proclivities allowed him to locate himself on that side the Niagara, Mr. Yokom could have obtained for a mere trifle a large tract of land embracing that on which the city of Buffalo has since been built; but with the earnest devotion to the British Crown which characterized the U. E. Loyalists, he preferred to press forward into the Canadian wilds.

On the 13th of October, 1799, the party crossed to where Fort Erie was afterwards built, and there made their first encampment on Canadian soil.

The first exhilaration of spirits, natural upon finding themselves and families safe in the so much desired country, did not prevent them from realizing that they had by no means parted company from difficulties and hardships. The autumn winds admonished them that the long Canadian winter was rapidly approaching, while they were without habitations to shelter their wives and little ones from its inclemency, or food to sustain them during its dreary months. Provisions were very scarce,—few of those who had settled in the vicinity before them having raised more that year than they required to satisf ythe wants of their own families. Even when they found one with a small surplus the paying for it was the smallest part of the trouble in obtaining it, owing to the long distance it sometimes had to be conveyed, and the almost impassable condition of the bush-roads and bridle paths. To the newly-arrived emi-

grants the prospect was indeed gloomy in the extreme.

It has been said that "fortune favors the brave;" but Christians in all ages of the world have experienced that it is a truth that Providence provides for those who put their trust in Him.

Mr. Yokom having ascertained the whereabouts of a Mr. Jacob Lemon, who was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, sought his house. From this Christian brother he received that hearty welcome which the early settlers knew so well how to give; and beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Lemon he and his family remained during the winter.

It does not appear that Mr. Lemon's house was any larger or more commodious than the ordinary little log-house of the period; but large hearts sometimes make small houses and small purses do duty for large ones. The kindness of the act was not likely to be forgotten by the Yokom family.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUFFERING AMONG THE EMIGRANTS—INCIDENTS OF THE "HUNGRY YEAR"—HOMES OF THE SETTLERS—SUBSTITUTES FOR WINDOW GLASS—AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS—FERTILITY OF THE SOIL—GOING TO MILL.

The scarcity of provisions, which had been slightly felt in the autumn, became more distressing as the year advanced. Even some families who had come into the country at an earlier period than the Yokoms, were obliged to live upon very humble and sometimes scanty fare. But the deficiency bore most heavily upon the recently-arrived emigrants, who, if they had the means to buy, were unable to find persons having grain or other articles of food for sale. So destitute of food did the family of Mr. Yokom become before the harvest of 1800, that they were reduced to the necessity of living for some time on green wheat boiled in milk. To Canadians of the present day it would seem impossible for human beings to subsist on such diet, yet it sustained life, and some of their forefathers have been brought to even greater straits.

This was not what is commonly known as the "the hungry year"—that occurred some years earlier. Then there were no older settlers from whom even occasional supplies could be obtained. The destitution and suffering were general.

The supply of provisions in the Niagara section of the country was exhausted before the close of the autumn of 1791. The wild game afforded an uncertain and insufficient supply for the wants of the people. They were obliged to kill their cattle, and these were nearly all gone before spring. Then the majority of the settlers found themselves face to face with gaunt famine.

Before it became generally known that any of their number were suffering from absolute want, a family resident in the township of Clinton (the writer believes) had used their last morsel and had been for some time without food. Knowing that as yet there was no lack of it in the house of a neighbor, Mr. P—— H——, but a few miles distant, and able no longer to endure the pangs of hunger, they went thither—ostenibly to make a visit—in reality to obtain a meal. The hospitable family of Mr. H——, without suspecting the famishing condition of their guests, busied themselves in preparations for their entertainment. How tantalizing the odors emitted during that process to the senses of the poor starving visitors! And when their hostess placed the meal upon the table, forgetful of all propriety—of their own desire to conceal their utter destitution from their neighbors—of everything but the gnawings of hunger, they rushed forward uninvited and, seizing the food, devoured it before the bewildered Mrs. H—— could recover from her astonishment.

Another family who had settled in the neighborhood of Crowland suffered very great distress during the winter of 1791-92. After having exhausted all their little store of provisions, they were obliged to kill their cow. The beef, though very sparingly used, in order to make it sustain them as long as possible, was at length all consumed. Then the unhappy parents, sorrowfully considering what next they could find to prolong their own lives and those of their little ones yet a little longer, recollected the cow's feet. They were taken from a

loft upon which hey had been thrown when the animal was killed. After boiling them thoroughly, the bones, &c., were removed, and the residue reduced to a jelly. This was served out to the family in certain small quantities as long as it lasted. Then a sort of jelly was made from slippery-elm bark, upon which they contrived to subsist for some time.

The above were not exceptional instances; very many families who had previously been accustomed to abundance, suffered from equal destitution.

After the breaking up of the ice in the streams, fish were obtained, which afforded some relief to the famishing inhabitants. The nutritious qualities of the various natural products of the forest were tested to the utmost extent. The inner bark of the pine, and of different varieties of elm, the buds of basswood, ground nuts and other edible roots, leeks and different varieties of wild plants, used as greens, all were tried as articles of food by the unfortunate settlers in their endeavors to appease the cravings of hunger.

Those who have never known want may, and too often do, accept the bounties of Providence as a matter of course, without one thought of the Gracious Giver; but could those who had suffered so long and so intensely for lack of food gather the harvest of 1792 without their hearts overflowing with gratitude to Him who giveth fruitful seasons?

Though the scarcity of food during the winter succeeding Mr. Yokom's arrival in the country, did not cause suffering so general or extreme as that endured by the settlers in 1791-92; yet, so far as Mr. Yokom and his fellow emigrants were concerned, it was quite sufficient to prepare them to appreciate the blessings of the harvest of 1800.

Before that time, however, he and they had, with the assistance of their neighbors, erected houses into which they had moved with their families,—thankful, after all they had endured since they left their old homes, to gather their families again beneath their own roofs.

True, these edifices possessed slight claims to elegance or architectural beauty. Shanties or small log-houses of the most primitive construction, usually consisting of a single apartment, sufficed for the majority of the settlers of Crowland at that time. Window-glass was, except to those of them who were able to bring it from a distance, an unattainable luxury; yet some of them were not contented when their doors were closed upon the outer world, to see their home-circle enveloped in semi-darkness. Therefore, those of them who could do so, procured paper which they oiled and used as a substitute for glass. Failing to obtain paper, they carefully removed the thin membrane from the lard of hogs, and cutting it into squares as large as possible, secured it to the rude sashes they had made. Thus did they admit the cheerful and health-giving light of the sun to their humble habitations.

For light at night a good maple fire, with an occasional pine-knot, when a particularly brilliant light was desired, answered admirably in the absence of candles or lamps.

Many of the settlers were without teams. These were obliged to work for their more fortunate neighbors in exchange for the use of their teams. Sometimes a team was the common property of two or three persons, each using it in turn, or as suited mutual convenience; and instances have been known of a horse and a cow being trained to work together; but some were unable to obtain a team in any way, and were, consequently, obliged to put their crops in altogether by hand.

The agricultural implements among them were such as would be regarded now as curiosities by our farmers' lads of the present day. One of them called the "shovel plough," consisted of a horizontal beam, into which was inserted nearly at right angles a wooden shaft, having upon its lower extremity an iron plate. The single handle was placed at one end of the beam, and to the other the team was attached. As it was drawn along, the iron-plated shaft tore up the earth. So fertile was the soil that with even such husbandry it yielded rich returns.

In 1800 it appears that there was but one grist-mill in all that section of country embraced within the present County of Welland, and for a considerable extent

beyond its borders. This mill was at the Falls of Niagara, and was known as Street's Mill.

Here, as in other parts of the country, many of the inhabitants were from twenty to thirty miles distant from the mill. If so fortunate as to possess a horse, the grain was usually conveyed thither on horseback, though not a few of them, being without beasts of burden of any kind, were necessitated to carry it on their own backs. The distance being so great, leaving the grain and returning for the flour, was not to be thought of. Each was compelled by standing rule in such cases to wait his turn; and often some temporary damage to the mill having to be repaired caused still longer delay. About two bushels of grain was considered a load for a horse, and in order to get that small quantity converted into flour, a journey of forty miles had to be performed by many of the back settlers, besides being detained days from their homes; their families in many cases meanwhile subsisting upon potatoes, eked out by mast or edible forest plants and roots.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STARKEY CHILDREN LOST IN THE WOODS —NEIGHBORS ASSEMBLE TO SEARCH FOR THEM—RANGE WOODS AND SWAMPS FOR EIGHT DAYS, WITHOUT FINDING THEM— DAVID PRICE AGAIN — HIS "VISION" — STARTS ALONE FOR THE GREAT MARSH IN QUEST OF THE LOST CHILDREN.

In 1804, the sensibilities of the Crowland settlers were stirred to the very core by one of those painfully exciting events which sometimes occur in new countries. A family named Starkey, living on a place called Doane's Ridge, in the Township of Crowland, lost two children, aged respectively nine and eleven years.

They had gone out one day, in the month of September, to pick berries. When children were absent from their homes, with woods to pass through whichever way they came, the mothers naturally became anxious if the absence was prolonged. Particularly if night was approaching were eye and ear upon the alert to catch the first sight or sound indicative of their return. But often and eagerly as Mrs. Starkey might look towards the point at which her children should have emerged from the woods, only the usual inanimate objects met her view, and to her listening ear came no sound of children's bounding footsteps or gladsome voices.

The shadows lengthened across the little clearance, and still the little ones came not. Twilight faded into night, and as its gloom enveloped the landscape dark apprehensions shrouded the mother's spirit. In vain did the distressed parents endeavor in the darkness to explore the forest pathway. In vain did they, in tones intensified by their fears, call upon the names of their darlings —the old woods took up the shout and flung it back again, and that was all. Had they been within hearing distance and awake, they must have heard. The darkness precluded the possibility of finding them if lying asleep; therefore the unhappy parents were constrained to postpone further effort till daylight. How they endured the torturing suspense of that sad night, let those who are parents ask themselves as they look upon their own cherished children, and fancy them wandering in the wild woods, in the darkness, they know not whither, exposed to the cold night-winds of autumn, and in peril of their lives from beasts of prey.

As usual in such cases, runners were dispatched to apprize the scattered inhabitants of the loss of the children, and to invoke their assistance in looking for them. As in the case of the Farrs, they heartily responded to the summons.

Early in the morning the kind neighbors began to collect. Soon quite a company were assembled, eager to set out in quest of the wanderers, and confidently expecting that ere the close of the day they would, through their efforts, be restored to their sorrowing parents.

Armed with guns, horns, and axes, and followed by their dogs, they entered the woods. All day long they tramped over woodlands, through swamps and along the margins of the streams, peering behind old logs, among the branches of fallen trees, and into sheltered nooks, and anxiously scrutinizing the moist soil wherever it appeared, not only for the tracks of the

children, but also to assure themselves that ravenous beasts had not been roamiug there during the night.

The sun looked from his meridian height upon the earnest band, and he had gathered the golden curtains of his couch about him in the western horizon before they, with flagging footsteps and downcast countenances, returned, having failed to ascertain aught of the fate of those they sought.

Day after day the search was continued, but with like results. The dreaded Cranberry Marsh was explored as far as it was thought probable that the children could have penetrated its tangled thickets and dismal bogs, but to no purpose. A week was thus spent, and still no tidings of the lost ones. During this protracted period of harrassing anxiety, of alternate hope and despondency, who can pourtray the mental misery of the wretched parents? With each returning dawn hope revived—that day might give back their children to their arms. But when darkness ensued, and the men came back with failure written upon their faces, hope fled, and a deeper darkness fell upon their hearts.

After seven days of diligent, though unsuccessful effort, the men became discouraged. Thinking that if the children had not been carried off by the Indians, or devoured by wild beasts, they must betore that time have died from hunger, they therefore concluded that any further search would be perfectly useless. But when they saw the anguish that overwhelmed the bereaved parents at the thought that their little ones were now to be abandoned to their fate, sympathy for the afflicted family overcame their determination, and they consented to persevere for one day longer. The men were almost unanimous in considering the case hopeless, but some of them imagined it barely possible that they might find the dead bodies, or the mangled remains of the poor children.

How different the dispirited air with which the men took up the line of march that eighth morning from the enthusiasm which had characterized them as they set out the first morning. Then they were vigorous and confident, now they plodded wearily along with scarcely a hope of success. That day was spent like its predecessors in fruitless toil. As the jaded and disheartened men came in at night in twos and threes, the sorrow-stricken parents read in the faces of each successive group that the doom of their children was sealed. Even that modern Nimrod, David Price, had been unsuccessful.

After it was definitely understood that the search had been abandoned, Davy Price announced that he had had a dream (or vision as he called it), in which he had seen the children in a dark and dismal place, a long way off in the great marsh; that they were alive, and that he was determined to continue to hunt for them whether any one else would or not.

The majority ridiculed the old hunter's dream, and some of them were not without suspicions that it had been manufactured for the occasion. His strong sympathy for the afflicted family, they thought, might have prompted him to take that method of trying to induce the people to prosecute the search yet longer, and to extend it farther into the marsh than they had as yet gone. A few believing in Davy, tried to believe in his dream, and to hope that it might mean something.

The ninth day dawned, but all the old Indian Interpreter's eloquence was insufficient to persuade any one to volunteer to accompany him into the marsh. "Drowning men will catch at straws;" so Davy's own full faith in his vision having been sent to guide him to the lost children, inspired confidence in the despairing parents, and their almost dead hopes again revived.

Undiscouraged by the failures of the eight preceding days, undaunted by the dangers by which he knew the Cranberry Marsh to be infested, and undeterred by the scoffs and insinuations of those who refused to believe in his vision, he coolly set about making his preparations. Having procured provisions for two days and a good supply of ammunition (to be prepared for an emergency), with his inevitable rifle upon his shoulder, his hatchet and his knife in his girdle, and his faithful dog "Bose" at his side, he took his departure.

The almost heart-broken parents, whose last hope seemed to hang upon the old hunter, followed his retreating form with strained eyes till he disappeared in the

depths of the forest. Then they turned again to their desolate hearth—not to weep, for the fountain of tears had long been exhausted; but to resume the sad watching, the weary waiting, varied only by the alternations of their hopes and fears, to which they had become habituated during those wretched days. Could it be that only days had transpired since the sweet "good-bye" of her loved ones had fallen like sweetest music on that mother's ear, as her darlings went out full of life and glee upon that fatal expedition. It seems months that she has been enduring this long-drawn agony, and yet she must *wait*, WAIT, WAIT.

(*To be continued.*)

IN MEMORIAM.

BY JOHN READE.

In hours of happiness Time hurries by,
As though in haste his envy found relief;
But in our days of anguish his cold eye
Lingers upon us, gloating o'er our grief;
Yet in the past we fain would live again,
Forgetting for the gladness all the pain.

So pass our years. It seems a little while
Since, with wild throbbings in my boyish heart,
I westward gazed from my own western isle,
And saw the white-winged messengers depart.
Ah! little thought I then that o'er the sea
Lived any one that should be dear to me.

Years fled, and other eyes were westward turned,
And I was on the bosom of the deep,
While strange emotions in my bosom burned—
A sorrow that I thought would never sleep;
For all that I had loved on earth was gone—
Perhaps forever—and—I was alone;

Save that I heard the dear familiar noise
Of the old ocean, and can well recall
The bliss, the awe, the love without a voice,
With which I felt that great heart rise and fall;
Like some untamed and tameless "thing of life"
That frets for something worthy of its strife.

And then I was alone amid the din
Of ceaseless strugglers after wealth and power,
Content to hide the better soul within,
And pass in men's applause a gaudy hour;
To act out well a something they are not,—
To be admired and praised—despised, forgot.

I was alone, but in my fancy grew
A fair ideal, fashioned from the best
And purest feelings that my spirit knew;
And this ideal was the goddess-guest
In my heart's temple; but I sought not then
To find my goddess in the haunts of men.

And yet I found her—all personified,
The goddess of my lonely, loving heart,
And—as an artist, when he stands beside
Some genius-fathered, beauteous child of art,
Worships it mutely with enraptured gaze—
My love was far too deep for words of praise.

But ah! earth's brightest joys are bought with pain,
Meeting with parting, smiles with bitter tears,
Hopes end in sorrow, loss succeeds to gain,
And youth's gay spring-time leads to wintry years,
Naught lives that dies not in the world's wide range,
And nothing is unchangeable but change.

My bliss was o'er, I was again alone,
Amid the scenes that I had learned to love
For her dear sake; but, ah, the charm was gone
From river-side and mountain-slope and grove,—
All save the memory of happy hours
That lingered like the sweetness of dead flowers.

And, as the ground on which a temple stood
Is holy, though the temple stands no more,
So river, mountain, waterfall and wood
Wore something of the brightness that they wore
When her loved presence blessed them, and her face
Made all around her smile with her sweet grace.

And I am still alone, and years have fled;
And other scenes are round me as I call
The past by memory's magic from the dead.
As Endor's sibyl brought the seer to Saul.
(May he not then have thought of that good time
When David's music drew his soul from crime?)

And I, with more of bitterness than bliss,
The summoned years of my past life review,
Till Hope's red lips with love pale Sorrow's kiss,
And all things good and beautiful and true
Start rainbow-like from Sorrow's falling tears,
Spanning with hues of heaven all my years.

And as I ope the temple of my heart,
And seek its inmost and its holiest shrine,
Still there, my love, my darling one, thou art;
There still I worship thee and call thee mine.
And this sweet anthem all that temple fills,
"Love cannot lose, 'tis loss of love that kills."

[POSTSCRIPT.]

What cry was that which woke me from my dream?
I stand upon my native island-shore,
And hear the startled curlews round me scream
O'er the mute cliffs that make the fierce waves roar,
I watch the "stately ships" go sailing by,
And wonder how my heart has learned to sigh.

Ah! *that* was but a dream. A summer's eve
Breathes all its balmy blessings on my brow;
I feel as though the earth had got reprieve
From its death sentence. See, the sun sets now.
The blue of heaven grows gently dark above;
Below, blue eyes are growing dark with love.

That, too, was but a dream. What startled me?
The winds are making havoc 'mong the leaves
Of summer-time, and each once happy tree
For its lost darlings rocks itself and grieves.
The night is dark, the sky is thick with clouds—
Kind frost-nymphs make the little leaves their shrouds.

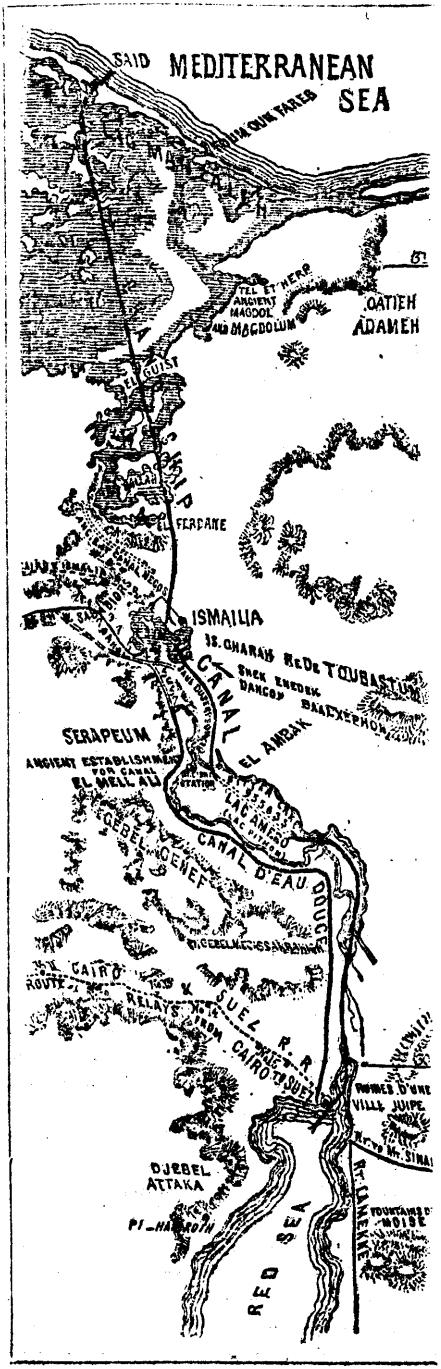
THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

BY GEO. V. LE VAUX.

THE KEYS OF INDIA—ALEXANDRIA—CLEOPATRA—POMPEY—NELSON—GEOGRAPHY OF EGYPT—THE NILE AND ITS MOUTHS—LAND OF GOSHEN—MARSHES OF PITHOM—THE SUEZ CANAL, ITS LENGTH, BREADTH AND DEPTH—PORT SAID AND ITS BREAKWATERS—THE FRESH-WATER CANAL—ISMALIA—THE CANAL OF KINGS—SHISHACH—DARIUS—ADRIAN—AMROU AND OMAR—NAPOLEON—OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL—ITS EFFECT ON COMMERCE—ANNUAL INUNDATIONS—THE NILE VALLEY—DESTRUCTION OF VILLAGES—TRADITION OF THE GREAT FAMINE—THE SEASONS—BEAUTY OF SKIES—DELIGHTFUL ATMOSPHERE—MOONLIGHT—EFFECT OF THE MOON'S ATTRACTION ON THE FEATURES.

The land of the Pharaohs always was, and ever will be, the most important and most interesting country in Africa. Situated midway between England and India, it is the key to the British possessions in Asia and Australia. The completion of the Suez Canal tends very much to augment its importance. While England is desirous of maintaining her power and prestige in the East, she can never allow any of the great military powers of Europe to seize the "Keys of India." It is her interest to maintain the independence of Egypt, whatever policy she may pursue towards that effete empire which claims the allegiance of the Coptic Viceroy. It is, therefore, very desirable that England and Egypt should justly appreciate each other. The warriors of the Nile and of Britain have fought side by side ere now, and may have to do it again. Egypt may yet require

the sword of another Nelson or an Abercrombie, and it may be England's interest to aid her Coptic ally. Kindly feelings should, therefore, be cultivated, regardless of the obsolete jealousies of the Grand Turk. The present Viceroy, with his usual liberality, seizes every occasion to exhibit and express his friendly sentiments towards the "land of the Franks"—of the "good-natured Inglis," as he calls them.



Cairo is the seat of government, but Alexandria is the commercial capital. It presents a magnificent appearance from the sea—from the vicinity of the Isle of Pharos. The lights of Pharos are as well known to modern mariners as to their ancient predecessors. The Cape of Figs, covered with windmills, occupies a prominent position in the scene. Cleopatra's brother, who was also her husband, was buried on its summit. Pompey's pillar, said to be erected on the spot where that great man was assassinated after his defeat at Pharsalia, will not fail to attract a fair share of attention. It links the present with the past, and proves to us the vanity of human greatness. The Bay of Aboukir, the scene of the battle of the Nile, not far distant, will remind us of the valiant Nelson and the brave but unfortunate Bruyère.

To the reader of classic history the site of Alexandria is holy ground. He will look back through the long vista of ages past, to the time (B. C. 332) when the mighty Macedonian hero stood upon these very shores, surrounded by a soldiery destined to subdue the civilized world. The youthful commander admired the locality, approved of the harbor, and resolved to build a city that would bear his name. Surrounded by able engineers, he defined his plan, and then his attendants spread flour on the earth to mark the site of the embryo streets; after which the son of Jupiter, as he delighted to call himself, laid the foundation stone of the first house. Then the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the people cheered. But that auspicious day has passed away. The rule of the Greek and the Roman, like that of the Pharaohs, is a thing of the past, and even the great city of Alexandria is but the wreck of its former self, though still a noble monument of its founder's genius and foresight.

Before treating of the antiquities of Egypt, we will venture to make a few remarks concerning

THE GEOGRAPHY

of this remarkable country. Egypt consists, for the most part, of a fertile valley, which varies from ten to two hundred and fifty miles in breadth. The Nile, a river nearly as large as the St. Lawrence, flows through the centre of this valley, and is the grand highway of commerce and civilization. In ancient times it discharged its waters into the Mediterranean by seven streams, called the Bucolic, Bolbetinian, Canopic, Sybenitic, Mendesian, Zanitic and Pelusiac branches.

The first two, now called the Damietta and Rosetta branches, are the only ones fit for navigation at present. Some of the ancient mouths have been closed for centuries. The country between the two modern branches is called the Delta, because of its resemblance to the Greek letter Δ, or D. A number of lakes or lagoons, some of which are now dry, stretch along the sea coast. The largest of these is Lake Menzaleh. The Sihor, called also the River of Egypt, separates this singular country from the Holy Land. It is now nearly dry, being almost choked with sand. The Land of Goshen, the "house of bondage" of the Israelites, was a fruitful region, situated between the salt marshes of Pithom (now called the Bitter Lakes) and the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. The Canal of Kings, passing through these marshes, traversed the Land of Goshen, and connected the Nile with the Red Sea.

THE LESSEPS OR SUEZ CANAL

passes through these marshes also, and thence to the Red Sea, and occupies the site of its ancient predecessor. The water in the Pithom Marshes was always very shallow, but they are now the site of a magnificent lake. They have been flooded by water from the Red Sea conducted through the Suez Canal. The banks of the modern canal have been lined, in many parts, with solid and cemented masonry, and on the whole it is as gigantic a work as has ever been undertaken by man. The honor of its execution is due to M. de Lesseps—a man of indomitable energy and iron will.

According to the original treaty between this gentleman and Said Pacha, the latter, as Viceroy of Egypt, ceded to the Suez Company a wide belt of land on either side the Canal. He afterwards paid the Company three and a half millions of dollars for permission to revoke this part of his agreement.

The total length of the Canal is ninety-nine miles, though the Isthmus is only eighty in breadth. The average width of the Canal—from Port Said, on the Mediterranean, to the southern end of Lake Pithom—is 327 feet at the surface of the water; thence to Suez it is only 196 feet. The width at the bottom throughout the whole course is 72 feet, and the depth 26 feet.

The site of Port Said was only a sandy waste ere the Canal works were commenced. It is now a large town—containing about 10,000 inhabitants. Henceforth it is likely to rival Alexandria. The sea off Port Said being very shallow and the sands of a shifting nature, the engineers found it necessary to construct two immense moles or breakwaters—one of them being nearly two miles long, and the other a mile and a half. They then dredged out the intervening space, and thus formed a passage for the Canal into deep water. Similar works have been constructed at Suez on the Red Sea.

A fresh-water canal has been constructed from Suez to Ismalia on Lake Timsah, and thence to the Nile. By its means irrigation has been carried on extensively, and large tracts of barren soil have been reclaimed. A considerable portion of this wilderness now "blossoms as the rose," and yields large crops of wheat, cotton and other products. In its vicinity the wild Arabs have "turned their swords and spears into ploughshares and pruning hooks." Ismalia is situated midway between the Mediterranean and Red Seas. A few short years ago its site was a howling wilderness. It now contains a population of 8,000 souls, and its sturdy citizens affirm that it will

one day become the emporium of the world, and that ships from all the nations of the earth, "from the rising to the setting of the sun," will ride peacefully in its capacious harbor. It is connected with Cairo by rail, and possesses some of the finest squares and largest hotels in Egypt. The country on either side of the Canal has been thickly planted with trees wheresoever this course was practicable. It is believed they will prevent the sands of the Desert from drifting into the Canal. Many vessels have passed through already, and on the 17th ult. (Nov., 1869) it was officially opened by the Viceroy in the presence of many of the European rulers—the Emperor of Austria and Empress of the French included.

THE CANAL OF KINGS

—the ancient predecessor of the Suez Canal—was projected by Pharaoh Necho, according to the account of Herodotus; but Aristotle and Pliny affirm that it was constructed by So or Sesostris—the Shishach of the Scriptures. Darius, King of Persia and conqueror of Egypt, is said to have repaired and enlarged it; but after his time the sands filled it up again. It was re-opened by Trajan and Adrian, Emperors of Rome. The flying sands of the Desert re-closed it again, but it was re-opened once more under the direction of Amrou, by order of the Caliph Omar. Amrou was the Saracenic conqueror of Egypt. After his time the sands refilled it again, and no steps were taken to re-open it until the occupation of the country by the French under Napoleon (A. D. 1798). This great man intended to re-open it, and actually issued orders to that effect; but his precipitate return to France, and the subsequent surrender of the Army of occupation to the British, put an end to his efforts in this respect. However his countrymen, aided by the moral, if not pecuniary, support of his nephew (Napoleon III.), have carried out his intentions. The work has been completed, the locks and flood-gates, few in number, have been tested, and the Canal has at length been opened to the "trade universal" with becoming *éclat*. The greatest excitement prevails, not only in Europe, but also in the adjoining countries of Asia and Africa. Commercial companies are being revived, re-organized, or re-animated, and steamships are being constructed for the various maritime nations. Austria, France, Italy, and even Russia have resolved to have a share of the trade with China, Japan and the Indies. Russia intends to run a line of steamers from Odessa to Japan. Bombay expects to become the metropolis of India in consequence of her commercial position, and even the little town of Aden, the Gibraltar of the South, expects to rival Alexandria. The completion and successful working of the Suez Canal cannot fail to revolutionize commerce and alter the condition and prospects of the nations of the Old World; nor will its effects be altogether unfelt in the New.

THE ANNUAL OVERFLOWING OF THE NILE

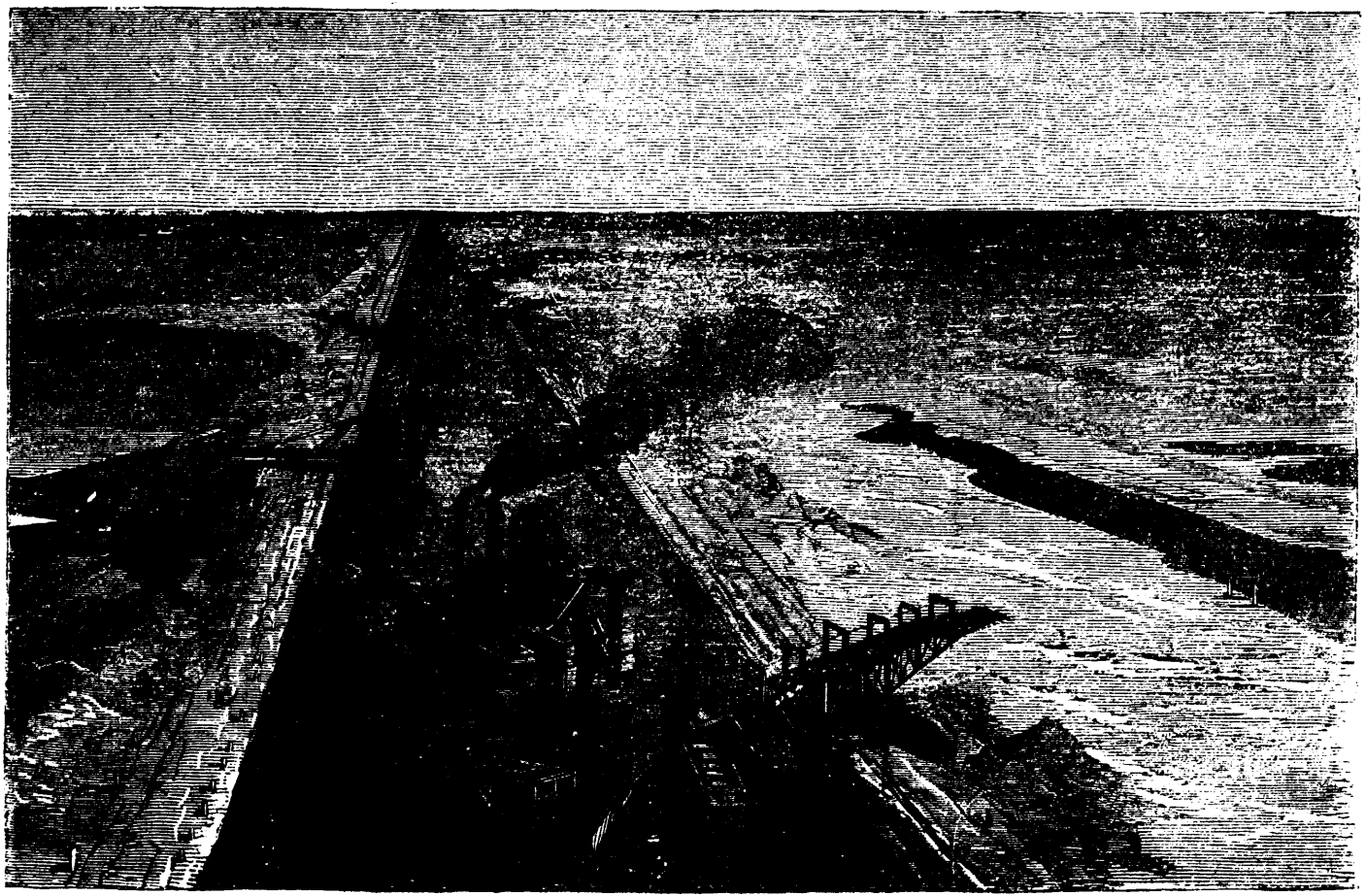
has caused much disaster of late. It attained its maximum height on the 10th October, when it swept away several villages. Many hundreds of the inhabitants were drowned. Generally speaking, those who escaped from the doomed villages have only survived to die of starvation, as their flocks and herds have been all drowned. The inundation of the present year (1869) does not exceed the average. The great destruction of life and property has been caused by a causeway lately erected from the base of the Pyramids to the verge of the river. Many more of the towns above the Pyramids would have been destroyed were it not that this causeway was swept away by the force of the waters. After its destruction they inundated a large portion of the Delta, and so escaped to the sea, carrying away houses, furniture, and the bodies of man and beast in their headlong career. The inundations do much mischief, but more good. Were it not for their influence the sands of the desert would gradually encroach on the valley, and in less than half a century the land of the Pharaohs would

become a howling wilderness. The *Fellahs* or peasants of the South relate an anecdote which is worthy of note. They affirm that in olden times the mother of one of the Pharaohs fell in love with Serapis, the guardian god of the Nile. The King, her son, having discovered her secret, caused her to be drowned in the river. The gods of Ethiopia and of Egypt immediately dried up the fountains of the Nile and cursed the land for the sake of its impious ruler. The blast of the desert burnt up the corn, and the people died of hunger. At last the gods, pitying their condition, sent them a great spirit, who fed them with bread for one hundred months, or moons, and satisfied their thirst by pointing out to them where to dig for water. This is evidently a tradition of the famine which occurred in the time of Joseph.

THE SEASONS.

In Northern Egypt there are four seasons, but in Upper Egypt there are only two. Spring commences in the former about the time of the winter solstice, and continues until the vernal equinox. The nights are cold, the days hot, and vegetation is generally very rapid and luxuriant. The weather during this season resembles that of May and June in Canada. The second season, usually called the "sickly period," commences in March and ends early in June. The third season commences in June and continues until the middle of July. This is the most delightful of the Egyptian seasons—it very much resembles the Fall in America. It is exceedingly pleasant. The fourth season, extending from July to December, corresponds with the inundation of the Nile. Soon after the autumnal equinox, the waters attain their maximum height, and then gradually decline in depth and breadth until they are once more replenished by the melting of the snows on the mountains of Central Africa. The appearance of Egypt during the greater portion of September and October is very like that of the Thousand Islands minus the trees—indeed it strongly resembles a vast sea studded with "island cities innumerable." The temperature in winter is nearly as great as that of England in summer. There is seldom any frost. Rain rarely falls in Upper Egypt, and even in Cairo and Suez it does not rain six times in a year. However the dews are exceedingly heavy. The atmosphere is very clear, and it is a rare thing to see a cloud. Existence in these southern climes is a perpetual feast. Everything looks well beneath these sunny skies. Everything is gay, brilliant, serene. A divine light, soft and sweet, diffused over the earth and heavens, imparts to every Egyptian scene—though the country is by no means beautiful—an attractive neatness, an enlivening brightness, a charming symmetry, and a rare beauty which no words can describe. Lamartine likens it to the light which beams from the eyes and features of a beautiful maiden cre love and sorrow have dimmed her native brightness. The similitude is excellent. Happy, say we, is the man who can live in such a clime surrounded by the historical relics of other ages, in a home of his own choice, on the borders of the glittering sea, within sight of the shining mountains—where hill and dale, water and herbage, vie with each other in adorning the brilliant scene.

The size of the stars is considerably magnified, and the light of the moon is so great that people can read or write at night with nearly the same facility as in day-time. Moonlight, and also the glare of the sun reflected from the sands, produces blindness; so that when people are of necessity compelled to sleep in the open air they make sure to cover their faces. The *Fellahs* also assert that the attraction of the moon seldom fails to distort the features of those who neglect this precaution. Nor is this assertion void of truth. We have seen many Egyptians having the lower part of the face deformed—twisted to either side—who attributed their disfiguration to this cause. It is evident that the Jewish prophet had these facts in view when he exclaimed—"The sun shall not harm thee by day nor the moon by night." More anon.



THE SUEZ CANAL.

HUMAN TWIGS.

If you would have your children grow up strong and robust, you must require them to be regular in their habits and careful of their diet. Do not allow them to eat rich and highly seasoned food at any time, and forbid all "dainties" between meals. If they are hungry—as no doubt they often are—before meal time, give them a slice of good bread and butter. This is sufficient, and can do them no harm. They need plain, nutritious food. If you *will* give them candy, nuts, cake, etc,, let it be in very small quantities at a time—the less, the better.

Children are naturally so very active, they require a good deal of sleep; put them to bed early: if they are inclined to be timid, do not compel them to go to bed in the dark—they may be kept awake a long time through fear. You need not think of the light as a useless expense and similar reasons, for children who go to bed feeling well in mind and body will drop to sleep in from five to ten minutes, when the light may be removed. Do not tell your children wild, tragical stories of hairbreadth escapes from wolves, bears, Indians. etc. I recollect a book in our school-district library which I used to hear my older brothers and sisters read. The stories and pictures it contained really haunted me. I would dream of them night after night, often waking up terribly frightened. If you wish to tell them stories, let them be entertaining, and such as will leave a pleasant remembrance, if any. Children must be amused; if they have something to amuse them they will not be so much inclined to mischief; yet too many playthings are worse than none. In this case, they do not appreciate them, and consequently destroy them. A little boy will often leave a room full of toys for an old hammer, a piece of board, and a nail; or a little girl will leave all for her doll. As soon as a little girl is old enough to handle a thread and needle, keep her supplied when she wants them. Do not give her needles with broken points, worn-out scissors, thread too coarse for her needle, etc., but just as good as you use yourself; these things try the patience of grown people, to say nothing of a child. Give her pretty little pieces of goods, such as are found in every house; encourage her to cut and make her doll's clothing. When she comes and asks you to do it for her, give her only hints, and let her do the work herself, unless you see she has really tried and failed, then by all means give her a little assistance. In this way you will teach her to be self-relying and ingenious.

Give children occasionally some little piece of work; nothing pleases them more than to be able to do something that "big folks" do; but do not overtax them by compelling them to tend the baby, rock the cradle, etc., for any great length of time. I believe many a little girl has been injured for life by being compelled to take care of her younger brothers and sisters. We cannot be too careful in measuring their strength.

A little boy is generally a servant to the whole household; he runs all the errands, and in the end gets the credit of "doing nothing." Be careful how you say this. You will find, if you make a close calculation, that he has, perhaps, taken twice the the number of steps of any one else in the house during the day. You may not see the work accomplished, but he has worked faithfully notwithstanding. Do not wound his feelings by saying he has done nothing, until you have well considered the matter.

If one of your children has something nice given him—say, for instance, fruit, or any thing you feel willing for him to eat—teach him to divide it among the others. Children soon grow to feel that they cannot enjoy a luxury unless they share it with the rest. Teach them to play together peacefully with each others toys. If two want the same thing at the same time, and persist in having it, take it away from both, until such time as one is willing to yield to the other. You will only be called upon to do this a few times; the matter is soon settled.

Never send children to bed out of humor: if you have had occasion to punish them, do not send them off half repentant, but make them yield entirely; then let the matter drop—it is wicked to refer to it any time after. It is quite common, I am sorry to say, for parents to delay forgiveness, thinking, if the child reflects on the enormity of its transgression, it will prove a benefit. Here you make a great mistake, I believe. The tendency is rather to harden than otherwise. When a child asks to be forgiven do it at once. When his little heart is melted and ready to confess his fault, should you not be ready to forgive? I have seen a child denied a good-night kiss, from father and mother, for some fault committed during the day or evening, when the child had already done all that was required of him—that is, acknowledged he committed the act, said he was sorry, and promised never to repeat the offence. Is such a course consistent? Think of it. It may seem a small matter to *you*, but you know very little about children if you think it a small matter to them. The feeling to a sensitive child, that father or mother is not willing to give him a kiss, is a trouble to his mind as great as the trouble a man in business might feel when he retires at night thinking the morning may find him bankrupt.

Again, never show a preference for one

child over another; let your love be as equally divided as possible, and in all your acts be guarded, that they may have no possible chance to imagine you love one better than the other. Never speak of the faults of your children before others than your own family. How often you hear mothers and fathers speaking unguardedly to some friend, in the presence of their children, like this: "I really do not know what we are going to do with James; he is *so* dull, it seems as if he never would learn any thing. Now, here is our little Julia, not more half his age; she commits to memory a dozen verses from the Bible every week, to repeat at Sunday-school: she learns every thing so readily, while James can scarcely learn three verses."

What is the effect of this? Oftentimes the boy is mortified; he is ashamed to meet that person again; he feels discouraged. This is downright unkindness. Pray do not do it! Your very bright little girl may make a showy, superficial woman, while your dull boy grows up a thoroughly practical, sound-minded man.

Do not be in a hurry to teach children to read; better let them get a start physically than to tax their brains too early. Children of six or seven years are quite young enough to begin to read. They may learn their letters before and perhaps a few little words, but do not confine them to a book earlier than this. Some people take great pride and delight in the precociousness of their children. I greatly prefer to see a child a little slow at learning than unusually quick. You will find many of the greatest scholars of the past and present are made up of such as were once considered dull boys and girls. A good, sound mind, with good judgment and fixed Christian principles, is only acquired by slow, careful study and experience.

Children should be allowed to act and feel like children. They should be indulged in all kinds of harmless sports. Let them romp in the open air as much as possible; encourage them in all active sports which will tend to strengthen and develop them physically. Go out occasionally and join with them: nothing is more gratifying to children than to have grown people step down from the pedestal of their dignity and frolic with them. Life is too short and real to try to crowd happy, careless childhood into manhood. Let them retain their youthful, jubilant feelings as long as possible; take every reasonable means to increase their pleasures, then will they look back to the days of their childhood as the happiest of their life, and ever reverence the names of father and mother. There can be no stereotyped laws whereby to govern children, because *all* cannot be governed alike. Different temperaments and dispositions require different treatment. The parents ought to be the best judges. In short, in whatever you do, act with decision without sternness, with kindness, without too much indulgence, act carefully and prayerfully, leaving the result to the future and with God.—*Hearth and Home.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Some years ago I knew a lapidary who gained a considerable fortune by a great misfortune. An excellent workman, honest as the day, Montin had but one fault; he was too fond of good wine, which caused him to neglect his work—sometimes for days together, to the great dissatisfaction of his employer, who in all other respects valued and esteemed him highly, both for his skill and probity.

One day Montin received from his master a diamond of the finest water to cut and polish, with strict recommendations to keep sober until the work was finished.

"I rely on your activity," said the jeweller, on giving him the stone. "I must have it without fail on the 15th of this month; and if you disappoint me this time, it will be the last work that you will ever have from me."

Montin promised exactitude, asked, as was usual with him, part of his pay in advance, and set himself courageously to work. Under his skilful hand the diamond soon began to show forth its beauty; in a few more hours it would have been finished, when, unfortunately for Montin's resolutions, a friend called on him, an old comrade, who had been long absent from Paris; what could they do but take a glass together? Arrived at the cabaret, the time passed quickly away, and Montin thought no more of his unfinished work.

During the morning his employer came to see how the polishing of the diamond proceeded. The concierge assured him that Montin had only just gone out, and would not fail to return directly, as he had for some days been working steadily and unremittingly. Only half satisfied, the jeweller went away, to return in two hours, and to find Montin still absent. Convinced he was at the tavern, the master charged one of his men to seek him, and induce him to return to his work. This was done, and Montin, grumbling between his teeth, quitted his comrade, and ascended to his workshop; but his head was no longer clear, nor his hand steady. To add to his trouble, the diamond became unfixed; he seized it hastily to replace it; his trembling fingers gave a jerk—and, by a strange fatality, the precious stone flew out of the window! Sobered in a moment by this terrible accident, Montin continued gazing out of the casement as if petrified,

his pale lips murmuring the words, "Lost! lost! lost!"

For more than an hour he remained almost motionless, and was only roused from his lethargy by the entrance of his master.

"Is it thus you work, Montin?" exclaimed he; "three times have I called for the diamond, and you spend your time at the tavern. Give me the stone; I must have it, finished or unfinished."

Montin looked wildly at him without uttering a word.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the jeweller. "Why don't you answer? Have you drunk all your senses away?"

The lapidary tried in vain to speak. His tongue seemed paralized. At last he rose, and hiding his face in his hands, murmured, "It—is—lost!"

"Explain yourself. What has happened?"

"Out of the window."

"What! when?"

"The stone."

"Well, well, well; tell me what has occurred."

"The stone flew out."

It was now the turn of the master to become silent with astonishment; then, furious with rage, he cried, "I don't believe a word of your story; you have sold my diamond to pay for your dissipation."

This accusation was the *coup de grace* for Montin. He fell fainting at the feet of his master; and it was not without difficulty that he was recalled to life, or rather to a despair which amounted almost to madness. The jeweller, who understood what was passing in his mind, tried to console him, and at last succeeded in rendering him more calm.

"It is a most unfortunate accident, no doubt," said he, "but it is not irreparable."

"You do not, then, believe that I sold your diamond for drink?" said Montin, eagerly.

"No, no, Montin; you must forget what I said in the first moment of anger, and let us try to find a remedy for the misfortune. The diamond was worth £200; you must endeavor to repay me the half of that sum out of your wages, which, when you work regularly, amount to £3 or £4 a week. With industry and sobriety you will soon get out of debt."

"From this time I will work steadily," said Montin, with tears in his eyes. "You shall see, sir, that though I have been a drunkard, I am not a thief."

"I believe you," replied the jeweller. "I have every confidence in you; you are a good workman; I will furnish you with plenty of work, and in a few years you will be right again. Well! will that suit you?"

"Oh yes, Sir! only tell me once more that you do not think I sold the diamond."

"I repeat, on my honor, that I only said so in the first moment of anger. I am convinced you are an honest man—in fact, I prove it by trusting you with more work."

"Yes, Sir, that is true, and I promise you I will not disappoint you. I will repair my fault; the lesson has been severe, but it will not be without its fruits."

Montin kept his word—he rose early, and worked indefatigably; the lost stone was replaced by another, which was polished as if by enchantment. Faithful to his promise, he went no more to the tavern, and became a model of steadiness and industry. At the end of the year he had paid a considerable part of his debt. Sixteen months passed thus, when one fine morning in May, having finished his work, he placed himself at the window, and watched the boats passing and repassing on the river which flowed close to the walls of the house. Suddenly, his eye was attracted by something bright glittering on the extreme edge of an old chimney. What was his surprise to discover his half-polished diamond! It seemed as if a breath would precipitate it into the water beneath; and yet there it had been for so many months suspended between heaven and earth!

At this sight his emotion became almost as great as on the day when he had seen it disappear out of the window; he dared not remove his eyes, fearing to lose sight of the almost recovered treasure.

"It is—it is my diamond, which has cost me so many tears," said he; "but how shall I reach it? If it were to fall! But no, I will take every precaution; not too fast!—let me consider well!"

At this moment his employer entered the room.

"Oh, Sir!" cried Montin, "it is there!"

"What?" said the jeweller.

"My diamond, or rather yours. Ah! do not touch it, we shall lose it forever."

"It is true; it is certainly the diamond that has so tormented us; but the difficulty is how to get it. Wait a moment, I know how to do it." So saying, he left the room, but quickly returned, bearing in his hand a net prepared for catching butterflies. With its aid, and that of a long stick, he proceeded carefully to try and get the precious stone—Montin hardly daring to breathe, watching all his movements with the greatest anxiety. At last his efforts were crowned with success, and he cried, "Here it is, Montin! I congratulate you on its recovery. I am now your debtor to the amount of nearly a hundred pounds. What do you intend to do with the amount?"

"Leave it in your hands, Sir, if you will be kind enough to keep it for me."

"Most willingly; I will pay you the interest, and if you continue to add to it, you will soon have a nice little sum," replied the jeweller.

This was the beginning of Montin's for-

tune. In a few years he became a partner with his master, whose daughter he married, and he is now one of the principal jewellers in Paris.

THE GREAT TREES OF MARIPOSA.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Among the guests with whom we dined at White & Hatch's were three German gentlemen, one of them Robert von Schlagenwelt, the famous traveller, with his massive brow and keen eyes, that have ranged the Himalayas. They had just come from the Yosemite Valley, and could talk of nothing but its wonders. "Ah," said the most demonstrative of the three, "when I was in my own land, I thought I should be willing to die if I could see Chamouni and Niagara and Yosemite. I have seen them, and now I want to live to remember them!"

Hanging about the house, ready for any work that might offer, was the chief of the band of Indians who held the Yosemite Valley at the time of its discovery by the whites—a tame-looking, middle-aged man, dressed in whatever cast-off clothes he could procure, and without the least vestige of authority in tone or manner—a very servant of servants to the invaders. We sat some time on the broad, low piazza, watching this wreck of royalty, and speculating upon the origin and destiny of his fast-fading raee, when our guide and horses arrived from Mariposa, and we at once mounted for the twelve-miles ride to Clark's, the fallen chief acting as 'groom. For a little distance there was a broad road, and then we turned into a bridle-path that led through the woods and over the hills. A moment after there was a sharp clatter of horses' hoofs behind us, and up rode three men, with guns over their shoulders and pistols in their belts—a formidable looking trio. Interrogated by our guide, they said they were just from Mariposa, and were going up into the mountains looking for horse-thieves—an errand which they seemed to consider highly pleasurable. One of them was Duncan, the noted hunter, who has killed in this region during the last two years sixty-three grizzly bears. His round, jolly face lit up with animation as he spoke of his exploits and of the rare fun he had stealing through the woods alone in search of game. Then, like a hawk eager for the quarry, he dashed past us, and all three disappeared over the hill.

O the balmy odor of the pines in that afternoon sun, filling all the pure, dry air with sweetness and making every breath a delight! I have seen the dark ranks that brave the storms on Norwegian hills; the solemn breadths of the pine woods of Russia; the beautiful groves of Baden, remnants of the Black Forest of old; the firs and larches of Scotland, and the yews of England; the varied evergreens that clothe the Alps, the Apennines, and the Pyrenees; the cypresses whose sombre boughs shadow the Mohammedan dead; nay, the goodly cedars of Lebanon; but in all these there are none to equal for combined majesty and beauty the cone-bearing trees of California. Aside from the gigantic *seynoias*, there are the sugar-pines, growing from two hundred to three hundred feet in height, and from three to twelve feet in diameter, tapering so slowly that at one hundred feet from the ground they seem almost as large as at their base; while their brown cones, eighteen inches in length, hang from the upper branches, or fall with the wind or their own ripe weight, and lie on the ground beneath, fair as shells upon the shore. Then there are the stately cedars; the balsam firs, gracefullest of trees, with their drooping, fan-like boughs; the tall, feathery larches; and a multitude of others, standing together in loving company, and making the Sierra more glorious in its forests than any mountain chain upon earth. Through such a wood we journeyed on. About us, on either side, were flowers and blooming shrubs; the ceanothus, the wild lilac of California, with its white and lavender clusters and its honeyed perfume; an exquisite little eglantine, growing close to the ground; lupines, larkspurs, our garden forget-me-nots; patches of small bright blossoms, clinging to the soil like a carpet; and great beds of azaleas by the brooks, white with a petal tinged like a tea rose, their spicy fragrance betraying their nearness while they were yet hidden in the hollows.

Passing through a valley, we found ourselves in the midst of a flock of four thousand sheep, that were being driven into the mountains for summer pasturage. They were resting there through the heat of the day; and it was a novel sight to see them lying in groups under the trees as far as the eye could search the shade, while the shepherds who attended them lay stretched on the grass, dreamy and idle as Arcadians. It is a common practice here to drive the flocks and herds into the river bottoms and up to the high pastures during the drought of the year. At length we emerged from the woods, and came upon one of those small mountain meadows, the parks of the Sierra. In the foreground, surrounded by lofty, scattered pines, was "Clark's"—a long, low house, with a piazza running across the entire front. Dismounting at the open door, our horses were set free to graze in the green fields behind it, while in its rustic, comfortable rooms we reposed after the fatigues of the day.

We were now only six miles from the

Great Trees of the Mariposa Grove; and early the next morning we were astir to visit them. Our guide, who, wrapped in his blanket, had slept all night at the foot of one of the pines, had the horses saddled at sunrise; and, through the first dew we had seen since we left Lake Tahoe, we rode across the meadow, through which runs a small, clear stream, the south fork of the Merced, and then into the thick woods and up the hills. For the *seynoia* disdains the valleys, and grows only on the western slope of the Sierra, from five to eight thousand feet above the sea, and never beyond the influence of the fogs of the Pacific. About us were the giant pines; and, though I knew the dimensions of the Great Trees, I doubted if, after all, they would seem much larger or grander than their neighbors. Slowly we ascended, with now and then an opening in the forest and noble views of the deep ravine and wooded mountain. The cones of many a year were strewn at our feet; and among them, here and there, was the scarlet snow-plant, that strange, dazzling, bulb-like flower, peculiar to these latitudes.

For some time we rode on in silence; when suddenly our guide halted, and, pointing to the right, exclaimed, "There are two of them!"

It was as when, amid the ruins of Karnak, one sees tower the monoliths of Egypt's prime; or, before the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, confronts the huge stones which tradition says only genii have built into the wall! Straight before us they rose, two colossal, reddish-brown columns, each at least eighty feet in circumference, their gnarled roots spreading at the base like a pedestal, from whence the trunks ascended with just the diminishing lines of the ancient obelisk. The soil beneath them had the same brown hue, and was elastic to the tread, made up of fallen cones and bark and boughs through who shall tell how many centuries. We dismounted, and walked in their shadow reverently, as if we paced the aisle beneath the Strasburg spire. My majestic pines were dwarfed indeed!

These twin trees, though not the largest, are, perhaps, the most beautiful of the wood, interlacing roots and branches, while between them flows a little rivulet, cool and clear. Besides them there are several hundred here, scattered over a distance of from two to three miles. The forest is dense about them, and they stand sometimes singly and sometimes in groups. All the larger ones are more or less injured by fire, and have their tops broken and ragged with the storms of a thousand years. Their leaves are small and almost inconspicuous; their branches few and poor, compared with the height. The trunk is the glory. Their diminutive, egg-shaped cones fall, filled with seeds no bigger than those of "the fairy flax that blooms in the month of May;" yet, oh, miracle of miracles, in each one is wrapped up a giant tree! The conditions favorable to their growth seem still to exist here; for many flourishing young trees are found in this and the other groves, and many sprung from the seed are growing in the parks of our own country and of Europe. It is doubtful, however, if anywhere else, in all time, they attain the grand size of these in the Sierra.

Under the "Grizzly Giant," the largest of the grove, we sat down to lunch. This tree, with a diameter of thirty-three feet at the base, puts out a hundred feet from the ground its first branch, which is full six feet in thickness. How superb it was, how far off, how indifferent, with its top in the sky! "Ah," thought I, as I glanced up at its inaccessible heights, "you are a glorious old fellow; but, with clouds and winds and stars for company, what do you care for aught that goes on at your feet? From your loftiness you could never let down a caressing bough, nor even drop a cone, without danger of inflicting a wound." And as for a home, one would choose a cozy room, with carpeted floor and curtained windows and cheerful fire, rather than the cold vastness and splendor of St. Peter's; so for daily sight and communion give me some low-branching fir, some plumy larch, some pine through which the breeze can sigh close to my listening ear, before even the proudest of these magnificent, unsympathetic monarchs of the Sierra.—*Letter to Independent.*

THE SNOW-BIRD.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Where doth the Snow-Bird sleep?
The stormy winter's night comes on apace,
Thick falls the snow—knows it a sheltered place
Where it can snugly creep,
And, safe and warm, its dusty pinions fold?
Where *doth* He hide His Snow-Birds from the cold?
All day the dark-winged flock
About my window, hopping, chirping, come,
Asking of Tinylu a seed, a crumb
From his abundant stock.
The yellow, pampered captive from the Isles,
Where summer with perpetual verdure smiles,
Welcomes these wanderers through the winter's storm,
And fain would share with them his shelter warm,
With small, faint song,
With twitter, and with low and present hum,
Hungry and bold, nimble and brave, they come
Swept with the snow along.
They frolic in the snow,—
They dance with the white flakes
And every small foot makes
In the pure covering its tiny track;
While stars and spangles deck each little back.

They frolic in the snow
That falls so thickly round,
O'er all the frozen ground;
But do the gay ones know
Where they this freezing night may hide away,
And all securely until morning stay?
Close to the glass they creep,
In at the panes they peep,
Holding strange Masonry with Tinylu;
And their enticing ways,
And all their antic plays
Are full in the lone captive's charmed view.
They see the shadows fall,
And to each other call,
And Tinylu replies and tries to go
Out to the hardy brood,
With whom he shares his food,
The little dusky elves that haunt the snow.
Eagerly but in vain
He smites the window pane—
Oh! foolish little Bird, where wouldst thou fly?
Thy nest is safe and warm,
Nought shall my birdie harm,
But out in the cold snow he soon would die.
Where *do* the Snow-Birds sleep?
Where doth He safely keep
His hardy, happy, little Winter sprites?
I know their haunts by day—
But see—they haste away—
Where does He shelter them these stormy nights?

Young Folks.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE; OR, SCHOOL DAYS OF BERTHA PRICE.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

CHAPTER I.

"Must I be left behind? Cannot you take me too?" and the sad, earnest little face looked up with quivering lip and swimming eyes.

"No, my dear, we cannot. Your father is so ill he will need all my care upon the voyage. I have had to engage a person to help nurse him, and look after your little brother, as it is. You will have to be left behind. We may be obliged to move about a good deal after we reach England if your father's health be improved by the voyage; so your education would be too much neglected, and you are now nine years old you know, and time is precious to you. I have made arrangements to place you at a comfortable boarding-school, a little out of town, where I trust you will be happy and try to be a good girl till our return, which I expect will be within a year; but all depends upon the benefit poor papa may gain by the change."

"Why did you not tell me this before, mamma! To-morrow is so soon, so quick."

"I wished you to be happy while you might, my child. Why should I sadden your poor little heart before the time?"

"Oh! I don't know," was the deeply mournful reply. "I hardly seem to believe it, it has come so quick. If I had known what all those pretty things you were buying me were for, I should not have been so glad about them. I wish you had told me before."

The next day saw Bertha and Mrs. Price wending their way in a light one-horse vehicle, followed by a baggage truck, through the narrow, winding streets of Stadacona, out at one of its old-fashioned gates, and along the road for half a mile, till they drew up and got out at the gate of a very pretentious suburban residence. A broad brass plate upon the door announced the fact to passers-by that this was "Miss Mark's Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies." The inside of the house (at least that part seen by casual visitors and strangers) was quite in keeping with the outside. Miss Mark's drawing-room might be called well furnished, if quantity could be taken for quality. There were ottomans large

and ottomans small; tables large and tables small. It seemed as if all the ancestors Miss Mark had ever possessed, had left her some relic of their day in the shape of a bit of furniture, and here they were gathered together in most artistic grouping. The chairs and sofas were set back against the wall, and carefully covered up in spotless holland pinafores, as if in quiet rebuke to the untidyness of a stray young lady who at rare intervals entered these sacred precints to receive a visitor—manifestly uncomfortable the while. Green dragons of hideous shape grinned upon the mantelshelf, while a locked-up grand piano and a covered harp left small space for turning round. The large dining-room on the other side seemed comfortable enough, were it not that it had a sort of unused appearance, telling tales of being kept for company only; while the little crowded basement room off the kitchen below, with its wooden table and benches, did all the work. Miss Mark herself was a well-preserved looking lady, descending the shady side of forty, evidently against her will, catching hold of all the twigs and branches that would stay her rapid descent in the shape of puffs, odontos and false teeth. A reddish-haired, florid person, she reminded one strongly, in the style of her features and expression of her face, of the pictures one sees of Queen Elizabeth; and Bertha Price, while her mother was concluding all arrangements with her new schoolmistress, studied her features with close scrutiny that apparently was not of a satisfactory nature. Children are generally good physiognomists and careful observers of little things. Bertha had evidently drawn some unfavorable conclusions in her own mind, for when Mrs. Price during a pause in the conversation turned and said, "I think you will find Bertha obedient and tractable, and I trust she will give you no trouble, Miss Mark," that young lady broke out in the most bitter cries and sobs, and with an energy which the sorrow of parting alone would not have caused, said—"Oh, mamma, I won't stay here, I won't live with Miss Mark; take me home, take me home." Such passionate exclamations from one who was usually gentle, considerably disconcerted her mother, who strove to soothe her, saying—"My dear, you will be very happy here; Miss Mark will take good care of you." But nothing availed the child. "I shall die! I shall die! Oh, why am I to be left? Why are you so cruel? Mamma! Mamma!"

In a state of mind not much more composed than the child's, Mrs. Price at last tore herself away, leaving her sobbing little daughter in the hands of Miss Mark. In vain had the child tried to tear herself from her grasp and rush after her mother. One or two struggles and she sank on the floor exhausted by the violence of such unusual emotion. As soon as she saw the child had worn herself out, Miss Mark took her by the hand, and, lifting her up, said—"Now, we have had enough of this. You must be a good girl. I have other little girls like you here, away from their parents, and they don't cry and make a fuss over it; dry up your tears, and I shall take you to see them."

Crushing back her sobs, Bertha looked up at the hard-featured, unsympathising woman and said, with a sigh:—

"I don't think you ever had a mamma."

"Oh, yes, but I had though, and a papa too; but I was a good child and obeyed them, and never gave the trouble you did to your poor mamma to-day; so naughty of you to make her cry as you did. Come, this is the way to the school-room. Go in and make the acquaintance of your schoolfellows, while I get your baggage taken upstairs."

The busy hum and buzz of the school-room ceased when Miss Mark opened the door and said:—

"Young ladies, this is Miss Price, the new scholar; you will please make her acquaintance," and, turning, left the room again.

Awkwardly the child stood just where she had been left, with about two dozen strange girls gazing at her swollen face and red eyes, no one liking to move or speak first. At last her sense of loneliness in the crowd so oppressed her that she again burst into tears. This aroused the quick sympathy of some of her companions, who seemed for the first time to be aware that they were doing something which might be thought rude, and one offered her a seat, while

another told her not to cry, and a third asked her how old she was, and with the quick masonry of childhood soothed and comforted her; so that when Miss Mark returned some half-hour after to open afternoon school, she found Bertha talking and smiling, though sadly and wearily, as if she had grown old in an hour, with a young girl whom they called Elinor, much about her own age. It was a relief to Bertha to be allowed to leave the school-room and unpack and arrange her things, and, as a special favor, Elinor was allowed to go and help her.

"Do you always live here?" inquired Bertha, as they began lifting the clothes out of one of the trunks and arranging them in a neat set of drawers provided by the little girl's careful mother.

"Oh yes, I have nowhere else to go," was the reply. "My mamma died three years ago, and papa gave up housekeeping and put me here."

"Do you like it?" was the anxious interrogatory.

"No," said the child slowly and cautiously, glancing round as if fearful of being overheard, "I hate it."

"Then why don't you tell your father to take you away when he comes to see you?"

"Oh, I can't. You don't know Miss Mark, or you wouldn't say that. She is always in the room, and tells papa I'm so happy and getting on so well, and she's so fond of me; and he believes her; and if I told him anything else she would whip me, and perhaps papa might not take me away after all. He is so busy he has no time to be troubled with me."

"I'd tell him though and risk it," was the energetic reply, given with a firmness and decision that shewed the developing of a shade of character hitherto lying dormant in the quiet life of the child, namely, a strong resistance against wrong, which was soon to make Bertha the acknowledged champion of right amongst her companions, and to place her, young as she was, once or twice in the position of an open and avowed antagonist to Miss Mark herself. "I shall not stay," she continued, "after papa and mamma come home. I'll tell you what I'll do then; I'll tell mamma about you, and she can get your papa to take you away."

"But if she doesn't know him?"

"Oh, if she doesn't papa will be sure to: he knows everybody, and they will get you taken away. Won't that be nice?" And Bertha skipped about with delight at the idea.

"Yes," said her companion thoughtfully: "but don't tell anybody."

"No," was the reply, "there is no occasion to; its nobody's business but yours and mine."

The pretty work-box, writing-desk and dressing-case—the last presents given by Bertha's mother—were all unpacked, and took a great deal of time in settling where they were to go. The three little keys were strung upon a black chain around Bertha's neck, and the little girl felt full of importance as she heard them jingling—never having had charge of keys of her own before.

"There, now, I think we are done;" and she stepped back to take a last look at the effect of her finishing touch to her treasures. "Mamma said I was to give the sheets and towels and spoons and forks to Miss Mark, and we had better go and do it. I'll show Biddy how nice my boxes look on my drawers when she comes."

"Who is Biddy?"

"Oh, Biddy; don't you know Biddy?" laughed the child; "but of course you don't: she is my dear old nurse. Mamma told Miss Mark she wished Biddy to see me whenever she came, and she could not refuse, though I don't think she liked it. I'll tell Biddy if she whips me, and you'll see if she does it again."

"Perhaps," was the reply; but you don't know Miss Mark. I don't think all the Biddys in the world would stop her if she wanted to."

"Oh, but you don't know Biddy either," said Bertha; "she's wonderful Biddy is. I can't tell how she does it, but she gets me everything I want."

This last argument seemed convincing enough to Elinor, for she did not answer it; nevertheless, she doubtfully shook her head as they descended the stairs together.

Great was the influence which Biddy Malony possessed over her little charge Bertha. Mr. Price had been ill, and at times very seriously so, for the last four years, and during that period his wife had

been so occupied with nursing him and the care of her little boy, that she was glad to leave Bertha entirely in Biddy's charge, satisfied that she would be faithful and kind to her. Shut up, therefore, a great deal in the nursery; afraid to make a noise; thrown entirely upon her nurse for companionship and amusement, it was no wonder Biddy obtained a powerful influence over the heart of the child. A good-tempered, ardent, affectionate Irishwoman she was; yet so imbued with all the superstitions of her class, and the most rigid of Roman Catholic views, that she left the impress of her teachings upon Bertha's young and susceptible mind for many years afterwards, Stories of ghosts; stories of hobgoblins and fairies, were intermingled with graphic stories of real life, and the wildest tales of martyrs and saints—how they lived and died, what wonders they wrought, and how they now watched over and cared for those who tried to follow in their steps. These were illustrated by pictures from Biddy's almost boundless store, which served to deepen and render almost indelible their effect. A peep at two favorite pictures generally finished the lessons. One represented the Great Judge, with balances in hand, weighing the good and bad deeds of the sinner—he looking on in terrible anxiety as to the result. The other was the Devil grinning with exultation, as with a large pitchfork he tossed the sinner into hell, where thousands of others were seen burning before him. What Bertha's religious belief consisted in, it would have been hard to say; certain it was that fear, not love, formed its principle ingredient. She had pinned a large part of her faith to Biddy's skirts, and never doubted anything she told her; so the hard-working little woman was trying to lay up a balance-sheet of good deeds in heaven, that when she died she might help her friends as well as herself. When Mrs. Price had been able to go to church she had taken her little daughter with her; at other times she had gone with Biddy, until at last she confidently told her nurse that she liked her beautiful picture church, where they had grand music, a great deal better than her mother's plain old barn of a church, where she went to sleep.

Great was the horror of Miss Rich, the young assistant-governess at Miss Mark's, when she heard Bertha say her prayers aloud, according to the rule of the school, the first night of her coming. With deeply serious face and hands crossed upon her breast, the child began a "God bless papa," "Gentle Jesus," and ended with an "Ave Maria," "Paternoster," and "Four Corners to my Bed."

"Child, who taught you those dreadful Popish prayers?" was the inquiry of the astonished young lady.

"They are *my* prayers," was the injured reply of the little one, drawing herself up as she spoke. "I always say them."

"Who taught you them?"

"Biddy, my nurse," was the unwillingly given reply.

"Oh, I thought as much; your mother would never have allowed you to say them had she known it. You must not use them again. I mean the three last. Miss Mark makes all the young ladies say the 'Our Father' and the Creed."

"I say those at church," remarked the child, "not on my knees at home."

"Well, then, you must say them here as well. So begin."

Bertha obeyed, but after lying down devoutly repeated her condemned "Ave Maria and Paternoster" to herself.

Next day Miss Mark had a theological controversy with the little Papist, as she called her. Horror-stricken was the lady, good Protestant and pious churchwoman as she considered herself, to see how firmly rooted in error her little pupil was. A page of the catechism was marked off at once for her to learn. Miss Rich was told to look well after her, and the young ladies, particularly Elinor, were cautioned to have no conversation upon religious topics with one who might infect them with false doctrines.

Had Miss Mark been a consistent Christian woman, she might in some measure, by the force of gentle Christian example, have easily effaced some of Bertha's errors by teaching her to respect evangelical truth; but as it was, though a high professor, she was a narrow-minded, bad-tempered, unjust woman, whose one idea was to make as much out of the school and the

pupils as she could, with the view of retiring as soon as possible from the work; so that it was not to be wondered at, that as time sped on and Bertha saw Miss Mark's real character unroll as a scroll before her, she hugged her own darling delusions the more tenaciously—the fierce denunciations against them having but the opposite effect to what was intended they should. Continually in her own mind did the child draw a picture of the contrast of dear old Biddy's religion as exemplified in her warm love, honesty and large-hearted charity to the poor, with that of her teacher, illustrated as she thought it was by oppression, niggardliness and meanness to those about her; and she soon got to look upon herself as a martyr suffering for conscience sake. One day, wrought up to a pitch of aggravation by some sharp taunt at what was called her idolatrous notions, she confided to Biddy, who happened to call, her firm resolve to become a Roman Catholic as soon as she was old enough. "She would no more be a Protestant and be like Miss Mark," she said, "than fly." If she only could be like the sweet, gentle nuns Biddy had taken her to see, she thought, she would be satisfied.

Poor child! Her life as days and weeks rolled on was not a happy one. The little face grew thin and pinched, and the rosy cheeks turned sallow, while the whole air of the child shewed she was burdened with a load of care unfit for her tender years. Want of attention and bad food had also to do with this state of things. Miss Mark breakfasted and took tea in her own sitting-room, and the children had these meals by themselves. Bread, often very stale, bad butter, colorless tea, the milk of which was frequently redeemed from actual sourness by soda being dissolved in it, was all that was set before them. Dinner was of a better character, as Miss Mark and her assistant shared it with them. But who among all those half-starved little girls ever ventured to send a plate a second time for more of the carefully cut joint. It would have been much the case of "Oliver Twist" enacted over again if she did. Often had poor Bertha a feeling of faintness and dizziness she could not understand. We think the poor are the only sufferers from hunger, but a glimpse into some of our boarding-schools might dispel that idea.

Accustomed to be pampered and daintily fed at home, her stomach loathed her food here, and the rich cakes and sweetmeats now and then surreptitiously conveyed to her by Biddy did but increase the evil. Had the food, however, been the only trouble, Bertha's looks might not have faded as they did; but want of sympathy and care in other things was telling its tale upon her as well. Nobody looked after the child to tell her how to dress, or how to wrap up in changes of weather. One bitter day she walked to church, a distance of a mile from the house, in rubber over-shoes instead of her warm cloth boots, and in consequence got her feet so badly frost-bitten that she hobbled about the house like a lame duck for a long time after; then, when the weather got milder and a thaw came on, rembering her suffering from the rubbers, she carefully tucked the little toes into the flannel-lined cloth boots, and sat in church with wet feet all the morning. A violent cold was the result, and Miss Mark angrily declared that, had she known what a sickly, delicate child Mrs. Price was going to leave her, she would not have been troubled with her.

Like her Miss Mark did not. There was a bluntness and outspoken honesty about the child which sometimes shewed little respect for her teacher, and a small touch of defiance which occasionally dared Miss Mark to go too far in punishing her. Though whipping and blows given with a thick strap were affairs of daily occurrence at the school, yet Bertha generally managed to escape anything of a very severe nature pretty well, save on two occasions, when her friend Elinor had been the means of getting her into trouble.

Elinor Lake was a pale, feeble-looking girl, who suffered dreadfully from asthma. Agitation always aggravated the disease. Tne veins would swell in her throat so as almost to choke her, and she would be tired and panting after the least exertion—her pitying schoolmates unable to give her any relief. Bertha had been her decided friend and champion from the moment she set foot in the school, as if she felt that the motherless, almost friendless, girl needed

her love the most. Regardless of her weak health, Miss Mark frequently treated her with an unjust harshness which her friend sorrowed over but could not prevent. One day Elinor had missed her lessons, and seemed stupid and heavy. Miss Mark lost all patience, gave her several slaps, and finally, pushing her from her with more violence than she probably intended, the child fell over a stool, and hitting her head against a desk was hurt severely. Instantly Bertha was at her side, and lifting her head tried to staunch the blood which flowed from it with her handkerchief.

"Go to your seat and leave her to me," was the vexed command of the teacher.

Bertha arose to obey, but very slowly, putting her arms round her friend and kissing her before she did so. At once, down came a blow like a thunderbolt upon the bare neck and shoulders of the astonished child for her want of prompt obedience. Jumping to her feet, every bad passion aroused by the stroke, Bertha faced Miss Mark, and, in the presence of the awe-stricken school, said:—

"You have struck me for nothing, Miss Mark. When mamma comes home I shall tell her. You will not be allowed to treat me as you do poor dear Elinor, who has no one to protect her. As soon as ever mamma comes home I shall tell Mr. Lake as well."

Such a bold threat from a pupil for a moment or two palsied the hand of the surprised lady. It was not for long, however. Bertha met her share of punishment, and the raised swollen welts upon her thin little shoulders testified plainly to the rest of the young ladies how their teacher could stamp out rebellion.

Biddy, the next time she came, had a special meeting with Miss Mark about the affair. What transpired nobody knew; but certain it was that Biddy was not admitted to see her darling for over a month afterwards. Certain it also was though, that Miss Mark did not touch the child for a long time either.

One day, later on in the season, at house-cleaning time, when the most saintly of ladies get ruffled, and the best of housekeepers find anything in the world easier to keep than temper, Bertha's evil genius got her into trouble with Miss Mark again. It occurred in this way:—The passage had been newly painted, and everybody forbidden to walk over it. Elinor, rushing along in thoughtless haste, got half over before she remembered what she was doing. Retracing her steps, she burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" inquired Bertha, who entered the room as she spoke.

"Oh, look what I have done," was the distressed reply. "I have walked on the passage, and Miss Mark will be so angry."

"Never mind. See here; I'll soon set it all right;" and Bertha as she spoke jumped step after step where Elinor had gone before her. "Now, when we are all asked, I can say I did it. I'm not afraid of Miss Mark. So come along; I want to show you how I spent my pocket money. I suppose my next quarter will be stopped to paint over the passage with, but I don't care," she laughed; "it will be cheap enough if it saves you one of those horrid whippings."

"Bertha, I think I'll die when you go away," was Elinor's remark as she lovingly stole her arm round her friend's waist.

"No, indeed, Nelly; what nonsense you talk. You'll go too if mamma can manage it, and she's clever enough for anything."

Neither of the girls noticed that a dark, sinister-looking girl of about fourteen had been sitting in the shade of the window curtain all this time. This was Betsy Paltry, a great favorite of Miss Mark's, with whom she curried favor by retailing all the gossip and carrying her all the tales of the school. Bertha, with her bluntness, had several times shown her contempt for "Miss Tell Tale," as she called her, and the girl vowed revenge. So good a chance as this was not to be lost. Miss Mark received a highly colored version of the affair, and Bertha's pocket money was not only confiscated, but she and Elinor both punished as well. Sorrows, however, of a heavier nature than her school troubles were soon to fall upon our little heroine; but we must reserve them for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

BEN HOLLANDER'S "NEW YEAR'S."

BY PERLE LEY.

"How are you Father and Mother and all?"——

What a rush of the gusty storm swept in at the door along with the cheery voice!

"Benny's come! Benny's come!" shouted half a dozen voices, and half a dozen pairs of hands gave glad confirmation to the statement. It was wonderful how the dark dreary room lightened and brightened in a minute. Let us see how many there were to be glad of the new comer's arrival.

Over in the corner near the small fireplace, sat a crippled father, with one stiffened leg extended upon a low footstool. Certainly a pleasant smile suddenly kindled his drawn features, and was answered by a glad gleam on the face of the sad-eyed, patient, bowed mother who held a great rollicking, year-old baby. Then there were Ned and Johnny who were eight-year old twins; Maggie and Elsie, the brown and blue eyed sisters; Billy, a rogue of a curly-pate, and a Maltese pussy who manifested her pleasure in her own fashion, by purring with all her might, on the bit of rug before the stove.

Yes, everybody in the room was evidently glad to see Ben, and the boy's face was radiant with his responding gladness as he shut out the breath of the storm, and turned to catch up the nearest child in his strong arms.

Poor Ben! what a comfort he was to all of them, and yet his life was very barren of joy for himself, save that which grew from his noble, generous, Christian heart. People pitied him every day as they saw him in the streets, with his low-stooped figure, his unnaturally broad shoulders, and the great hump between them, for Ben was deformed. In his little boyhood he had fallen from a high window, and from that time, though sturdiness and strength came to him, beauty and grace were forever withdrawn until "mortality shall put on immortality." I say they had withdrawn, but they had not left his eyes, which were Ben's only physical beauty. These were large, and dark, and brilliant, though perhaps, indeed, if he had not carried so great and good a heart within him, even his eyes would not have glowed with so steady a light.

But Ben bore his lot with the spirit of Christ, and the loveliness that was denied his outer man seemed to have become the portion of his soul in double measure.

Within the last few years his father had become hopelessly lamed and disabled from labor by rheumatism, and the support of the large family now fell largely upon this oldest boy.

He took up his burden right bravely, and struggled on hopefully.

To-day was New Year's day. The time *had* been, when it had been a little fête-day with the family, but poverty is a very practical teacher, and no toy or candy-bag had as yet found out the little children, in the low, dark tenement that gave them shelter. Beside, a pitiless storm had been falling all day, so they had been kept closely within doors, and could not have even the pitiful excitement of a holiday look at the toy-shop windows.

How much Ben had been thinking of them all at home, while the long hours of the stormy day had found him sorting coal down in the cold warehouse of rich Mr. Prince! Not a very exhilarating fashion of celebrating New Year's, certainly. Ben's heart felt sort of swollen and unreconciled, as he went through the snow in the morning, but by and by, up through the disappointment, little blooms of heart's ease began to thrust themselves. A bright idea dawned upon him, that quite reconciled him to the dreary labor.

The dear, kind fellow had been devising some little surprises for them all at home. Poor ones they were, to be sure, but up where the true reckonings are made, they were counted great gifts.

"Well, mother," said the boy, as he took the baby from her aching arms, when he had taken off his patched and grimy overcoat, "you are dreadfully tired, I know.

"Father, how's the lame leg, to-night. I've thought of you all lots, to-day. I did think Mr. Prince might have given us all hands a holiday, seeing its New Year's. But he is always thinking about money, you know, and said when Sam Skinner went to ask for us all, if we might have a rest, 'Oh, yes, if you can afford to lose a day's wages out of the week. Work before play. No work no pay.' So we all turned to it again, since we couldn't any of us bear to lose a part of our wages.

"But evening did come, at last, and I decided that if I must work on a holiday, it shouldn't be for nothing, and we would have an extra good supper.

"Father, don't you think you'd relish a bit of a nice steak? And, mother, here's going to be a cup of the very finest chalk of tea—Here, Ned, hold the baby, while I stir the fire and put on the tea-kettle."

Ben's enthusiasm stirred the zeal of Maggie and Elsie, who in a trice had the old-fashioned square table in the middle of the room, and gained the mother's consent that it be spread with the clean, but worn linen table-cloth, sole remaining representative of the stores of shining linen that had in the prosperous days been the pride of Mrs. Hollander's housekeeping heart.

Oh! how the small dark kitchen glowed with the love-light and cheer that this

plain, hump-backed boy brought with him! Benny was a perfect cordial to the whole house. His mother's heart blessed him all the day long.

"My dear boy," she said, "how tired you must be!" as the boy's active fingers turned the steak to keep it from burning.

"Well, some, mother, but I'm going to have a good time, nevertheless. Girls, is the bread ready? You'll find a nice slice of butter on the closet shelf.

"Now for the salt and pepper, and then there's as nice a steak as a king need eat!

"Elsie, set up the chairs. Father, I'll help your lame leg, shan't I?

"Now all sit down, and I will hold the baby. I want you to have the comfort of *one* uninterrupted supper, mother."

So they all sat down. Rather a crowded table-full to be sure, but such a happy set of boys and girls as one does not see every day.

Is it any wonder that the tears stood in Benny's eyes while his father asked the blessing? I think not.

"Oh! oh! oh!" said Billy, who happened to be the first one who turned over his plate. "Oh my! here's a pair of reins! Where did they come from? Red, white and blue! Splendid! Now I can play horse, like everything! Say, Ben, I *know* you put 'em there! You're always doing nice things."

By this time, there was a grand chorus of exclamations, for every child's plate had been remembered, and Benny was overwhelmed with such an avalanche of gratitude and boisterous joy, as might have crushed him, had he not possessed very strong shoulders.

Ned and Johnny, who always wanted just the same thing, had each a bright red pair of mittens, and Elsie and Maggie found joy to their hearts in the possession of two paper dolls, with lovely frocks and hats and cloaks.

To complete the matter, Ben produced from his pocket a bright tin rattle, which he succeeded at last in inserting between baby's fat fingers.

Oh! what a splendid, splendid supper! and what a glorious time every way they did have that evening. I never can begin to tell you, so I won't try.

After the supper dishes were washed, Ben had a bag of chestnuts to roast, that he, thoughtful brother that he always was, had been saving up for weeks against this very evening. Then came an ear of corn to pop in the iron spider, and poor papa taught his aching nerves and muscles patience for the pleasure of his children, while Ben led off in a hearty game of "Blind Man's Buff."

After all was done, came the quiet family prayers, and the "Our Father," and "Now-I-lay-me" of the children, followed by the soft, sweet child slumbers, that come alike to rich and poor.

Oh rare Ben Hollander! God bless you! many a hoary millionaire has not learned the first lesson of Christly living, as have you, in your few, young, over-burdened years!

Verily, "the cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose its reward."

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(By the Author of "Susie's Six Birthdays.")

PART II.—(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER XV.

All the next day Lou was in disgrace. His food was placed on a little table in a corner, and he had to eat it quite alone. His papa and mamma spoke to him very seldom, and then gravely and sadly. He moped about the house, not knowing what to do. His heart felt like a lump of lead.

At last he went to Aunt Fanny's room.

"You can come in, Lou," said she, "but I have no stories to tell you to-day. This is the second time in your little life that you have struck your dear, precious mamma, who loves you so dearly."

"I never struck her but once," said Lou in a sullen voice.

"Yes, you have. I was with you at the time. Your papa was driving us in the sleigh; you were sitting on your mamma's lap, and I was by her side. The sleigh was upset, and we were all thrown out into the snow. You instantly flew at your poor mamma and struck her. You thought she had thrown you into the snow on purpose. You were a very little boy then, and I thought you did not know any better."

Lou was silent. He sat kicking his heels against his chair, feeling very unhappy indeed.

"I know what I should do, if I were you," continued Aunt Fanny. "I should go away into some little corner, where no one could see me, and I should kneel down and ask God to forgive me, and beg, and beg, and beg Him to make me good."

"Papa said just the same thing," said Lou; and he stopped kicking.

"Yes, and he and your mamma pray for you day and night."

Lou got up and sauntered about the room. All his best friends were displeased with him. No one had kissed him that day. And ever since he could remember he had been loved and caressed so much that he never thought any more of the love his friends gave him than he did of the air God gave him to breathe.

At last he stole softly away. He knew of a place where he could go and hide his sorrowful little heart away, and pray to God

to forgive him, and help him to fight against his passionate temper. There was a large lilac-bush in Aunt Fanny's little garden, and underneath it there was room to creep in. Chloe had shown it to him. He went there now, and folded his hands together; the very hands that had tried to hurt his dear mamma, and would have hurt her if they had been large and strong enough. He folded his hands, but he did not know what to say. But God saw the little face hidden away under the lilac-bush, and the little heavy, sorrowful heart. He knew that Lou wished he had not been so naughty. He knew that he longed to be forgiven. And He did forgive him.

After a while Lou came creeping out from his little nest, and went softly up to his mamma's room. He did not have to tell her how sorry he was, nor to ask her forgiveness. She saw it in his face. She opened her arms, and he ran and threw himself into them, and clasped his around her neck, and burst into a flood of tears. His mamma cried too. But after a little while she wiped away her tears and his, and they talked together about being good, till they both thought there was nothing else in the world worth caring for.

CHAPTER XVI.

After this affair, which was like a clearing-off shower, Lou came forth a little piece of sunshine. He was so affectionate and pleasant that no one could help loving him. His mamma made him repeat to her the verses about "My mother," which she had taught him long ago, but which seemed now to have a new meaning for him.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "are you the very mother that on my cheeks sweet kisses pressed? Is this the very arm I used to lie on when I was a baby? 'Oh then I'll always try to be affectionate and kind to thee, who was so very kind to me!'"

As he had now made up his mind to conquer himself, he no longer objected to go to the beach, and his mamma had leisure to wander off by herself, or to sit quietly in her room, looking out upon the ocean, or enjoying the sight of her darling little boy, as, with Chloe by his side, he made wells in the sand, and ran to and fro as merry as the breeze. These last weeks at the seaside were very happy weeks, and they all grew quite strong and well. But at last vacation was over, and they had to go home. And when they got there, home looked very pleasant. Lou ran about joyfully into all the places he loved best, and was very glad to see his kitty once more, and to make use of his little hatchet and wheelbarrow. Mamma had now to begin to get ready for winter. Apples were pared and cored and strung, and hung up to dry. Tomatoes and peaches were canned, and put away in the store-room. The beautiful little red and yellow crab-apples were picked, and made into jelly, and the jelly was poured into tumblers, and bits of white paper pasted over each. Papa had his share of work, too. Besides his lectures to the students, he had a good deal to do in gathering in the fruit from the orchard. The apples and the winter pears were picked carefully, and stored away in the cellar; and a little later pumpkins and squashes and other vegetables were brought in from the field, and stored away with the apples. Then the potatoes must be dug, and piled up in heaps all over the field, and then collected in baskets, which were emptied into carts, and a great bin in the cellar was filled with them. Lou watched many of these operations, and thought he was of great use, because he trundled home a pumpkin in his wheelbarrow, and several loads of potatoes. Meanwhile he was learning something new every day, for his papa kept him with him a good deal in the orchard and out in the field, and was constantly teaching him the names of things and their uses.

Before long there was a sharp frost that took everybody by surprise. Mamma hurried to get her tender plants into the shelter of her little conservatory that opened out of the library on one side and the dining-room on the other. A good many flowers died, and some only died down to the ground, beneath which their roots lay sheltered, and all ready to send up new leaves in the spring. Lou followed his mamma about, chattering like a magpie. "Look at this picture, mamma," said he. "Papa has just given it to me."

"Yes, dear, I see," said mamma, and she went on arranging her plants on the shelves. It was a picture of a little dog in a cage with a lion.

"Why doesn't the lion eat the little dog? Would he eat me if I were there? Would he kiss me?"

"I don't think he would kiss you," said mamma, "for he doesn't know you."

"But if I should tell him my name was Louis James, what would he do then? Would he say, *Well!*—w-e-l-l! in a roaring voice? He couldn't say it in a soft voice, could he, mamma?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, laughing. "You do ask so many odd questions, Lou; and I am *so* busy!"

"I only want to ask one more, mamma. When I am beginning to die, will my eyes be blazed?"

"Blazed!" repeated mamma, setting down the flower-pot she held in her hands.

"Yes, blazed. Papa told me a story about a dog whose eyes were blazed when he lay dying."

"*Glazed* he said."

"Yes, glazed, that's it. And what shall I be put in when I die? Will wicked soldiers that are buried in the ground get me? Will God give me a new soul then? Shall I come right up out of the ground the minute the trumpet sounds?"

"My dear Lou," said mamma, "God will teach you what to do when the time comes. After you die, and your body is laid away in the ground, He will watch over it wherever it is, and keep it safely. You need not have any anxious thoughts about it. He loves you even better than papa and mamma love you."

Lou now ran away to play, quite satisfied.

"Ah!" thought his mamma, looking after him, "I might spend my whole time answering his questions!"

Just then he came running back.

"What is a dragon, mamma? Does he drag?"

"Who has been talking to you about dragons?"

"Nobody. I heard papa read in the Bible at prayers about a great red dragon that had seven heads, and ten horns, and ten crowns upon his heads."

"Then if you heard about it from papa, you had better ask him whatever you want to know. For my part, I never saw a dragon, and never want to see one. Now, darling, you really must not ask me another question just now."

CHAPTER XVII.

Quite early in the winter, Lou was sitting in a high chair near the window when his papa came in from the post-office with the letters and papers. One letter was from Uncle Henry. Mamma read it to herself first, and then she ran to Lou and kissed him, and said "God has sent a little baby to Aunt Fanny. It is your cousin, and I hope you will love it very much?"

"Ah! what is it?" asked papa. "A boy or a girl?"

"It is a girl, and it is to be called Fanny, for its grandmamma."

"How did God get it to Aunt Fanny?" asked Lou. "Did it come flying softly down like a snow-flake? How funny it would look to see the air full of little babies all flying down together!"

"When it is I shall go out and catch one," said mamma. I would catch a little sister for you. Aunt Fanny sends her love to you, and says she wishes you could see her baby."

"Can I go there?" cried Lou, jumping down from his chair.

"Not to-day. I hope Aunt Fanny will bring it here next spring."

"Well," he said in a joyful voice, "and I'll lend her my little hatchet."

"Oh, girls don't care for hatchets."

"Do they care for wheelbarrows?"

"Not much."

"What sort of things *are* girls, then? I don't believe they have much sense."

"Little girls are quieter than boys. They like to play with dolls, and make believe they are live babies."

"Ho! I am glad *I* am not a girl!"

"Sometimes I wish you were a girl. You are so noisy on the stairs, and you slam the doors so hard, and frighten me by climbing up into such dangerous places."

"I *will* be a little girl then," said Lou, climbing into his mamma's lap. "But you'll have to give me a new name, and buy me a dolly."

"Very well. Your name shall be Mary. As to a doll, here is one that I was going to give your cousin Ella at Christmas. Will you have that, my dear little Mary?"

"If you please, mamma," said "Mary" in a soft voice.

He sat down and held the doll as well as he could, but he did not know how to act.

"I wish my baby would behave," said he. "She tumbles over as soon as I let go of her. I believe I will give her a ride in my wheelbarrow."

"Oh, you haven't any wheelbarrow now that you are a little girl."

"Then I'll toss her up in the air. People always toss up babies. It says so in stories."

"But they don't toss them up to the ceiling as you do. That would kill them."

Just then mamma was called away. Lou picked up the doll and looked at her closely. "I wonder what she's made of inside?" he thought. "I will prick her to see if any blood comes. Why, the pin won't go in! Anyhow I can crack her open with my hatchet, and then I shall know!"

He ran for his hatchet, and with one blow crushed the dolly's head to powder. His mamma came back just in time to see what he had done.

"That was wrong; you know I do not like you to destroy your toys, Lou."

"Oh, am I Lou again? I'm so glad! I do not like to be a little Mary at all. I did not break the doll for mischief; I only wanted to see what she had inside of her."

"Gather up the pieces and carry them away," said his mamma. "I am sorry I gave you your little cousin's doll. It would have lasted her a year, and I hoped it would amuse you and keep you out of mischief long enough for me to write to Aunt Fanny. Now I do not know what to do with you."

"I will keep still, mamma. You can write a letter as long as from here to Uncle Arthur's."

Mamma sat down to write, and Lou played about the room amusing himself. Once, on looking up, she saw him unroll a piece of tape, and stretch it across the floor. "There! That is the river Jordan," said he. "It flows through the land of

Canaan. I wish I had some Israelites. Let me see! That old doll would have done for one." His mamma went on with her letter. At last it was finished. She closed her desk and sat down with her work. One of her spools rolled from her lap, and ran across the room on the other side of Lou's river.

"Get my spool for me, Lou," said she.

"I would, mamma, but I shall have to wet my feet in the river Jordan."

"Very well. I can use another. I hope your river Jordan will dry up before long, for I shall not care to wet my feet crossing it."

"Its waves will roll back at my command," replied Lou. "Look, mamma!"

And he began to roll up the piece of tape with an air that seemed to say—

"Moses himself could not have done better."

THE END.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

By Abby Sage, Author of "Stories from Shakespeare."

You have heard of Dr. Samuel Johnson, have you not? He who made a great English dictionary, who was famous for saying wise things, and was, in his way, a very great man. One of his sayings was, That a *poet* ought to know everything and to have seen everything. And this seems to be proved true by the fact that most of the really wonderful poets have been men of very wide experience in life, or else they observed so closely and were gifted with such clear insight, that all things of which they wrote were as real to them as if they were a part of them.

So Shakespeare has been thought to be a school-teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, a soldier, as well as an actor and manager of a theatre. And Chaucer, about whom I wish to tell you, has been thought just such another Jack-of-all-trades.

Geoffrey Chaucer, who is called the "Father of English Poetry,"—think what a title that is to wear for four centuries and a half!—was born in London, in 1328—nearly two hundred and forty years before Shakespeare, and over one hundred and fifty years before Columbus discovered this Continent. It is so long ago that all things about him are uncertain, except that he was a great poet. That will stand, I hope, while the English language lasts. Like Shakespeare, he is said to have studied law, and been a soldier, but the first we really know of him he is a courtier in the palace of King Edward III.

He was in great favor there, and a daily pitcher of wine used to be sent him from the king's own table,—a gift which was afterwards changed into a pension. So from this mark of the king's favor he has sometimes been thought the first poet-laureate of England.

Several times Edward sent him to the Continent on political errands, and there he had good opportunity to learn everything and see everything.

During Edward's reign he became attached to John of Gaunt,—whom Shakespeare calls "Time-honored Lancaster,"—and, by his advice, the poet married a lady of Hainault, a province in Belgium. After Chaucer's marriage, John of Gaunt himself married an older sister of the same family. So the poet and his patron were brothers-in-law.

After Edward came Richard II., and in his reign were hot times. Wyclyfe, the great preacher, who fought stoutly against the bad and ignorant priests, and tried hard to make the church better, began his career. John of Gaunt favored this great reformer, and Chaucer did also. So the poet got in disgrace with the court. He fled to Hainault, where his wife's family lived, and was very kind to his fellow-countrymen there, who were also obliged to flee on account of these quarrels about religion. Wyclyfe was a very noble, fearless man, and it is one of the best things we know of Chaucer that he was on his side.

After a while he came back to England—a little too soon, however, for he was arrested and stripped of his revenue. Then he went to live in retirement on the estate of John of Gaunt, and here, when nearly sixty, he wrote "The Canterbury Tales," his greatest work.

These were the days of romance, of crusades, and tourneys, and Chaucer had plenty of material for stories. And at his ripe age he brought ripe learning and ripe experience to his work.

After a while Henry Bolingbroke, the son of John of Gaunt, became king. This was the "cankered Bolingbroke" whom Hotspur quarrelled with. So Chaucer came into the sunshine of royal favor again. But he was quite an old man at this time. The last we find of him he hired a house in the garden of Westminster Abbey, in which he lived till his death. Then he was buried in the great Abbey, the very first of a long line of poets who sleep there, in what is called the "Poets' Corner" of the grand old church.

Chaucer is said to have been very handsome, and I fancy it is true, since his beautiful works must have made him beautiful. But all the description I find of him does not read very flatteringly. This is it:—

> "His stature was not very tall;
> Lean he was, his legs were small;
> Hosed with a stock of red,
> A buttoned bonnet on his head."

His poetry is old-fashioned now—much of it is unfit to read. But in many of his

verses, especially when he describes nature, we seem to see the daisy or the dewy grass, or smell the odor of new-mown hay in country pastures, and hear the cattle lowing, and feel the fresh air blowing from woods and fields.

Some of his stories are very entertaining. I will tell you one from "Canterbury Tales," called

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

After Theseus, duke of Athens, had married Hypolita, the fair and brave queen of the Amazons, all Greece dwelt for a time in peace and happiness. Hypolita herself shone in peace no less than in war, and was a noble ornament in the palace of the duke.

But Theseus was not a warrior to remain long idle. Very shortly after he had safely bestowed his queen on the half of his royal throne, chivalry called him to Thebes to avenge the wrongs some fair women had suffered at the hands of the Theban king; and after devastating that city, and slaying King Creon in honorable battle, the duke came back to Greece, again a conqueror.

Then the merry-making that was seen in Athens cannot now be told; nor how the queen Hypolita proudly greeted her victorious lord—nor how the ladies of the court vied to do him honor. All this you must fancy while you hear of sadder things.

In Thebes had lived two noble kinsmen, cousins by birth, named Palamon and Arcite, These two, covered with wounds on the battle-field, had Theseus taken prisoner, and nursing their hurts carefully, had cured them, so they were able to be brought to Athens in the train of the conqueror. Now, in one prison were the two shut up together to bewail the cruel stars which had spared their lives only that they might live in such misery,

The prison tower in where they were kept overlooked the garden of the palace. Through the bars the sunlight slanted in, and the songs of the birds outside mocked them with thoughts of freedom. Sometimes, by standing on tiptoe, they caught glimpses of the garden paths, and saw where the many colored flowers blossomed below.

One beautiful May morning, sweet Lady Emelie, the youngest sister of Hypolita, who was like the queen in fairness as the soft evening star is like the full-orbed moon, must needs go walking in this very garden to pick flowers for a May-day wreath. Herself fairer than May, and sweeter than the roses, which were glad to borrow their red from her cheeks, she sang, as she wove her garland, a little song which fell like a bird's from her fair throat.

While she sang thus, Palamon, straining to catch a glimpse of the sun through his prison bars, beheld her in the garden path. At that moment he uttered a cry as if some sharp pain had stabbed him suddenly.

"What ails thee, dear cousin?" asked Arcite, coming hurriedly to his side.

"Indeed I know not if I dream, but something walks in the garden below—whether she is maid or a goddess I cannot tell, but I think none but Venus could so walk, or look thus."

Then, sinking on his knees, Palamon prayed:—

"Sweet goddess (if it be indeed thy divine self I have seen), help us, thy servants, to escape these prison bars and find a way out of our captivity."

Burning with curiosity, Arcite meanwhile raised himself to the gratings and beheld Emelie. But his eye, less reverent than Palamon's, knew her at once for a mortal like himself.

"O lovely maiden," he cried piteously, "either I must have thy grace, or I am dead henceforth. All my life and all the deeds that my knighthood may yet be found worthy of, I lay at thy feet."

At this Palamon started up in anger.

"What dost thou say, Arcite?" he questioned. "The lady is my love, I saw her first."

"What of that?" rejoined Arcite. "Are not my eyes free to love her too?"

"No honorable knight loves the lady of his sworn brother," cried Palamon, fiercely.

"But you adored her as a goddess," said Arcite, "I loved her at once as a fair woman, and by all the stars and all the laws of knighthood, I *will* love her with all my heart till I die."

On this the quarrel between these two cousins, who had been so dear to each other that no manly friendship had ever exceeded theirs, became so hot, that, if it had not been for their unarmed condition, they would have fought till one was killed. And all the time the sweet Lady Emelie walked and sang in the garden below, and heard nothing and dreamed not of the two knights who quarrelled for her sweet sake over her head.

From this time forth, day after day, month after month, the two cousins had no other hope than to espy Emelie in the garden under their prison tower. And still they contended with each other which had the right to love her, and each claimed her as his own lady.

Judge how mad this strife was, when both were locked in walls so thick that no hope of escape could pierce them. But fortune changed a little for one of the kinsmen. A noble duke who was a friend to Theseus, had known and loved Arcite in Thebes. He interceded for his release, and after a time Theseus let him go, on condition that

he instantly leave Athens, and never again set foot there on pain of death. Then it was hard to tell which of the two kinsmen made the most moan. Arcite, that he must quit the prison where he might still behold Emelie, and depart her country forever, or Palamon, that he must remain alone behind his bars while his cousin went free.

Arcite left Athens and went straight to Thebes. But now Thebes was a prison, and liberty was bondage, because he was shut out from the sight of Emelie. He grieved so over the thought that he might never see her more, that his form became wasted, his eyes sunken and haggard, his locks hung dishevelled, and his whole countenance was changed. In this plight it occurred to him that he was so altered that no one would recognize him if he should go to Athens in some other guise, and by that means see Emelie again.

So he put off his knightly attire, and, wearing the coarser dress of a squire, he went to Athens. Fortune so favored him that he got a place in the duke's palace, and had leave to attend Emelie. He was known as Philostrate, and because his manners and bearing were so far above his feigned condition, he became famed throughout all the court, and at length attracted the notice of Theseus. Yet for all this he dared not reveal himself nor own his love to Emelie, lest he should instantly be put to death.

And now it happened that, after many trials, Palamon escaped from prison. He determined to go at once to Thebes, and, if possible, stir up his friends to war against Theseus, that in this way he might force him to bestow Emelie on him as his wife. Just outside the city of Athens was a wood, where Arcite was wont to walk, and lament the cruel fate which placed him so near Emelie as her serving-man, while it forbade him to speak to her as a true knight who loved her. On the very eve that Palamon had escaped, he walked by himself in this wood, and recounted aloud the sighs he breathed and the pangs he had suffered, and all that had befallen him since his return to Athens. Now in this very spot Palamon was hiding to wait for the next day's dawn to go on his journey, and from a leafy covert he heard all Arcite's complaints. At the close of his speech he suddenly burst out upon him.

"False traitor!" he cried. "Stain on fair knighthood! Perjured Arcite! Darest still to love my lady, for whose sweet sake I have burst through stone walls and iron bars? If I had a weapon I could slay thee, but weaponless as I am, I defy thee here. Choose, then, if you wilt give up Emelie or die."

At this Arcite answered more mildly,—"Be it so, cousin; I am willing to test this with the sword. Rest thee here to-night, for thou art still weak and prison-worn. I will bring here to this wood, food and a couch for to-night's comfort. To-morrow, or ere the rising of the sun, I will be here with two sets of armor, and swords for both. Thou shalt choose the best and leave the other for me. And we will fight till one of us is dead from his wounds."

Arcite kept his word in every point, and next day at early dawn he was in the wood with two sets of armor, and swords to match them. Palamon awaited him eagerly, and with all courtesy each helped the other buckle on his harness and make ready for the affray. Soon the clashing of their swords smote sparks of fire so thick that they shone in the greenwood like myriads of fire-flies.

Suddenly, in the middle of their deadly sport, the knights heard the sharp bay of hounds, the blast of the horns, the rush of many steeds; and, looking up, they saw themselves surrounded by a royal hunting party. There was the noble Duke Theseus, and by his side Hypolita, with snow-white falcon on her wrist, while foremost among the ladies of the court, all clad in green, rode Emelie, the unconscious cause of all this strife.

When the duke demanded the reason of this affray, and their drawn weapons, there was no other way for the knights than to confess the truth, and tell the cause of their quarrel. This Palamon did, not hiding that he had broken loose from his strong prison, and accusing Arcite of having forsworn himself in returning to Athens to live as a menial in the palace of the duke.

When all this story had been told, the listeners were much moved. The hardy queen, more used to battles than to tears, wept for very womanhood; and Emelie, rosy with blushes that these two knights should so boldly avow their love for her, must needs cool the burning of her cheeks with overrunning crystal tears.

And the duke, while all cried out upon him to be merciful, at length gave this as his decree.

First he exacted of the two kinsmen that they should promise never more to make war on his country, nor to plot any mischief against him; and when they had pledged this, he said,—"Now, though Emelie be a worthy match for any knight in Christendom, yet she cannot marry both, be your deserts equally great. Therefore ye shall abide the test of honorable combat. In one year's time, at Athens here, we will hold a tourney, at which both Palamon and Arcite, with each a hundred bravest knights, shall enter the lists, and he who comes off conqueror shall wed the lady. The other must do as he best can."

To this, with many praises of the duke's goodness, all assented.

Now, all the year Theseus was building the lists for the tournament. Never since the world began, were there such brave preparations. The field was made a circle, and walled about with stone. At three points in the walls a fair temple was built. One of pure marble, in honor of Venus, queen of Love and Beauty. The second, shining with gold, was to Mars, god of war. The third, of red and white coral, beautiful beyond comparison, was dedicated to Diana, at whose altar sweet Emelie worshipped.

When the year was at an end, into Athens came Palamon with his hundred knights, each the flower of chivalry. First came the brave Lycurgus, of Thrace, riding in his golden chariot, drawn by four milk-white bulls. His long black hair streamed over his shoulders, and on his head he wore a heavy crown of gold gleaming with jewels. Beside his car walked ten huge white mastiffs, each nearly as large as a steer, close muzzled to their very throats.

At the same hour, through another gate of the city, entered Arcite. With him came Emetrius, king of Ind, leading his hundred warriors.

Emetrius bestrode a horse whose trappings were all of gold. His cloak also was cloth of gold, embroidered closely with great pearls, and a little mantle over his shoulder shone like a flame, so thick was it sown with fire-red rubies. Over his crisp curls of bright brown he wore a green laurel wreath, and his blue eyes glittered like steel, in his eagerness for the affray.

The morning dawned brightly,—such another May morning as that in which Palamon and Arcite first saw the Lady Emelie walking in the garden beside their prison walls. Two hours before day broke Palamon had risen and gone into the temple of Venus, and laid gifts on her altars. And after he had asked her aid, the goddess had smiled on him, and nodded in answer to his supplications. Emelie, too, as was her wont, went to the temple of Diana, and the huntress queen then told her that one of the knights should be her wedded lord, but which one not even Emelie might know till the tourney was over.

Last of all, Arcite went to the temple of Mars, and flinging sweet incense on his altar, prayed to him with many supplications. The statue of the god had clashed its glittering arms, and murmured "Victory." At which, full of hope, Arcite rose up to go and array himself for the combat.

Meanwhile, in the court of Jupiter, king of gods and of men, there was a great contention. To Mars, Jupiter had promised the victory for his chosen knight; but Venus, her lovely eyes red with weeping besought that her favored suitor, young Palamon, might have Emelie for his bride. While she thus prayed the stern Jupiter, her breast heavy with sighs, and her cheeks wet with silver tears, Saturn, oldest of the gods, thus whispered her,—"Grieve not, O fairest of the daughters of the gods. To Jupiter and Mars belong victory in war, and honor among men; to me, dark treason and black pestilence; mine is the drowning in the lonely sea, the strangling rope, the deadly poison, and all means of sudden death. Weep no more, for I promise thy pleasure shall yet be done, and Palamon shall have Emelie."

Now in the broad daylight, Athens is all astir. Now is heard the clattering of hoofs and the ringing of hammers, which rivet together the links of the armor, and the tramping of hurried feet, and the sharp word of command, and the knights calling on their squires. Now is seen the glitter of gold and the flash of steel, the waving of plumes and fluttering of mantles, Now each man has fastened the last buckle and helped his master to mount, and the steeds champ their shining bits, impatient to be gone.

Inside the walls of the tourney-ground, under a canopy, sat Theseus and his court. Among all the ladies, none so lovely as Emelie. She is clad all in white, with her yellow hair garlanding her head; and so fair was she, that the very air seemed to breathe her praises. And now Theseus gave aloud, by the mouth of the herald, the rules by which the tourney shall be conducted. First, in order to prevent loss of life, no man shall carry into the lists either bow and arrows nor poleaxe, nor short sword. Neither shall he ride but one course with sharp-pointed spear.

If any transgress these rules, they shall be taken out from the lists, and stand at the stake till the tourney is ended. If either chieftain be overthrown or conquered, the victory is declared.

The weapons shall be only spears, lances, and the mace.

Now the heralds have cried aloud the charge, and the trumpets and clarions have blown, and the drums beat, and the fierce onset begun. The lances shivered, swords gleamed, the maces rang heavily on steel helmets. Now this brave knight is unhorsed, and meets his enemy in fierce grapple; now one is trampled under foot; now clouds of dust hide all like a thick smoke: here they struggle unfairly and are led to the stake till the affray is over; there one is borne bleeding from the field.

Many times the heralds sound the trumpets for a breathing-space in the battle, and again and again return to the charge. But alas for Palamon! just at evening he is overcome, when he would go to the help of the brave Lycurgus, who is unhorsed,

and fighting bravely; and Theseus cried out that Arcite has the victory, and Palamon must yield himself conquered.

Then Palamon's heart sinks like lead in his breast, and by the throne of Jupiter, on high Olympus, Venus wrings her hands in anguish of his defeat. But who is more proud than Arcite, and whose eyes beam so tenderly as Emelie's, since, woman-like, her heart is already moved with love for the victorious hero.

Now he rides forward, the dust on his armor, many a stain of red blood on his waving mantle, his plumes nodding proudly, his eyes full of gladness. Now Emelie bends forward, with the laurel wreath in her hand, when, alas that I must write it! the fiery steed of Arcite starts, plunges forward and then back, and over his arched neck flings Arcite on the stone pavement in front of the royal dais. Thus has Saturn redeemed his pledge to Venus, and sudden death overtaken the victor under the shadow of the laurel wreath.

They cleared the brave knight of his armor, and still he lingered for a little, always crying for Emelie. Then he died, and his fair lady and Palamon wept together at his bedside. Over all the land was great mourning. Theseus would hardly be comforted for the loss of this brave heart, and Hypolita bewailed this flower of knighthood rudely cut off in his prime. All the maidens cry by his bier, "Alas, alas! Arcite, why didst thou die thus? Hadst thou not gold enough, and Emelie?"

At last they made a great funeral pyre of all rare and costly woods, and Emelie herself lighted the torch which consumed it to ashes. After this she mourned him for a long time in deep widowhood; but when the period of mourning had been prolonged a year, Theseus called both Palamon and Emelie to his presence.

"It is not good to grieve always," he said to Emelie. "Arcite was a noble gentleman, and loved you dear, but you cannot call him back with grieving. Here is his kinsman, not less brave, who has loved you as long and as dearly. What say you to him, Emelie? As for Palamon, I warrant he will not say me nay."

And with these words, Theseus placed the hand of his sister in that of the knight, and Emelie looked at Palamon and smiled up in his face with a smile which made sunshine in his sad heart.

Then there was a royal wedding at the palace, and never was a more loving pair than these two, no husband more tender, no wife more true. No grief ever came between them, and no shadow fell on their lives till death came to take them apart.—*Riverside Magazine.*

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

[Every thing depends upon the way one learns to repeat these verses to the baby—suiting the action to the word, and substituting "her" for "his" when circumstances require it.

N.B.—Grammatical and common-sense people need not apply.—S.S.]

Whooo! whooo! where's the baby?
Whooo! whooo! whirly-where;
Whooo! whooo! whirly-curly—
Whiff! whiff! blow his hair!

Whooo! whooo! where's his eyes-es?
Whooo! whooo! birdie bright;
Whooo! whooo! bluesy-doosey—
Whiff! whiff! shut 'em tight!

Whooo! whooo! where's his nosey?
Whooo! whooo! whirly-wheeze;
Whooo! whooo! Shaky-waky—
Whiff! whiff! make him sneeze!

Whooo! whooo! where's his ears-es?
Whooo! whooo! whisper waff;
Whooo! whooo! lifty-curly—
Whiff! whiff! make him laugh!

Whooo! whooo! where's his tootsies?
Whooo! whooo! whirly-blow;
Whooo! whooo! rosy-posy—
Whiff! whiff! kiss him, so!

—*Hearth and Home.*

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

A POOR CHILD'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Last Saturday evening I went to a children's party. It was a very pleasant party, but at the same time so peculiar that I want to tell my young friends all about it. Do you remember what a wild, rainy, and dismal night it was? The wind whistled round the corners of the streets, and blew baskets, and even shutters, before it, as if they were no weight worth mentioning. Poor aged people could scarcely maintain their footing; and as for the cabmen's oil-skin cloaks, the fierce gusts flapped them about like sails which have broken loose from their cordage, and which were only waiting to snap the last link which held them to take their flight no one knew whither. I thought of ships in distress, of seamen's cries for help being drowned by the fury of the gale, of bright signal-rockets darting up into the dark sky, and of brave men launching the life-boat and urging their way, in the teeth of the biting storm, to save shipwrecked crews.

Where was the party, do you ask? Now, if you please, you are not to ask that; because it would grieve me not to tell you, and I must not tell you more than this, that it was in the neighborhood of London; and I will go so far as this—not more than eight miles from St. Paul's Cathedral. When I arrived at the gentleman's house in which the party was to take place, I was shown into the dining-room, where a pretty sight awaited me. How pleasant it was to see the fire brightly burning in the grate, and to hear the wind roaring down the chimney, and the rain pattering against the windows! Five joyous little children, so warm and blooming with their happiness, were around me in a moment, and immediately out of breath with their efforts to point out the wonders of the room into which I had entered. A handsome banner with "Welcome" faced the door; the walls were garnished with holly and other evergreens, and instead of gas the room was lighted by Christmas candles and colored lamps.

But the chief object of attraction was a large Christmas-tree, the fruit of which was so varied and rich and beautiful that I am quite at a loss how to describe it. On its boughs delicate little lamps were suspended, shedding a bright light on dolls, *bonbons* in silver and gold, baskets, oranges, books, and a multitude of useful articles not usually seen on Christmas-trees. And for whom do you think, my young friends, had this tree been garnished so tastefully? For those who could ask the five little children again? For those young people who go to children's parties in brilliant sashes, white dresses and satin shoes?

No; this Christmas-tree was out of the common way, and while we are awaiting the coming of the guests, and while the "Dick Whittington" of the *Illustrated News* is listening on the wall to hear their rat-tat-tat, I will tell you its story. A month before Christmas these five little children, carrying out the teaching of the home circle, that it was more blessed to give than to receive, bethought themselves how pleasant it would be to get up as pretty a Christmas-tree as they could for some poor children of the neighborhood. They worked hard in all the time they could spare from school. They saved their money; they went without sugar in their tea, that at the end of the week they might put into the "Tree Box" the money which they thus fairly earned; and now the happy evening was come when they were to see the reward of their efforts. As I looked upon their glistening young faces, and saw their joy in the prospect of conferring pleasure upon others, I felt what our Queen has so well described by "a lump in my throat."

There was no abatement in the fury of the wind and rain—not that this much mattered; for at the appointed time in trooped the poor little guests. They are as difficult to describe as the wonderful tree itself. There were the children of the charwoman; the children of the mangling woman; the children of the washerwoman; and the children of I know not how many good women besides. The little ones were very shy at first, but gradually, what with plum-cake and a hearty welcome, they recovered their self-possession. They laughed, and sang, and entered heartily into the spirit of the evening. The *bonbons* cracked, the articles on the tree were distributed, to the immense delight of the children, who at first thought they had come only to see, and "not to have nothing." The proceedings were most joyous, and—which is no slight thing to say—appeared completely to answer the expectations of the five little children of the house, who, in the prospect of them, had worked so diligently. By-and-by "papa" told the old Divine story of the Babe of Bethlehem, after which the little guests went home. I thought—Of the many children's parties that will be given this winter, how many will be as sensible as this one, which was got up in the interests of benevolence?

AMUSEMENT FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

The games that we have to propose this month are not new, but are old tried favorites. Still, many of our young friends may not be familiar with them, at least in the present form. While we are at this subject, let us suggest that if any of you know a nice game which makes the evening pass pleasantly when you are met with your young friends, you will confer a favor by writing out a careful account of how it is played, and sending it in. Of course we cannot promise to insert all that may come, but we will do our best to please all. Here are the games:—

Here is a quick, lively, little game—"Fly away, Pigeon!" The leader sits with his feet on a stool, so as to make a large lap; or, which is better, all sit round a little table. The leader then puts his finger down upon it, and the others place all their fingers round his. "Fly away, pigeon!" cries he suddenly, and up all the fingers start. Then they all settle down again. "Fly away, eagle!" cries he again, and off they all go once more. "Fly away, bull!" is now the cry, and away most of the fingers fly as before, not remembering that bulls have no wings. Those who make this mistake pay a forfeit amidst the laughter

of the others. "Fly away, feather!" cries the leader again; but the others, taught by the last experience, keep all their fingers fixed to the table, and the leader's flies up alone.

"Why don't you fly?" says he.

"Why, feathers don't fly, do they? They have no wings!"

"No, but they fly for all that. Don't you remember the 'Persecuted Feather' we played at some evenings ago, when the feather flew all round the room, and afterwards went up the chimney?" So the leader, like an Eastern king, settles all disputes by his own decision.

In the "Elements" you require to have your wits as much about you as in the "Pigeon." This game creates much laughter—not from its comicality, but because of the frequent and ridiculous mistakes committed by those who are engaged in it. Before describing the game, I must premise that the only "elements" acknowledged in this game are earth, water and air—fire being omitted, because there are no creatures known to exist in it, the salamanders we sometimes read of in old books being fabulous creatures. When all are prepared, the beginner of the proceedings takes a handkerchief, and looking at some one, as if he were about to throw it at him, suddenly darts it at another person, crying "Air" (or whatever element he chooses); "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, *ten!*" The other, if he be ready-witted, will answer, before the numbers are over, "Sparrow," or the name of some other bird; but frequently, when thus taken by surprise, he will either remain in a state of stupid perplexity, or give the name of a four-footed beast as an inhabitant of the air! If he make a mistake, he pays a forfeit; but at anyrate throws the handkerchief in his turn, and soon meets with plenty of companions in misfortune, whose forfeits are forming into a pile on the table.

A good deal of care and delicacy of touch is required for "Jack Straws." A number of little straws, or fine splinters of wood bearing this name, are procured, and placed on end on the table, meeting at the top, something in the same way as we see the new-mown corn in the fields. Three of these little straws are marked in a peculiar manner—each one different—and called King, Queen, and Bishop. The difficulty of the game (and those who have tried it will agree with me in thinking it a difficulty) is by means of a little pin bent in the form of a hook, and stuck into a splinter, to remove one of these straws without moving any of the others. If the experimenter succeeds, he lays the straw aside, as the card-players do, counting it as one. After he has obtained that one, he gives up the hook to another, and thus it passes through all the party. He who gets most straws wins the game; if he gets the king, he counts it as four; the queen as three, and the bishop as two. I think, when there are only a few playing, it would be an improvement to divide the party into two, each person playing for his party; if any one, however, moves the heap he is out of the game.

"Jerking Straws" is exactly similar to this, except that the straws are thrown in a heap upon the table, and each one tries to remove them, under the same conditions, by means of the hook, or a splinter sharpened to a point.

The "Dumb Orator" is a kind of little play acted by only two persons, the rest of the party being merely spectators, or relieving these two out of their own ranks when they are fatigued. When two actors have been chosen—the qualities requisite for their parts being only that both should possess plenty of self-possession, and that *one* should be acquainted with a popular speech—they leave the room, and consult with each other which shall be the dumb and which the speaking orator. The latter then puts on a large cloak, which should likewise hide completely his associate, who creeps beneath it, with the exception of his arms, which are thrust out before him, to represent the arms of the speaker, these being held close to his side beneath the cloak. When thus prepared, they re-enter the room, resembling as much as possible one individual, and begin the performance. The speaker recites with energy some well-known speech admitting of a great deal of action, while the other gesticulates in a violent manner, throwing out his arms, clasping them together, or beating the speaker's forehead and breast at the pathetic parts; and throwing them in the air, or clenching his hands, when indignation and anger are to be depicted. Neither speaker nor dumb orator can be too energetic in order to produce the object of the game—a hearty laugh. Any common speech will do; but "My name is Norval" is generally chosen, because it admits of a great deal of acting, and is the speech most familiar to the generality of girls and boys:—

"My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succor. I alone,
With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,

Hovered about the enemy, and marked
The road he took: then hastened to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
We fought, and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
You trembling coward, who forsook his master!
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers,
And Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name."

When this speech is well spoken, the exaggerated action of the dumb orator has a most absurd effect, and the actors are usually repaid with roars of applause.

Here are some curious experiments.

AN EGG PUT IN A PHIAL.

To accomplish this seemingly incredible act requires the following preparation:—You must take an egg and soak it in strong vinegar: and in process of time its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthways without breaking; then insert it into the neck of a small bottle, and, by pouring cold water upon it, it will re-assume its former figure and hardness. This is really a complete curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished.

HOW TO MAKE A ZINC SHRUB.

Reduce to powder three-fourths of an ounce of sugar of lead; put into a common decanter, and fill with water; shake till dissolved, and allow to remain three days. Pour off carefully, so as not to disturb the dregs; rinse out the decanter, and then return the solution. Suspend a piece of zinc in the decanter, by means of thread or wire, so as just to be covered by the liquid. Place it where it will not be disturbed; the zinc will soon become covered with a moss-like appearance, which will shoot forth in brilliant crystallization, in the form of a tree or shrub. This is a very pleasing experiment. A large, round glass bottle may be substituted for the decanter—being easier to handle.

MAGIC PICTURE.

Take two pieces of glass (plate glass is the best) about three inches long and four wide, exactly of the same size; lay one upon the other, and manage so as to leave a space between them, by pasting a piece of card, or two or three small pieces of thick paper, at each corner. Join these glasses together at the edge by a composition of lime, slacked by exposure to the air, mixed with the white of an egg. Cover all the edges with parchment or bladder, except at one edge, which is to be left open to admit the following composition:—Six ounces of hog's lard, dissolved by a slow fire, with half an ounce of white wax, added to an ounce of clear linseed oil. This must be poured in its liquid state, and before a fire, between the glasses, by the space left at the end, which is then closed up. Wipe the glasses clean, and hold them before the fire to see that the composition will not run out at any part. Then fasten with gum a picture or print, painted upon very thin paper, with its face to one of the glasses, and if you choose you may fix the whole in a frame. While the mixture between the glasses is cold the picture will be quite concealed, but becomes transparent when held to the fire, and as the composition cools it will gradually disappear.

AN EGG IN A FIT.

Provide a pennyworth of quicksilver in a quill, sealed at both ends with good hard wax; cause an egg to be roasted or boiled, and take off a small bit of the shell of the narrow end; then thrust in your quill of quicksilver, and lay the egg on the ground: you will have sport enough, for it will never leave tumbling about as long as there is any heat in it. So, also, if you put quicksilver into a sheep's bladder and blow it out, and then go to the fire and warm the bladder, and fling it on the ground, it will jump and skip about for a long time.

Here are two or three English riddles, which you will not find very easy to guess; but work away and see who will send us the best answer, in rhyme if you can, but if not the simple answer will do. Send it in as early as you can, so that it will be in time for the next month.

1.

Toil on, toil on! ye busy crew,
Tho' little profit is for you:
The harvest time is almost past,
The autumn tints are ripening fast,
Tho' of my *first* you've goodly store,
Toil on, toil on! and make still more.
Alas, you'll prove in winter's hour
How covetous is man;
And still "they take who have the power,"
And still "they keep who can."

Row on, row on! my *next* is high,
The stars are shining in the sky;
The tide, methinks, is ebbing fast,
The evening hour is almost past—
Haste, lover, haste, one looks for thee,
One watches from her balcony!
Love on, young hearts, love whilst ye may,
While life and hope are new,
Perchance may dawn a darker day
When love is not for you.

My *whole* none ever can forget,
And some look back with fond regret,
And sigh the happy time is gone
When hand join'd hand, and two were one:
And many wish, but wish in vain
To live that blissful time again!
'Tis sweet, aye very sweet indeed,
My *whole* is said to be,
Altho' to all 'tis not decreed
That happy time to see.

2.

Reader, guess what I can be!
This very book is full of me!
I may be large, I may be small,
So *clear* I can be seen by all,
But when another meaning's mine
So *hidden* few can me divine—
There's nothing done or said that's new
But straight I bring it to your view,
And make you know, from time to time,
What's thought in prose, or writ in rhyme.
Go, and with curious study, cast
Your eye o'er records of the past,
And there in history you'll see
How all mankind made use of me.
In sacrifice I might be trac'd,
In many mystic scenes was plac'd—
A ring, a serpent I might be,
Then speaking of eternity!
A withered flow'r, fading grass,
Showing how man's life doth pass:
A bird, a dog, a ship at sea,
These all have been employed as me.

3.

Hush! hush! break not the silence
Whilst I am hovering near,
In sickness and in sorrow
Ever a friend most dear.

Yet just cut off my head, and now
What are you all about,
That with such noise and bustle
You should strive to sweep me out?

Guessing riddles is all very well, but making them is much better fun, and we hope that our riddles and puzzles may soon all be supplied by our readers, who will find that making them is very entertaining work indeed.

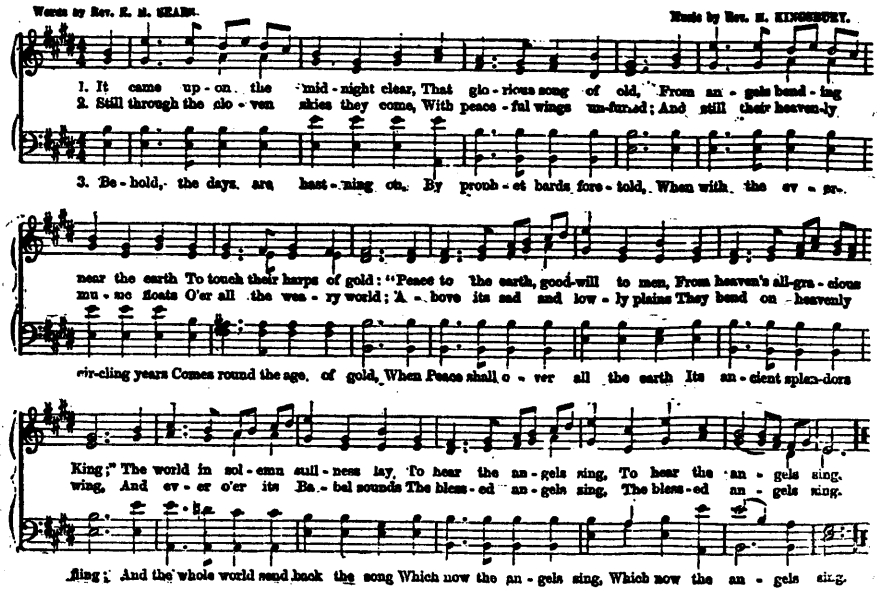
As many, doubtless, will see this who did not see the December number, we will repeat the rules there given to contributors to this Department:—

1. Riddles sent must be original, or never before published.

2. They must be written on one side of the paper only.

3. They must be accompanied by the answers, not only to the whole, but to every separate part, if there are such parts.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.



FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

The Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

We have been examining more particularly this month the various styles in cloaks and cloakings which are in vogue this winter. Imitation fur and other fancy materials are, as usual, more in favor than cloth, being not only more comfortable in appearance, but in reality very much warmer in proportion to their weight, as the volume of air carried about in the furry texture is a better non-conductor of heat than anything else.

Jackets of these materials are always loose, and, as we said last month, pretty long. Many are made with a wide collar, having two vandyke points in front—the pockets in this case being trimmed to match. Plain cloths, on the contrary, are almost invariably fitted to the figure, and generally edged with a broad band of fur.

In New York, white is the fashionable color for dress cloaks, the material being astrachan plush, ermine cloth, soft lamb's wool, or velvet beaver. Scalloped edges, bound with plaid velvet or solid colored plush, are the trimmings. Plaid cloaks of heavy twilled waterproof are made with two large capes, or with a sacque and cape—a gay and comfortable wrap for dismal damp days.

The hood worn by the second figure in our plate, which goes by the name of a Bashlik, is meeting with a good deal of favor in the United States. It appears, when made of wool, to be just a modification of the cloud so long worn in Canada. Indeed the style of cloud which has come in this winter, with the ends sewed up for a considerable distance, and a narrow border round the opening, is given in the fashion magazines as a new kind of bashlik. The bashlik, however, is made in all kinds of materials, and often very elaborately trimmed.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Jackets for little girls from two to six years, in long-haired, white fancy stuff, trimmed with white Angora fringe and colored satin rolls and bows, which lie half-hidden in the stuff.

FIG. 2.—Paletot for a young girl, in dark blue double cloth. The trimming is a quilling an inch and a half wide of black ribbed silk, with a plain narrow fold of the same on either side.

FIG. 3.—Paletot of brown velvet, trimmed with a border of brown plush from three-quarters to an inch and a half wide—the sleeves having also satin folds and bows of the same color. The belt, which is two and a half inches wide, and the bow at the back, are likewise bound with satin. The sash ends, cut on the straight and sloped on one side, are eleven and a half inches long and seven and a quarter wide. Brown silk ribbed buttons and button-holes bound with satin.

FIG. 4.—Half-tight Paletot of slate grey velvet. The black velvet fold, two inches and a quarter wide, is run on at the back, and then turned over and finished with a light grey satin piping without cord—the front and sleeves being bound with the same satin. The velvet fold is carried up several inches on the side seams, a row of pointed satin buttons being placed just behind as on the sleeves. The button-holes are simulated by black silk cord put on double. Smaller buttons of the same kind, hanging on fine cord, make the bell fringe on the slit sleeve.

FIG. 5.—Half-tight Paletot with brace collar. Our pattern is made in coffee brown velvet, trimmed in the same color with imitation astrachan, rich chenille fringe on the collar, and a satin piping without cord on the sleeves and pocket lappets. The trimming is four inches and a quarter in width round the paletot, three and a quarter on the sleeve, and a little over two on the pocket. Worked silk buttons.

FIG. 6.—Cardinal Cloak for elderly ladies. Our illustration shows this cloak in woollen plaid, trimmed with a border of ribbed silk an inch and a half wide, bow of the same and heavy silk fringe. The front is cut straight and fastened with hooks and eyes. The side of the back should be bound with narrow ribbon, and hemmed under the front. A coat sleeve may be added for greater warmth. This cloak is also made in velvet and other materials.

Domestic Economy.

COLD! COLD!

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

"Does she work cheap?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, You can make your own arrangements with her; but it is amusing to hear you talk of cheap work—you, who need it so little."

"I can't see what that has to do with it, or why I shouldn't get my work done cheap as well as anybody else. I thought you said you had often employed her?" This latter was said a little superciliously.

"So I have," was the quiet reply; "but the fact is my husband abhors what is called cheap sewing, and says what I can't afford to pay liberally for, I must do myself; but I shall send her to you, and you can make your own price. Good morning."

The above conversation took place at the counter of the fashionable store of Frisky & Frisky's between two ladies—one of whom, enveloped in furs, stepped into a handsome sleigh and drove off. The other sighed as she turned round and murmured to herself—"Ah, me! I fear there is little hope for poor Madame La Chance there. If she is to be bargained with to do cheap work, I had better not send her, perhaps; but then she would be so disappointed, as I promised to speak for her; and after all I may misjudge Mrs. Z. She may have been joking, and will, probably, do justice to the woman after all;" and catching up her neat dress to keep it from the snow, she briskly trotted off.

"It's a terribly cold day, Madame La Chance, and it's a full mile further to walk, and you have already come all the way from the Faubourg. Had you not better wait for to-morrow?"

"No, madam, I can't afford to wait," was the reply, given in broken English. "The childrens must eat, you know, and my husband's rheumatis is so bad he won't be out of bed long time I'm afraid. I don't mind the cold. Plenty work to do will cheer me up, keep me *chaud, chaud*. Josette can take good care of the *petite* now, and I can sit up at night to sew, and soon make all comfortable again;" and the thin, pinched face of the woman beamed all over at the picture she had conjured up.

"Well, then go," said Mrs. J., "here is the written name of the house in case you should forget it. Call in on your way back and get warmed. I'll tell the cook to keep some dinner for you."

It was fully three hours ere the workwoman presented herself again to Mrs. J. That lady had been sitting near the window sewing, and glancing up saw the weary, dispirited, exhausted-looking woman apparently hesitating whether to open the little garden gate or not. Mrs. J. went to the door at once and said—"Come in, madam. You look perished."

"*Oui, j'ai froid! froid!*" was the short, almost sharply given, reply.

"Why then did you stand? Why didn't you come in at once?"

"*En vérité* I thought not to come in at all. I not want to live upon you, madam. You are too good already, and I don't get work."

"Not get work!" was the surprised reply. "Did you not see Mrs. Z.?"

"*Oui.* I see her; I wait, wait, wait; at last she come down stair. She got lot of work, she say; but *chère* madam, she want me to work for noting. She want cheap work, she say—so me offer her bargain; but she think me work for noting—not enough to pay candle to see by," said the woman bitterly. "See, madam, she offer

me fourpence for large linen pillow-case with double frill to hem all round."

"Not possible," was the grieved reply.

"'Tis possible, madam. She—Mrs. Z.—say she get done at the Magdalene or Refuge, or some such place, for that, and she give no more. I feel so wicked at my heart, *chère* madam, I nearly cry. I say '*Oui*, Madame Z., that possible. Honest woman, with six children to put bread in mouth and sick husband, not able to work so cheap as de bad folks who live by wickedness, and then come to charity. I not ask charity. I ask work, ma'am; but I can't work for noting. If you want cheap work—very cheap work—go to the jail, madam; you get cheap enough there. Lots of the stuff stole, too.' I sorry, ma'm, I say it; but I too quick vexed, I suppose," said the woman with a sigh. "The lady say I too proud, and she'll not encourage pride in poor people, and she give me no work at all; so she went up-stairs and leave me to come away, and so I get back. Lost all my day, *chère* madam, and I done noting;" and the poor, sad-looking creature choked back a sob as she finished.

"Let me see," said Mrs. J., driving back a tear herself as she spoke. "Are your feet not wet? Where you have been standing a pool of water has melted."

"*Oui*, I wet, but no matter," was the reply, given with a sad, half-bitter smile, as she lifted her skirt, and shewed the woollen sock wet up to the knee through ploughing along in the deep snow. "If it not for the poor children I glad to die and be done with it."

"Hush! hush! Madame La Chance, don't speak so. Remember who sends troubles. Go down to the kitchen, take off those wet things, and cook will see you made comfortable."

"Mary," said the lady a few moments after to the housemaid who had answered her bell, "you spoke of having some underclothing you wanted made. I have no work cut out for Madame La Chance today, and she has been disappointed in what she expected. Should you like to give it to her? I know she would do it reasonably for you."

"Yes, ma'm, I'd be glad to get them done if you will please give them to her. I don't mind the price for the poor thing. A few pence here nor there won't beggar me. She has a heap of children, and earns her living hard enough. I'd be none the better for a little taken off her bones, and I'll never be the poorer, ma'm, for paying her properly. So don't you mind me. I'll be glad to help the poor Frenchwoman, and I don't want no bargain out of her."

"Thank you, Mary," was the reply; "I do not indeed think you will ever be the poorer for it. She will go away comforted, I am sure, with your work. It grieves her so to live upon charity."

Madame La Chance did leave comforted, and a servant who earned her own daily bread had done what she could towards it. And Mrs. J., as she took up her work by the window again, and saw the dashing equipage of Mrs. Z. fly past with its pair of splendid horses, and that lady herself wrapped up in a seal-skin cloak, did not envy her the possession of them; but thought how riches must have hardened her heart to let her send an honest, industrious, suffering work-woman from her door frozen, cold! cold!

SELECTED RECIPES.

LEMON PIE.—Beat the yolks of two eggs, the juice of one lemon and one cup of sugar together. Bake with only one crust. When done have ready the whites of the eggs, beat to a froth, with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and pour it over the top. Put it into the oven again and let it stand until of a light brown.

HOT PUDDING-SAUCE.—To four large spoonfuls of rolled, clean brown sugar, put two of butter, and stir it together in an earthen dish until white; then put if into a sauce-pan with a teacup of hot water, and set it upon the coals. Stir it steadily till it boils, and then add a spoonful or two of lemon juice, or rose-water, and let it boil up again. Pour it into a sauce-tureen, and grate nutmeg over the top. The advantage of stirring the butter and sugar together before melting it is that it produces a thick, white foam upon the top. The reason for stirring it steadily while on the coals is that it would otherwise become oily.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Two quarts flour, one large spoonful of lard, one pint boiled milk—set aside till cold,—half cup sugar, half cup yeast. Make a hole in centre of the flour, put in milk, &c., and rise over night. In the morning knead it well, and rise till noon; then cut into long, narrow rolls and let it rise till tea time.

TO MAKE A CUP OF TEA.—The teapot itself should be as perfectly plain and even in shape, inside and out, as possible; it will thus throw off less heat, and consequently keep hot longer, and be more easily kept thoroughly clean. A level teaspoon for one cup. When the pot is perfectly clean, and dry, put in the dry tea and stand it before the fire for at least ten minutes; then pour on the boiling rain or soft water, let it stand five minutes, and it is ready for use; then put your sugar and milk in the teacup, and pour the tea upon it.

TOFFEY.—With the butter (of which you can put as much or as little as you like) at the bottom of the sauce-pan, put in one pound of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Leave it to soak one night. If it looks too dry in the morning, add a little more vinegar. Then put it on the fire and boil, not stirring it. When you think it likely to be done, stick a knife into the middle of it, and drop it into a cup of cold water, and if it bites crisp it is done. Just before it is done, drop in a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Then pour the toffey thinly all over a buttered tin, and it will soon be cold.

BURNED SUGAR.— Put a little sugar on the fire, and a little water, and let it burn. Then add water and bottle it. It keeps any length of time. Used for browning gravy.

RANCID BUTTER, boiled in water, with a portion of charcoal, (say a tenth part,) will be entirely divested of its rancidity, and may be used for cooking purposes, although its fine flavor will not be restored for the table.

CHANTILLY CREAM.—Of all cold desserts, Chantilly cream is the easiest to prepare, but on condition of having rich cream worthy of its name. Mix the whites of two eggs with a quart of rich cream, beat it to a snow by means of a little whisk. Add then, but without ceasing to whip, half a pound of powdered sugar, and flavor with vanilla, orange, essence of coffee, or any desirable extract. Pile it up in a glass dish, surround it by sponge-cakes, and serve.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.—It is a sad truth that hundreds of little children annually perish from not being properly dressed. The legs and arms, including the feet and hands, more than any other part of the body, need to be warmly clad. These being the furthest removed from the centre of the circulation, are with more difficulty kept warm, and need an extra amount of clothing. If the limbs are allowed to become chilled, the blood is driven back from them, and the chest, head, or some other part becomes congested; and suddenly the frightened mother finds her darling sick with an alarming attack of croup, brain-fever, or bowel complaint, which may terminate in death.

ICING.—Take one pound of powdered or flour sugar (not the common pulverized) and the whites of four eggs. Put the sugar to the eggs before you beat it at all; then beat till it is stiff. Spread it on the cake with a wet knife, wetting it in cold water each time you use it. Set it in front of the stove to dry, or in an oven with the least particle of heat. The cake must be nearly cold. You can flavor the icing with rose, orange, or lemon; if the latter, add a very small portion of grated rind. It is much nicer to add sugar to eggs before beating than afterward.

THE HEALTH OF GOLD FISH.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* furnishes the following rules for keeping gold fish:—

"For each quart of water only one fish, as gold fish cannot thrive if crowded. Do not change the source of water, whether from well or hydrant. In summer, renew it daily; in winter, only every second or third day.

"Shallow glass dishes should not be used. They should be deep and kept in the shade, strong light and a heated room being detrimental to the fish. The bottom of the globe should be covered with smooth gravel to absorb the excrements and keep the water clean.

"In changing the water for cleaning the globe you should take the fish out with a fine net, but never with the hand. Do not feed them with bread or cake, or any food containing tannin; but give them wafers and eggs, flies, yolk of eggs, water cress, etc., but only once in three or four days, and then sparingly.

"In the months of November, December, January and February, the fish should not be fed at all, as this is their hybernating season, and food in this season is unnatural. In March, April and May, they should be fed scantily.

"If these rules are followed, these aquarian ornaments of your homes will live and thrive for many years."

SPOTS IN CARPETS.—First, take a warm iron and a piece of brown paper, and press the spot till all the grease that can be extracted in that way is removed from the carpet, then cover the spot with whiting, and leave it a day or so. Brush off with a clothes-brush and renew the application, For removing grease-stains in silk, benzine is excellent; fine starch moistened and laid on the spot is also good: sometimes a warm iron and a piece of paper is sufficient; lay the silk right-side down on the ironing-blanket, put the paper on top, and apply a flatiron just hot enough to scorch the paper.

BROWN LEAVES occur upon house plants, especially if the temperature of the room be high, much to the annoyance of the cultivator. In the majority of cases, the trouble is caused by the insect popularly known as the "Red Spider." It is so small that it requires sharp eyes to see it, and one would hardly think such a mite of a thing capable of producing so much damage, yet it is one of the worst pests, not only of the greenhouse, but of many open air plants. The red spider will not flourish in a moist atmosphere, and frequent drenchings are fatal to it. The remedy is to shower the plants frequently, especially the under side of the leaves. If you have no syringe, lay the plants down and shower them from a watering pot with a fine nose.

Editorial.

A GOOD NEW YEAR.

The time has come round again for us to wish our readers a "Happy New Year." Winter is upon us once more with its long evenings, which render a good supply of interesting reading matter almost a necessity, especially in country places. We hope to make our Monthly visits a source of both pleasure and profit to the homes of subscribers. During the past twelve months we have effected several improvements in the Magazine; but with the New Year, having been obliged to raise the subscription price to a dollar and a half, we present still farther attractions. In this number we commence an original serial, entitled, "Marguerite; a Tale of Forest Life in Acadia," written by J. G. Bourinot, Esq., whose articles on "Gentlemen Adventures in Acadia" have been so highly appreciated. In our Fashion Department, begun in last number, it is our intention, not so much to give a complete view of fashions in its extremes, as to present a few practical hints for sensible people who wish to dress elegantly and at the same time economically. In the Young Folks Department we have this year a serial by our esteemed contributor, Mrs. A. Campbell, of Quebec. We shall also give in future a few riddles and puzzles each month, and to this column we invite original contributions. We shall continue to make the early history of our country a specialty; and desire to receive more of such tales as that of "The Colonists," concluded in the December number, which is true in all its historic details and gives a vivid picture of life in the olden time. Truth in this case, as often happens, is stranger than fiction. With an increased subscription list we should be able to make other desireable changes, and to this end we offer large inducements to clubs. Every old subscriber who sends us a new name will be entitled to the two copies at the old price of one dollar each, and a club of five will receive the same reduction. If each of our friends would do something, however little, to induce others to take the magazine, we should probably be able, by the beginning of next year, to report a doubled circulation.

THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

Mr. Peabody, whose praise just now is in every one's mouth, whose name will long be a household word among the poor of London, was born in South Danvers, Massachusetts. His career as a banker in the world's metropolis, and the magnificent benefactions which have made his name famous, are too well known to need recapitulation. His donations in his native country were principally to forward the cause of education—his great interest in which probably arose in part from the fact that he was taken from school at eleven years of age, and had thus himself felt the need of the advantages he so liberally supplied for others. To the Danvers celebration in 1850, he sent the toast—"Education: a debt due from present to future generations."

The first money Mr. Peabody earned, outside of his small salary as a clerk, was for writing ballots for the Federal party at Newburyport. When he first resided in London he lived very frugally—his personal expenses for ten years averaging less than £600 per annum. He was very careful about little things, and especially opposed to small frauds. Being overcharged a shilling for fare once on an English railway, he complained to the Directors, and had the official removed—"not that he could not afford to pay the shilling, but the

man was cheating many travellers to whom the swindle would be oppressive."

He visited, *incognito*, the houses erected by his munificence for the London poor, to see if those in charge of the charity properly attended to their duties. Asking the wife of the superintendent the name of her child, he was answered, "George Peabody." This prompted a present to the infant, which the mother quietly interpreted, and announced to her neighbors the presence of their distinguished benefactor, who gladly took refuge in a cab to be rid of their benedictions.

He was a beautiful penman, and his letters were usually brief and to the point. He received an epistle of thirty-six foolscap pages from a decayed English gentleman, who solicited a loan of a few thousand pounds to establish the claims of his family to an estate. Mr. Peabody wrote in reply substantially this—"That you should have written such a letter would surprise your friends; that I should have read it would indeed surprise mine." Chief-Justice Shaw paid Mr. Peabody the compliment of remarking, that a business document written by him was one of the clearest and most comprehensive papers ever presented to the Supreme Court.

Several years ago Mr. Peabody selected his grave in the beautiful cemetery near his native place called Harmony Grove, where the remains of many of his kindred are buried. The last time he ever spoke in public was at the National Peace Jubilee in Boston. It was a fitting place and occasion for one whose long and useful life had done so much for peace and concord.

Mr. Peabody always cherished the memory of his mother, to whose comfort he ministered in early life. One who knew all the circumstances alluded to them in the following words:—

"Might we invade the sanctuary of his early home, and the circle of his immediate connections, we could light round the youthful possessor of a few hundred dollars—the avails of the most severe and untiring efforts—a brighter halo than his elegant hospitalities, his magnificent donations, or his liberal public acts, now shed over the London banker."

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The experience of two years having proved that a magazine of the size of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY could not be issued at ten cents per copy or a dollar per annum without loss, the publishers have been under the necessity, as announced last month, of raising the price fifty per cent. This advance is, however, accompanied by an increase of attractions; one of which is a fashion-plate with accompanying descriptions; and another a department for the reviews of new books.

The price, beginning with this number, is fifteen cents per copy or $1.50 per annum. Any old subscriber, remitting for himself and a new subscriber, can have the two copies, addressed separately, for $2. A club of five will be furnished, addressed separately, for $5. We hope all who favor the publication of such a magazine in British North America will aid us by saying a good word for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for 1870.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

An esteemed contributor in Nova Scotia says:—"I have no doubt your circulation will increase from this time; the chief objection hitherto being that people thought, judging from the price, the matter of the magazine *must* be inferior."

A lady writes from St. John's:—"We are much pleased with the prospectus for 1870, and hope that the Canadian public will not suffer the effort to languish for want of support. For what the magazine gives its price, even as increased, is little more than nominal; and a part from its literary merit, its religious and *national* tone should ensure it a welcome in every Canadian home."

LITERARY NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF UPPER CANADA (Ontario), with special reference to the Bay of Quinté; by Wm. Canniff, M.D., M.R.C.S. E., Professor of Surgery University Victoria College, Author of the "Principles of Surgery." Toronto: A. Dredge & Co., Publishers.

BY REV. WM. STEPHENSON, TORONTO.

It has been the complaint of historians that the early history of nations is too often enveloped in obscurity—mere legends forming the basis of ponderous volumes, in which the development and progress of ideas and peoples are delineated. Accepting the legends as facts, it has sometimes occurred that the characteristics of a nation have been accounted for in this way; and yet a fuller examination has served to explode the legendary theory, and the speculator has been left in the dark, or made to pursue some different line of investigation in order to account for an existing state of things. How charming would have been the task of writing the early history of Rome, or Greece, if in the national archives could have been found an authentic document touching the incipient history of those nations, similar to this furnished by Dr. Canniff regarding the settlement of Ontario. The fact that the author belongs to a profession rather unimaginative and severe in investigation, will not, we think, be found, in after times, to detract from the merit of the volume before us. When the time shall have come for writing the history of the Dominion, we venture the assertion that nothing will please the Herodotus of that day, or afford him more solid satisfaction, than Dr. Canniff's present contribution to our historic literature.

The publication of certain histories, such as biographies have frequently been deferred lest parties still surviving should be aggrieved by the historian's revelations of the early struggles and plebeian condition of their forefathers. There may be reasonableness in this course, yet there are, unquestionably, hazards. The original facts may be lost—they may be tampered with, and veracious history lose by the delay. To our mind this book of Dr. Canniff's has peculiar interest. A few, only a few, of the original settlers are yet alive; their children and grand-children have grown up vigorous branches of a hardy and essentially vital stock; and this book unfolds with historic fidelity the condition of a people who, in no distant future, will be regarded as the fathers of a wide and far-branching Dominion. One thing we know: in those parts of the country of which our author gives the fullest details, that is, in and around the ten central townships of the old Midland District, this book is sought and read with an eager and deep-felt gratification. Well-educated, intelligent, influential, and worthy persons, are not ashamed to be reminded of their origin; of the hard-fought, oft-foiled, finally-successful struggles of their ancestors. In fact, no one interested in what is noble in daring, and chivalrous in endeavor, and grand in achievement, but must welcome this opportune volume. "The Pilgrim Fathers" of this Dominion were men of demonstrative loyalty; and when, in the land of their adoption, they could no longer shelter beneath the loved shadow of the "Old Lion," nor behold, waving over them as wont, the rare "Old Flag," rendered precious by all that was thrilling in association and sacred in long-nursed and cherished feeling, they preferred to sacrifice, and risk, and encounter all that might be involved in a migration to Canada. It would indeed be difficult for us, even by the aid of Dr. Canniff's vivid pictures, fully to realize what was then implied in a settlement in this country. The climate, the seasons, the want and the wilderness, and that, too, all unsubdued and seemingly unconquerable, were in the lists against them.

It certainly was no drawing-room treaty, no holiday engagement with those men, when they fixed the resolve to grasp the triple-bolted fastnesses of our Canadian territories, and thus become the pioneers in the march of freedom and empire in North America. The struggles into which they entered, the difficulties they surmounted, and the success which crowned their determined efforts—transforming the rugged wilderness into a wide area of fertility—have all been set forth by Dr. Canniff with equal feeling and perspicacity. Being himself a descendant of a "United Empire Loyalist," he evinces much sympathy with the whole class, alike in their motives for abandoning the Republic, and their heroic endurances on this side the lines. Their daily avocations, their manfulness in suffering, their generosity in famine, their weary journeyings, their unpretentious hospitalities, their quaint nuptial festivities, and the melting simplicity of their solemn scenes and funeral sadnesses, are all fully depicted on these pages. To some it may seem that the Doctor is a little severe in some of his strictures on the colossal institutions of the neighboring nation; but it must be borne in mind that he only adopts a canon of criticism which many American writers, when Britain or the British Colonies may have been the theme, have adopted before him. He is evidently satisfied, we had almost said intensely pleased, with that form of Government under which he lives; and being from his cradle accustomed to the recital of the horrors and atrocities of the American revolutionary war he knows, and seems to feel, whereof he affirms. We have no doubt but that this portion of the work, touching the U. E. Loyalists, will be scanned with deepest interest by thousands throughout the Dominion.

Our author has not failed to award a full meed of attention to the aboriginal tribes of Ontario, and he has presented us with many thrilling and affecting reminiscences of a people who are fast waning before the spread of civilization and a higher national life. This book will also be found to constitute a depository of facts connected with the origin of our schools, the rise and progress of our periodical literature, the establishment of our various denominational Churches, a remarkable race of evangelizing clergymen—together with sketches of the governing, political and leading military men of those times. It would be pleasing to transcribe a few of Dr. Canniff's lucid pages for the columns of your excellent magazine; but fearing to encroach on your space, and feeling certain that the work itself must be read as a whole to be appreciated commensurate with its high merit, we refrain from doing so. The style of the Doctor is manly, vigorous and succinct. His industry is beyond praise, and he

has succeeded in furnishing a very edifying and reliable record. We are glad to note that most of the leading journals of Ontario have noticed the book with much favor, and we only hope its circulation may be equal to its worth.

The publishers have, on the whole, done their work well, and the "getting up" of the volume is very creditable. We observe a few typographical errors, which will, no doubt, receive attention in a second issue. When such future edition shall be called for, which we hope will be early, we would suggest that the author supply a classified index for referential purposes, as the large and copious table of contents is scarcely sufficient in a work of such a character.

We thank Dr. Canniff for the labor he has bestowed, for the varied information he has given, and for the very great pleasure we have received in perusing his admirable production.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES, relating to all Ages and Nations, for universal reference. Edited by Benjamin Vincent, Assistant-Secretary and Keeper of the Library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Revised for the use of American readers. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This work, which appeared a number of years ago in England, was designed by the author to contain the greatest possible amount of information which could be compressed into a single volume, and to be a book of reference whose extensive usefulness would render its possession material to every individual. Since its first appearance it has passed through numerous English editions, and has received many very important additions. Besides this the American publishers have spared no pains to make the work complete in every respect, and to have the very latest information on all points. The matter which has been added has not been thrown into a supplement, but has been incorporated into the body of the work, making it more convenient for reference. Of course absolute perfection in a work of this kind is unattainable; but, so far as we can judge by a careful examination of this book, it approaches as near perfection as possible. It will, as the author claims, in almost every instance save its possessor the trouble of turning over voluminous authors to refresh his memory, or to ascertain the date, order and features of any particular occurrence.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST; by Francis Parkman, author of "Pioneers of France in the New World" and "The Jesuits in North America." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The daring enterprises which two centuries ago revealed to the world the existence and character of the Mississipi and the Great Lakes, have hitherto been but little known. This volume supplies the defect. Much of the material used is entirely new, and has been drawn from the French archives and from valuable documents collected by private investigators. The individual who took the most prominent part in the discovery of these new regions was Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, the son of a wealthy citizen of Rouen. La Salle, in the spring of 1666, sailed for Canada to seek his fortune. He directed his steps to Montreal, where the Seminary of St. Sulpice, anxious to form a line of settlements along the front of the Island, gave him a grant of a tract of land at Lachine. Here he lived for some time, until his imagination was fired by the accounts brought by Indians of a great Western river, which, as he supposed, could not but flow into the Vermillion Sea, as the Gulf of California was then called. He sold his property, and set off to explore what he hoped would prove a new road for commerce to the riches of China and Japan. From this time, 1669, until his assassination in 1687, he ceased not to urge on the work of discovery. "Three thoughts," says Parkman, "rapidly developing in his mind, were mastering him, and engendering an invincible purpose. First—He would achieve that which Champlain had vainly attempted, and of which our own generation has but now seen the accomplishment—the opening of a passage to India and China across the American Continent. Next he would occupy the Great West, develop its commercial resources, and anticipate the Spaniards and English in the possession of it. Thirdly—for he soon became convinced that the Mississipi discharged itself into the Gulf of Mexico—he would establish a fortified post at its mouth, thus securing an outlet for the trade of the interior, checking the progress of the Spaniards, and forming a base whence in time of war their Northern Provinces could be invaded and conquered." Thus this almost penniless young man laid his plans for the disposition and government of a vast continent as boldly as though he were a king with boundless wealth at his disposal. In pursuit of these aims his invincible determination of character set at naught all risks and all sufferings, and the misfortunes he met with only made him more determined to achieve his end. His adventures in the descent of the Mississipi are recorded at length by Mr. Parkman, and are such as would seem impossible if found in a work of fiction. The incidents are drawn from La Salle's own letters, which "give," says the author, "the particulars of each day with a cool and business-like simplicity, recounting facts without comment or the slightest attempt at rhetorical embellishment." Unfortunately La Salle's firmness, courage, knowledge and untiring energy were, in the view of his followers, counterbalanced by a haughtiness of manner which often made him insupportable, and by a harshness towards those under his command which drew upon him an implacable hatred, and was at last the cause of his being basely assassinated while on a journey in search of relief for his colony. Though he died at the early age of forty-three, he was one of the most remarkable explorers whose names live in history. "To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude," we again use Mr. Parkman's words, "one must follow on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings, those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh and river, where again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onwards towards the goal which he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory; for in this masculine figure cast in iron she sees the heroic pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage."

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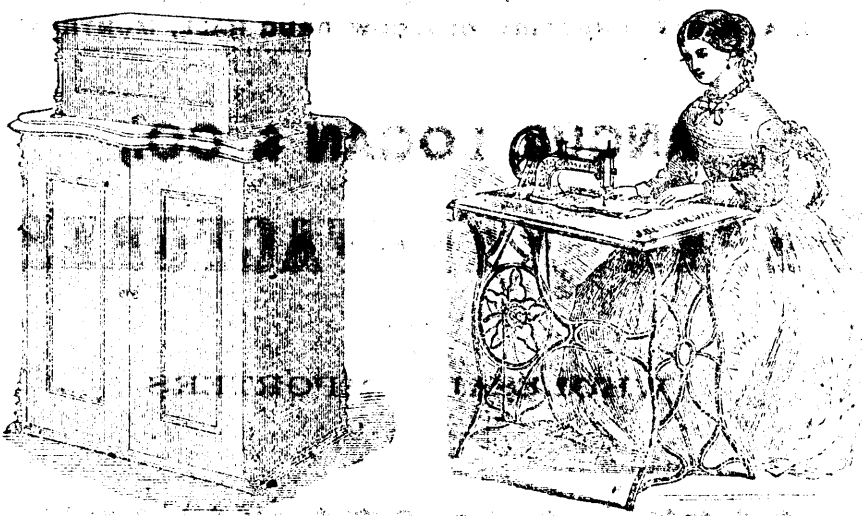

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