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GRAND ROUNDS.

EDITED BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

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GRAND ROUNDS.

“Second to None.”

ADDRESS BY THE EDITOR.

“Second to None!”

So, in words of proud, yet simple dignity, do the 2nd Dragoons, or Scots Greys, pledge their allegiance to Queen and country. People of other lands than ours, have seen the waving of the colors which bear this grand device, and have witnessed its translation into such deeds of active daring that those who could not spell out the English phrase upon the fluttering canvass, could not fail to read it in the crimsoned tracery of dauntless deed.

Even amid the frenzied rush on the field of Waterloo, when an empire's life-blood was flowing fast, Napoleon found time to admire, with a tremble for his crown, the splendid dash of the Greys, and to exclaim to an aide-de-camp:

“*A qui sont ces beaux checaux gris ?*”

The motto of the regiment admirably carries out the national idea expressed in that other sentence:

“*Nemo me impune lacessit.*”

There is a sort of “speak for yourself” dignity about it, which thoroughly harmonises with the Scottish character, as if one would say:

“Equal me in loyal courage, if you can, I meddle not with what is your business; but it is mine to take care

that my own faith rings so true that none shall shame me.”

In the words is the grandeur of “the Table Round,” where none acknowledged a superior, but where good knights and true clasped hands in equality, to the exclusion of all who were not, even as they, “for my lord the king,” and for “distressed lady.”

In earthly loyalty and bravery, it is in every man's power, by God's grace, so to live, as to claim to be “second to none;” but, taking the phrase in the fullest meaning, there truly never was more than ONE who had a right to declare Himself to be

“SECOND TO NONE!”

He who was “the *only* begotten Son of God,” “Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God,” who is the “*one* Mediator between God and men,” who has said, “No man cometh unto the Father, *but* by me.” He, and He only stands second on *no* roll of honor. His Divine power and glory place Him high above all others; His love is deeper, more faithful than even the mother's tenderness; “*she* may forget,” but “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.”

“There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,”—and it is Jesus.

There is ONE who, for His chosen people was so wrong in the olive-press

of the wrath of God against sin, that He exclaimed by the prophet: "Come, all ye that pass by, and behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" And that One was called "the Man of Sorrows," and He was, Jesus.

A judge once refused to pass sentence of condemnation on a sinner so vile that no other dared acquit her; He only, in His stainless purity, could venture to miss her with the merciful caution: "Go, sin no more." That Judge was, Jesus.

A hunted, persecuted Teacher so charmed the hearts of the very hirelings sent to capture Him, that they returned from the quest with their mission unfulfilled, uttering as an excuse to their employers, the words: "Never man spake like this Man!" That matchless Teacher was, Jesus.

This sinful, ruined world of ours was sunk deep in misery, when One came to the rescue, who said: "I looked, and there was none to help, and I wondered that there was none to uphold, therefore Mine own arm brought salvation unto Me." That sole Redeemer was, Jesus.

Work was to be done; and from the midst of the conflict came the cry: "I have trodden the winepress *alma*." That lonely Overcomer was, Jesus.

The great duel was to be fought between the Champion of Heaven, and the "angel of the bottomless pit;" and the stake was the souls of the chosen. Night darkened noon, while Heaven's Champion "bruised the serpent's head;" no help from others wilted the roses of His conquest; for He has told us: "Of the people there was *none* with me;" and the Champion's name is, Jesus.

Far above principality and power, "at the right hand of the Father, in glory everlasting," sits ONE who is "risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep." He is called, "Faithful, and True," "on His head are many crowns," He "reigneth over all, God blessed for ever," and the

sweetest name, the brightest crown of His anointed King is that one word, Jesus.

* * * * *

O! shame on the hesitating steps which lag in the race that ends in His presence; shame on the coward hearts that let others fight more valiantly for Him who ought to be the dearest, as He is the best!

In olden times, when gallant knights wandered from country to country, seeking some leader worthy of their fealty, they chose the one who most distanced his contemporaries; and a soldier of those rough times once withdrew from the service of a noble captain, because he was too proud to follow the banner of one, who, he had just discovered, "had an equal."

O! readers of these pages, men of strong heart and unflinching hand for England's earthly honor, be not more careless of your spiritual service than were those old knights of their worldly dignity! Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; and choose not the degraded standard of the base destroyer, him of the crushed head and fetter'd power; but choose the bright Oriflamme of that unconquered Saviour, who is a King worth your allegiance, Who is, in absolute boundlessness of meaning,

"SECOND TO NONE."

Christian, look to it *how* you yield your obedience; and seek the Holy Spirit's availing grace that yours may be such faithful service, as to put you to no shame before your King at His appearing. You have no right to be satisfied in being second to any, in loving, reverence, and ready action at His bidding. Ah! how often we hear professing Christians weakly excuse their inconsistencies by the shallow plea:

"We are not Pauls, or Daniels," or, "we cannot expect to be like Bunyan or Latimer, or Rutherford, or Judson."

If you are not like them, you ought to be. God's justifying righteousness, and also His sanctifying grace, are free

"unto all and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference."

Those noble men of God whose deep spirituality and faithful lives have immortalized them in our memories, were made of the same flesh and blood, and partook of the same depraved nature as you do; why did they attain a higher degree of grace than you have done? The whole reason lies in this short sentence:

Because they asked.

And if you have not the same blessing, "Ye have not, because ye ask not."

God does not choose to give to us all places or duties equally brilliant in the eyes of men; but He does give us, by His exceeding great and precious promises, a right to "come boldly to the throne of grace," and to expect "grace to help in time of need," whatever that need may be.

It is not the grandeur of the position, but the faithful holding thereof, that proves the good soldier. The sentry who stands firmly at his appointed post, and gives the alarm in good time, does, in his degree, as good service as the general who leads the grand charge. Vessels may differ in size, but if filled each one to the brim, they all equally have claim to be pronounced "full." So, by God's grace, might every Christian be "full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost," and thus be

"Second to none."

Not that any true follower of Jesus can contentedly apply to himself as a fact, what earthly soldiers may very properly say of earthly service. The true believer will see so much of the evils of his own heart, seeing them, indeed, only the more as he advances in knowledge and as he grows in grace, that, like Paul, he will "not count as if he had already attained anything, or were already perfect, but," he will add, "*this one thing I do, I PRESS FORWARD!*"

He will not dare to glorify himself so far as to say or think himself, in piety, "Second to none;" but he will

never be *satisfied* to let others strive more heartily than himself for the honor of his Lord; he will, over and over again, act out the cry:

"I press forward!"

And he who faithfully does this, wasting no time in whining wordily over his weakness, but showing repentance by amendment, proving faith by works, will surely become a "strong man in Christ Jesus," and in the great gathering-day, will be counted by his CHIEF as one among a "great multitude out of many peoples and kindreds and tongues," but, through the grace of the KING,

"SECOND TO NONE."

Our Serial Story.

The Mocking-Bird.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

CHAPTER IX.

A Vision in Broadway.

Ah, che nè mal verace,
Nè vero ben si dà;
Prendono qualità
Da' nostri affetti.
Secundo in guerra o in pace
Trovano il nostro cor,
Cambiano di color
Tutti gli oggetti.

— METASTASIO.

Margaret awoke in the morning still feeling as if some healing balm had steeped her spirit, though that week would be one of much anxiety. She had no expectation of being paid for more than one article, and that one would not bring her more than five dollars. How were they to live? The question rose up before her mind as she shivered over the little wash-stand, and then arranged her hair with benumbed fingers. But yet she felt borne up by some secret strength; and up from the kitchen floated again the harsh tones of the old woman, singing her favorite song, "The Evergreen Shore," a solemn soul-music thrilling through the rough aged voice. The singer evidently revelled already in the coming glory, and in the thoughts of

it, forgot her slighted, loveless lot on earth.

Margaret paused to listen, and with a sudden throb, came to her heart the remembrance of the dark eyes of the stranger at Portland. She knew now what had given those eyes their calm power; it was the same faith amidst sorrow that was comforting the untutored singer down stairs; and the wish arose, "O! that I could see him again!" But the thought was put firmly aside, and Margaret began her day's duties; and all the while came ever and anon the echo of the "Ever-green Shore," crossing and entangling with the memory of the "Mocking-bird." She remembered now the strange feeling of *aspiring* which had wrapt her, while playing those strains in concert with the stranger; and as if the old woman's feeble song had given "the interpretation to the dream," she saw, as in the light of a sudden flash, that even while the stranger had played in plaintive strains the lament over the grave in the valley, yet that in his heart was the thought of the fadeless land beyond; and it was this undercurrent of triumphant hope, which had given that up-bearing power to the song. And in the midst of her heart-ache and perplexities, Margaret felt strong to hope, for like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress she was "glad, and that for these reasons.

"First, Because he gathered from thence that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself.

"Secondly, For that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal valley. And why not, thought he, with me? though by reason of the impediment that attends this place, I cannot perceive it."

So was the weary young heart comforted, as the echoes of far-off music whispered to her that both the child of genius, and the aged trembler knew sorrow, but triumphed over it, for their trust was anchored to the Rock.

Thursday came, the day on which Margaret expected her article to ap-

pear. She was early at Cooper's Reading Rooms, and eagerly scanned the pages of the journal. *Her article had been postponed.* She had only ten cents left; the rent had to be paid on Saturday, and they must have bread! She looked at her rich furs; they must go for the present, and with swift step she turned into the Bowery; and not allowing herself to pause, lest her courage should falter, she entered the first shop marked by the three gilded balls, and pawned, for six dollars, her muff and collar~~ette~~, which had cost more than a hundred only a year ago, and had been given her by a wealthy relative. There was no help for it, and she returned into Broadway, shivering as she missed the warm fur from her delicate neck and hands.

She walked down the street, wondering how she could conceal the state of things from her grandfather, and hoping that next week would enable her to redeem her much-needed furs, when her meditations were interrupted by the sound of a voice that made her heart spring. She was passing a group of gentlemen who were admiring some paintings displayed in a shop window; and the one whose voice had startled her was close to her, but with his face turned from her. She knew his stately *pose* of head, and the music of his tone, instantly. He was here in New York, then; would they meet? She sped on, nervously dreading the very recognition she wished for; and hurried home to her grandfather, to whom, however, she said nothing of the casual glimpse of what now seemed but a vision. Yet it was a vision that brought the roses to her pale cheeks, and a soft sparkle to her eye. The streets of the great city did not wear their usual air of crowded desolation now; she might meet a friend any day, for *he* was somewhere there! In her lonely, struggling life, dreams grew into realistic forms, and sometimes Margaret felt a dim consciousness that a magnetic chain connected her being with his, and would give a

sudden start in the midst of her studies as if some one had called her name; and then she knew that he thought of her. There was nothing definite in these dreams of hers. She only knew that somewhere in the world was one whom she could trust as a strong, true friend, nor guessed that her woman's treasure of pure love and worship was gliding out of her own possession.

Hard weeks of suffering followed. Margaret was obliged to visit the pawn-broker again, not to redeem her furs, but to leave other things, presents from English friends, which it wrung her heart to part with, but which *must* go to procure bread and shelter. As yet General Winton knew nothing of all this; she had carefully kept it from him; but at length his suspicions were aroused, and he inquired why she never came to bid him good-bye after dressing to go out, as she used to do. The suddenness of the unexpected question confused her, and she hesitated for an answer.

"Come to me, darling," said her grandfather, holding out both hands, trembling with weakness and excitement. She knelt down before him, putting her cold hands in his.

"Pearl, you have concealed trouble from me out of affection, and concern for me; but now, I fear. Tell me, have you published anything lately, are you still successful?"

"Yes, grandpapa; but it is slow work."

"Have the proceeds of your work been enough for our expenses, or are we deeper in debt? Tell me my child. You must not bear everything alone, and you so young!"

"We are not farther in debt; please let me go now, grandpapa, I am in a hurry."

"You do not wrap up warmly enough, Pearl, where is your fur?"

"In pawn," murmured Pearl in a faint voice.

"And your seal-skin jacket?"

In pawn, she repeated still more faintly.

"I have not seen you wear your watch, lately, where is that?"

"In pawn." The words were almost inaudible.

"My child," said the old man, in a broken voice, "what have you left?"

"Two dresses, and all my linen."

The words came out as forced from her. General Winton groaned.

"O! grandpapa! I never meant you to find this out. I have the tickets all safe, and I shall be able soon to get my things back. I am so sorry you asked me any questions. You are not displeased with me, are you? I was obliged to do it."

"O my darling, you have been suffering, and I knew nothing of it?" groaned the General, bitterly. "Promise me never to do so again."

"What, grandpapa?"

"Promise never to hide anything from me again, my Pearl. You are too young to bear it all alone. I am a burden on you, my darling; but at least, let me *share* your care; it is all I can do. Promise me." He looked at Pearl, as if claiming her obedience.

"I promise, grandpapa."

"And, my child, since things are so bad with us, you must write in my name to your cousin, Lord Winton of Ellerton, and tell him of our altered circumstances. I opposed him once in politics, but the Wintons have always been true to each other in family matters. Get your desk, Pearl, and write as I dictate."

But the pained flush on Margaret's cheek showed so deeply what it would cost her to obey this request, that the General drew her again to his side.

"O grandpapa, is it *necessary* to write to Lord Winton. I shall succeed better after a while; it is only a little hard at first."

"Ah! my darling, you are a true Winton! But if the females of our house have been noble in suffering, the men have been equally ready to rescue them, as loyal Wintons should. But you shall not write the letter. *Your* handwriting, at least, shall not

sue for patronage, not even that of a relative! Now go, my child."

Margaret had no sooner left the house, than General Winton feebly reached pen and paper, and wrote himself to Lord Winton, informing him of his own illness and loss, as well as of Pearl's noble efforts. Then, on second thoughts, he tore up the sheet, and began another letter, omitting all mention of her toil for bread, and only referring to her as sharing his want, and requesting that some provision might be made for her by the family. But this did not please him either, and he re-wrote the first copy, saying to himself as he did so:

"They cannot scorn my Pearl for her heroic work, though she is the first Winton who ever toiled for pay. Yet surely they can only reverence my child the more. It had better be written so."

Slowly, painfully, was the important letter at last concluded, and the General sank back wearily against his pillow. His right hand being useless, he had written with the left; but the chirography, though trembling and uneven, was legible.

Margaret had to post the letter the next day, and was pained that her grandfather should have so excited himself to write it, for the excitement proved too much, and he was unable to rise.

Slowly the time passed before a reply could be expected. The toiling authoress gained some little ground, and just contrived to keep herself and her grandfather provided with the bare necessaries of life.

CHAPTER X.

"*Parlez-vous Français?*"

These hideous streets, these graves, where men
alive
Packed close with earthworms, burr unconsciously
About the plague that slew them.
The very women pelt their souls in mud
At any woman who walks here alone.

Mrs. BROWNING.

"A letter for you grandpapa!" exclaimed Margaret, handing a large en-

velope to her grandfather. The broad crest on the seal, as well as the word "Winton," in the corner, proclaimed it to be the anxiously expected reply to the General's appeal to the head of the Winton family.

"Open it for me, Pearl," said General Winton, and Margaret's little fingers obeyed. A five pound Bank of England note fluttered to the floor, and caused Margaret's face to flush crimson. A short note accompanied the money. She picked up the papers, and read the letter in a voice quivering with indignation.

ELBERTON MANOR, February 9th.

"*My Dear General,*—

I regret your illness and pecuniary misfortune; as the latter was caused by your own determination to act in opposition to the family wishes, you cannot plead it as the ground of any claim on our assistance. I rejoice to hear that my young cousin Margaret is exerting herself so creditably. As the course chosen by yourself and her father has left her without fortune, it is well that she should early learn to provide for herself in a way that will not disgrace the Wintons. In token of my approval of her undertaking, I enclose five pounds. The expenses of a recent election have crippled my means, or I would make the donation a larger one.

Believe me, my dear General,
Yours faithfully,

WINTON."

The letter was read, and then, as the heartless insult made its sting felt, Margaret tore it in two, and tossed it on the floor.

"Send it back!" she cried, her soft gray eyes flashing and darkening, "return his paltry 'donation!' Grandpapa, don't make me keep it! I would rather starve, than accept such a gift."

The General leaned his head on his hand in painful thought. The cruel shaft had wounded him deeply; but he raised his head slowly and replied: "Pearl, as you say. I would ra-

ther starve than accept money thus offered. But, my child, we would both also rather humble our pride than stain our name with dishonor."

"Grandpapa," panted Margaret, "I dont understand!"

"My Pearl, this money, insultingly as it is offered, is yet our own; and while we owe a debt to Dr. Forest, we have no right to gratify our pride at his expense. Give this to him in part payment of what we owe."

"Yes, I will take it to him at once," said Margaret. "I feel you are right grandpapa, as, of course, you always are: and I will make a few business visits at the same time, so don't expect me back just yet."

The money was paid to Dr. Forest, and Margaret had finished her other calls, when she thought she could find a short way home. This is always a dangerous enterprize in a great city, where the streets and alleys crowd into each other in a way sure to bewilder one not thoroughly acquainted with all the windings. Of course Margaret soon found herself in the invariable plight of inexperienced explorers. Wandering from one street to another, she drifted away into the lowest quarter of the city inhabited by a medley of all nations. In vain she inquired the way to one of the great thoroughfares. She found none who could understand her, or who cared to trouble themselves concerning her. Germans, from some outlying district of their country, speaking a dialect unintelligible to an educated ear; Italians chattering the worst *patois* of their beautiful land; Russians, with their clicking, coughing, language; squalid Irish and spluttering Welsh, all were crammed together in one vast *olla podrida*. Margaret grew somewhat alarmed, as two or three Russians gathered round her with eager speech and wild gesture. She was now thoroughly frightened, and remembered all the stories she had heard of the terrible crime perpetrated in the back slums of New York. She tried to

she speak to her Russian followers, who appeared anxious about something, but failed to make them understand. All at once, a familiar voice fell on her ear, and the next moment the question was asked:

"Parlez-vous Francais, Mademoiselle?"

She turned hastily, and, to her delight faced the frank, honest gaze of the Frenchman for whom she had interpreted at the Portland hotel. She felt safe now, and with glad readiness replied to his enquiries.

"I have lost my way," she said, "and I cannot make these people understand."

The Russians had drawn a little back on seeing that the lady was speaking to one that understood her. The Frenchman spoke a few words to them, which were answered by a storm of the coughs and sneezes peculiar to Russian speech. He listened attentively, replied in their own tongue and, and dismissed the speakers.

"They meant to do Mademoiselle a kindness, he explained," but failed to speak so that she could comprehend. They saw that Mademoiselle had lost her way, and wished to inform her that this alley is not safe for her to walk in. The snow and ice accumulated on the house-tops, is falling continually at the further end of the alley, and they feared Mademoiselle would be injured. But permit that I conduct Mademoiselle to my little house a few streets from this. Mademoiselle will rest, and then I will have the honor to escort her to her residence. My Cherie will be charmed to see Mademoiselle once more."

Margaret gratefully accepted the invitation to rest, and was glad to reach the quiet street in which her old friends were domiciled.

"Pierre, my friend, thou art late!" cried a cheery voice, as they entered a small, neat, room, arranged with the graceful French tact, which made the poor apartment wear an air of comfort and almost beauty.

"I have brought a lady, Cherie," replied Pierre holding the door wide open for Margaret to enter. A pleasant recognition followed; and they told Margaret how it came to pass that they were in New York instead of Canada, as they had, at first, intended. Pierre had met with a builder settled in New York, who wanted good hands for carpentering, and he at once accepted the liberal terms offered, and was now doing well. They had chatted some time, and Margaret rose to go. But the hospitable Cherie glanced towards sundry kettles on the cooking-stove, from which a savory smell was issuing.

"Would Mademoiselle deign to take of her poor supper; it would refresh her before walking further?"

Margaret feared her grandfather would miss her and be anxious, but Cherie assured her visitor that supper would be ready "in the twinkling of an eye;" and bustled about so energetically that the lady felt constrained to stay. Little did her hospitable entertainers imagine that their humble fare for which they made many polite apologies, was the best that Margaret had tasted for months. She smiled and talked in the fluent French which was the delight of Pierre and his wife, and they thought her so bright and happy. Pierre saw her safe to her own door and returned to talk over the adventure with his busy little wife.

And the rest of the outside world thought of Margaret much as her French friends did; only to others she was a little more stately. Week after week she swept in and out of the Editorial rooms with the same graceful firmness, her head never drooping, her eye never sad; only the tension of the small compressed lips gave token of the care which weighed her down. Her cheeks grew hollow, and dark circles appeared under the full, liquid eyes, but her smile came readily, and her brow was clear, so nobody was the wiser. The vision in Broadway had never been repeated, and she almost began to think she

must have mistaken some one else for the stranger of the Portland hotel.

Two or three weeks more brought greater privations still; and mental toil, combined with insufficient nourishment, began to make wasting inroads on her health. Twice did it happen that their funds being exhausted, both Margaret and the General tasted nothing for twenty-four hours. She tried to obtain a hold on fresh papers, and was several times rejected. She was sitting one evening by her grandfather's bedside; they had eaten only bread for a week past, and even of that there was none left for supper. There had been a long silence in the little room, then the General said encouragingly:

"God will not forsake us, Pearl! Surely help will come tomorrow!"

"I left some articles with the Editor of the 'Evening Friend' a fortnight ago," said Margaret "I must call to-morrow and see if they are accepted; but I have had so many disappointments lately, that I am afraid to hope for the happiness of getting into a new paper."

"Trust, my child! Remember the words you once used to comfort me;—"It was when Peter began to sink that Jesus caught him by the hand; I think help is very near, my poor darling; take courage once more, my dear, faithful little Pearl!"

CHAPTER XI.

The tide turns.

Principio è di speranza
L'eccesso del timor.
Tutto si muta in breve:
E il nostro stato è tale,
Che se mutar si deve,
Sempre sarà miglior.

METASTASE.

Breakfastless and shivering, Margaret stepped out of doors the next morning, into the keen March air. Slowly, with a heavy heart, she passed through the streets till she reached the office of the "Evening Friend." As she passed through the outer rooms, she saw in the open doorway of the editor's study, a pair of heels elevated on the back of a chair, and the faint odor of a cigar

was wadded down the corridors. The Editor was there, then; and apparently, he was "taking the world easy." She drew nearer. The Editorial owner of the heels caught sight of the lady's figure, and, with a flourish, down came the heels, the chair was turned round invitingly, and the cigar disappeared within one of the cunning little holes which honeycombed the big desk in all directions. A comfortable-souled man was this Editor, one who recognized the fact that *business* is not the whole of life. Margaret sat a few minutes, listening to his pleasant genial talk, and wondering whether her articles were accepted. They were rather long ones; so much the better, the price would be higher. Hope began to creep round her heart again. A pause in the conversation gave her an opportunity to refer to the subject of her anxiety.

"O! yes," replied the Editor, "those two articles are accepted Miss Winton. I like them both very much, and shall be very glad to receive anything more of yours. Let me see! yes, one is in print now, it will be issued to-morrow. I had better pay you at once. What do you generally take for your writings?"

Margaret replied that it depended on the length of the article.

"Well, this will be twelve dollars, then," said the Editor, handing her a cheque; and then branching off into a further conversation on literary matters, referring incidentally, in a bright, home-loving manner to his wife and little children. And Margaret sat there, listening, and answering, keenly enjoying the intellectual communion; while through it all, the glad feeling that God had prospered her, and sent help when she almost despaired, filled her with thanksgiving! Little guessed the Editor that his visitor could scarcely keep back the swelling tears; little did he think, while she replied to his remarks, that he had been to her as one of God's angels, giving aid to her and her venerable suffering grandfather.

She rose at last to go, and with the thanksgiving melody still quivering in every breeze that touched her flushing cheek, walked swiftly up the street. She was not long in going home, and entered her grandfather's room with her hands full of packages. Placing the latter hastily on the tiny shelf, she dropped on her knees beside the bed, and the suppressed excitement broke out in flowing tears. The quick, sobbing breath, alarmed General Winton,

"What is it, darling?" he asked tremulously; "What is the matter, Pearl?"

Margaret caught his hand and almost gasped out:

"My articles are both accepted, and they will take more, and I've twelve dollars!"

"Truly the Lord is good to them that wait for Him," replied the General reverently.

"And now, dear grandpapa, here are some biscuits," said Margaret, rising and opening a parcel, "I bought them, and some coffee and sugar, as I came along. I will just take the bason and fetch some milk, and then you shall have something. Just eat a biscuit, directly, grandpapa, while I prepare the rest," she added, eagerly beginning to eat one herself, while she drew from under the chair the little box in which she was obliged to keep her bason and spoon. Their rooms were so small, that two boxes, one in each, comprised their whole pantry accommodation. The milk was soon fetched and partaken of with the keen relish of long abstinence. No coffee could be made until the evening, when hot water could be procured downstairs.

This day was the crisis in their affairs. They did not step just yet into circumstances of anything like comfort; but the bitter edge of their want was taken off. Bread and water was exchanged for bread and milk. Margaret's property remained at the pawn-broker's, but her hopes of redeeming it grew brighter, and she

nerved herself afresh for her work. The hot summer months came, and the delicate English girl pined and drooped in the close city atmosphere; yet her high spirit would not yield to physical depression. She toiled on, sitting at her desk from early morning to heavy, stifling noon; then, after a pause for rest and refreshment, taking up the pen again until evening brought cooler breezes, when she usually took a walk round some of the smaller parks and squares of the city. Sometimes General Winton accompanied her, leaning on her slender arm for support and with slow, feeble movements, pacing the streets, which only a month before he had trodden in the stately pride of manly strength. Now, he looked twenty years older, a broken-down, feeble old man; yet even in the wreck, there remained to him the lofty dignity with which he had always awed the presumptuous. No one would venture to intrude on General Winton now, any more than when his eagle eye was undimmed in its piercing brilliancy.

The lecture season was fast approaching, with the long golden shadow of the rich autumn. How Margaret longed to be away in the forested west to see the wild woods all aflame with the goodbyes of the summer sun, and rustling with the greetings of the coming cold! How she panted to throw aside her pen, and wander in happy freedom through the cathedral aisles of the grand giant trees, luxuriating in their glory of crimson and amber tints! Away, away! It was so hard to sit there, racking her brain for incidents to adorn some new story, or ransacking the musty old folios at the public libraries for authorities on some abstruse subject, when the October air was wafting in its sweet messages at every window, calling her with its gentle wooings, to leave everything but beautiful Nature. Never, since her struggle had begun, did she feel her work so much a task as now. Her whole being was in revolt against the bondage of her poverty,

compelling her to these hours of weariness and imprisonment. But she dared not give way to her growing languor; the ground she had already gained must be kept, and further advantages grasped. She would lecture, and that determination involved increased study; but a splendid intellect and dauntless will were tenants of that fair, slight form. And so the lectures were prepared. An Editorial friend, to whom Margaret showed the list of subjects on which she was ready to speak, immediately published it in the next number of his paper. He intended to show a kindness to the young girl who faced life's storm so bravely, but he was far from thinking how much that kindness was needed and valued.

Margaret felt that the worst was past. The exchanges began to copy her articles; her *nom de plume* was noticed in the journals; the public seemed waking up to the suspicion that a new literary star was gilding the horizon. Her spirits rose, and she threw her whole energies into the composition of a book which should far outshine the fugitive sketches which she had hitherto written.

She had long kept as much as possible aloof from the people of the house. Whether her distance had offended Mrs. Garland, or whether the rooms were really wanted, she did not know, but just as she was sitting down to her desk one morning, a tap at her door roused her up from study, and Mrs. Garland's entrance still further dispelled all poetical ideas.

"I wanted to speak to you, Miss Winton, with respect to the rooms," said the mistress of the house, in her usual unexcitable drawl. "I shall require the rooms Saturday, as two gentlemen are coming, who have always been used to stay with me when they were in the city."

"Do you wish us to leave, then, next Saturday?" inquired Margaret, as soon as she could recover from her surprise.

"If you please," replied Mrs. Gar-

land, calmly; and she left the room as if no more was to be said.

And so Margueret's precious time had to be taken up with searching for fresh lodgings. She sighed, as she closed her desk, and put on her hat for going out; but it had to be done, and she could only try to get through the business as quickly as possible. Friday came before she could find any rooms that were anything like what she wished. Then she found some at two dollars a week higher price than she had been giving, but she ventured to take them, and moved into them the next day. The writing went on diligently, and her book was in a fair way to be completed. She was going out one afternoon, when General Winton called her to him and said:

"Pearl, you have not been to a *restaurant* for a long time. You must go to a good one before coming back to me this afternoon. You will starve yourself, working so hard as you do, and eating almost nothing."

"But the expense, grandpapa?" said Margueret, doubtfully.

"I think you may venture to give yourself a slight indulgence, my darling," said her grandfather, "you deserve more than you have had since we came here; and I am sure you need it. It is my command," he added, smiling, "that you do not return until you have had a comfortable dinner."

Margaret smiled, a wan, faint smile, that went to her grandfather's heart. Poor child! Truly she needed nourishing food if she would continue her life of mental toil and excitement.

It was strange, but she had an odd fancy that afternoon that she was going to meet some friend.

CHAPTER XII.

The Mocking-bird again.

Listen to the mocking-bird!
The mocking-bird is singing on the tree."

Margaret was detained at two or three places where she had to call, so that the afternoon was fast darkening

when she entered the *restaurant*. There, all was one glow of light from the brilliant gas-jets, and Margaret sat down at a table in the quietest corner of the room, where there was a little shadow from the full glare of the gas. She had nearly finished her dinner, when two little figures crept into the warm, inviting dining-room. The eldest a girl, carried a tiny guitar, which she began to thrum, while her large, dark eyes glanced round on the guests with a look of timid pleading; her companion clung tightly to her thin, ragged dress; he was a boy of about four years of age, sallow and haggard, like the girl, and with the same imploring look in his dark eyes. A few airs were twanged on the poor little guitar, and then the children were beginning to solicit the pecuniary proofs of the company's approval, when one of the waiters came forward, sharply ordering them off.

"Waiter!"

The call came with imperial distinctness from the opposite side of the room, where a gentleman sat alone at one of the small, daintily arranged tables.

The waiter looked round.

"Have the goodness to permit those children to stay a moment."

The waiter bowed, and the gentleman, approaching the hesitating, frightened little pair, addressed them in the soft accents of their own Italy. He soon drew from them their touching story. They had been brought to America by their father and mother, who had been deceived by one of the infamous sharpers who have unhappily been but too successful in decoying into their clutches so many of the poor easily impressed Italian peasantry. The father had in vain sought for work in the city of the strangers; and starvation and misery soon carried him off. The mother was still living, but so ill as to be unable to reach the door even of her wretched lodging in one of the back streets; so the two children were doing their best to win a little relief by appealing to the strangers' charity.

Margaret listened to every word of this account, rendered doubly pathetic by the plaintive language spoken by these natives of the lovely South. And when the gentleman went on speaking to them in their own language, she looked up with a start, for it was her stranger-friend who had occupied her thoughts so much. He conversed a little longer; then, taking the guitar from the hands of the child, he struck a few notes, and the next instant all in the room held their breath to listen, as his rich, deep voice floated in billowy cadence through the apartment. He sang only a simple song, one heard often, but never before given with such thrilling pathos,—“Driven from Home.” Then without ceasing the music, he glided into a softer, more lovingly tender accompaniment; and again his wonderful tones poured out their wealth of music in the exile’s song, “Do they miss me at Home?”

The restaurant was one much frequented by strangers to American soil, as the singer spoke out their heart-longings for home and kindred, in the soft, yearning refrain:

“And when the good-nights are repeated,
And each lays him down to his sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered good-night o’er the deep?”

Ah! the voices of home were echoing through the room that evening, and causing hearts to beat with quick, passionate longing after the far-away! Margaret’s tears were flowing fast; she sat motionless, thinking of her distant country, and pitying with deep tenderness the little wanderers whose lot was so much worse even than her own.

The stranger gave back the guitar to its wondering owner, and handing her his hat, dropped into it a five dollar bill, then with a wave of his hand directed her to carry round the hat to the other guests. The foreigners present gave liberally, and one American who happened to be among them, tossed his contribution into the store, with the exclamation:

“Darned if that aint the best thing

I’ve heerd since I left the backwoods! If the city folks air up to that sorter doins, why, they air better than I gin ’em credit for!” and the worthy backwoodsman wiped his eyes with the back of his broad brown hand. The Italian girl brought the collected money to her new friend, who wrapped it up for her; there was a goodly store, only one small contribution among the larger gifts;—that one was Margaret’s five cent piece. It made her heart ache to give so little, but she dared not venture on a larger expenditure, though she would fain have emptied her purse to relieve the little starving Italians. She hoped the stranger would not know that it was she who had put in the tiny coin; but he had seen it; and as he folded up the money for the child, he abstracted the five-cent piece, silently putting in its place another five-dollar bill; then giving the packet to the grateful Italians, he offered to take them safely to their miserable home and see what more could be done for their sick mother.

Two hours later, he entered a drawing-room in Madison Square. A graceful, middle-aged lady, who sat reading in an easy chair by the bright, open fire, put down her book, and looked up with a beautiful motherly smile of proud affection, as he knelt down and kissed her hand with his chivalrous reverence.

“*Madre mia carissima*,” he said, in a hurried tone of excitement, very different from his cold stateliness in public, “I have seen her again! She was at the restaurant this evening. And, fool that I was, I made no attempt at recognition. I suppose she has forgotten me; but I will go to that restaurant every day until I find some opportunity of establishing an acquaintance with her.”

“But was she alone?” inquired the lady in an unsatisfied tone.

“Yes, quite alone, *madre mia*; she sat at a table quite away from every one.”

“But, *Eudardo mio*,” rejoined the lady, “that is not as it should be! The lady whom my son remembers in his

dreams, ought not to be one who goes to a public *restaurant*, in the evening, and *alone*."

"Ah! sweetest mother mine," replied the knightly pleader, earnestly, "but she is poor; and poverty compels even women of gentle birth to lay aside their scruples. Think! we were once poor, before your beloved Italy was free. Remember how you went alone into a pawnbroker's once, to pledge your most valued possession, my father's first love-gift before your marriage," and he touched the costly solitaire diamond that sparkled on his mother's slender finger. She looked, with moist eyes, at the gift of her dead husband, so fondly loved, so faithfully mourned.

"Yes, *Eduardo*," she murmured sadly, "those were hard days! But how do you know that this lady of your heart is poor?"

In reply, he told the episode of his helping the Italian children.

"Ah! *figlio mio*," said his mother, with an amused, proud smile, as she played with his dark curls, "you are a true Englishman! always doing some thing eccentric! with my Italian romance and your father's English will, you stop at nothing!"

"My own mother, the poor children came from Italy. How could I do other than help them, when they spoke the language of my beautiful mother?" he replied, looking with filial admiration into the still lovely eyes of the lady, she smiled again.

"When you marry, *Eduardo*, your wife will be a happy woman, if you love her better than your mother."

"Ah! then help me to find her, this happy wife!" he rejoined, earnestly. "Go with me to the *restaurant* to-morrow and every day, until you are friends. She will be sure to come there again, and you can easily make advances which would be impertinent from me. Woman's tact can accomplish everything."

"And is *Eduardo's* heart so far gone, then, that I cannot mention the word, 'wife,' but his thoughts fly at once to

the fair *incognita*?" said the lady, half sadly.

"You know, *cara mia madre*, that I have sought her for months. We spoke to each other's souls in music once, and I have known ever since that I must find her, and win her, or live my life alone. O, mother, darling, when you have seen her, you will feel that she is noble! And while I am in the midst of luxury, she, perhaps is suffering; I only caught one full glimpse of her face this evening, and she was altered; more noble-looking than ever, but trouble, I am sure, has pressed her hard."

"You have never told me whether she is beautiful?"

"Beautiful?" he repeated, "of course she is fair to me, for I have seen her soul, and that is pure and true beyond that of any woman I have ever met, except you, *madre carissima*!"

"I will go with you to-morrow," said his mother firmly. "If it is really a glance into a true woman's soul which has charmed you, I need not fear that you have given your love unworthily."

And week after week, they visited the *restaurant* at different hours; but Margaret never came again.

"*Eduardo*," said his mother, one day, when he entered her boudoir after a short absence, "the new magazines have come in, will you look at them?"

"I don't feel studiously inclined," he answered, sitting down by her side on the lounge. "What *should* I do without you to tell my thoughts to, mother?"

The lady handed him a magazine,

"Does this give you an idea of what you want," she inquired.

It was an article on Italy and its poor exiles in foreign lands, so touchingly written, so pathetic in its description of the sufferings of the Italian wanderers that the tears were in her eyes, as she spoke.

"The writer has furnished this magazine with several of its best articles, for some months past," she continued, "and if you have any interest in such

things, you could easily discover the real name."

Her son looked upon her with a puzzled expression.

"The article is signed '*Incognita*,'" he remarked. "I have seen several very good things by that author lately. I will try to read this now, to, please you, *madre mia*."

The lady made no reply, and there was a long silence, broken only by the soft rustle of the leaves as they were turned over.

"Mother!"

The word broke on the stillness of the room with startling distinctness.

"Is it,—do you think it can be?"

He was standing up now, his eyes flashing, and his face flushed with emotion.

"I think *Eduardo mio*," replied the lady. "that we had better give up haunting *restaurants*, and take to persecuting the Editors with our society instead."

A Story of Fifty Years Ago in England.

—
BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

"Aggie and Claudia, just come into my dressing-room, and we'll try our dresses on together; Dalton has just put in the last stitch, and they look lovely." And Florence Meredith returned to a fresh inspection of the ball-dresses which the skillful fingers of her maid had prepared for the following evening. In a few moments the elder sister, Claudia, swept into the room with a haughty grace well answering to her imperial name; while Aggie, the youngest, and general pet of the family, came rushing in fresh from the green-houses, where she imagined herself to have been "helping" the gardener, although that much-enduring individual would probably have ascribed his young lady's exploits among the flowers by another name. "O Claudia," she exclaimed, as she tossed her hat and shawl into a corner of the room "only fancy!

James is a Methodist, and he goes to that queer little chapel at the other end of the village, instead of attending his parish church like a loyal subject and a good Christian! But that is not all. They have things down there, meetings, you know, which they call prayer-meetings, when anybody who likes can hold forth; and by means of considerable cross-examination, I got James to confess that he sometimes was the one to 'lead the devotions.' Just fancy our old gardener praying in public, and without a book, too! There is going to be another prayer-meeting, next Monday, and I shall get papa to let me go, just for the fun of it, to hear old James pray."

"I don't think papa will allow you to go to such places, Aggie," remarked the stately Claudia. "What would people think if one of Colonel Meredith's daughters were seen at a conventicle?"

"I'm sure I don't care what they say," laughed Aggie; "I want to enjoy myself whether Mrs. Grundy approves or not. I told James we were going to the ball to-morrow, and I couldn't help him any more with the flowers, because I must come in to try on my new dress, and the good old soul shook his head so mournfully over my worldliness, and ejaculated, solemnly, 'Ah, my dear miss, the fashion of this world passeth away!' And I'm sure, if he is a Methodist, he spoke wisdom and truth then, as Dalton here can testify; for didn't she have to sit up half the night last week to alter my silver-gray pelisse for the picnic, just because the fashion of this world, in which said pelisse was originally made, had become obsolete, and required to be formed anew?"

Dalton looked pained, and Florence said, trying not to smile at her pet sister's mirth,

"I don't think, dear, you should indulge in a spirit of jesting on religious subjects. None can deplore more than I do the entrance of schism into our village; but we should mourn over it,

and not amuse ourselves at the follies of others."

"O!" cried Aggie, "I don't feel as if I belonged to the family which can boast two such edifying members as 'Claudia, the Proud,' and 'Florence the Proper,' while poor little I can only claim the *soubriquet* of 'Aggie the Mischievous.' If I can have plenty of fun and plenty of love, that's all I want to make me happy."

Aggie obtained her wish in respect to the prayer-meeting. Her father consented to let her go "just for once;" her sisters refused to accompany her—Florence, because she objected to enter an unconsecrated church, and Claudia, because she scorned the whole thing. Colonel Meredith had no fear of his merry little Aggie's becoming religious. He had, like many others, the opinion that religion and cheerfulness could not exist together. Dalton, much to her satisfaction, was ordered to accompany Miss Aggie, and many a silent prayer was offered by the Christian servant that God would meet and bless the thoughtless but affectionate girl who was going so carelessly to His house to worship.

The little chapel was nearly full when Aggie and her maid entered, and, with the simple, unassuming manner which characterized her, the young lady quietly slipped into a dark corner near the door. She had come only for expected amusement, but she was far too well-bred, and really kind-hearted, to allow anything of this feeling to appear in the presence of inferiors. The congregation was composed entirely of poor people, many of them laborers and under-servants in her father's employ. But the minister who stood in the narrow pulpit which figured the churches and chapels of fifty years ago was unmistakably a man of intellectual culture and refinement. There was nothing very "amusing" to Aggie in the way in which he opened the meeting by giving out a hymn; on the contrary, she

felt solemnized in spite of herself. The prayer which followed deeply touched her; and when the chapter, the tenth of Mark, was read, she wondered whether, if Jesus looked upon her, he would love her as he did the young enquirer after eternal life spoken of in that chapter.

The minister, on closing the Bible, addressed a few words of earnest invitation to those present. He was a venerable man, who spoke as one who had long acquaintance with the Saviour to whom he pointed them. It was as though his words were the very echo of the Master's as he told his hearers how Jesus loved them. It was very different to the short, unmeaning sermons gabbled over in the parish church by the fox-hunting rector. This man told of things which he had heard and seen; and although living in a country called Christian, Aggie now heard the Gospel *for the first time*. And as she listened, the Spirit of the Lord took of the things of Christ and showed them unto her. Like Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened, she received the teachings of the Holy Spirit, and the young, loving heart was yielded to her Saviour.

Great was the astonishment and indignation of the whole family when it was found that Aggie had "turned Methodist." Vainly was she tempted with all sorts of worldly entertainments to divert her mind from spiritual things. The young heart was firmly fixed, for her faith was anchored to the Rock of Ages. Persecution had no effect on her; though to an affectionate disposition like hers, it would have been easier to suffer at the stake for Christ than to endure the incisive irritating wounds caused by the refined scorn and taunts which assailed her. The great comfort of her life was the weekly prayer-meeting; but of this her father determined to deprive her. Inquiring for her one evening, and hearing where she was supposed to be, he called his second daughter, and said sternly,

"Florence, I want you to go at once and fetch home Agnes. I know you can be trusted not to run into any absurdity. It is foreign to your disposition to do anything unbecoming a lady or a good churchwoman. Poor little Aggie," (and his voice softened a little,) "was always a wild, spoiled child. It is my own fault, we all indulged her too much."

"You may depend on me, papa," replied Florence, with her usual calm manner, "I will bring home Agnes, and I do hope the poor child will be soon induced to give up this religious freak of hers."

When Florence reached the chapel the service was more than half over; old James, the gardener was praying, and the lady waited at the door for his concluding, intending then quietly to make her way to Agnes and whisper her father's command. But when the prayer was over, and Agnes raised her head, the happy expression of deep peace, so different from her former expression of careless vivacity, so struck her sister that the kind-hearted Florence could not bear to disturb her, and, as the hour was already late, thought she might as well wait until the conclusion of the whole service. But the Lord had a message for her. She had gone to stop her sister's steps heavenward, but while she listened to the closing exercises Jesus met her, and two Christian daughters returned to the scorn and harsh rebuke of the worldly father. They could not give up that weekly meeting. In obedience to their father they accompanied the rest of the family on Sunday as before; but on Monday evening they were always to be found at the little chapel.

"Where are those two girls again?" asked Colonel Meredith one evening as Claudia entered the drawing-room alone.

"Gone to their conventicle, papa, as usual, I suppose," she replied with a curling lip.

"Then go and bring them back.

You are their elder sister, and have no taste for such low proceedings. Don't make a fool of yourself, as Florence did," he added; then resumed more softly, "but you, at least, are safe."

In the most imperious style did the haughty Claudia sweep her silken robe up the aisle of the little chapel. It was a crowded meeting; several were standing, but an old woman tremblingly rose and offered the richly-attired lady her seat. Claudia refused it with a gesture of disdain; but she could not reach her sisters. Thicker and thicker grew the crowd, until the fastidious Claudia found herself wedged in the mass so firmly that even retreat became impossible without exciting more attention than she wished. *God had sent her there*, and she must hear His word addressed to her.

She heard as she had never done before, how the Lord of glory abased Himself, taking on Him the form of a servant, that He might work out salvation for her. Yes she felt it was for her; that so much love and condescension claimed her fealty, that it was a personal matter between Christ and her soul. The barrier of her pride gave way, and when the congregation slowly dispersed, Florence and Aggie were thrilled at seeing their lofty sister coming towards them with outstretched hands, and at hearing her say in a voice, softened with tears,

"Sisters, we were never sisters before!"

On their return home, Claudia, with her natural resolution pervading her new faith, went at once to her father, and sinking at his feet said earnestly,

"Papa, you sent me to bring my sisters away from Jesus; but instead of that He has brought me away from the world to himself."

Time rolled on, and the careless rector passed away from the parish he had neglected, to give an account to God of his unfaithful stewardship. Another pastor succeeded him in the little village church, a man of very different life and principles; *this* was

no mere hireling shepherd, but a true servant of God, and now the three Christian daughters rejoiced that from Sabbath to Sabbath God gave them His blessed truth in the old house of worship endeared to them by their childish memories.

Long after, Claudia told the story to a Christian friend, and added, with the natural clinging to the form of worship she best loved, mingled with genuine humility:

"I only wish it had pleased God to show me His salvation first in my own church; but I ought to be thankful to be saved at all, and truly we are privileged in our present rector. I ought to be grateful for the many favors the Lord has shown us in His own way, which must be the best."

This is no mere tale. The three sisters lived within a mile or two of my mother's early home, and I have told the story as she told it me many years ago, only altering the names of the persons concerned.

"All Correct."

THOUGHTS ON SENTRY.

By a Private of the 87th.

The sun's rays were declining in the west, and as I watched the golden beams fast fading away, I thought of One who never slumbers nor sleeps, whose watchful eye is looking down in pity upon this rebellious world.

I was thinking, too, of the words of the sentry whom I had just relieved: when he handed his duty over to me for the space of two short hours, he said:

"All correct!"

And as I thought upon that word, "correct," I asked myself the question: Is it all correct with me?

It may be "all correct," as far as this world goes. But this world will pass away, will be "burnt up;" but a day of reckoning will come concerning another world; a day when the King of kings shall judge between the right-

eous and the wicked. Will it be "all correct" with my soul on that day?

How often people stumble at God's word, even as the Jews did, when our Saviour said:

"Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up."

The people in those old times wondered what He meant; but His words really came to pass when the Lord Jesus rose from the tomb, and gained the victory over death and the grave.

Many, even in these days, are groping on in darkness, still in bondage, just like the children of Israel in the land of Egypt, until the Lord of hosts came to their rescue, delivering them from their oppression, and giving them the promise of the land of Canaan for their inheritance. Yet they murmured, they were not satisfied, and then the Lord punished them by letting them wander in the wilderness forty years; yet He did not forsake His chosen people; He watched over them with a Father's love and a Father's care; He delivered them from all their enemies, and brought them to the promised land at last.

May I ask the question, reader, in whose service are you? Are you a soldier in the army of the Lord Jesus Christ, from whose service you will never be discharged for being old and worn out. The ranks are open now, and He is willing to give you the armor if you only believe in Him? Is this your happy position, or are you in the Devil's service, satisfied with the lies he tells you.

I was talking to a comrade of mine about seeking salvation *now*, but he made the excuse: "When I leave the service! See how I should be laughed at here! They would say I had turned Methodist or gone mad!"

I told him my own experience, and gave in that, to be sure, he might be laughed at and jeered by a good many, but what about that? since you would have something to look forward to!

But he said he wanted a little more

of the world, a few more dances, a little more fun and merriment.

So he put it off, satisfied with the devil's lie: "Plenty of time yet!"

How that verse then came home to my soul: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The means of safety is in that word: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

If you have that password when the great "Grand Rounds" comes to gather in His sentinels you will be in the fullest and safest meaning of the words:

"ALL CORRECT."

Betty Mitchell.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

A stern uncompromising saint of the olden time was Betty Mitchell, a poor and with respect to this world's learning, a most uneducated peasant of the English county of Somerset, expressing her pithy thoughts, and rich Christian experience in the broadest dialect of her country, the firm beauty of her Christian life forming a quaint contrast to the uncouth abruptness of her speech. In character, for unbending rectitude and fearless straightforwardness, she might have stood side by side with the grandest of the old Puritan Fathers; and so acknowledged was her worth that the most highly educated members of the Church to which she belonged, were often glad to ask spiritual counsel of rugged old Betty.

I never myself had the privilege of meeting this "rough gem," but I heard much of her from my mother, who had known Betty in her youth, and who early taught me reverence for Christ's poor; so that when twilight gathered its folds, and the cheerful fire blazed brightly on the winter evenings, it was one of my childish pleasures to draw a cushion to my mother's feet, and having established myself thereon, to exclaim:

"Now, mamma, tell me a story about Betty Mitchell!"

Stern to herself, and uncompromising in her faithful rebukes of the inconsistencies of flourishing professors, Betty was yet exceedingly tender towards young and timid Christians.

On one occasion, she was relating to some fellow-believers the story of her first experience of the love of Christ, when she took the opportunity to warn her listeners against judicious excitement, in language whose rich Doric no combination of written letters can adequately represent.

This is the substance of her remarks.

"I were oon evenin', not long ader I were vust led to the Lord Jesus, that zomebody coomed to my cottage an' zaid as how there were to be preachin' that night. When I were twold this, I were jist gwaine to veed my pig; but as zoon 's ever I heerd o' the meetin', down went pig's bucket, vood an' all, an' I were off to meetin'. Now that were zale, an' 'twere zale vor God, but as the Apostle zays, 'twere'nt a zale accordin' to knowledge; an' zo I vound, vor my husband, who at that time, were much opposed to religion, were mighty put out when he coomed home from work, and vound the pig's bucket left a rollin' about the kitchen, an' the pig zkweakin' vor his supper; an' I were twold purty firm, that if my religion didn't tache me to mind my own hwome, I were betier wi'out any religion at all."

At another time, several of the members of the Church to which Betty belonged, asked her opinion respecting a young Christian, who, they thought, was not sufficiently ready to *speak* for Christ.

Betty inquired:

"Her han't been convarted long, have her?"

"No," the fault-finders replied.

"Then jiss let an alone vor the Lord to deal wi'," said plain-spoken Betty. "Avore a cheel can talk, her cries vust, don't her? An' the feyther don't turn

the poor thing out o' doors because her can't speak, do her? The feyther, knows if the cheel can't talk, *tis a cheel vor all that*: an' the heavenly Father will hear the cries o' them as is only babes in Christ, as zoon us He'll listen to the vine praayers o' the strong men in Christ Jesus. All He asks, is; 'Is her my cheel?' An' if 'tis, why, the Father 'll take good care o' un, till her get older in grace, and learns to speak right out."

When Betty was quite old, she met with a sad accident, breaking her right leg. A christian lady, who visited her, remarked, pityingly:

"The Lord is sorely trying you Betty! your bone was broken right off, wasn't it?"

"Ay!" replied Betty, bravely, "right off! Hem does everything right, don't her? The fact is, I didn't vit, and the Lord, He's a *makin'* me vit."

"Not fit, Betty, why what do you mean?" asked the lady.

"Why, returned Betty," as I were lyin' here this mornin', I could see ovver there, on thick house athert the road, a man puttin' fresh tiles on to the roof; an' oon tile wouldn't vit, nohow-someever; zo hergied un a knock, an' chipped off a bit o' un, to make un vit; but her didn't vit yet; zo hergied un another knock, an' *then* her didn't vit; an' her knocked un again, an' her *did* vit, and went into the place where her were wanted. An' I thought; That's jist like me! I've had a good many knocks, but I didn't vit jist as the Lord wanted me to, an' now I've broke my lag, an' that's jist another knock to make me vit; an' when it's all ovver, an' the Lord have vinished His work in me, He'll put me right into the place up in heaven that her 've a been preparin' vor me, I be a terrible crooked tile to want go many knocks avore I do vit; but He'll do it, an' it's all right, an' He's all love."

JESUS was the great purchaser of souls, and therefore, must needs know the worth of them.

To Arms.

BY MR. CLARK OF BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Onward, Christian to the fight!
Jesus calls thee to the field;
Fight for God! For Truth! For Right,
Never parley, never yield.

King Immanuel leads the host,
He will surely win the day;
Not a soldier shall be lost,
Not a sword be thrown away.

Do not falter, do not fear,
Calmly meet thy foe's attack;
With thy great Commander near,
Never think of turning back.

In the rear or in the van,
Where the king appointeth thee,
Stand undaunted, play the man;
Confident of victory.

Forward Christian to the front!
All the hosts of hell defy;
Bravely bear the battle's brunt,
Make the Prince of Darkness fly.

Soon shall rapture fill thy heart,
Soon shall glory deck thy brow;
Only bear some noble part
In the conflict waging now.

Marching with the good and brave,
Let the banner be unfurled;
Bear it onward till it waves
Over all the conquered world.

Hark! the soldiers raise the song,
And their Captain's deeds rehearse,
Whilst their praises, loud and long,
Echo through the universe.

My Adventure with a Lunatic.

BY CORPORAL LE MARQUAND, 1ST 60TH
ROYAL RIFLES.

"Gratitude, says an eminent author, in one of the noblest feelings of mankind, and exists in the heart of every human being. No matter what his or her condition."

I dont know to what extent this feeling is developed in myself, but this much I do know, that when a person confers a kindness upon me, I am never easy till I return it.

The lady who edits this journal has been kind to me by writing me a letter, full of sympathy, at a time when sympathy was most needed, and since then I have often wondered how I

could best show my appreciation of her kindness. Yesterday a friend brought me a copy of Grand Rounds, and then the idea occurred to me to write something.

I am aware that most contributors for this book are what is termed professed Christians, which I certainly am not. "All the worse for me," say you and I echo the sentiment, but, seeing that Grand Rounds is a Naval and Military Magazine, I fancy a Military story, may not be unacceptable to my readers even though it be not invested with any religious interest.

In the year 1870 I had the good fortune to be quartered with my Battalion, in my native place, Jersey, a spot celebrated for the prettiness of its girls, its primeval laws—and the conscientiousness of its inhabitants.

During the stay of my Regiment the old 30th, I had the honor to be employed as "orderly sergeant" to His Excellency, the Lieut. Governor General. I take the unusual liberty of mentioning real names and places for two reasons. 1st. because my story is based upon facts. 2. because I know the Gentlemen whose names I shall mention, would have no objection to my doing so.*

I was seated at my table in the ante-room of Government House, one morning, busily engaged in addressing a large number of invitations, for a "party." When a cab drove up to the door, and I noticed a very tall gentleman get out very hurriedly and mount the steps. He came straight into the hall, without, as Paddy would say, saying "By your leave."

He was a very powerful muscular man—and evidently had a very exalted opinion of himself. Which probably accounted for his non-observance of the usual polite custom of society, to knock or ring before entering another person's house.

I enquired his pleasure.

I want to see the Governor. Sharp. Will you give me your card or name please.

Not the slightest necessity for either, said the singular man. Tell him its me.

I ventured to remark that as he was a stranger, I didn't care about going in with such a vague message, as *me* might not be *comprehensive* enough for even a Lieut.-Governor's intellects.

Look here, young man, I want no nonsense, this is a matter of life and death.

Be seated, Sir, I said, I will take your message.

I did so, but not to the General, I wouldn't have taken it to him, "No not for Venice."

I went up to the Aide de Camp's room, Captain M. —, R. A., and told him about the 'queer fish' below.

When I reached the ante-room again, he was pacing up and down with enormous strides, and evidently labouring under strong excitement.

Well, is he coming?

You will be attended to in a minute, Sir, and I resumed my work.

In less than a minute the Captain came in, and for some seconds the strange visitor regarded him without saying a word, he seemed to be calculating the captain's "points."

Ah, he ejaculated, the Governor I presume, you're very young, plenty of brains I suppose.

The complimentary part of this remark was certainly due to the Captain, but when he modestly disclaimed any right to the title of Governor, the visitor cut him short with a yell.

What do you want here then, I want the Governor.

The Captain informed him, with more politeness than I thought necessary, that he was the medium through which all applications to the Governor must be made.

Um, then I suppose I shall have to let you into the secret too, and, look here, young man, he cried to me, what I have to say is a matter involving the

*Note by the Editor. We are not quite sure of the propriety of putting in the real names, and have therefore substituted initials.

future of the British Empire, and a third party would be *de trop*, so perhaps, looking towards the door, perhaps, you'll have the goodness—

He gave me such an expressive look, and clutched his large walking stick so nervously as he spoke, that I lost no time in "having the goodness." I believe I quitted that ante-room with a celerity of movement that was highly creditable to my natural locomotion.

The door was closed, and I could just hear the murmur of his voice.

Presently it grew louder, then it was augmented by the Captain's voice, then a perfect yell.

I certainly didn't envy the Captain (who was not half as strong as the visitor) his *tete-a-tete*.

To use a popular Nova Scotian idiom, I certainly thought he was "gone up."

Shortly after, the door flew open, and out came the Captain with more haste than dignity.

Not stopping to answer my enquiring look, he hastened into the General's room.

About five minutes passed when I heard the General's voice. Sergeant, Sergeant.

I went in, the General was laughing, but the Captain was looking awfully vexed.

Sergeant, said the General, the gentleman in the ante-room is a lunatic, see him out of the House and grounds as quickly and as quietly as possible and, Sergeant, *don't use any violence*.

I saluted and left, under the painful conviction that I was "in for it."

I would much rather I had been ordered to attend the "Adjutant's *Levee*," than this unpleasant task.

One part of my instructions I certainly meant to strictly adhere to by not *attempting* to "use any violence."

The man could have swallowed me, beside possessing the additional advantage of being a lunatic.

What chance should I have had in an encounter?

I had never wrestled with anything

in my life except my *ration beef*, and that has been a long, weary tussle of some years, standing with the odds always in favor of the *beef*. However, I opened the door, and was agreeably surprised to find him sitting quietly at my table, addressing my invitations as rapidly as he could write.

When he was gone, I found one addressed to Queen Dido, of Carthage, with the usual announcement that on Friday the Lt.-Governor would be "at Home." Another was for Mr. German Reed, I suppose it was with an eye to harmony that he invited the whole of the Christy Minstrels.

When he saw me, he rose, and very quietly asked when that "young fellow," was coming back.

I said I thought the Governor was not disposed to see him that day, but—

Alright, he exclaimed, I see it all very clearly. They mean mischief. I think I'll trust you.

You seem a decent fellow, would you like to earn £20,000. I gave him to understand that if there was one thing more than another, that could give me pleasure, it would be to earn the trifle he mentioned.

Well then, join me in frustrating the designs of a base tyrannical government.

I intimated my willingness to join him in any undertaking having such a laudable object.

Very good then. Now listen. I have discovered the 8th wonder of the world. Guess it.

If it is perpetual motion, said I, you are late, for John Fougies of the 60th has been before you. He shrugged his shoulders in contempt, at the idea of such a pitiful discovery, as Perpetual Motion. Guess again, but there you'll never guess it.

My friend, I have discovered, here he dropped his voice, I have discovered a tortoiseshell *tom* cat.

The serious air, and imperturbable gravity of his features, was too much for my risible powers, I laughed outright.

Don't you believe me? he shouted,

grasping my arm, I tell you, man, its a fact. I have discovered *the* wonder, of the world, and how am I repaid? I offered it to England for a Billion and a half. I was told to negotiate with the prime minister, I did so, and made arrangements for bringing the precious Tom to the palace, when a friend informed me that I was to be handed over to the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and that Perfidious Gladstone meant to make my cat the stepping stone to a Dukedom for himself. I escaped to Southampton, and offered the cat to the Lady Mayoress for a million.

She offered me half, and a ticket for a corporation dinner, I was about to accept when I saw the channel fleet coming up. I knew they were sent to intercept me, I had just time to jump aboard the Jersey mail and here I am, I must get him away, and you can help me. I want to pull over to France to night, give me your assistance and the £20,000 are yours. I thought the best way to get him out, would be to ask to see the cat. Very well, you shall, and we left the house arm in arm. When we reached the gate, I rapidly disengaged my arm and closed the gate, telling the Sentry at the same time to keep him out. I than hurried back to the house and told the General, who laughingly replied that he would not object to earn £20,000—so cheaply. I left about 12, my usual hour of going up to the Fort to dinner. I was passing along Beresford Street when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder. I turned and beheld my madman. This time I thought I was "gone up."

He held a large ham in his left hand and over his shoulder hung several yards of sausages. He seemed to have forgotten my uncivil treatment for he cordially invited me to a sausage, or a bit of the ham. Then something seemed to strike him. He flung the sausages over my shoulder (I had my best tunic on) and forcing the greasy ham into my hands he rushed over into a cake shop—and purchased a

large wedding cake, about a cubic foot of which, he broke off for me. Of course by this time the usual crowd of youngsters had assembled.

I was getting vexed as my situation was anything but pleasant. My readers all know, how unsoldierly it is considered for a Soldier to be seen in the streets with any article of food, or an umbrella. My confusion was complete when I noticed, Colonel P. and Lieut. G. coming along. I devoutly wished the pavement would open, and swallow me up for a time. I flung down the ham—sausages—and cake, and bolted up a narrow lane, with the lunatic at my heels.

I dodged about, but 't was no use, I couldn't shake him off. I am going to dine, I said, so we must part. Oh dear! No necessity, I'll dine with you, *where* do you dine.

Sergeant's Mess, at the Fort.

The very thing. You can make me honorary member. I saw this was no use, so at last hit upon the idea of handing him over to the police.

"Now a stranger walking through St. Helier's for the first time might be struck with the novelty of not seeing a policeman, and might fancy there was no police, or that they were like their brethren of London—"never to be found when wanted."

The stranger would be in error, for there are *three* policeman in St. Helier's. And so far from *not* being found. They are *always* to be found when wanted or *not*, and by this very simple arrangement, they never leave the station, but sit outside smoking and drinking all day long.

It is no use *going* for a policeman in St. Helier's if you catch a thief. You must take him to the station yourself, then—if you can convince them that *you* are not the delinquent, you *may* get your thief locked up. But this is a rare occurrence in Jersey, for as a rule Jersey men have a very just regard for the law of *Meum et Tuum*." They know their own, and are famous for *keeping* it.

I see I have been guilty of a very long digression. To resume my story, when we got opposite the station house door, I tried to treat my mad friend as cavalierly as I did at the gate, I gave him a push, but I miscalculated my strength; instead of shoving him in, I fell in myself, knocking over one of the policemen in my fall.

This opened my lunatic's eyes to my amiable intentions and made him take to his heels, leaving me to explain my extraordinary and unprovoked outrage on a member of the force. I found this no easy matter, in vain I tried to explain to these automatic bobbies about the madman, they determined to detain me till the arrival of the constable.

This functionary is a kind of sheriff and inspector.

I had to wait two hours, and when he did come, I found him as phlegmatic as a Dutch Burgomaster.

It cost me a gallon of cider to convince him I had not wilfully broken the peace.

I left the station, sadly pondering upon the pig headedness of human nature, as evinced in the character of the three idiots whose stupidity had caused me to lose two hours and *my dinner*.

The Stranger.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

Rev. iii. 20. Heb. iii. 15.

Loud howls the tempest,
Madly and shrill;
Down sweeps the storm wind,
Over the hill:
The swollen brook is dashing,
The bent trees are crashing,
The lightning is flashing,
Deadly and chill!
But there is a stranger
Stands at the door,
Wounded and weary,
Lone and foot-sore;
And 'mid the wild mocking
Of tempest's mad rocking,
That stranger is knocking,
Persistently o'er:—
—"Open! open! 'tis I! 'tis I!
I come to warn of danger nigh.
Danger broods on the tempest's wing,
I hear the spirits of evil ring!

Open, or woe will be your lot!"
He waited—BUT THEY OPENED NOT.
Rushed had the tempest
Out from the dell;
Softly the moonlight
Glimmered and fell;
The damp leaves were flitting,
The moonlit drops glittering,
The sleepy birds twittering,
"Rest now, all's well!"
But that lonely stranger
Stands at the door,
Restlessly knocking,
Still o'er and o'er:—
"If 'mid the storm's rushing,
And water-spout's gushing,
And mountain-streams' flushing,
Ye heard not before,
—Surely, surely, ye hear me now!
I wait; the night-rain dews my brow;
Storms are past; but the moonlight's glass
Is heavy with ruin! Beware! beware!
Open; and fly this fated spot!"
He tarried—BUT THEY OPENED NOT.
Full was the noontide,
Sultry with heat,
Pouring its fevers
Down through the street.
Then came an appearing,
An unspoken fearing,
That danger was nearing,
With hurrying feet.
But where is that stranger
Stood at the door,
Wearily knocking,
For hours before?
Ah! now they are flinging
The portal, and bringing
Their wail, loudly ringing;
But He waits no more!
—"Opened! opened! but he's not there!"
Peals the shriek of mad despair.
"The danger comes; we thought he'd wait
We've opened the door too late, too late!"
Ruin has burst upon the spot,
They open—BUT HE WAITETH NOT.

Arrivals.

H. M. S. "Bullfinch," and H. M. S. "Eclipse" are now in port, but will leave again while these pages are passing through the press. We are glad to see old friends and new. A friend (G. Ward) from the "Eclipse" has brought a pretty gift to decorate the mantel shelf in our Reading-room, in the shape of two models representing "The Weeping," and the "Laughing Philosophers."

Don't Croak!

A great deal of harm is done by croaking; even kind-hearted croaking is by no means innocuous. We were recently about to cross the Bay of Fundy, and several "sympathizing friends," on the Annapolis side of the water prefaced our journey for us with the kind enquiry:

"Are you a good sailor?"

"O! no," we replied "most distressingly the contrary."

"Ah!" said our friend, with a doleful shake of the head, "then you will be in for it before you reach St. John."

"What!" we exclaimed, in startled dismay, "can that short trip result in any discomfort?"

"Oh, yes!" was the reply, "Why I've heard people say that the Bay of Fundy is as bad as the Atlantic?"

"Worse!" added another descendant of Eliphaz the Temanite, o. of one of Job's other comforters.

This theme was varied by solo, duet, and chorus by our affectionate condolers who interspersed sundry excruciating reminiscences of their own, until long before we set foot on board the "Empress," we felt agonizing qualms, and knew that the Editorial dignity was "going, going"—a very few rolls of the boat completed the humiliation, and it was "gone!" so that we were far beyond making or challenging grand rounds; indeed, with the selfish despair incident to the malady, we quite ceased, for the time being, to care whether "Grand Rounds" should be ever read by another individual; critics might cut it into mince-meat, subscribers might fail to send in their cash, nay a whole army of sooty goblins might have clamored for "more copy,"—all, all would have been of equal importance. In fact we didn't feel any very lively interest even in the fate of the Editor herself, not feeling quite sure who the Editor might really be. Only through it all, the name of the boat sounding in far off murmurs in our ears brought some indistinct memory

of "Empress versus Queen" to our loyal heart, and we felt a faithful spasm of devotion to our country and to "our gracious Sovereign Lady," Queen Victoria, by whatever other title it may please her to be known by her subjects.

Now we are firmly persuaded that if we had not been so *over-comforted* beforehand, our voyage would have been more successfully accomplished; we were pitied into misery; just as a child when it falls on the floor, waits a moment undecided whether to cry or not, but being surrounded by a host of anxious attendants with long faces and suggestive questions, at length concludes that it must surely be severely damaged, and proceeds to regale the ears of the company with a suitable roar.

So, dear readers, however dark the cloud of the future may appear, do not shake down the storm by forebodings, but hope for the best for yourselves and for others and

Don't Croak!

The Queen.

BY THE EDITOR.

Her Majesty's Birthday was celebrated as usual on the twenty-fourth of May by a Royal salute from the Citadel, and by a Review on the Common. The military presented a fine appearance and did much credit to their country. The flag-staff at the Citadel was gaily decorated with abundance of loyal bunting, and several flags adorned the city. At our "Home," we flourished our small stock of "Union Jacks" in heartfelt honor of the day, and one of our soldiers, with true soldier-loyalty expressed regret that we could not mount the Royal Standard, adding after a few moment's thoughtful pause, that he wished Her Majesty's own presence could honor our establishment.

Truly, British hearts have reason to thank God for a Sovereign who, when

she became a Queen, did not forget that the brightest of her crown-jewels was the royalty of her pure womanhood, and whose whole life has proved that she values the honor of her sex as that priceless "divine right" which goes beyond even the glory of her crown and sword.

May God grant that for many years we may be able to pray with "loyal hearts and true:"

"GOD BLESS OUR QUEEN."

A Live Prayer-Meeting.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

During our recent short visit to St. John, N. B., we were invited to attend the usual prayer-meeting held in the "class-room" of the Young Men's Christian Association in that city. We went, feeling ill and dispirited, more like Elijah under the juniper-tree, "wishing in himself that he might die," than like Elijah on Mount Carmel doing valiant battle at grand odds for his Master. We had been wounded in the house of our friends, disappointed of the Christian sympathy which we had fully expected to receive from one who bore, with us, the common family name of God's children, and when we took our seat in the meeting, we felt crushed well-nigh to tears.

The first hymn and prayer stirred us to new life. Then the glorious fifth chapter of Romans was read, and followed by prayers and singing in quick succession. Warm hearts were evidently there, hearts full of love to Jesus, and minds taught of the Spirit. And when the stranger was asked, as a sister in Christ, to say something, we could but speak out a word of the comfort "wherewith we ourselves were comforted of God."

"Sound words," both to saint and sinner followed from several regular attendants at these meetings, and we retired, feeling rested with that peculiar rest which the weary and lonely feel when they have unexpectedly met for

an hour some whom they rejoice to claim as "near of kin." We had heard the language of Canaan spoken that evening, not with the provincialisms of party bigotry, or latitudinarian laxity, but with the pure "court-accent," which could only have been learned in personal communion with the King.

May God still bless the gatherings in that room at St. John, and may His people there be on future occasions a blessing to many another "stranger within their gates."

And Yet There Is Room.

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN.

The Rev. Gelson Gregson was about to leave England, to return to his mission-work in India. A crowd of loving friends, both rich and poor, filled his chapel on the Sunday evening when their honored pastor was to preach his farewell sermon. Having been detained at a Ragged School, I arrived late at the front door of the chapel, and found the lobby packed with an eager throng striving in vain to obtain an entrance. "There is no room," was whispered from one to another, and I tried a side door; it was the same—"There is no room;" and I was obliged to forego the pleasure of hearing my valued friend's last words of Christian exhortation to his people.

It is often so in earthly assemblies. Some noble pastor, or inspired teacher is pouring forth the treasures of a well stored mind, and the sympathies of a loving heart, but you vainly strive to get within reach of that thrilling voice.

"There is no room," meets you at every attempt to reach the goal of your wishes, and disappoints your hopes.

Try another gathering, a better, a happier one than any on earth can ever be. Try to find your way into the "general assembly and the church of first born which are written in heaven, and to God, the judge of all, and

to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Try that assembly, and no one will repulse you by telling you that there is no room for you. Many have already joined that radiant company; but the heavenly Father loves a full house, and Jesus Christ His dear Son, says: "Yet there is room!"

A poor boy, homeless and friendless, roaming about the streets of London, could find no rest; if he ventured wearily to sit down on a door-step, the stern voice of a policeman, was heard, bidding him "move on." When, at night, he lay down under some dismal archway, then, again, the inexorable guardian of the public peace hunted him out of his poor retreat, until at last, the poor heart-broken wanderer piteously exclaimed:

"Nobody wants me, no room for me anywhere.

But Jesus never sends away the tired soul who seeks His door of mercy. His own words are: "Behold I set before thee an open door!" and yet there is room!"

There, with Jesus are not to be heard farewell words of earthly parting but a glad loving welcome into a joyful assembly that will never disperse. He has a home and a welcome for all who are weary and heavy laden. There, in the Father's house is "enough and to spare" for the soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Are you lonely, friendless? Do you feel like the poor boy—"Nobody wants me?"

Think again, and be comforted—Jesus wants you. He wants you so much that He even gave His life that you might have a place in His happy home. He is waiting for you now. Countless hosts, "a multitude which no man can number" have already washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." But still the heart and home of Jesus are not yet filled. He offers you "forgiveness of sins," and opening wide the

door of the mansioned dwelling, He says again:

"Yet there is room!"

Elvira.

The volume bearing this title, and the speedy appearance of which is advertized on our cover, is a narrative illustrating the spiritual struggles of noble hearts in Spain during the few years preceeding the martyrdom of General Prim. Those of our readers who may purchase the book will not only obtain for themselves a book containing much information on Spanish life and history, but will also aid the Author in the mission work in which she is immediately engaged in Nova Scotia. In order the better to introduce our coming volume, we here subjoin the prologue with which it will open.

A STORY OF THE NEW AWAKENING IN THE LAND OF THE CID.

BY MRS. HUNT-MORGAN.

Prologue:

SPAIN! Beautiful land of myrtle groves, and orange-blossoms; of date-palms, and cypress! Strange mingling of East and West, Roman and Phœnician, Goth and Moor! Tomb of noble martyrs, and opened sepulchre of resurrection-life, how can we but linger lovingly over the tales of ancient chivalry, or watch, with breathless interest, thy impassioned struggles for national and spiritual freedom! May God grant that the convulsive upheavings which now rend thy heart, be but the life-throes which shall fling thee on safety, so shalt thou not be again engulfed in the dark abyss of tyranny and superstition, but clinging to the Rock Christ Jesus, shalt pant thy weariness to rest on the bosom of the eternal Father.

The noble-souled apostle of the Gentiles spoke of his "journey into Spain," as of a thing looked forward to with the loving longing of a missionary's day-dream for Jesus. Fifteen hundred years

later, a mighty army of Spain's noblest sons adopted the words of him who had remembered them in his writings, and doubtless in his prayers: "I am ready to be offered!" and Madrid, Toledo, Seville, and Valladolid blazed with the costly burnt offerings of brave lives laid down for Christ.

Then the martyr fires went out, and left the land in darkness; for "the righteous perished, and no man laid it to heart"

But within the last fifty years, Spain has drawn first the struggling sobs of returning life, and then, springing erect, has stretched out her hand for the word of God. Her priests threw off their robes and crosses to fold around their souls only the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness; to trust, not in the cross, but in Him who hung there. Slowly they and others groped their way to the light, but at last they found it. Matamoros was imprisoned, and Serra died for Jesus and for Spain. Vasquez has made his mission-tours; and now amid all her political confusion, we know that Spain holds the truth in her midst, and "there's life in the old land yet!" May God bless struggling Spain and cause His work to triumph within her borders!

The following story illustrates the later days of the New Awakening; it is written out of a full heart, in the hope that those who read will feel incited to pray and toil for Spain.

Dorsetshire Clodhoppers and their Dialect.

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN.

The renderings of "the Queen's English" given by the respective inhabitants of the different counties in that "right little, tight little island" where her British majesty has her headquarters, are many and varied—so varied from the royal original as to afford considerable amusement to the stranger who for the first time listens to the peculiarities of the local idioms and

pronunciations. The dialect spoken by the lower class of the London population is well known, being specially distinguished by the dropping of h'all the h'aitches which h'ought to be h'on, and by the putting of them h'on w'enh'ever the un'appy letter h'ought to be h'omitted.

From the mincing, nimini-pimini brogue of the cockneys, it is a long step to the broad, racy speech of the honest Dorsetshire peasants, the twists and turns of whose pronunciation are almost beyond alphabetical power to express. The weary harvester, at the close of his day's work, will observe that, "I da'low 'tis just about hot to-day, and thick cloud'll bring thunder avore long; but I'll make haste whome and zee if the beacon an' beens be ready for zupper."

The same respectable person, speaking of his spade, hoe, or any other inanimate article, will refer to it as "*he*," using the word "*her*" as the objective case, or in concluding a sentence. Thus:

"Thease here speade be just about a good 'un; he doan't look zif I'd a used her two year; now do her?"

Indeed, so generally is the masculine pronoun used, as to have given rise to the saying:

"The Dorsetshire clodhoppers call everything *he* except a tom-cat, and of that they admiringly remark, 'Beant *she* a purty creatur'?"

The letter *s* is invariably changed into the hard sound of *z*, and the county town of Dorchester is spoken of as "Dodchester." The letter *r* is a great favorite, being appended to every word which will, by any possibility, admit of such an affix. So the young lady rejoicing in the gentle name of Emma will be referred to as "Our Emmer;" Amelia-Anna, becomes disguised as "Milyer-Anner;" while the sovereign dear to the warm hearts of the men of Dorset is loyally remembered in toast and cheer as "Good Queen Victorier."

In an old poem written in the Dorsetshire dialect, the author, boasting of a certain magnificent yew-tree in his

native village, describes old King George's admiration of the same in the elegant lines :

" He said, an' I'll tell ee the word that he said :
 'I'll be bound if you will search my dominions all
 You woun't vind the veller to thiek there wold
 yew.'"

Hard-working, frugal, and faithful to his master, the Dorsetshire laborer possesses, under a rough exterior, a large amount of feudal reverence for those whom he has long served ; and beneath a somewhat stolid manner, which many strangers have mistaken for stupidity, he hides a wonderful fund of quiet humor and quick rustic wit.

Being on the sea-coast, this county was more celebrated a few years ago for smuggling exploits than even the " Wiltshire moonrakers " could claim to be ; and one of the " Dorsetshire clothoppers " outwitted a chief officer of the coast guard much to his own delight and the chief officer's mortification. The officer, riding out one day looking for spoils, suddenly turned a sharp corner in the sunny lane along which he was going, when he met a man bearing on his shoulder a good-sized keg of spirits.

" Halloo ! my man, what's this ? " cried the officer.

The man looked doubtful for a moment, then said with an appearance of relief :

" Oh ! please, zur, be you chief officer ? "

" That's it, my man, " was the reply.

" Well, then, zur, the lieutenant gied me this yer keg as he vound this mornin', an' zaid I were to bring 'im to 'ee directly. I be just about glad I've a met 'ee, for 'tis a terrible hot day, an' the keg's awful heavy to carry."

And he made out as if he were about to relinquish the burden.

" Bless the man, I can't take it ! " exclaimed the horrified officer, looking quite indignant.

" Oh ! do 'ee take 'im, zur ; you be a hossback, and you can carry 'im better than me. I be so tired."

" Well, here's a shilling for you,"

said the officer ; " and now just go and leave the keg at my house."

They parted, and during the day the officer learned that he had given a smuggler a shilling to carry off to its hiding place the keg of contraband spirits.

Our Bible Class.

ANSWER TO QUESTIONS IN MAY NO.

I. CALEB, who " followed fully " the Lord, Num. xiii. 6. xiv. 24. OTHNIEL who judged Israel, and into whose hand God delivered Chushan-rishathaim king of Mesopotamia. DAVID, the king, founder of the royal house. ISAAH is generally supposed to belong to the same tribe. DANIEL, JOSEPH and MARY. JESUS CHRIST the Son of God was, in His human form, of the tribe of Judah.

II. Their immutability. See Eath. i. 19. Daniel vi. 8, 12, 15.

III. The mediation of Jesus alone. See 1 John ii. 1. 1 Tim. ii. 5. Heb. viii. 6. ix. 15. John xiv. 6.

IV. No. The command is clear. 1 Tim. ii. 9. 1 Peter iii. 3.

V. Joel iii. 10. Is. xxxv. 3. 2 Cor. xii. 9. Is. xl. 28-31. xxvii. 5.

VI. In the house of AHAB, was found *Obadiah*, who " feared the Lord greatly ; " 1 Kings xviii. 1-4. In NEBUCHAD-NEZZARS household was *Daniel* the prophet. In the family of persecuting HEROD the Tetrarch was *Manaen* ; and in " CÆSAR'S household, " were " saints ; " see Phil. iv. 22.

VII. HEZEKIAH spread before the Lord the letter sent him by *Rabshakeh*, general of the Assyrian king.

VIII. Is. xi. 10. xl. 1, 6. xlix. 6, 22. lx. 3, 5. Mal. i. 11. Is. ix. 1, 2.

IX. Gilgal was the first camping ground of the Israelites after their passing the river Jordan into the Land of their promised possession. There was the general circumcision of the children of Israel. There was held one of Samuel's regular " Courts of assize."

X. For Ex. xxii. 29. Ecc. x. 28. Acts xxiii. 5. Jude 8.

Questions for June.

I. Name some noted persons of the Tribe of Asher.

II. Mention some instances of special prayer specially answered.

III. What meeting of persons by Rachel's sepulchre was foretold by Samuel the prophet?

IV. Where is eating bread mentioned as a sign or bond of amity between the individuals so partaking?

V. What people were given God's blessing in approval of their dutiful conduct towards their father.

VI. What passages of Scripture commend and command industry?

VII. Where are men encouraged to pray?

VIII. Is there any merit in our good works?

IX. What people are spoken of in the Bible as being "superstitious"?

X. Have those who call themselves Christ's servants any right to live a life of ease and comfort for themselves only?

Questions for June.

2nd. Battery, 7th Brigade Royal Artillery.

Bombardier Smith sends us news of his safe arrival at Barbadoes with many other of our friends. He says: After leaving Halifax, we had some rough weather, lost two of our boats, carried away our fore topsail, and split the yard. Our starboard bulwarks were stove in, but not seriously. The next news was, the scarlet fever was on board; that gave us eight days' quarantine at Bermuda and time to repair. We had fine weather after leaving for Jamaica, I did not like the look of that place at all, a nasty, dull-looking place; we stayed there three days to coal, and left for Colon, which is a very unhealthy-looking place. We saw a large number of sharks close to the ship, and tried to catch them, but no use! They were too old in the

head for us. We went ashore at Colon to the railway station. The inhabitants were quite surprised to see us. We saw some Spanish soldiers; they were the dirtiest-looking soldiers I ever saw, ten times worse than the militia. We saw the monument of Columbus there, and some Mexican cut-throats; they are governed by a republic, there is not much law of any kind. We stayed there three days. After leaving, we had a head-wind, and had to lower all our yards until we got within a day's sail of Barbadoes. We got in on Sunday evening late, went ashore on Monday morning. All the men seem to like Barbadoes; it is quite healthy, but rather hot after being frozen; but I am not grumbling. All the friends unite with me in sending love to all old friends."

We have also received pleasant tidings from an old "Seagull" friend who has now left that vessel and entered the coast guard. We will leave him to speak for himself:

COAST GUARD STATION, PORT PATRICK,
Near Stranner, Scotland,
March 20th. 1876.

My Dear Friend,—

You will think I have forgotten you and your kind and welcome letter which my wife received after they had sent me around to Scotland. My dear friend, I think I told you something of my joining the Coast Guards. I spent seven weeks of my leave in England at home; and then they sent me to the coast-guard ship at Greenock, and from Greenock they sent me to this place, they put us, both me and my wife right away from all earthly friends, but I find it has been appointed by God, for although in a strange country, we find that our blessed Saviour is just as free with His blessing here, as any other place. He has blessed us abundantly, and His promises are sure. I was on board of the "Aurora" at Greenock several days. I found several be-

lievers there. I introduced the new 'Sailor's and Soldier's Home' at Halifax to them all, and left one of your little books 'Cutlass and Bayonet' with them. They seemed to be pleased to know that they had such friends. I was very glad to hear you were doing so well at the Home, and that the Lord is blessing your work, and that you are still able to wait on the Lord, to supply the wants of the Home. How sweet it is to be able to feel sure that a work that we are engaged in is a work of the Lord's, and that He approves of it by sending His blessing to it. Dear friend, you say you wish that I could just look in, I cannot say that I have any wish to leave Port Patrick just now, but I must say that I should like to peep in amongst you this evening, and spend the evening with you. We found things very strange when first we came here. There are only two acknowledged places of worship, and that is two Scotch kirks, one of which is free, and the other established, and they only open them once a week for worship, and that is from twelve till two on the Sabbath, and they seem to be very dull; but thanks be to God that he does not confine His sweet Spirit to the kirk, or any other place, but He is with His people always, even to the end of the world. 'Neither will He ever leave or forsake us, and we find him a very present help in time of trouble.' It is joy indeed for us to have the Saviour always with us, leading us into still waters. My dear friend, I don't know whether you paid a visit to Scotland, or not; but if so, not to Port Patrick; if you had, you would say it was a very pretty place. It is a small fishing village seven miles from Stranaer; it is a place where there has been a lot of traffic from Ireland, but the traffic has been stopped for a number of years, and there is nothing but fishing carried on here now. We have a pretty quiet berth. There are five of us here, all told, four boatmen, and a Chief Boatman in Charge. Our duty is very

light, and we have not many to trouble us. The people seem very kind, and we have one Christian lady that is doing a good work here; she has a meeting on Sabbath evenings for the people, as there is then no place of worship open. She reads Moody's sermons and Spurgeon's; and we have a cottage meeting at our house on Tuesday evenings; me and my little wife do what we can. We have our rooms pretty full.

"Methinks I should like to drop in on you some evening, and see how you are getting along, and how that dear old cat is; and I don't know that I am any way hungry, but I could relish a cup of your coffee, and one of Mial's buns. Kindly remember me to Mial's and to all our friends, and we do not forget you in our prayers, and will you kindly remember the Coast Guard and his wife, and the people of Port Patrick when you pray. Mr. Bunoy was on board of the "Cambridge" last time I heard from him. Please excuse all blunders.

"We remain, dear Sister

Yours in our Saviour,

ALFRED AND EMILY LIGHTFOOT."

Bermuda.

An old acquaintance, F. Kitchen, has unexpectedly turned up at Bermuda, who heard me lecture at Portsmouth four years ago. He has forwarded me, through another friend, Barnes, of H. M. S. "Zephyr," the donation left in his care for the Home by the seamen of the "Swallow," and which is duly acknowledged in our "Financial Report." I have mislaid the letter, but hope to hear again from him of the progress of temperance in Bermuda, and shall then be able to give our readers information on that subject which will doubtless interest them.

"The darkest day,
Wait till to-morrow, will have passed
away."

French Lessons.

COMPILED BY THE EDITOR.

LESSON XI.

Vocabulary.

A pie,	Un pâté.
A pudding,	Un poudding.
Very,	Très.
Warm,	Chaud.
Cold,	Froid.
Large,	Grand.
Three,	Trois.
Four,	Quatre.
Five,	Cinq.
Six,	Six.
Seven,	Sept.
Eight,	Huit.
Nine,	Neuf.
Ten,	Dix.
Enter,	Entrer (Infinitive Form.)

How much? }
 How many? } *Combien de?*
 How? *Comment?*

EXERCISE 11.

1. How many pies has your little brother? 2. He has ten pies, but my mother has made six pancakes for me. 3. Are you afraid of my father's dog? 4. I am not afraid of the dog, but my sister is afraid of your horse. 5. The poor child is hungry. 6. My mother has made a dress for your sister; and she has given me an apple. 7. I am not sleepy, but I am too warm. 8. The king has given ten crowns to the poor man. 9. The queen has put her crown on the table. 10. Where is the carpenter's house? 11. Your cheese is not very good. 12. I have given a large pie to your brother.

LESSON XII.

VOCABULARY.

I was,	J' étais,
Thou wast,	Tu étais.
He was,	Il était,
We were,	Nous étions.
You were,	Vous étiez.
They were,	Ils or Elles étaient.

Why?	Pourquoi?
Because,	Parceque.
To cook.	Cuire.
Cooked,	Cuit; <i>fem., cuite.</i>

The feminine form of an adjective must be used when the noun to which it refers is feminine.

EXERCISE 12.

1. I was in your house. 2. Why were you in my house? 3. Why have you cooked my potatoes? 4. Because they were on the table in my kitchen. 5. How much meat have you cooked? 6. I have not cooked much. 7. My mother has not seen your room. 8. The meat and potatoes are too (much) cooked. 9. We were with your sister in your mother's kitchen. 10. My father was in the house. 11. How have you made your book? 12. Can you enter the room?

LESSON XIII.

VOCABULARY.

I had,	J'avais.
Thou hadst,	Tu avais.
He had,	Il avait.
We had,	Nous avions.
You had,	Vous aviez.
They had,	Ils avaient.
To-day,	Aujourd'hui.
Yesterday,	Hier.
I think,	Je crois.
That,	Que.
Yes,	Oui.
No,	Non.
Not yet,	Pas encore.

EXERCISE 13.

1. Had you two rabbits yesterday? 2. I had two rabbits, five dogs, and nine cats. 3. Can you make a pie? 4. Will you eat my cheese and (my) butter? 5. I think so. (I think that yes). 6. How much butter have you? 7. Not much. 8. Why had you torn my sister's dress. 10. Have you seen my mother's house? 11. Not yet. 12. How have you eaten ten pies? 13. I was very hungry. 14. Had they spoken to your father. 15. No; but he had spoken to your brother.

Financial Report

of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, 36
Brunswick Street, Halifax, N. S., from
April 20th to May 20.

BY THE EDITOR.

Donations in money.

Mrs. Ritchie.....	\$5 00
"Swallows' Nest.....	3 38
Mr. Archer, 1st 60 Royal Rifles..	4 86
Poplar Grove Temperance Society	4 50
Miss Robbins ..	2 00
Mrs Morgan's Lecture at Wolfville	7 00
Collection after Mrs. Morgan's Sermon at Lawrencetown.....	3 50
Change refused by Sailors.....	0 82
Mrs. Morgan's Lecture at Bridge- town.....	1 85
Total.....	\$32 91

Other gifts.

Mrs. Foster, Books and Papers.
Miss F. Pryor, Books and Spittoon.
Mrs. Newcomb of Lawrencetown, 12
pairs knitted Socks, to be sold for the
"Home."
Miss Miriam Hayes of Hammonds
Plains, A Rug, Bar of Soap, Pair Vase-
mats, 2 Towels.

Expenses of the Home.

Coals	\$ 3 70
Attendance.....	4 00
Papers.....	0 70
Stationery.....	3 20
Sundries.....	1 53
Travelling expenses.....	31 25
Gas.....	16 30
	\$60 68

Our papers continue as before for
the Reading-room, with the addition of
The Scottish American, and *The
Weekly Witness*, sent by Mr. Scott
Hutton.

Ill-health compelled us to return
from our Lecture-tour for a short rest,
but we hope, if the Lord give us
strength, to start again in a few weeks.

During the week of our absence, we
were much encouraged by the kindness
and interest of our country friends, as

well as pained by the coldness and in-
sensitivity of some from whom we ex-
pected a welcome for our Lord's sake.
But in all this we are but sharing our
Master's lot on earth, which we are
glad to do if thereby we may point a
single soul to His own way of salvation
and to His home in heaven.

In our former Reports we omitted to
mention a Box of Books and Tracts
sent to the Home last summer by Miss
Cramp, of Wolfville. We have well
used her kind present, although it was
overlooked in the acknowledgements.

We have also to thank the same
lady for the very useful gift of a nice
satchel which we received to-day (May
25) through Mrs. Selden, and which
will be especially valuable when we
take our missionary and lecturing
journeys.

Spirited Behaviour of a Drummer.

"An English drummer, having wan-
dered from his camp, and getting too
near the French lines, was seized and
brought before the French Commander,
on suspicion of being a spy disguised
in a drummer's uniform. On being
asked who he was by the General, he
answered, 'a drummer in the English
service.' This not gaining credit, a
drum was sent for, and he was desired
to beat a couple of marches, which ac-
cordingly he did, and removed the
Frenchman's suspicion. However he
desired the drummer to beat a retreat.
"A retreat, Sir," replied the Briton,
"I know not what it is, nor is it known
in the English service." This answer
so pleased the French Officer, that he
dismissed the drummer, and wrote to
his General, commending his spirited
behaviour."

He who has a thousand friends,
Has not a friend to spare ;
And he who has one enemy
Shall meet him everywhere.

Ali Ben Abu Talch.

Nearly Ready.

MRS. HUNT-MORGAN'S NEW STORY:

ELVIRA, THE SPANISH NUN: a Tale of the New Awakening in the Land of the Cid.

Published by Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London. Price \$1.50. For Nova Scotia and the Dominion, orders received by the Editor of "Grand Rounds," or any of the booksellers whose names appear on the cover of our Magazine.

"Elvira" has already appeared in serial form in the London and New York papers.

WANTED,

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! for the purchase of the very suitable property now used for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, and for the enlargement of the building. Friends sending donations will please intimate whether they wish their gift to be funded for this object, or to be used for the current expenses of the establishment. Gifts of furniture, blankets, tablecloths, and household utensils of all kinds are much needed. Address MRS. HUNT-MORGAN, SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME, 36 BRUNSWICK ST. HALIFAX, N. S.

Means are also required for the establishment of a "Sailors' Rest," for Merchant Seamen, and for the purchase of a Bethel Ship. Donations to be sent to Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

All communications for the Editor must be sent in by the 15th of the month, to ensure their being acknowledged in the next No. of the Magazine. The Editor specially begs that her correspondents WILL NOT write "poetry," if their thoughts can by any possibility be expressed in prose.

Each subscriber may very materially assist the circulation of "Grand Rounds," and consequently aid our work, by commending the Magazine to friends, and by directing general attention to the notices on the cover.

Mrs. Morgan is at home to visitors every Monday, between the hours of 2 and 6 P. M., when she will be happy to give information concerning the Lord's work in her hands, to any of His people whose love to the Master may prompt their interest in the matter.

Mrs. Hunt-Morgan will be happy to address Drawing-room meetings in the private residences of any friends to her work, who might be disposed thus to afford their more intimate circle of acquaintances an opportunity of hearing the details of the undertaking in which she is engaged; at such assemblies, Mrs. Morgan would be willing, after giving a general account of her mission, to reply to such questions concerning it as the interest felt by the guests might suggest to them.