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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

AUG.,

1871.

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Come, oh, Come, my Brother.  
Lady Moon.  
More like Jesus.  
Mother, Watch the Little Feet.  
No Crown without the Cross.  
Now I Lay me down to Sleep.  
Out in the Cold.  
Song of the Winter Winds.  
Supplication.  
The Bridge.  
The German Fatherland.  
The New Best Name  
The Passing Bell.  
The Patter of the Rain.  
The Wandering Refugee.  
The Whip-Poor-Will's Song.  
Welcome, Sweet Spring.  
Who can Tell?



**MISS MACPHERSON.**

See page 83

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1871.

## A FEW NOTES ON EMERSON AND THE PANTHEISTS.

BY HENRY HEMMING.

Sympathy for one's kind is a precious jewel, and we have in Emerson one who affords us utterances of sympathy which, seen from an intellectual point of view, are certainly higher than the work of most modern writers of fiction, and yet, if we shall attempt to resolve them into a system, entirely unsatisfactory. Exaltation of Nature in all her changeful aspects—this is good, indeed, so far as it goes, because Emerson would eschew, if he knew how, all forms of perverted feeling in the world's social life, and does not seek to preserve and perpetuate them under the general head of Nature, as some others seem to have loved to do. This man endeavors to illustrate the life of the nations and of the ages. He ranges with a glad freedom over his own domain of excellence in ideal, being yet all the while too tolerant of that restless and imperious mentality which he sees around him, consuming unceasingly the brain and substance of the American people. We have to be grateful to any thinker, be he journalist or recluse, who, devoting his life to observation, makes the knowledge he thus attains available for the guidance of his fellow men. A benevolent impulse alone could promote such a course; least of all could it be improvised for the sake of gain. If such men ever seem to be triflers, they are, in their specialty, learned triflers. Timidity in action commonly makes ignorance its excuse, and it is something to lessen the

domain of ignorance, even where our teachings are not in themselves practical. The thinker's solitude has its fruits, though that solitude may be audibly lamented by himself for the violence that it does to his social instincts.

The British metropolis has a philosophy of its own, which, to do it justice, it has the wisdom to be constantly modifying. Its mental activity resounds with other chords, and we have been invited to look upon it of late by its literary expounders as a sort of mirror of human existence, and the poor over-burdened soul of it has certainly been vividly brought before us in the sensational tales of the day; for, as Carlyle says, "Novelists must be teachers, in some sort." It should be our business to see that they teach rightly; and, indeed, when we come to think of it, it is a somewhat excellent trait, this literary interest that a great people are taking in the too divided classes of which their social fabric is made up—individualizing them, as love will always do; and an influx of good feeling, such as this, may be but the stepping-stone to higher social attainments in the future, directed also from a higher source. Let us feel for the poor London of to-day, striving so hard to be practical in its dealings with the Augean Stable of misery that has come down to it as an inheritance from a miserable century. Something has been done in clothing; something in feeding and finding work, and in bringing the laborer

to the places where work may be found; something in making people temperate, and in extending the word of life to perishing souls; and it must be admitted, notwithstanding much valuable discussion, and some grand institutions of benevolence, very little, indeed, in view of the terrible magnitude of the requirement, in housing and cleansing the poor in their lodgings and districts. A noble army of social martyrs, supported by the generous impulses of the public, are there battling with a host of evils; but they can scarcely be said to have more than begun to see their way to laying a true foundation in the surrounding influences by which the people are begirt, in substitution for disease and wretchedness born of courts, alleys, lodging-houses—so called—dust heaps, and worse; while the applications of heating and ventilation are not further advanced than scavenging and capillary drainage; over large sections of the town. Here then is a sad picture of wrong ideas persisted in in the past, by a kindly people; to the point of visible and actual destruction; and yet the well-being of the masses is, and must remain, according to the venerable maxim, the highest human law. New and better homes are all that Canada has to offer to these unfortunates; the work of gradually evolving order out of such a chaos rests entirely on other shoulders.

But to return to Emerson and his connexion with this apparent digression. Our Platonist will hardly recognize such developments as these as Nature. These manifestations of life in old-world intensity, in his view, will be mainly departures from the original simplicity, leading up to no Oolden age of Peace, bringing no rest or comfort to the man of thought, even for the moment that is passing. With New York intensity, if he would look at it, we think he could be but little better pleased. Emersonian nature, always benevolent, is primarily an ideal conception of a great future for the world; secondarily, as much of actual life as seems in any degree to embody that conception. Emersonians do not seek to dilate upon the corruptions of the world in the gratification of reforming instincts. They would rather describe the

transcendent beauties of cis-Atlantic forests in autumn—beauties that reposed in the heart of the late president-painter of England, although he never beheld them. They seek to lift us to higher ideals. They love the dilettantism of the drawing-room, the arcana of government and of science. Avoiding persecution for conscience sake, their watchwords will be Progress and Intelligence—the watchwords, we fear, of Communistic Paris also, proving to demonstration that something more is required. In texture they are as refined as they are republican. They avoid the heavy work of the world. Railways and inland steamers do not trouble them any more than the vagaries of steam-boilers on shore. Down the embankment, rolling like a ball, into fire and blood and shrieks of perishing women; or the burst boiler on the Mississippi; or the burning decks of the floating palace, scattering the poor wretches into the stream—on planks if they can get them; if not, into watery graves. What a burden upon the soul of a people! Such things must not be named to them. They do not inform us why the “Cambria” should have sunk at once when the waves had dashed the ship upon the rocks, nor the causes of the collision itself. One gifted with professional knowledge told us lately in Canada that her sides were like a piece of crockery, to the opprobrium of an armor-plated age! These men have not even so far assisted this young Dominion in protecting our Cable telegrams from untruthful colorings—a most serious matter politically, and in view of the peace and good neighborhood of nations. Nor have they helped to keep the sensational literature of New York out of the hands of our young people, root as it is of offence and ruin. Sympathetically but not actively beneficent, our Emerson can, nevertheless, rejoice in all development and in every new form of social success,—has a heart for the advancement of brotherhood, that can see the folly of war, and that enshrines its own hall of time-honored worthies—whose affections can expand over the wide extent of humanity, even more readily than in a humbler selection of persons—whose theory is hardly permitted to recognize even the existence of evil. So rose-tinted a philo-

sophy we might feel to be more suited to our requirements, probably, if man were living in the exalted repose of mere contemplation, and for this world and a refined pleasure only; but must we not ask if it would not be better to be faithful in the unrighteous mammon, that the true riches may also be committed to our trust? and ask further if it be not necessary that the citizen should be taught to raise his eyes, and to lift his thoughts, to a controlling heaven—a God of Power and Love and Truth—to a mediatorial economy suited to his condition and his hopes; and, if he have no active duties resulting from the solemn relation? Our mentor will here reply, "Oh, yes; we have a God, and he dwells in the archives of non-Christian communities—worm-eaten and untruthful—contradicting one another, and, by the concurrent judgment of civilized men, deluding the human soul." The Deity of Emerson—a strange God—thus puts all religious inventions boasting the seal of age, on one equality, and will call upon us out of the shadowy waste it has created, to stand awe-stricken before the solemnity of their pretensions, and to bend the knee in the worship of their contradictions. Was refinement ever before so capped with the stolidity of folly? What consistency, we urge, in asking men to raise themselves into angels in order that they may be degraded to the condition of apes? Korans, and Shasters, and Vedas, and every untruth that from time immemorial has clouded the human heart and mind, in the face of their proclaimed insufficiency even for the uses of this present world, if only sanctified by the frost of time, are here put on a simple plane with that Divine Revelation which has stood the onslaught of all criticism, which has established its authenticity through the rolling ages, and which lives by the actual experience of men of its fitness for humanity, furnishing as it has, and does, a moral system which sophistry cannot shake, and the true social bearings of which become clearer every day, as faith enlarges her domain. Jesus our Saviour is to be lowered to the level of the philosophers and of the *magi*, because the conception that the plan of the Christian religion could have originated simultaneously

in a number of merely human minds, and that its most solemn sanctions are things of indifference to our future welfare, has been found easy to the fancy of an Emerson. We are to bow ourselves before a whole army of mediators in succession; but we must before all things reject the uncompromising claims of Him who was manifested as the Divine impersonation of our actual requirements—the sacred embodiment of our living desires. This writer is wise, having so much error to maintain, to avoid all argument so strictly as he does upon the groundwork and static of essential truth.

Our space will not allow us even to attempt to point out the many beauties of Emerson's careful, and at the same time poetical analysis of the visible and social as a New England philosopher will behold them. There is a calmness and elegance of diction in his essays that is very pleasing. His measured cadences are peculiar to himself. Those essays have brought him a deserved fame in common things, and in a kind of abstract weighing and measuring of human qualifications, with the lively and unique word-pictures of an habitual student. He seeks in them to land us without Christianity, upon a strand clear of the hopes and fears of a transitory state; but he falls into mere mysticism when he seeks to transcend the level of the mundane. The absurdity of his errors greatly diminishes any danger to be apprehended from them. Those errors have originated in a determination to make all things under heaven bend to a preconceived and pantheistic theory, all the time exercising, as he thinks, a most righteous and unbiassed judgment upon the constitution of the world. Where the Christian would allow his mind to repose by Divine assistance in its moments of relaxation upon the thought of a reconciled Creator, and find unspeakable support and comfort in such a retreat from the falseness of the world, the pantheist can only strive to fill his soul with the idea he has conceived of the animate and inanimate universe, in the persuasion that that collectively is God. With him to labor is to pray, for his God cannot be spoken to. No wonder that he is sad.

This mournful pantheism forms the very root and foundation of Emerson's philosophy. The Germans had imbibed it from the ancient Greeks, and have so transmitted it. It is well sometimes to trace the geography of an idea, but the analysis that might be exercised by the brain and heart of the little-instructed if only honest enquirer, addressed to such a web of lifeless speculation, ought surely to be sufficient to supply the faithful but only possible verdict: "Inanity of the pitifullest, and, if it could be entertained, the most intellectually and morally degrading." We are nevertheless at liberty, as social students, to distinguish all such aberrations from the more analytical and practical studies of a kindly and gifted American gentleman, lacking indeed one thing, and that the principal.

The truth is always nearer to us than we think. It cannot be seriously damaged by the leaven of the scribes. It will be well for Emerson and all of us, to recognize this,—to be still, and fear God. Manifestly useless is it to fight against Him. A step further, and the thoughtful man may become Christian. Would that this gifted writer would be Christian,—that he would cease to deny facts that present themselves to the grasp of his senses in the very actualities of the time and place he is living and writing in. Christianity has created those United States of his, just as it has dignified Britain, and consolidated the Dominion of Canada; and the same mighty growth has, amongst other things, endowed this vivacious writer, as an individual, with the liberty to sit calmly in his chair at Concord, concocting foolish and futile injuries to cast at the great event of the world's history. The results of that event have prevailed and are still prevailing. A primeval and grandly developed system, appreciable by the intelligence of the lowliest, whilst transcending the profoundest conceptions of the greatest and most cultivated minds, elevating the hopes and fitted for the life of humanity, glorifying to the Creator, with a glory we are still in our mortality too poorly endowed to do more than fractional justice to, cannot be frittered away by men who will never condescend to the arena of fair argument—by the

Richters, the Carlyles and the Emersons, nor by any who have merely learned to love the engagements of this present life so well that the desire to shut out all revealed thoughts of the life to come, has become the pervading spirit of their moral, their intellectual and their material being.

Let us glance for a moment at Carlyle. The great writer whose abode is at Chelsea, we would sometimes fain look upon as taking a somewhat higher range in the scale of faith than he whom we have been considering. He has certainly succeeded, by his fearless statements of fact and consequence, in aiding the conceptions of many a thinker. There are grand half-thoughts in the man,—and we would speak of such with all the respect due to them. What, however, as the best test question, does he say about the Bible?—"A noble book! All men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—Man's destiny and God's ways with him here on earth; and all in such free flowing outlines—grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, and in its epic melody and repose of reconciliation."

Now these are beautiful words, though imbued with a very careful degree of vagueness, and if we examine them a little, with all their feeling, they will evidence but the logic of a tyro. Carlyle would seem to have forgotten that this glowing description of his covers the writings of men the scene of whose narrations is carried over the extent of more than four thousand years—the actual lives of the writers extending over the greater portion of that period—all holding the one faith as a living principle, though in gradual development, and demanding the recognition of that faith, rather than of themselves. He may admit that the Bible is a great book; but we say it is far more—it is a great consistency, and that it is something more too than the statement of a problem. We might illustrate this from Carlyle's own literary biography. At the time he was engaged in his noble advocacy, not soon to be forgotten, of the cause of his working brothers, and in which he proved himself to be a truly human-hearted man, he did not content himself with the statement of problems, but always essayed to prove



their construction by the moral or material arguments which had carried conviction to his own mind; therefore, as a logical reasoner, he should see that the claims of Christianity cannot be advocated in any other way. His admirable thoroughness in the one cause is as conspicuous as his cloud-enveloped dreaminess when professedly advocating the other. The Bible bids us reverence God. Carlyle says, "Reverence that which is good, and the force that compels to be good," in apparent disregard of the gentle solicitations of the Heavenly Spirit, who ever invites but does not compel. Of course we cannot do without the Work—the practical, beneficent, every-day work of the world; but the Faith and the Work have profound and mutual harmonies, if we will but see them. One day we shall come to say that they are inseparable, —and why clear-sighted Christians have, to so great an extent, left the statement of the latter to men who can only operate through a vision disturbed by the preconceptions of pagan Greece, is, perhaps, the most difficult literary and social problem of the age. But as there would generally be hope of the world but for its preconceptions, we suppose we may apply the principle even to the advanced usefulness of the Church; only of the Church there is always hope.

Adopting such a general statement of the case, Carlyle would admit that "the men of a country who should be prophets and seers to it," by which he means its writers and speakers—forgetting apparently, how many influences there are in the world to injure their usefulness—cannot become such prophets and seers without being brought into a fuller or less full harmony with the principles contained in that closed record, the Bible; and that this consummation they may certainly best hope to attain to by a diligent study of the record itself. But so far from any willingness on his part to bring in such a valuable stone for the erection of the spiritual temple, what do we find? The foundation stone of his religious structure is a dreadful one, and it is surprising how few of his readers would seem truly to have gauged the dimensions of it.—or if they have done so they avoid the discussion of its real nature.

It is simply that of building up the strength of the soul by the fighting-man's defiance of all eventualities, carried into the field of eternity, and supported by an intense individualism. "An integral portion of the universal order of things, what have I to do with seeking a particular salvation?" is the shocking sentiment he puts, in other words, into the lips of his model man. It would sometimes seem to amount to a plenary defiance of all the powers, consummated by and including the Godhead that created them. And all this Ajax-like assertion is imported upon the strength of each of us being an indestructible portion or limb of his great worshipped entity, the Universe,—including all its good and bad, its moral and material forces. "Myself a part of Deity, how can Deity oppose me?" His baptism is of fire—a sad formula. "Fire-eyed defiance," the armor of his true knight, mild-eyed persistence and the whole armor of God being apparently lost sight of, and that there is no more valuable soldier than the believing one. So also if evil grows out of the inevitable constitution of things, side by side with good, a personal evil spirit becomes an improbability. Past evils are termed "extinct satans," whilst how good and evil can be made to spring out of the one fountain, he does not attempt to explain. We believe it may do good, and not harm, thus to paraphrase this philosophy of Carlyle, for to those in possession of their right senses, no feeling but repulsion could well accompany the statement, and while the right-hearted student cannot fail to admire the rugged grandeur of the man, he will often be ready to weep over his speculative perversions. And yet we must always remember to acknowledge that in his occasional earnest appeals to the existence of a heaven and a hell, and to the need of some shadowy quality that he calls faith, he has contradicted and so far vindicated himself. The Englishman's hell, he says, is the fear of not getting on in the world. We fear this is the hell of more people than Englishmen. In the meantime we have merely to observe that no power of logic will serve to explain such contradictions.

But if, in contrast to all the sea-mist he has raised, eternal truth is centred in the

Bible, in its facts that have to be accepted or denied, and in the voluminous but consistent teachings founded upon those facts, it can hardly be at the same time diffused over the stocks and stones, the arrogance and the decepts that are found in the present world, nor be declared to be an emanation from any of those meritorious qualities which the said stocks and stones, &c., may be supposed in their essence to possess. That which might serve for the building of an outhouse, may be poor, indeed, in requisites for furnishing a mansion, and when his world of heroes could provide such an implement as "The New Commandment," for example, we might allow it to begin to found the structure of the future. Let, then, expansive and diffusive philosophers consider these essential differences, and so learn, betimes, to distinguish the mere wood, hay, and stubble of the mortal life, from the gold, silver, and precious stones that have been graciously conferred upon it by the Almighty Architect. A system such as the Christian one, found to be perfectly adapted to the present existence, could not be the fruit of a delusion as to the future life, according to our view of the general harmony. But what, let us reverently ask, saith the Master? "I am the vine, Ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me and I

in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing. These things I command you, that (in order that) ye love one another." If we are sighing and seeking for a general unity, will not this that follows suffice for us?—"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word, that they all may be one; as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one." The precept and the prayer of the Lord thus manifested as the true foundation of the building.

To conclude,—worldly principles, as well as heavenly ones, were undoubtedly in astonishing force at the time of the English Reformation; but a faithful comparison of the philosophies of the Victorian and of the Elizabethan eras might well make the heart sad in the retrospect, if we did not know that God hath left us a seed, long germinating, and protected from the winter's storms, and which shall certainly in His good time fructify to the salvation of multitudes of mankind. For, truly,

*Lumen et Fons Vitæ Christus. \**

\* "Christ is the light and fountain of life."

## TWO SONNETS.

BY JOHN READE.

### RESIGNATION.

I prayed, "O God, remove this heavy load  
That bows me to the earth—Thou only canst."  
I prayed and waited till I fell entranced,  
And saw a traveller on a dusty road,  
Whose end was a fair city called of God.  
Careworn he seemed and weary of his way  
And burden; and he murmured, "Must I plod,  
O'er-freighted, onward, without rest or stay?"  
And then he dropt his burden as to rest;  
But, burdenless, his feet disdained the ground,  
And, like a feather, he was carried round  
A poiseless prey to every idle blast.  
I shuddered, and, awaking, changed my prayer:  
"O God, my burden give me strength to bear."

"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place."—Proverbs xxvii., 8.

The soul's nest is in God, and, missing Him,  
It misseth food and peace and everything,  
And lonely, restless, cannot even sing—  
The very light of heaven seems strange and dim;  
And yet, like young birds in ambitious whim,  
The soul is prone to wander from its nest—  
To flee the shelter of the warming breast,  
Where lean in glorious trust the seraphim.  
But, as a bird with loving notes recalls  
Her foolish, truant darlings, so doth God  
With love that on the weary spirit falls,  
"Poor wandering soul return; thy true abode  
Is where thy Father dwelleth. Listen, come!  
Abide with Me. I only am thy Home."

## THE CHALLONERS :

## THE LAST LEAVES OF A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND.

*(Continued.)*

## CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Falconer made several discoveries in the first month of her married life. The first of these was rather unusual. Her own coldness and reserve of manner had doubtless had an influence on her lover; she had not considered him a demonstrative man, and had regarded his affection as the same kind of feeling as her own—a calm liking in which the chief ingredient was esteem. Once married, however, she found her mistake, whether to her satisfaction or not she was not sure; but she discovered that, unlike most women, she had waited until after the wedding day to find that her husband was very much in love.

The first result of this was that they did not return to England at the appointed time. In spite of his five and thirty years Mr. Falconer possessed sufficient romance to prefer lengthening his sojourn among the Swiss mountains with only the society of his wife, to returning home among their many friends, and entering on the course of gaiety that would be expected of them. Charlotte did not like it; she had no great predilection for solitude, was no enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, and moreover was not so much in love with her husband as to be willing to dispense with all company but his. She had, as we know, a particular reason for wishing to be in England at this time, but people who have secrets must take the consequences; she could not avow her reason for wishing to return home, and the only time she ventured on a remonstrance against their long stay she was met by her husband with playful chiding that she was not as contented as himself.

A warm afternoon at the end of July, found her seated at the open window of a small room in a small Swiss inn; she was

alone, for Mr. Falconer was gone to inquire for letters, of which they had had none for a far longer time than Charlotte liked. Her eyes were fixed upon the distant summits of the cloud-capped mountains, but she did not see them; her thoughts were in England, at Stormington and Donningdean. She was wishing she could hear from Anne, wishing that she knew what Allan was doing, and especially wishing for some news of Elsie Ford.

Her husband's entrance with a handful of letters seemed to promise her the gratification of her desires. He came behind her, and said with a kiss, "What will you give me for a budget of news? Will you pay this back?" She did not return the kiss, but she held out her hand eagerly for the letters.

There were several; two or three from friends, one from her father and two from Anne. They were covered with post-marks, the Falconers' frequent change of place having made it difficult for them to reach their destination; some of them bore date three weeks before, and, impatient at the delay, Charlotte opened the first from her sister. It was like most of Mrs. Lawrence's letters, containing little but trivial news, and with three crossed pages devoted to the children. Mrs. Falconer glanced impatiently over it for some word on the subject that engrossed her thoughts, and at last, in the last paragraph, she found these words: "I forgot to tell you when I last wrote that Alice Ford has left Stormington. Her health has been failing, and her mother has taken her to some place in Dorsetshire, I forget the name, where she has an aunt. They went a fortnight ago, and Mrs. Ford has returned alone; I am sure of the time, because Martha, my nurse, asked leave to stay at her aunt's and attend to the sickly boy while his mother

was away. Allan is at home, and has no intention of leaving, so you may be quite at rest."

Mrs. Falconer was not at rest. Five weeks! who could tell what might have occurred in five weeks? She could not believe that Allan would marry the girl in the face of his sister's threat; still there had been instances where men had made sacrifices for love instead of demanding them; and she trembled at the idea. She longed to be at home, and yet could not have told what she could have done if there.

Anne's second letter did not comfort her much. Alice had not come back to Stormington; there were bad accounts of her health and her mother had been again to see her. Allan had accepted an invitation from a friend in Scotland to go down for some grouse shooting. "He starts on the 1st," wrote Mrs. Lawrence, "as he wants to be some time away, and yet be back before September. I suppose we shall see you at Charlcote by that time."

Charlotte raised her eyes from her letter and encountered those of her husband fixed upon her. "Any news in your letters?" he enquired. "None in mine."

"None of any moment. Anne asks when we are going home."

"I suppose I ought to be at Charlcote by the first of September," said Mr. Falconer; "and you are anxious, too, to be at home. Well, we will stay in this glorious place a week or ten days longer, and then travel slowly home."

It was a more distant date than Charlotte would have decided on, but she was glad to have it finally arranged at all.

The last days of August witnessed her arrival at Charlcote Hall, her future home; the place where her lot was cast for the remainder of her days. It was with a feeling of triumph that she surveyed the broad lands, the noble park with its stately trees and herds of sleeping and feeding deer, and the old mansion, massive and gloomy even in the sunshine of the summer afternoon. It was a worthy home; and when her husband asked her if she were pleased to be at home, she could answer "Yes" with all her heart.

Charlcote lay eight miles beyond Donningdean, twelve from Stormington. When,

the morning after her arrival, Mrs. Falconer announced her intention of going to see her father and sister, her husband suggested fatigue, and recommended one day at least of rest; but Charlotte laughed at the idea of being tired after all her experience of travelling, and directly after breakfast set off. It might have been thought that she would go first to Donningdean, as it lay direct in her way; but she had her own reasons for desiring an interview with her sister before any one else, and purposely avoiding her old home, she drove at once to the mill.

They had not been expected for another day or two, and Mrs. Lawrence was surprised as well as pleased by her sister's sudden appearance. "How well you look, Charlotte!" was her salutation. "Of course you will stay the day with me. I must hear all about your travels. It seems an age since you went away."

After the first greetings, and after the children had been sent for, approved and dismissed, Charlotte inquired after her father. "How are they at Donningdean? How is papa? and is Allan come home?"

This question had exactly the effect Mrs. Falconer desired, in leading her sister to speak on a subject which Charlotte did not wish to be the first to mention. "No," said Mrs. Lawrence. "Since I last wrote to you I have heard from him, and he told me he was going abroad for a time. I did not think he cared enough about her to feel it so much, he has appeared so indifferent since I have known of it."

"To feel what?" asked Charlotte, not comprehending in the least.

"Have you not had the letter in which I told you of Alice Ford's death?"

"Dead!" Mrs. Falconer could say no more; the suddenness of the news overcame her.

"Yes, poor girl, she is dead," said Anne with compassion in her voice and eyes.

"You need be afraid of her no more."

"Dead!" repeated Charlotte in a low tone. "When, and how?"

"She died about a fortnight ago. They sent for her mother, but she did not arrive in time to see her alive. I do not know what has been the matter with her since she went down to Lipscombe; but the

immediate cause of her death was pleurisy."

"Lipscombe! was that where she was?"

"Yes, her mother has a sister there; I have heard about them from Martha; as you desired it I have asked her a question now and then, and they seemed pleased that I took an interest in the poor girl. It seems she has always been delicate; she was at Lipscombe last year for a time, and came home apparently restored. That was when she worked for you, and as long as she continued at needle-work she was well enough; but they were very poor then, Ford out of work and the boy ill, and for the sake of the higher wages her father made her work in the mill, and this is the result."

Mrs. Falconer was silent; she had never contemplated this ending to her difficulty and was awed, in spite of her hard nature, by the fate of the beautiful girl she had seen so lately in apparent health and strength. "I wonder if they had proper medical advice?" she said at last.

"Yes; all that could be done was done. I offered to defray the expense, for I thought they must be little able to afford it, but Mrs. Ford answered rather haughtily, 'that those her daughter belonged to were quite able to pay for all she wanted.' They cannot be so very poor, or the mother could not have travelled backwards and forwards as she has done."

"I suppose there is no doubt that the girl is dead?"

"Doubt! why what do you suspect, Charlotte? No, there is no more doubt that poor Alice is dead than that you are alive."

Mrs. Falconer said no more. She went the next day to see Mrs. Ford, under the pretext of offering assistance for the sick boy. Even her heart was softened by the mother's grief for her lost child; in the presence of her sorrow all suspicion died away. Charlotte felt real sympathy, and Mrs. Ford saw that it was real, and gave the details of her daughter's illness and death in a very different manner from what she had intended. In any case she would have told them and dwelt on them, especially to Mrs. Falconer, but when she met with feeling and sympathy instead of

the hard curiosity she had expected, her own proud spirit gave way, and she was not ashamed to let all her grief be seen. No, there was no doubt. Elsie Ford was dead.

With the bereaved mother and brother Charlotte had been sorry for them, and shared in some degree their grief; but when she came to reflect on the matter she could not conceal from herself that she thought it more one for congratulation than sorrow as far as she was concerned. She need have no more fear now;—the danger was over. She would not have herself injured Elsie for the world; but as she was dead—there was an end of the matter.

An end of the matter! Did she think so when, just before Christmas, Allan came home? When the wasted figure and haggard face, the languid manner and despondent voice, gave token how much suffering he must in those lonely months have endured? When all efforts to rouse or animate him, or draw him from his melancholy reserve failed utterly,—when every one wondered whether Mr. Challoner had had some severe illness abroad, and why he, who had always been so fond of society, withdrew from it altogether now—when she had to listen and reply to her father's conjectures as to the cause of the change in his only and much-loved son—and when week after week, and month after month went by, and found no alteration in his gloomy manner, and in his lonely and secluded life—did she think there was an end of the matter altogether then?

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## PART SECOND.

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### GROWTH AND PROGRESS.

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#### CHAPTER I.

Five years had elapsed since Mrs. Falconer's marriage; five years in which the stream of Time had flowed quietly on, rippled here and there as all streams are, by an occasional breeze, but undisturbed by storms or angry waves.

Perhaps few people have ever had more cause for happiness than Charlotte Falconer. The wife of a husband devoted to her—the mother of a child who must

have been the pride of any mother's heart,—admired and courted by all her neighbors and friends—mistress of a splendid establishment and deferential household—what cause had she for a shade upon her brow? And yet a shade there was—a shade which month by month grew deeper; not visible to all: she had too long controlled all feeling and emotion to break her settled habit now; but when alone—when she could cast aside the mask of calmness that concealed her heart's reality from the world—the shade upon her face was very plain.

One cause of this was the fixed and settled disunion between Allan and herself. Had Elsie lived: had Charlotte been the cause of the separation of her brother from the girl who loved him and whom he loved: she would not then have been surprised. She would have felt it deeply, for family affection was strong in her, though family pride was stronger; but she would not have been surprised. But when Elsie died: when, through no agency of hers, a separation final and forever was effected, and when time might have healed the wound, she hoped that Allan, whom she had always considered of a kind and gentle nature, would have forgiven the past. She found it otherwise. Of course there could be no open rupture; the two kept their own secret—theirs, for the whole affair had passed long since from the mind of Mrs. Lawrence—and perfect politeness and civility was preserved between them. Charlotte visited at Donningdean, where, as the years went on, and Mr. Challoner became older and more infirm, Allan was more and more considered master. Allan dined at Charlote as frequently as any other guest; no angry word, no allusion even to the past had ever been uttered since that April night by either of them; but every time they were together Charlotte felt more deeply the wide breach there was between them. There are hours which harden and change the gentlest nature; but Charlotte being hard to begin with did not take this into account. She did not pause to consider how likely she would herself have been to forgive, if their positions had been reversed and Allan had acted towards her as she had done to-

wards him. She remembered that though she had certainly threatened him with injury, she had actually inflicted none—or thought she had inflicted none, and she resented his anger as unjust. But though she resented it she grieved over it too.

The two sisters sat together in the pleasant south room at Mrs. Lawrence's where we have seen them before. The window was open, and two pretty boys, one belonging to each, were playing on the lawn, racing up and down its verdant slope, and throwing pebbles from the path into the glassy pond. A June sunshine lay hot upon the flowers, causing them to droop their glowing faces, and the leaves of the shrubs scarcely rustled in the still air.

"Come away from the pond; Percie," said Mrs. Falconer, as she saw her boy approach alarmingly near the edge. "Come away lest you should fall in and be drowned;" but the child's answer was to climb on the stone balustrade that surrounded the pool, and lean forward over the dark water that slept still and treacherous below.

"He is very wilful," said his mother, with a slight shudder, and yet with a kind of triumph in her tone. "I think he has my spirit and his father's too."

"Why do you allow him to disobey you, Charlotte? you will be sorry some day."

"He will outgrow his wilfulness. He is but a little fellow to scold."

"You are unwise, Charlotte. He has a temper which requires control. I am far less firm than you in most things, but I exact obedience from my children. Challie, my boy, come away from the water." The little fellow was emulating his cousin's example and beginning to climb, but at his mother's voice he obeyed with alacrity and came to her side.

"Your children are so easy to manage, Anne. And besides I have only one."

"Challie is a good boy," said Mrs. Lawrence, looking at him fondly as he went back to his play; "but John was as difficult to manage as Percie can possibly be, tractable as he is now. If you allow Percie his own way so much, I am afraid you will spoil him."

It was a great deal for Mrs. Lawrence to

say, and she wondered at her own boldness; but indeed a person of far less observation might have perceived that little Percival was nearly spoiled already. Though only four years old, he had his own way in everything. He was a lovely child, of a very high spirit, a generous temper, and a determined will; the elements of a noble character which only needed training; but such training they seemed destined not to receive. His father was the only one who possessed a proper influence over the boy; mother and nurses ruled by over-indulgence and severity by turns; the child was alternately coaxed into obedience, or threatened into rebellion; and finding that his own will was stronger than that of any one except his father, of him only did he stand in awe. Mrs. Falconer saw his faults and hoped he would outgrow them. Mrs. Lawrence saw them too, and feared that they would deepen day by day.

"Did Mr. Falconer come into town with you?" asked Anne, when the little episode of the pond was over, and Percie had been induced by promises of unheard of rewards to leave his dangerous elevation.

"No. He went to London yesterday; he had at last yielded to my persuasions to consult Dr. G—. I am becoming very anxious about him."

"What is it that you fear?"

"I do not know.. That pain in his side is no better, I am sure, though he never complains. He is so often tired, too, without any cause, and I see that every day he rides less, and uses the carriage more."

"I thought he was so strong, Charlotte."

"So he was when we were married, and so he ought to be still, a man in the prime of life as he is. It is that which frightens me. I see so great a change in him, and know of no sufficient cause.

Anne was silent. She too had observed the change.

"I asked him if he thought change of air would be of use to him, and proposed going abroad; but he did not seem to wish it. He was averse to having advice for a long time. I am thankful to have prevailed in that at last."

The shadow on Mrs. Falconer's face was very plain indeed.

"I hope you will find when he returns, that you have no cause for fear," said Anne in a sympathizing tone.

Charlotte did not answer. She knew better than her sister what cause there was for fear.

"Are you going to dine at Donningdean to-morrow?" asked Mrs. Lawrence anxious to change so painful a subject.

"I do not know. It depends on how Percival is. If he comes home well and in good spirits, we shall, for we promised to go."

"I wish Allan would marry," said Anne. "The place wants a mistress."

"I wish he would indeed; but there seems no prospect of it. Why don't you suggest it to him, Anne? It is very desirable that he should marry."

"I did, the other day. I asked him if he had no intention of ever bringing a mistress to Donningdean; and he said he did not mean ever to marry."

Mrs. Falconer sighed. "It will be a sad thing if he is the last of the name."

"There is time enough," said Anne. "He is only two-and-thirty now. I sometimes wonder whether that foolish fancy of his for Alice Ford could have—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Charlotte impatiently. "Who ever heard of a man's heart breaking; and for a love like that?"

"I am sometimes afraid," said Mrs. Lawrence, "that he will bring home a foreign wife. He seems fonder of the continent every year."

"I wish it were otherwise," sighed Charlotte. "He will not bear a word from me, but he ought not to leave Papa so much."

"And yet it is difficult to blame him," said Anne. "Life at Donningdean must be very dull."

Mrs. Lawrence was right. Life at Donningdean was very dull, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that Allan Challoner declared, as he did, that half the year was as much as he could spend there without being "bored to death." Five years had worked a great change in the young man. He *had been* yielding, amiable, gentle, and sociable to a fault. He *was* reserved, determined, cold, often harsh in manner, and retired. What had caused so sudden

and complete an alteration? Only one person now living knew, and that one kept the secret.

Every year, from October till February, Allan passed abroad. Not the gay tourist season, when friends and gaiety and amusement, and bright skies, might be supposed to make travelling agreeable; but the dreary winter time, when watering-places are deserted, hotels empty, the charm of scenery vanished, and weather pitiless and cold. Yet these melancholy months did Allan select as those of his continental sojourn. "If he liked it," he said, "why should any one object? It would be worse at Donningdean"—which was certainly true. Sometimes he wandered restlessly from place to place, sometimes he fixed his abode for the whole winter in one spot. Two he had passed in Brussels, one in Paris; but he was not, in general, very communicative as to the scene of his rambles, or how he spent his time.

They were not a very happy family, certainly—each with their own cares and troubles, their own anxieties and annoyances. And so it must always be—even when those cares are best concealed from the world—even when we see the most smiling faces and hear the gayest laughter—we may rest assured that did we only look deep enough—could we only draw aside the veil—often how thin a one!—we should find unshed tears below.

So in this case. Mrs. Falconer, with apparently everything that earth could give to make her happy, was a prey to secret care. Her brother's alienation and her husband's failing health were two causes for grief—all the more deeply felt because they must be so carefully hidden from the world. Anxiety on her child's account too was added, as, month by month, his disposition grew more and more untamable; and the dread would sometimes force itself upon her mind, "If deprived of his father's care, what would become of him?"

And was it only the loss of his early love, she wondered, that had wrought so great a change in Allan? Could it be that a girl, however beautiful and amiable, so far beneath him in station and intellectual acquirements, and for whom he had entertained but a few months' passion, had pos-

sessed so firm a grasp of his affections that her death, sad and sudden as it was, could have banished all the gaiety and light of his life, and transformed the light-hearted youth into the stern, grave man? Often did Mrs. Falconer wonder whether she had known the whole of the story of Elsie Ford; and sometimes she questioned whether she had acted well. Would it not have been better that Allan should have had any wife rather than none?—would it not have been better that there should be an heir to Donningdean, even though born of a plebeian mother, rather than that its present possessor should be the last of the old race? But she put aside such thoughts. Allan was young still—would most likely marry. If not, it was too late now to regret the past. Elsie Ford was dead.

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## CHAPTER II.

Mr. Falconer did not return that day; the next afternoon he appeared at Charl-cote in time to settle a fierce dispute between Percie and his nurse—merely a piece of childish resistance to some nursery regulation; but the boy's passion was terrible to see in one so young. His mother's persuasions and threats were alike powerless to soothe or control him; it was strange that, firm and decided as Charlotte usually was, she had less command and influence than any one else over her own child. Percie yielded at once to his father, obeyed orders, and submitted with apparent resignation to the punishment imposed for his bad behavior. Charlotte was thankful that the scene was over. "He is so submissive to you," she said to her husband. "I cannot think how it is he has so little respect for me. I could never control him alone." Mr. Falconer sighed. "It would be better if you had the control rather than I," he said. She asked, why? but he made no answer.

She thought him very grave but made no remark, until as evening approached it became necessary for her to ascertain whether he intended to dine at Donningdean. "You know," she said, "we accepted the invitation but if you would rather not go—"



"Why should you think I would rather not go?"

"You do not seem in good spirits; that is all."

"Come here, Charlotte; sit beside me. I have something to tell you. God knows I wish it were otherwise; but it must be told."

She looked at him inquiringly, but did not speak.

"Can you bear ill news bravely, my wife?"

"I will try. Oh, do not keep me in suspense!"

Still he hesitated. "You do not love me much, do you, Charlotte?"

"O Percival! what can you mean?"

"Not so much, I mean, as you might have loved? It will not be an everlasting grief to you to part with me?"

"Percival! O my God!" she exclaimed, as she read his meaning in his voice and eyes. "You told me they said you would soon be well!"

"I shall, in one sense, dearest. I shall suffer but little more in this world."

She forced back the agonized cry that rose to her lips; but she could not command the blood which rushed with a suffocating swiftness to her heart, leaving her of an ashen pallor.

"It is no new idea to me," said her husband, drawing her towards him. "I have suspected something of the kind for a long time, though I did not know how far the mischief had gone. You must bear up, my wife; you make me a coward again."

She could not answer. She leaned against his shoulder, while thick, heavy sobs shook her frame. For once her composure had utterly given way.

"The certainty was hard to bear at first," he said, soothing her (her, the haughty cold Charlotte!) as he might have done a wayward child, with kisses and caresses. "I could not come home without some preparation for this hour; without having gathered some strength and calmness, or you would have known this yesterday. Forgive me, dear wife, for thus grieving you—for that and all my other sins."

"Oh, it is too hard, too cruel! O Percival! I cannot give you up!"

"Hush! you may grieve, dear; I would

not have it otherwise; but you must not rebel. Whatever is sent us it is our duty to bear, and to bear without repining. Let us be thankful we have some time still together."

"She looked up. "And how—how long—" she began, but the white and trembling lips refused to utter more.

"We have a year before us, dearest, more or less. Let us be all we can to one another for that time."

She clung to him with a passionate vehemence he had never seen in her before.

"Ah! Charlotte!" said he fondly, "why have you waited so long to tell me how you love me? Waited till I know not whether the knowledge gives me grief or joy?"

But it was not only her love for him, though now, with the sentence of death upon him, she felt how far dearer he was to her than she had ever thought before; with her affection, and the grief for the doom upon him in the full strength of his manhood there mingled a passion of remorse for the past wasted years. Gone beyond recall! the five years of her wedded life, through which she might have been a loving, tender, affectionate wife to him, who had had no thought but for her, and whom she had repaid with duty certainly, but with coldness and unwifely reserve. Oh, to recall those years! to live them over again, and how differently! or to blot out the recollection of what they had been! Alas! how many have sent up the same bitter wail; and like her who now uttered it, in vain. No wonder Charlotte Falconer, in proportion to whose haughtiness was now her self abasement, shrank and trembled at this her first real grief. No wonder that, forgetful of pride in her passion, she sobbed and wailed aloud in her agony of despair.

"Charlotte, do not grieve me thus. Do you not know that I should avoid all agitation. I would stay with you, dear one, as long as I may."

The words calmed her as if by magic. She checked her sobs, and began at once that dedication of herself to his comfort and happiness that was to last for the remainder of his life. By no act or word of hers should he suffer for a moment;

negligent as she had hitherto been, she would in future be all he could desire; happy, if by this late atonement she could render him so; and lessen by so much the unavailing remorse she felt would be her lot when he was gone.

It was a strange life, that on which they entered. To resume the everyday occupations, see the same familiar faces, go out among the old friends and acquaintances, join in the conversation and even to some extent in the amusements of the world, and yet know yourself under sentence of death as surely as the prisoner in the dock condemned by the judge. It is the common lot, it is true. In one sense this bright and beautiful world is a condemned cell to all of us, and we, its occupants, know not at what moment we may be led from it to execution; but in that we do not know the moment lies the secret of our forgetfulness, of our thoughtless peace of mind. Could we be certain of the time when they would cease, who among us could take pleasure even in our dearest joys? But there is a merciful veil between us and the future, and let us be thankful for the infinite wisdom and goodness which has hidden from us the "evil to come."

Charlotte kept her vow. The most exacting lover could have asked no more unwearied devotion than hers to her husband; careful of his every want, tender to every fancy or whim, compliant to his lightest wish; even, at his request, consenting to go sometimes into that world she had formerly loved so well, and now loathed so bitterly, but from which, while his strength lasted, it was not his wish entirely to withdraw. Perhaps this was the hardest struggle of all; none knew what it cost her to veil her feelings, and appear abroad with a manner which bore no evidence of the pain below; yet even this she did for his sake. But she took her revenge in secret. At those rare intervals when she could be alone and unobserved, she gave way to bursts of anguish, all the more terrible because hitherto unknown. Her husband had told her she must not rebel. Vain teaching! Her whole soul rose up in proud and bitter rebellion against her fate. Why should she be singled out for such affliction? she who had already much to

bear? Her grief taught her no softness, no patience, no resignation; she bore it outwardly with stern fortitude, but within her heart was a seething caldron of rebellious passion. The very tenderness lavished on her husband found its counterweight in the increased pride and coldness towards all others; in her rejection of all sympathy; in her denial, to the last, that there was any need for grief.

But the time came, all too soon, when denial was vain. The summer passed, and none but a very observant eye would have seen much change in Mr. Falconer; but autumn brought the expected summons. He went out less and less, and it became known that he was ill. Christmas came; there were no guests at Charlote, and its master never drove beyond the park and village; February—the garden was his utmost limit; April—and he could not leave his room.

It was on a soft evening towards the end of that month that he dared to tell Charlotte how near he believed the end to be, and to speak of the arrangements necessary to be made. They sat together by the window of the dressing-room, which overlooked the garden, now bright with early flowers; the casement open, to admit the soft air and the fresh scent of the rain-washed earth. It was very still and peaceful, and quiet as the scene was the face of the invalid; calm also to all appearance was Charlotte, as she listened in silence to all he said, her hand in his, and her head leaning against his breast.

"There is one thing, dear, that I must ask your consent to," he said. "Would you object to my making Allan guardian to our boy?"

"Not if you think it best," she replied.

"I think that, next to me, Allan has most influence over him for good. He will need careful training. On his account I could have wished to live a little longer, but all is for the best, I know."

Charlotte stifled the jealous pang at her heart. Even her child was to go into the care of another, and that other one who had so little love for her. It was very hard, but she was true to her vow.

"I can have no wish but that you should do what you think right."

“ I knew you would agree with me, my own dear wife. And you need not mind it. It is but transferring to Allan some of my rights. Do not fear that it will touch any of yours.”

Charlotte did not even sigh; she had grown accustomed to her sorrow, and felt as though earth could give her no more to bear. Her one thought was to shield his last days from care or annoyance; she did not think she cared what might happen in after years.

*(To be continued.)*

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## A SKETCH OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY REV. A. HARVEY, ST. JOHNS.

When the Prince of Wales paid us a visit, in 1860, we received him with all due honors, and on his departure, presented him with a noble specimen of the dog for which the Island is so noted, having first named the animal “Cabot.” Doubtless this was done out of respect to the memory of Sebastian Cabot, the great seaman who discovered Newfoundland, though it must be admitted the compliment was rather equivocal. Not a single cape, bay, creek, headland or mountain here is named after Cabot—a man whose fame is second only to that of Columbus, and who in 1497 first lifted the veil that shrouded this land from the gaze of the civilized world, just five years after the great Genoese navigator had landed at San Salvador. We have only followed the example of England in our ingratitude towards Sebastian Cabot. No monument to his memory adorns England’s Pantheon—Westminster Abbey—and no one knows where rests the dust of the bold navigator who first braved the stormy billows of the North Atlantic in search of new lands, and first secured for Britain, by right of discovery, that hold upon the New World from which such mighty results have flowed. Newfoundland was the first American land on which the Anglo-Saxon planted his foot, and was also the spot where England tried her first experiment in colonization. Sebastian Cabot, carrying letters patent from Henry VII., sighted the shores of the Island in June 1497, and pushing onward, he discovered the coast of Labrador; then turning south he made the coast of Nova Scotia, and sailed along the Atlantic shore of the continent as far south as Florida. He thus anticipated Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci in the discovery of Continental America; for it was not till eighteen months later that the great Columbus landed at Veragua, without, however, being aware that he then touched the shores of a new continent for the first time. And yet, in the whole of the New World, there is not a single spot that bears the name of Cabot, or reminds us, by its designation, of the glory of his achievement. He got little in life but hard knocks and rude buffetings, like most of earth’s great ones who labor while others enter into their labors. It is on record that the avaricious Henry VII. rewarded him for his great discovery with the magnanimous present of £10. To be sure Milton got only half that amount for writing “Paradise Lost,” and “Don Quixote” was written in a prison. And what a mockery of earthly fame is implied in the fact that when, nearly four centuries

later, a scion of the Royal House of England, who, in all probability, will yet occupy the throne on which Henry sat, visits these shores, the people present him with a Newfoundland dog having the name of "Cabot" engraved on his collar! The names of Pompey and Cæsar, before which once "the world grew pale," are now borne by the poor, grinning, thoughtless "nigger;" and should the dust of Alexander "stop a hole to keep the wind away," according to Shakespeare's supposition, it is scarcely a more levelling fact than the dog "Cabot" trotting at the heels of the heir-apparent to the throne of England.

#### ENGLAND'S MOST ANCIENT COLONY.

England hardly condescended to notice Newfoundland for nearly a century after its discovery. At length, however, finding that the Portuguese, French and others were drawing wealth from its splendid fisheries, she bethought herself of claiming the sovereignty of the Island, in virtue of Cabot's discovery, with the view of colonizing the country and sharing in its sea-treasures. Accordingly, in 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, and the most learned and pious of Elizabeth's great admirals, was sent out with four small vessels, and a motley following of sailors, masons, carpenters, yeomen, &c. In August of that year he landed at St John's and took possession of the country in the Queen's name. The expedition was ill planned, and a series of disasters followed. The "Plantation" did not take root; and in returning home the gallant Devonshire knight, the pioneer of Anglo-Saxon colonization in the New World, perished in a storm off the Azores. As he stood on the deck of his little craft, the "Squirrel," of ten tons burthen, calmly looking death in the face, those on board the consort ship heard him say, "Cheer up, boys; we are as near heaven by sea as by land." So died, piously and heroically, one of the best of England's stout sea-captains. Near Torbay, in Devonshire, the ruins of his castle are still seen, and the little fishing village of Torbay, north of St. John's, was so named after his beautiful English home.

#### LORDS BACON AND BALTIMORE.

About twenty years afterwards, the great Bacon headed a company of adventurers, who renewed the attempt to colonize Newfoundland, under a patent held by Mr. Guy, an enterprising Bristol merchant. No very satisfactory results followed this attempt. In 1615, Captain Richard Whitbourne, of Exmouth in Devonshire, was sent to Newfoundland by the Admiralty, to establish order and correct abuses which had sprung up among the fishermen. On his return home, in 1622, he wrote a "Discourse and Discovery of Newfoundland," which quaint production of the brave old sea-captain has been lately reprinted by Sampson, Low & Co., of London, and is a valuable fragment of Newfoundland history. In 1623, Sir George Calvert, a Roman Catholic gentleman of high character and superior abilities, from Yorkshire, better known afterwards as Lord Baltimore, founder of the City of Baltimore, in Maryland, planted a colony at Ferryland, forty miles north of Cape Race. Here he built a suitable residence, in which he resided for many years. The whole southern peninsula of the island was granted to him by royal charter. This immense tract of land, of which he obtained the lordship, he named Avalon, after the ancient name of Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, where Christianity was said to have been first preached in Britain. The continual inroads of the French drove him away from Newfoundland to Maryland, where he obtained a grant from Charles I., and where the principal city has handed down his name to posterity.

#### ARRIVAL OF CELTS.

Soon after the departure of Lord Baltimore, Falkland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sent out a number of emigrants from that country, to increase the scanty population of Newfoundland; and in 1654, Sir David Kirk, with the sanction of Parliament, introduced another body of settlers. This may be regarded as the first introduction of the Celtic element into the population of the island, which in more recent times was swelled to considerable dimensions by emigrants from Ireland, so as at length almost to equal the Saxon portion of the inhabitants.

## ENGLAND A HARSH STEPMOTHER.

At this time about 350 families had settled in Newfoundland, and were distributed in fifteen small settlements. There is no apparent reason why the colonization of the country, thus promisingly begun, should not have advanced as rapidly and prosperously as that of the neighboring Provinces. In her inexhaustible fisheries Newfoundland possessed a resource which more than counterbalanced the comparative barrenness of her soil. But about this time was initiated a vicious and stupid policy, on the part of Britain's rulers, which effectually checked the progress of the colony, and which was persevered in for a century and a half. The fisheries were carried on by merchants and ship-owners of the west of England, who, wishing to retain a monopoly of these sea-harvests, steadily opposed the settlement of the country, and conducted their operations by sending out their servants and agents at the opening of each fishing season, with strict orders to re-embark, at the close, with all that had been employed, and return with the proceeds of their voyage to England. These merchants had sufficient influence with the British Government to induce them to enact laws in favor of this narrow, selfish policy, more especially as it accorded with their own views in making these fisheries a nursery of seamen for the Royal Navy. Accordingly it became the fixed policy of Britain to prevent further settlement in Newfoundland. For this purpose it was ordered that the owners of vessels should not carry in their ships any other persons than those actually employed in the fishery; and the masters of such vessels were required to give each a bond of one hundred pounds to bring back such persons as they took out, when the fishing season was over. Settlement within six miles of the shore was prohibited. The erection of a house, or the enclosure of ground, except for fishery purposes, was made a penal offence. The existence of a resident population was entirely ignored; no governor was appointed; no laws for the protection of life and property were enacted. The country was to be reserved as a place for drying fish in summer, and was to be

abandoned in winter, as a dreary wilderness. If any erections other than temporary huts for fishermen were discovered, they were ordered to be burned or torn down. But, strange to say, in the teeth of all these tyrannical and unjust laws, the resident population continued to increase, partly by natural increase, and partly by settlers from other countries making the island their home, in spite of all legal prohibitions. To no other colony of England was such hard measure dealt out. To unhappy Newfoundland, Britain proved a harsh stepmother. The people were too few and too poor to exercise "the sacred right of rebellion," and so their wrongs remained unredressed. It is only a little over sixty years since this stupid, suicidal policy ended finally, and the restriction on the erection of houses and the enclosure of land was fully removed. Only forty-five years have elapsed since the first roads were laid down around the capital. Talk about the wrongs of Ireland, or the tyranny that drove the New England States into rebellion!—what were these compared with the wrongs inflicted on Newfoundland? This wretched policy, on the part of the mother-country, sufficiently accounts for the fact, that with all its great natural resources, the country is still little more than a fishing station, the interior being unexplored, the fertile plains of the west without a settler, its mineral treasures almost untouched, and the people, as a whole, very poor, and almost completely dependent on the precarious fisheries. The evil consequences of these unjust and oppressive laws are felt in many ways at the present day.

## TROUBLES FROM THE FRENCH.

The presence and continual encroachments of the French constituted another retarding element for many years. Gradually the French extended their rule over Nova Scotia (Acadia), Cape Breton and Canada; and as Newfoundland was the key to their Transatlantic possessions, and commanded the narrow entrance to the most considerable of them, it became a paramount consideration with France to establish herself in Newfoundland, and to control its valuable fisheries. In 1635, the

French obtained permission from the English to dry fish in Newfoundland, on payment of a duty of five per cent. on the produce; and in 1660, they founded a colony in Placentia, and erected there strong fortifications. When war broke out between the rival nations, on the accession of William III. to the throne, the island became the scene of several skirmishes, naval battles and sieges. St. John's fell before a French attack in 1696, and the whole of the settlements, with the exception of Carbonear, shared the same fate. The Treaty of Ryswick restored all these conquests to England, leaving France in possession of her settlements on the south-west coast. During the wars which followed, in the reign of Queen Anne, St. John's again fell into the hands of the French, and for some years they had entire possession of the island. The Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, ended hostilities, and gave the sovereignty of the entire country to Great Britain, but unfortunately secured to France the right of catching and drying fish on the extent of coast from Cape Bonavista to Cape Riche, on the western side. The consequences have been disastrous to Newfoundland—practically excluding the inhabitants from the half of the island most favorable for agricultural pursuits, and thus driving them to the precarious returns of the fisheries as the sole source of their subsistence.

#### DAWN OF BETTER DAYS.

That under all these disadvantages the colony should have made some progress, argues well for the energies of the people.

Indeed since the repeal of the obnoxious laws, the advance of the people in material prosperity has been most satisfactory. One abuse after another was removed. A Governor, courts of justice, magistrates and a legislature were conceded by the Imperial authorities, after many struggles; the people learned to know and claim their rights; and, after a long-drawn battle, the old obstructions were got rid of.

“The mills of God grind slowly,  
But they grind exceeding small.”

The handful of selfish monopolists who so long held in their grasp an island larger than Ireland, and used it as a rock on which fishermen might spread their nets and dry their fish, while its minerals, timber and fertile lands were untouched, have been utterly suppressed. The right of self-government has been conceded to the people, and from that great results will flow ultimately. The inhabitants are at length awaking to the fact that splendid natural resources are all around them, which, if duly turned to account, will secure prosperity and progress. With the extension of steam-communication with the old world and the new, the opening of a railroad across the island which will become one of the great highways between East and West, the progress of mining and the planting of agricultural settlements in the fine western valleys, the more scientific prosecution of her splendid fisheries, and the improved education of her people, a noble era of progress and prosperity will dawn upon this long down-trodden and despised colony.

## MISS MACPHERSON.

BY CLARA M. S. LOWE.

It is impossible for any who have not witnessed the struggles for an honest livelihood in the East of London, to imagine the feelings with which one well-acquainted with that "stunning tide of human care and crime," attempts to trace the various steps by which the Lord has led His beloved servant, Miss Macpherson, in the special work laid on her heart. "God setteth the solitary in families." Many solitary, almost infant wanderers have been brought hither and set in families—homes of comfort, such as I need not describe, in this favored land. It is true, indeed, that the numbers rescued already are few compared to the thousands still in need; but faith looks forward to the increase of the work. He will regard the prayer of the destitute. "He will not despise their prayer. Their Redeemer is strong, the Lord of Hosts is His name. He will thoroughly plead their cause." Before the year 1866, Miss Macpherson labored in many ways for the spiritual welfare of the agricultural population and the coprolite diggers in Cambridgeshire, and had been greatly honored in her work among them. The Lord now laid it on her heart to leave scenes endeared by many associations of past blessings, and to encounter the trials and seek the blessings of Christian work in the East of London. Her first efforts were for young men gathered on Sunday and week-evening classes at the Bedford Institute, a noble building erected by the Society of Friends for the help and instruction of the poorest in the destitute, sorrowful neighborhood of Spitalfields. On the week-evenings instruction in reading and writing was the inducement held out to attend, and when Miss Macpherson first began the work, the very opening of her Bible or hymn-book would be the signal for hats to be seized and the whole assembly to rush clattering down the

stairs. But the wisdom given to her was from above, and the seed sown week after week amid many trials, bore such fruit that other laborers felt it a privilege to join in the work, and she was enabled to leave that and a Bible class established by her in the same building for adults (both men and women), in the hands of others, while she devoted herself to those still more uncared for. The last-named Bible class was one of remarkable interest. Perhaps such a one has seldom been seen. Many tables were filled, in one hall with men, in another with women, many very aged, all with large print Bibles before them, and each table headed by some earnest teacher, all at the close being gathered together for Miss Macpherson's final address.

The poor little match-box makers, whose very name is synonymous with poverty and distress, were her next care. In this land it seems hardly possible to realize that children of three years old should begin to contribute to the support of the family; but it is most sorrowfully true that from the earliest age their ill-paid labor is so incessant that, except on a Sunday, no attempt at attending school can be made. Miss Macpherson immediately opened evening schools and clothing clubs in various localities; not only reading but the art of mending their tattered garments was a new thing to them, and while making every exertion to raise them from their hitherto almost hopeless state, her heart yearned over the brothers of many. Some were employed as shoeblacks, others not even able to earn as much, and exposed to every temptation. A Tea-Meeting was given to many of these and other lads also, in George Yard Ragged School, a spot where a most devoted servant of the Lord, George Holland, has labored for years. Many homeless ones were found among the guests, and Miss Macpherson

felt it was impossible, permanently, to raise their condition without receiving them into a home, where they could be taught and trained to regular work. The Lord gave the desire, and quickly were the means of fulfilling it provided. A house was found at Hackney, where thirty boys could be at once received. In a few weeks, on looking at these bright, intelligent young faces, it was difficult to believe in the dark surroundings of their earliest years. So great was the encouragement in caring for them—spiritually as well as physically—Miss Macpherson could not rest without enlarging the work, and a dilapidated dwelling at the back of Shoreditch Church was fitted up to receive thirty more boys. A refuge for girls had been opened the previous year, and one for very little ones was now opened in the upper part of a mission house, where another branch of Miss Macpherson's work was carried on—Mothers' Meetings, and Widows' Sewing-Class, chiefly watched over by her sister, Mrs. Merry, one like-minded with herself. In all these separate refuges the space was very limited, and a large hall was needed for the match-box makers' evening and Sunday-School, as well as for the poor widows and other branches of the continually-increasing work. The building needed was provided. The Lord had gone before. Along the great thoroughfare leading from the docks to Shoreditch, lofty warehouses had been erected, to the great sorrow of some who longed to see the vacant space occupied by model dwelling-houses for the poor. How little could any then imagine the varied use to which one of these warehouses was to be applied, and the spiritual blessing which was to flow from it. In 1866 the fearful visitation of cholera in the east of London rendered a temporary hospital necessary, and one of these lofty buildings was fitted up for that purpose under the direction of Sisters of Mercy. Water and gas were laid on to each of the five spacious floors, and every arrangement made for cooking and cleanliness. In November that year, the desolating scourge was wholly withdrawn, and the building was closed, many predicting that none would ever dare to enter it again; but when a twelve-month had passed, Mr. Hol-

land suggested how suitable it would be for a refuge, and a little company entered the silent and deserted building and joined in supplication that where death had been seen in all its terrors, there souls might be born to God, and that the voice of praise and prayer might be heard within those walls, which had once resounded with the groans of the dying. Then the doors were locked, and for twelve months more remained the same. But prayer went up continually, and before the close of 1868, the hearts of many were moved to give, some of their abundance—some of their poverty. The high rent of £300 was secured, and the Lord further answered the prayers of His servants in strengthening His beloved handmaid, Miss Macpherson, with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, to give themselves to the enormous work connected with the undertaking. It appeared great from the beginning; but little could any one imagine how it would go on spreading and increasing. It is difficult, or it may be impossible, to name any form of distress, or any class, which has not been relieved and blessed there. Not an hour of the day, nor even far on into the night, when the voice of praise and prayer is not heard in some part of the building. Even in the vaults beneath the pavement has a little sanctuary been made. Under the very stones before trodden by them as homeless wanderers, have some joined in asking the Lord's blessing on those who have rescued them. It is computed that 120,000 of our poorest population are crowded into the square mile, in the midst of which the refuge, now called "Home of Industry," is situated. But the doors are not shut against wanderers from more distant parts, and the mission work without is not limited, but a helping hand given to any according to the need and the means supplied. On entering the refuge, the first sight is generally that of some wan faces and thin forms in threadbare garments, widowed or deserted mothers bringing their fatherless boys, and patiently waiting while each case is being inquired into. Sometimes a father, out of work, may be seen begging that his motherless little one may be sheltered, and a child bringing another, little younger but more helpless than itself. No form of election



or seeking for subscribers' votes is needed here. Faith looks upward to the God of the widow and the fatherless, and experiences, "Thou Lord hast not forsaken them that seek Thee."

Descending from the entrance hall to the basement floor, we find a busy, cheerful scene. There some of the lads are chopping wood, others are with leather aprons learning to make the boots they hope to wear some day in Canada. One who in much suffering earnestly plodded on in Christian love, teaching his trade to the young shoemakers, was taken to his rest in Jesus just as the first party of young emigrants sailed, leaving his three boys to Miss Macpherson's loving care. Before the end of the year the dying father's prayer was answered; all are now adopted in happy Canadian homes. In another part are to be seen a party of young tailors doing their best, under direction, to make garments fit for the voyage and the new country to which they are all hopefully looking forward. On the floor above, the little match-box makers may be seen at work, and may be heard often enlivening their toil with some sweet song of praise. To see them here is a bright contrast to the work in their own homes, where the one little close room in which the whole family are crowded day and night is covered with the materials for the boxes. On this floor may be seen once a week a gathering of poor mothers from among God's ancient people. All who can be induced to come are provided with work, and the Bible is read and the name of Jesus lifted up before them. On another day a large gathering takes place. Numbers of these unhappy women who have already within the walls of a prison-house tasted the bitterness of sin, are here told of the Fountain open for all sin and all uncleanness, and efforts are made to prevent their returning to their former associates. On the spacious floor above, undivided by any partition, hundreds are gathered at once, busy with their needles and listening to the Word of Life. Sometimes strangers on entering are overcome by their feelings when they are told that all present are widows, and that some walk miles for the privilege of earning twopence an hour over needlework. Some are con-

tinually engaged making the outfits for Canada; others are gathered in twice in the week, and among them many may be found, though sorrowful, rejoicing that poverty brought them under this roof to earn the twopence an hour, and that while doing so they received that blessing which cannot be bought, without money and without price. Often a Christian friend will come in and provide a cup of tea before they separate, and then one gathering after another will take place—two evenings in the week the match-box makers' evening school; on others, the boys are earnest over their books and slates; and in winter, when, to the shame and disgrace of the richest city in the world, the papers record weekly instances of death from starvation in our streets, efforts are made to feed the famishing, unemployed men crouching in the dens of the East of London. Tickets are given out by that faithful helper of distress in every form—George Holland, and soup or bread and cheese provided, while all sit in orderly rows, and Miss Macpherson, or some faithful fellow-laborer, speaks to them of the bread which endureth unto everlasting life. The atmosphere of love and peace into which they are brought quite subdues them, and many tokens of blessing might be recorded if time and space permitted. On one occasion an infidel was melted when recognizing among the well-cared-for inmates of the home orphan boys whom he had known reduced to want, and he exclaimed, "This was Christianity, and the first time he had seen it!" These poor men strive to show their gratitude in many touching ways. On one occasion many miles were traversed by one anxious to bring a root of fern as a little token of thankfulness, and the offering was brought fifteen miles in a heavy box of earth on his head.

On the third Wednesday of every month a Workers' Meeting is held, when many other honored servants of the Lord come from afar, and feel it a privilege and refreshment to meet those who are in the thickest of the fight with sin and misery. They meet irrespective of all sect or denomination, but only as Christian workers strengthening each other's hands by searching for fresh treasures in the Word of God, and

seeking to build each other up in the right principles for Christian work. Thus uniting in prayer for the light, wisdom and guidance that each one alike needs, love and unity will be strengthened among Christian workers. Above this floor is the one occupied by the girls. Among the match-box makers, orphans and others suited for service, are sought out and trained for domestic service. Here also is their dormitory, and on the floor above they are taught washing and cooking; for here is the kitchen, where food is prepared for all within and for many hundreds outside. On one occasion the matron being asked how many meals have been given this week at the refuge, answered 3,790. This number includes the rescued lads, the girls, widows, starving men, five paid officials, voluntary helpers and the sick and dying all around.

On Saturday evening Miss Macpherson gathers her fellow-laborers, and some of the precious trophies of Divine Grace whom the Lord has given them, to spend the last hours of the week in telling some of the Lord's gracious dealings, and to seek strength and blessing for the labors of the Lord's Day. This meeting was begun in 1866, and in her own words she testifies, "It matters not what we have agreed upon relative to the Lord's work in the East of London; answers have come which have almost overwhelmed us." On the Lord's Day morning, when the inmates have departed to a place of worship, the devoted missionary connected with the Refuge brings in from the surrounding streets many of the poor lads who might otherwise be all day without food, and who in their uncared-for state would not be likely to enter any building where the Word of God could reach their ears. Here they are welcomed with bread and coffee, and are thus prepared to listen to Miss Macpherson's earnest and loving invitations to seek the Saviour; sometimes teacher and lads alike parting in tears. In the afternoon an adult class is gathered from among the Widows' and Mothers' Meetings, and the large print Bibles thankfully pored over by eyes prematurely dim with want and toil. In the evening the little match-box makers assemble for their much-loved Sunday Evening School, and last of all workers and helpers gather round the Throne of Grace to offer praise to Him who has given them strength for the day and to intreat blessing on the seed sown.

At the opening of the building it was mentioned that the relief of distress by emigration would be kept in view, and during the first summer the work of selecting the most suitable and deserving families among the many who longed to go forth, and the labor of preparing for each, was a terrible strain on the strength of all concerned. Not one entered the building or passed through it on their way to this new and favored land; without deep and earnest pleading for their souls, and all that could be done for spiritual oversight as well as temporal comfort by the way. In the spring of 1869, 500 persons were exported to Canada at a cost of £2,687. During the following winter the need of many of the widows gathered into the Sewing Class was heavily laid on Miss Macpherson's heart, and the difficulty of finding work for the sons of many among them—willing young lads of promise, who, in our over-crowded city, had no hope of employment—led her to think what openings might be in store for them on the other side of the Atlantic. All through the early part of 1870 preparations went on for this great undertaking; Miss Macpherson, from the first, promising in the strength of the Lord to go forth with those whom she had so watched and cared for. The orphan boys from the other refuges had by this time been brought to the Home of Industry, and the selection was made, and consent of nearest relations (if relations were forthcoming) was asked, and in most instances thankfully given, however great the struggle of parting. A band of one hundred were gathered out, and in May she left England accompanied by Miss Bilbrough and Mr. Thom. The kind welcome given to the boys in Canada need not be here described. Encouragement was given in every town visited, and most of all at Belleville, where Marchmont, a most convenient dwelling, with garden, pasture ground, and view of the lovely bay of Quinte, was generously placed at her disposal, the council of the

County of Hastings paying the yearly rent.

It need hardly be said with what deep thankfulness these good tidings were received in England by the large circle of praying friends who were continually bearing Miss Macpherson and her heavy burdens on their hearts before the Lord. No time was lost by her in returning again to England to cross the Atlantic a second time with the young girls and young widows whom she had been invited to bring out. On her way homeward she crossed her brother-in-law—a devoted helper in the work—Mr. Merry, under whose care seventy more lads were safely brought to Marchmont, and all provided with situations ere Miss Macpherson had returned with her anxious charge.

Her beloved friend, Miss Bilbrough, who had previously shared her labors of love in England, having given herself to the work at Marchmont, and Mr. Thom having remained to visit the boys in their new situations, Miss Macpherson was enabled to return to England in October to resume her work among the suffering masses; but how bright is the beam now cast upon it! How often is the burden of caring and watching over many an otherwise hopeless case now relieved by the bright hope of seeing such removed to the broad lands of that beautiful country which God has so bountifully provided for our race, And the Lord has been pleased to give further help to the work! a home at Hampton—twelve miles from London—being now secured, where an attempt can be made to give the intended young emigrants some knowledge of farm work and to test their capabilities; and now again this spring, Miss Macpherson can, with thankfulness, raise her Ebenezer—140 lads and little girls being already provided for since her return to Canada, and another party quickly nearing the shores—soon, if the Lord prosper the journey, to be welcomed in their lovely Western home.

Often is the question asked, How are the means provided for this work? Those who are acquainted with the history of George Muller and the thousands of orphans to whom he has been a father, already know the secret—"Have faith in God." "With

God all things are possible." "Whatever ye ask in prayer believing ye shall receive." Is it not also written, "Delight thyself in the Lord and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart?" And if thy desires are for his glory in the rescuing of souls and bodies from temporal and eternal misery and loss, he will not withhold the means. "The silver is mine and the gold is mine," said the Lord of hosts. One or two instances may be given, and might be multiplied by thousands of daily incidents occurring to help Miss Macpherson and her fellow-workers to realize the care of Him who never slumbereth nor sleepeth. The tea-meeting at George Yard has been spoken of. One lad even more than others especially needed an immediate helping hand; "Something *must* be done for him," were Mr. Holland's own words. His mother had died when he was quite young; his father, a drunkard, had turned him adrift. The Refuge was not yet opened, and the way did not seem clear. But a letter was even then on its way from Majorca telling how one young servant of the Lord just starting in life desired to set aside a portion of his own salary monthly for some poor London boy. This first rescued lad has been educated and trained for service, has long been in the household of a Christian friend, and has again and again brought his earnings and collected sums among his fellow-servants to aid in rescuing other wanderers.

The following incident is told in Miss Macpherson's own words:—"From time to time our Father sees it well to try our faith as regards the £20 weekly required for this Widows' Mission. On one occasion the money was so low as to lead us to think the work must be reduced, as it is our principle to give up work rather than go into debt. The dear widowed ones were gathered, and knowing how this earned one shilling a week—that is the two-pence an hour for work in the sewing-class—kept the wolf from the door and enabled them to keep a share of the roof of some little room over their head, and prevented their going to the workhouses. the words choked in my throat, and, instead of saying my say, I asked them to repeat to me some passages of God's Word on Faith.

One aged pilgrim, whose way had been a lonely one for thirty-one years, rose and feebly repeated, 'Have faith in God;' another, Psalm xxxvii., 3, 4, and burst into a song of praise, saying that often when the cupboard had been empty, and her fatherless ones crying for bread, she had knelt and told Him all about it, when some neighbor would step in and share her loaf with her, or some kind visitor would be sent to aid them in their time of need. 'Ah, Lord!' I cried inwardly, 'Thou art sufficient, and holdest every heart in Thy great hand.' I, too, told the widows my need for the continuance of the class, and pleaded our want, resting our faith on His own gracious promises for spiritual blessings, as well as those secondary wants for the poor bodies.

"That hour was 3 p.m. We held back the decision of breaking up this sewing meeting, believing the Lord would, ere many hours, indicate a clearer path for us. Praise His holy name, for He confirms His own Scripture, 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' At early morning of that day the answer to our cry must have been sent off from Brighton, for the last post of the day brought a tiny note enclosing a cheque of £100 for the greatest need in the Lord's work in our hands. How it cheered the heart of every widow and weary laborer in our Mission, and taught them that they were not only to trust him for time but for eternity."

The following is also in Miss Macpherson's own words:—"On one occasion, after visiting five or six hours, I was called to the dying bed of a poor woman. The spine had burst the skin, and to relieve this was all that lay in my power for the shattered frame. It was 11 p.m. ere reaching home, too exhausted to open letters, or a parcel which had arrived in my absence. Still the parcel seemed inviting, the string was undone, and there lay two nice soft cushions with a note, saying these had been the work of a dear blind sister, and had occupied her long in raveling the stuff to make them. Those around could little understand my tears, not knowing that I had promised to send the first

thing in the morning a soft cushion, with a hole in the centre, to rest the poor aching spine of the dying woman. It was the practical touch of the Gospel of Jesus I wanted her to feel, and my Heavenly Father, who condescendeth to care for the fowls of the air, and considers the lilies of the field, had gone before several weeks in thus laying the need of this poor dying sufferer on the heart of one of His own children. She lived a brief season, giving us a strong hope that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed her from all sin."

It is not only in the Saturday evening, but many times in one day that some among the Christian band of workers will join in bringing before the Lord the many wants connected with the Mission. Sums secured vary from one solitary stamp, value two cents, to many hundreds of pounds. Sometimes a Sunday-School will unite in gathering among themselves the £10 necessary for rescuing a little homeless one and bringing him to the land of plenty. The children of noblemen have denied themselves butter and sugar and begged to have money given them instead to send to Miss Macpherson.

The early toil of the match-box makers has touched many hearts, and help of every kind is being sent from distant unknown friends who can never hope to meet here below the beloved servant of the Lord in whose work they have taken so deep an interest. A Christian friend will often undertake the expense of a special case for emigration, providing the outfit perhaps with her own hands. But it is not only the large sums, but the willing offerings, however small, which are precious in His sight; whether it be Cashmere shawls, velvet, lace, or costly jewels, many of which have been sent for sale at the Refuge by those who have now learned other adorning; or whether it be the produce of an apple tree a basket of eggs, or a parcel of left-off clothing, or a bag of seeds for the Hampton Home. All are valued for His sake whose love is the spring of all, and whose eye sees whether the gift is sent in hope of earthly praise or from the remembrance that He has said, "He that receiveth one little one in my name receiveth me."

## THE LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, HANTSPORT, N. S.

## KITPUSSY-AGUNOW.

About the year 1846, the writer's acquaintance with the Indians began. In one sense I had been acquainted with them from my childhood. I had seen them, been in their wigwams, had listened to their unmeaning jabber, and knew something of their general habits; but it was precious little I knew of the people until I began to learn their language. Then I found out, to my astonishment, that they were not a mere species of superior animals, but real human beings, and human beings, too, of rather a superior type. The more I learned of their language, and of their habits and customs, the greater was my astonishment, and the more my interest in the people themselves was increased.

The language I was obliged to learn from themselves, with almost no aid from books. I had to make my own dictionary and grammar as I went along. A still greater disadvantage was the want of an instructor who could really speak English. Such an individual among themselves I could not find, though the most of them had enough of our tongue to enable them to bargain and beg to a small extent. But Providence threw in my way, just as I was despairing of success, an individual who could do all for me that I could have hoped for. This was a very intelligent Frenchman, who had resided among the Indians for many years, who lived as they lived, whose wife was an Indian woman, who was master of their language, and who also spoke English and French fluently. He could also read, though he could not write. He was also a Protestant in his religious views, having been converted from Romanism by reading the Scriptures. But for the aid this man afforded me, I could not have mastered the difficulties of the Micmac tongue. He

was not one of the original Acadians. His father came from France as a prisoner of war. He took up his residence in Annapolis County, N.S., where the son was reared, who, after sundry romantic adventures as an apprentice to a blacksmith, as a runaway boy, as a sailor, and as an Indian, became finally an efficient assistant in preparing portions of the Holy Scriptures for the use of the long-neglected Micmacs. His latter days were marked by evidences of real piety, and he died a few years ago, an old man and full of days, and calmly trusting in our Lord Jesus Christ for life and immortality. His French name was Ruisseaux, which, however, he had translated into English, and called himself Joseph Brooks.

Among the subjects of deep interest that I learned from friend Brooks respecting the Indians, was the fact of their having among them what they call *Ahtookwokun*, and what we call legends. He could not relate them, and he informed me that there were but few who could; but he said there was a woman somewhere, a relative of his former wife, who could rehearse them by the dozen; and he understood that she was coming before long to Charlottetown, where I then resided, and I got a promise from him that I should be notified of it whenever she should arrive. Sometime in the summer of 1847 I had the satisfaction of an introduction to Susan in the market square. Next day I repaired to friend Jo's wigwam on the borders of the North River, in Mr. Goodman's field, and listened for the first time in my life to an Indian *Ahtookwokun*. It was the history of *Kitpussy-agunow*.

The affair was conducted *a la mode*. We had to do as the Indians do. We all formed a circle round the wigwam inside, and waited for Susan to commence. Her

first utterances were, "*Weegijik kesegook*"—"The old people are encamped," the usual commencement of a yarn of this kind, and which is about in signification equivalent to "A Tale of Ancient Times." To this opening the hearers responded "*Kaiskwuh*," which word is to be every now and then repeated by the hearers as the story proceeds, and which means in this connection, "Aye, go on with your tale," and so completely is the term restricted to the legends that it forms an ingenious method of hinting to the teller of tough stories that you discredit his statements to interpose a *kaiskwuh*. It has the same effect as a whistle in civilized manners.

Susan told the story and Jo translated it for my benefit, she pausing when he gave the word, and he taking up the thread and rehearsing it in English. In this way we proceeded to the end.

That was an eventful day in the history of our Micmac Mission. Up to that time I had only been experimenting with the Micmac language. I was nearly forty years of age. I had never dreamed that I could learn to converse in Micmac. All that I had hoped to succeed in doing was to be able to write it down and read it after it was written. I was not yet sure that even this could be done. It occurred to me that perhaps I could write down that singular tale from the mouth of the narrator, and, if so, I should succeed in my attempts to translate some portions, at least, of the sacred Scriptures into Micmac. I made a proposal to her to give me the story by the inch, and allow me to write it. She agreed, and next day, armed with writing materials, hoping, fearing, trembling, and praying for help, I repaired to the Frenchman's tent. To my great joy I soon found that the story was so committed to memory that when I had succeeded in writing down a sentence or a word—no matter how long it took me—I had only to read what I had written, and she could give me the next word.

It took me two days—long summer days—to obtain the prize; but I succeeded and carried it off, rejoicing as one who findeth great spoil. From that day I felt sure that I could so far master the lan-

guage as to make it available as a medium of conveying the saving truth of the Gospel to the Micmacs—a thing that could not be done in English. Besides knowing by experience that I could write down a continuous story, I was now in possession of a piece of genuine Indian composition. I had left every alternate line for the inter-linear translation, which my teacher afterwards assisted me to insert. Over this I pored many an hour and many a day. I collected the words and arranged them alphabetically, and digested them into their etymological and syntactical modes and methods. I soon afterwards obtained a few more of these singular productions, and, wholly aside from any interest in the tales themselves, they have been of great service in the prosecution of the work of our Mission.

This somewhat prolix introduction will not be, I would fain hope, without interest to the readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and will be at once my apology for writing the following story at all, and also for any undue importance that I may seem to have attached to it, should it seem flatter to the reader than it does to me. I cannot but think, however, that when its authorship is considered—"the poor Indian" with his "untutored mind"—it will be deemed a very tolerable "Jack the Giant Killer" story. I shall relate the legend as nearly as possible as my Indian instructress told it to me.

#### A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

There was once a giant\* who lived alone in the woods, there being no neighbors near him; but he had a wife and one son. The son was not at all formidable in his appearance or manners. He was a very fine-looking fellow. His business was to hunt for the family. But the game he hunted was not wild beasts but people—the men, women and children of other tribes. These he never killed when he discovered them, but returned home and told

\* The Micmac word is *kookwes*, which may be compared with *gigas*, the Greek word for giant. These fellows are described in the legends as large, fierce, covered with hair, and feeders on human flesh. They were also great magicians—very like the giants of all nations.

his father where they were. On hearing the news the old giant would take his sleds with the broad runners—*tobakkunaskook*—and his weapons, and repair to the place, kill and dress the game and bring home the flesh. When this supply was exhausted the son would go out again and on discovering the haunts of the people the same process would be repeated. He would bring word to the old giant, and the old giant would go and kill and bring in the game.

After a time the young man in his rambles through the forest came to a wigwam where dwelt an old grey-headed couple who had one only daughter whose appearance attracted his attention and led him to spare the whole family. They treated him kindly and he determined if possible to obtain the girl for a wife, but he honestly tells her parents who and what his parents are. But he asks them to give him their daughter and promises that under these conditions he will not tell his father where they are, but will assist them in eluding his search.

Her father raises but one objection to this proposal; and that is, that they are dependent upon the girl for their living. He replies that he will undertake to keep them supplied with game, in case they consent to the match, and with this understanding the arrangement is made and the bargain concluded.

There is, however, a second difficulty to be overcome. The girl belongs to a different tribe from himself. Law and custom are against intermarrying with different tribes; so he must obtain the consent of his own parents and have a promise that the girl shall not be devoured or molested. That evening he arrived home sad and dispirited. He took his seat in the wigwam and said nothing. "My son," said the father, "*mogwaich penchedoon*" "did you discover no tracks?" He replies, "I did not." But the next morning he proceeded again on his hunting expedition and soon returns with the news that he has found work for the old man, who musters his implements and goes after the game.

Meanwhile the son is sad and taciturn. He is thinking of a certain old grey-headed couple whom he met the day before, and

thinking more about that beautiful daughter of theirs, their sole dependence and stay. His mother kindly enquires what ails him, and he lets her into the secret of his troubles. He wishes to bring home a wife, and wants her to promise that she will not injure her, and that she will also aid him in protecting her from his father's cannibal propensities. She promises to assist him to the utmost of her power.

Next day the young man goes out a-hunting and the old people are left alone by themselves, when the mother quietly opens the case to the old man and intercedes for her son. "He has found a pretty girl," says she, "that he wishes to marry, and I want you to allow him to do so, and to promise that you will do her no harm." The old man at first stoutly refuses to assent to the proposal, but finally yields so far as to promise that he will not molest the poor girl provided they do not bring her there. They must keep her in some distant place. This the mother makes known to the young man.

Next day both the men leave the wigwam together. The son conducts the old giant to the neighborhood of his prey, and then turns off to visit his girl and her parents. He leads away the bride, but does not bring her to his father's lodge. There is a cavern in the rocks some distance away where he conceals her for the time being, until better accommodations can be prepared. In the evening both father and son meet in the old homestead, but no words are exchanged between them respecting the business of the day, the matter uppermost in the young man's mind.

Next day the young man goes away and selects a suitable spot where he erects a stone wigwam. He is two days in finishing it, and the next day he conveys his bride thither, where she is installed in her new home. He now leaves the old place and resides with his wife.

A double task is henceforth imposed upon him. He must not forget his own parents, and he must provide for those of his wife. He carries moose-meat to the one party and finds human beings for the other. Then he returns to look after his own household, where he provides for his wife food according to her choosing, but

keeps his own in a sack made of a bear's paunch, which he keeps suspended on the bough of a tree near their stone lodge.

The ensuing spring brings an additional charge in the birth of a little son. The little fellow in due time is running about, and learning his first lessons in the arts of hunting and warfare, by practising with the small bow and arrows which his father has provided for him.

When the mother is on the eve of giving birth to a second child a sad calamity befalls her. She has been charged by her husband to pay particular attention to that mysterious sack of his provisions. She must watch the little boy that he does not pierce it with his arrow. But she is busy with other matters and he is shooting about in all directions, and presently hits the sack and pierces it. The hole is small but the fat begins to ooze out, which she takes the precaution to save by placing a dish under.

Meanwhile the husband and father is in the woods, and knows what has happened at home. There is a mysterious and magical connection between that food of his which hangs on the tree near his lodge and his own body. As that wastes his strength fails. He becomes weary and finds his way home as fast as he can. When he arrives he lies down and will neither eat nor talk. He has taken down the sack and examined it, but he does not touch the food. After a while he falls asleep. Next morning he goes over and tells his father that he will deliver up his wife to him to be devoured.

The old man immediately takes his iron poker and his sled and goes over to the stone wigwam. The little boy is playing outside. He sees the old *kookwes* coming; is terrified and runs in and tells his mother. She looks out, and then calms his fears by assuring him that it is "only his grandfather." The old fellow enters and is invited to come up to the back part of the wigwam.\* He appears quite friendly, but

places the end of his iron staff in the fire and heats it red hot. While her face is turned away he makes an attempt to thrust her through with the heated iron, but the little boy watches his movements and gives the alarm. But he whips the iron back into the fire and looks the other way. She concludes that the boy is mistaken and again proceeds in her domestic labors. But he watches his opportunity and kills her at a thrust with his red-hot staff.

The horrid business of dressing, quartering, &c., follows, when the remains are carefully thrown into a deep hole in the neighborhood that is partially filled with water, *ukúnobade*, a well. He then goes home leaving the child unharmed, but sad and crying bitterly at the loss of his mother.

The father returns at evening and the little boy enters a sad complaint. "Father," says he, a *kookwes* has killed my mother." "Never mind, my son," he replies, "it was your grandfather, and I gave her to him to kill and eat. Don't mind it." So father and son remain there together, the little boy being, of course, alone while his father is out a-hunting.

One day the little fellow went and peeped down into that "well" where the remains of his mother had been thrown. What sees he there but a beautiful little boy, who appears alive and active. It is his little brother miraculously preserved and nurtured after the cruel death of the parent. The little fellow down there says nothing, but laughs. But when the brother above returns the laugh, he will not laugh. After a while the little fellow comes up out of the well and plays with his brother, but on the approach of the father he scampers back to the well and jumps in.

That evening the elder boy says to his father, "Noo," "father," "nootapechktaboo-seedich leedooe," "make me two little bows and arrows." The old man does so. Next morning after the father has gone away a-hunting, the little boy goes to the well again to visit his brother. [At this stage in the story, the boy of mysterious preservation receives his name, *Kitpussy-agunow*, which denotes the manner of his

\* The place in the Indian lodge just opposite the door is the most honorable place. Towards this place is considered "up." The wife's place is nearest the door, so that her husband sits 'above' her in the more honorable seat. This arrangement corresponds with the customs of the East, and with the houses in

Syria. Our Lord's parable in Luke xiv., 7, 11, is founded upon this arrangement of "higher" and "lower" seats.



birth; and as in a former legend, in referring to this extraordinary personage, his name was abridged into Kitpuss, we may adopt the same here "for shortness," and proceed with the story.]\* Kitpuss proposes to the other that they should go home to the wigwam and play together there. This they do; but the moment the father approaches, before he comes in sight, Kitpuss snatches up the bows and arrows, snaps them into pieces, and rushes back to his old place in the well.

The father is surprised at the litter that has been made in the lodge and enquires in astonishment: "Has any one been playing with you in the wigwam?" Thereupon the child tells what he has discovered. "Noo," he says, "father, I have a little brother, and he lives in yonder well." He then proposes to the old man to make an attempt to win the confidence of the little fellow, and to overcome his fear and shyness. "Go," says he "and gather all the prettiest birds' tails you can find, and let us see if we can't coax him with such pretty playthings." This is done. The old man gathers a great many birds' tails of every variety of form and color. Next he pretends to go away into the woods, but conceals himself close by! The arrangement is this. After Kitpuss comes into the wigwam his brother is to seize him, and as soon his father hears his yells, he is to rush in and assist in subduing him. Soon the concerted signal is heard. In rushes the father and finds the older boy holding on to the other, who is kicking and screaming at a great rate in his struggles to get free. The father does not lay his hand on him, but holds out the pretty *toils-wilnael*; these the boy seizes and dashes into the fire. Finally one of uncommon brilliancy

and beauty attracts his attention. He grows calm, takes the tail, and soon allows his father to hold and fondle him. The father immediately feels a great affection for the child and gives him all sorts of things to play with. So things move on, but only for a short time.

One day while the father is absent Kitpuss proposes to his brother that they shall go and gather a large quantity of birch bark. This they bring into the wigwam and tear it up, letting it lie in piles around and near the fire.

The old man arrives at nightfall and sees what is going on. He gives them a caution, "Take care," says he, "or you will burn up the wigwam." Nothing happens, however, until morning. But in the morning while the old man is very busily engaged in a kind of domestic hunting enterprise such as is sometimes needful even at this late age, and which must have been conducted on a larger scale in these primitive times, he begins to doze over the monotonous work and finally drops asleep.

"Now then," says Kitpuss, "let us go out." First they bring a log of wood with which to fasten the door. Then Kitpuss slips in and sets the bark on fire. They now place themselves against the door and hold it fast.

Immediately the old man awakes and attempts to rush out. But the door is fast. He cannot push it open. He calls to the boys and tells them he is burning to death. But Kitpuss taunts him with his cruelty and treachery in delivering up his mother to death, and the poor fellow's cries are soon silenced. They leave the place and remain away for a time and then return. They find the fire all out; all that was combustible about the stone structure is consumed. They gather up the charred bones of their father, pound them into dust and blow them into the air telling them to "turn all into flies." This takes place; and this was the origin of those little pests, the horse-flies, the mosquitoes and the little black-flies.

\* The origin of the name is this: After a cow-moose or caribou has been brought down, her calf is sometimes taken out alive and reared by hand by the Indians. And as might well be supposed, the calf under such circumstances is very easily tamed. The animal thus ushered into the light is called *Kitpussy-aganow*, and from this a verb is formed which denotes the act.

## LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

BY E. H. A. F.

ON MY WAY FROM GIBRALTAR TO BADEN-  
BADEN IN 1856.

May 28th.—We have been now nearly four days at sea. The captain promises us we shall be at anchor in the harbor of Genoa by ten o'clock to-night. As it is now getting cold and damp on deck, I retire to the ladies' cabin. Poor E— was very sea-sick again, as the "ground swell" made the old tub of a steamer, the "Italian," roll worse than ever. I was more fortunate, however, and lay down on my berth without undressing in order to be ready to go up on deck again as soon as we cast anchor in the bay. On awaking after a refreshing nap, I found we were really at anchor, and great was our delight, indeed, to feel ourselves at last stationary and in quiet, without the horrid grinding noise of the screw and engines. The moon was shining brightly enough to enable us to trace the outline of the hills which surround the Bay of Genoa, or Genoa; but that was all.

The harbor, however, appears too small for the crowd of vessels it contains, and there is also a very disagreeable, unwholesome smell here; in fact it gives me the idea of a large basin filled with stagnant water. We walked the deck, watching the lights in the town and bustle on board our ship until one o'clock this morning, when every one having quieted down, we again sought our cabins, and "turned in" with the determination of rising as early next morning as possible.

May 29th.—Rose at 4 o'clock, and having dressed as comfortably as circumstances permitted, I went on deck to look about me and to watch for the advent of P—, whom we expected to be awaiting us at this port, as he had sailed from Gibraltar many days before we did, and, consequently, must have been here some little time. The town of Genoa does not look amiss from

the sea. The houses seem high and well-built—the surrounding hills being also dotted all over with pretty villa residences standing in their own gardens and amidst the coolest-looking Acacia trees I ever beheld. We watched with some impatience, for the heat on deck was intense, for P's boat, but in vain, until seven o'clock a.m., when a commissionaire made his appearance, bearing in his hand one of P's cards, with directions for us to go ashore with him. After seeing our luggage safely deposited in the shore boat, we took leave of the captain and his men, who, on the whole, have behaved very well to us, especially the Scotch steward, Allan.

It is now half-past twelve, and I feel much refreshed, having spent a good hour at my toilette to get rid of the soot and mud from that steamer, which was the filthiest ship I ever had the bad luck to be in. We have also enjoyed a good substantial breakfast since our arrival at this hotel, which is called the "Hotel de la Croix de Malta." It is a very large one, and the principal rooms are lofty, and handsomely fitted up; but, unfortunately for us, all the best rooms are occupied, and we are obliged to content ourselves with two *entresols* for the present, but hope to get better apartments this evening, as some people are leaving the hotel to-day. We had a world of trouble in passing our luggage through the custom-house, owing to the stupidity of the commissionaire whom we employed for the business. In the first place, although all the labelled keys had been handed over to him, he was so dense that he could not find those belonging to the different boxes, all of which were to be searched. P. was obliged, therefore, to go and do it himself, after all. These Genoese give me the idea of being great cheats; for when our luggage was being brought up to "La Croix di Malta"—this hotel—which is only five

minutes' walk from the wharf, the commissionaire actually employed fifteen porters to carry it, and demanded twenty francs in payment for their services; but P. would not pay this sum, feeling convinced there was roguery at the bottom of it, and on enquiry we found fifteen francs to be the right tariff for these men—one franc each. Thus we saved a five-franc piece, which our friend, the commissionaire, would himself have pocketed, of course. Most of these fellows got their money very easily, for I, myself, saw several of them each carrying a single hat-box or bundle of parasols as his share of the luggage. On asking why such an absurd number of men had been employed to carry so little baggage, we were told it was because no carts or barrows were allowed to convey luggage from the wharf, lest this class of porters should be prevented from earning their bread in this particular manner. We contented ourselves, therefore, by reflecting that we had that morning benefited no fewer than fifteen of our fellow creatures.

At 4 o'clock this evening we propose to make acquaintance with some of the "lions" of Genova; but at present the sun is so fierce no one can venture abroad. We can only afford two days for this work, although four would hardly give us time to see everything worthy of notice in this interesting "City of the Palaces;" but we are anxious to arrive in Turin on Saturday next, so there is no help for it. The women of the lower class in this country appear to be of a very coarse make. They resemble giantesses, with immensely large red hands, and feet to match. They walk most ungracefully, and have no out-of-door costume. The ladies, however, wear a thick, white veil over their heads; but I do not think it so graceful or elegant as either the Spanish *mantilla* or *el velo*. The hackney coaches and omnibusses seem to be quite as good as those in London; the latter—the busses—here are provided with a bugler, as in France, clothed in a blue and red uniform, as are also the drivers of the cabs.

May 30th.—To-day we have been to see some of the principal churches of Genova—namely, St. Cyr, St. Ambrosio, and St. Laurent. To my taste the first named is the finest of these three churches; the

paintings in this one being splendid—so very soft, and the effect of them beautiful. Up in the very top of the dome is a painting representing the Ascension of our Lord. The Deity appears in this picture to be seated on His throne, while with outstretched arms He welcomes back His only Son to His heavenly home. Just a little below this group are the angels removing the Cross from which our Saviour has just been released. The cross is cut out of wood, and so placed that it stands out in relief from the canvas on which the rest of the picture is painted. In another part of the church is to be seen a painting representing the Conversion of St. Paul, and another of the Last Supper, both executed in the same exquisite style. There are also in this church twelve altars or chapels. In one of these chapels is a magnificent group of bronze figures, executed by the celebrated Puget. All the altars are richly furnished in marbles, and that dedicated to St. Gaetan is supported by pillars of splendid black marble of a most valuable sort. The pavement is inlaid in mosaic of different colored marbles and malachite. It is strange to contrast the richness of the Roman Catholic churches with the dinginess and poverty of most of those belonging to our Protestant brethren. The exteriors as well as the interiors of these churches are equally beautiful, being, as they are, nearly entirely built of the richest marbles. The interior of the Church of St. Cyr presents to the view sixteen pillars, which support a handsomely-carved roof—each one of these pillars being one solid mass of marble without join or flaw. The Church of St. Laurent, however, is considered, *par excellence*, to be the Church, or rather, we should say, the Cathedral of Genoa, and was built in the year 239, in the reign of the Emperor Valerian. It was originally an hospital, which had been inhabited by the martyr St. Laurent—hence its present name. Its beauty consists in its architecture, for it is built entirely of huge blocks of black and white marble; and the whole building inside and out, from top to bottom, presents a view of alternate chequers in black and white like a huge chess-board. To me the appearance was more quaint than beautiful; nevertheless, it is con-

sidered quite unique by those more learned than myself. This church is ninety metres long and 30 metres wide. The Church of St. Ambrosio, to my mind, was entirely disfigured by the interior being hung throughout with red damask hangings, edged with gold, giving the whole building a gaudy, secular appearance—savoring too much, I think, of the ornamentation suitable for theatres and such like places.

So much, then, for the churches we visited. Now followed much shopping and visiting of factories in search of real Genoa velvet and silks, for which fabrics the town is celebrated, as every one knows. Much fatigued, we at length returned to the restaurant attached to our hotel. Our dinner cost two and half francs a head, which is considered cheap, and I must say I think it was also nasty. It began with a plate of positively raw turnips, carrots, parsnips, and other *legumes*, as they came out of the ground, having been merely washed and trimmed. P. became quite angry, and asked the *garçon* whether he really thought we were veritable asses, and fond of vegetables in their native worth? assuring him such was not the case, although we might, perhaps, look donkeys enough for anyone. In the centre of the table stood a plate containing a huge Bologna sausage garnished with heads of garlic—odoriferous in the extreme; then followed a dish of cooked vegetables of every imaginable sort, all hashed up together, with a kind of pickle-sauce poured over the whole mass. A bottle of "Vin ordinaire" was placed at each corner of the table in the original black bottles, without corks. This was the first course, which, as the reader may imagine, was speedily removed in all its pristine beauty—untouched in fact. It was relieved by a soup, apparently intended to convey the idea of a "Purée de Pommes de Terre," with slices of bread in it; but in reality it was as unlike "Potato Soup" as I was. Bad as it was, however, this was the best dish we had. Parmesan cheese, grated, was handed round to eat with this soup. After this course came a tiny piece of boiled beef—barely sufficient for one hungry mortal, (and we were a party of four); accompanying this dish came more

grated cheese and a dish containing a sort of Yorkshire pudding. Course number four consisted of a small chicken sufficient for about three people without appetites, and "potatoes a la maître d'Hotel." Then came a small "Apple Charlotte," which would fit easily into a small pie-plate, and *le dessert* (the dessert) consisting of a few small cherries. Thus out of all these dishes, we could not find enough to satisfy the hunger we all felt after our hard morning's work, sight-seeing, &c. But such is Italian style, and I was heartily glad when the tiresome parade of dishes was over. We again went out after dinner to complete our shopping. It began to rain furiously, and to make matters worse, on our return to the hotel we lost our way, having taken a wrong turning, and getting into one of those remarkably dirty, narrow lanes so famous in Genoa, had to make a detour of a mile or more, I should say, before we reached the hotel, and were wet to the skin. On arriving at our rooms I was so tired and my feet were so painfully swollen I could scarcely move.

May 31st.—I am to-day feeling sadly the fatigues of yesterday—so much so indeed, that I found it quite impossible to go down to breakfast in "the Salle à Manger." This morning, I ordered it to be sent up to my bedroom, and of course had to pay pretty highly for the same (as is usual at hotels) which we considered rather a shame, as I had nothing but tea and dry toast. After this we all set to work repacking for our journey to Turin, for which place we started at half past three a. m. Before leaving Genoa, however, P. and K. went to see the palace of Durazzo, E. and myself feeling too tired to accompany them on this expedition. On their return, at two o'clock, we dined. P. having remonstrated with the landlord about our former bad dinners we got a better one to-day. We now called for our bill; which although we have only been here three days, was anything but a small one. The fact is, that Genoa is a much more expensive place than people imagine. We were much struck with the beauty of the promenades around Genoa. The Acacia trees are very abundant here, and the pleasure grounds are planted with them, making very sweet and

shady avenues. We started from the hotel at last, in a great hurry, having sat longer over our dinner (on the strength of its being such a good one I suppose) than we thought we had. On reaching the railway office, we found we were only within a few minutes of the time for starting. We contented ourselves, however, with the comfortable reflection that "a miss is as good as a mile." The confusion at the station beggars description. Two trains full of people had just come in. The passengers for Turin had taken their places, and oh! there goes the first bell. The whole of this time we had been seeing our baggage weighed, and labelled previous to its being put into the vans. A conductor is screaming out in Italian, "To your places, messieurs, we are just off," and we find we have to go to an office higher up the street for our tickets, so badly are things managed here. On arriving there, oh horror! P. finds he has paid away all his small change, and emptied his purse in the baggage-office yonder. There goes the second bell! What's to be done? P. must by some means or other get at his waist-belt, which, placed next his shirt, contains all his bank-notes. To undress here in the street is impossible. Frantically he rushes into a neighboring shop and tears away at his clothes like a madman, to get at this precious money-belt, while the shopman looks on aghast at this apparently escaped lunatic. By dint of all of us pulling and tearing, at last K. secures a handfull of dirty-looking notes, and off we all rush with faces full of despair, as we hear the third bell, and the ominous slamming to of the carriage-doors. A porter undertakes to pay for the tickets, and he pushes us head foremost into a carriage. The flag waves—the engine squeals, and we're off.

After our flurry was over, and we had time to look around us, we perceived that P. was not in the carriage with us. Surely he has not been left behind! We are relieved from our anxiety by hearing from one of our fellow passengers that he saw "le Monsieur" getting into the next carriage. So now "Greece respire again." The fellow passenger before mentioned, proved to be a very amusing person, belonging to the Sardinian army, who

had been in the Crimean war. Of course, like all foreigners, he had a fund of amusing anecdotes at his finger ends, and he highly diverted us with them during our tedious and hot journey. After stopping at innumerable small stations, a number of passengers left our carriage, the Sardinian among them, and so calling out to P. we made him come into our carriage for the rest of the way. The whole country we passed through to-day was lovely, very neatly and thickly cultivated, and a continuation of hills and dales, orchards and meadows, &c., &c. As we neared Turin, however, and had crossed the famous River Po, the country became flat and tame. It struck nine o'clock as we steamed into the station at Turin. The train was a very slow one, but we thereby had the opportunity of admiring the lovely country we had passed through, which cannot be done by those travelling by express.

(To be continued.)

#### THE DUTCHMAN AT HOME.

An Englishman has for so many years past been accustomed to see the rapid growth of towns, and to hear of their population doubling every fiftieth year or so, that he can hardly bring himself to credit, what is nevertheless most true, that a country like Holland, which formerly played so important a part in the world, and is now in an eminent degree thriving and, to a limited extent, progressive, should remain almost stationary in the numbers of its population, and scarcely ever see its towns expand beyond their ancient limits. For two centuries previous to the last twenty years, the building of an entirely new house was quite an event in the history of Amsterdam. The city was big enough for the people, for one thing. For another, the expense of sinking a foundation is so great that he must be a wealthy Dutchman who shall attempt the feat. His forefathers sunk piles seventy feet long through the mud into the clay, and he must, if he would build an entirely new house, do the same. He therefore generally contents himself with the old house, the foundation of which, of mere wooden piles, is often as much as six or seven hundred years old. Every house, in so far as the shell is concerned, is constructed in the same way. The tops of the long seventy-foot piles are driven down to a depth of about six feet below the surface, and upon them is fastened a stout platform of planks; and the whole of the wood-work being constantly covered

with water, this foundation, once laid, seems to be almost indestructible. Upon the platform is raised the house, with very strong walls of stone or clinker brick, tied together so firmly with numerous transverse beams, that at the top of a merchant's house, seven or eight stories high, may often be found a warehouse containing the heaviest iron goods. Each house commonly stands completely detached from its neighbor; and it may be safely said that though a very violent earthquake might topple these structures over bodily, it could not shake them to pieces.

A substantial Amsterdammer's house, plain only on the outside, is resplendent with white marble and glorious with carved work within. The walls of the chief rooms have often been painted by first-rate artists, and Italian sculptors must have had a fine time of it in the wealthy city, for their hand is to be seen on cornice and balustrade in many a simple merchant's house.

The British-born bow-window is not often to be seen even in the country, and the more antique oriel seems never to have been adopted by post-Reformation architects. But Mevrouw is not without the power of seeing up and down the street at will, as she sits at her work; for by the little *spiegelen*—spy-mirrors—suspended upon strong metal-work on either side of her sitting-room window, she can calmly survey, herself out of view, the passing crowd and scene below.

The basement floor is always raised a few feet above the surface of the ground, to steal a little height in air for the kitchen, the floor of which is even then a foot or two below the level of the underlying ooze, but of course ooze-tight with cement.—Bettinji, the cook, is stout and healthy notwithstanding—and ascending from the street by a flight of five or six steps, a very solid door admits you to a long and narrow passage, lofty and marbled on either side, and lighted by glass above the door. The drawing-room, or not unusually, the counting-house, with this passage, takes up the entire width of the house.

The first thought one has on entering any Dutch chamber, a drawing-room not excepted, is, "How very long!" the next, "How very bare!" Everything is handsome; but there is so little of it. No lounging-chairs, no round table with knick-knackeries; a cabinet with closed glass-doors of course, chairs placed in formal rows, a handsome chandelier, a stove-place, and that is all. You take a seat, and perhaps touch the wall with your elbow—lo! it yields to the touch. Wall-paper is a misnomer in Holland. Paper-hangings is the proper word. These sometimes are of oil paintings on canvas, sometimes of paper stretched on canvas fastened on light wooden frames, which can be taken down

bodily when their gay coverings have to be renewed. Evidently these are the next descendants from tapestry and arras. The walls may be damp, or very probably are so, but then "they assume a virtue, if they have it not;" for one's eyes are never offended in Holland by dripping, smeared, washed-out wall-paper.

The bedrooms are also but scantily furnished, and, except in guest-chambers, one does not often see a chest of drawers or a wardrobe. A foreign visitor, indeed, is apt to be at a loss what to do with clothes, until he discovers that doors, cunningly concealed, open into cupboards all about the room. By-the-way, Mevrouw always hangs her dresses in these; she seldom folds them in a drawer.

At the top of the house, both in town and country, is invariably to be found a spacious laundry, extending, in fact, over the whole area of the house. In this the linen is stored in presses, and the clothing of the past season, winter or summer, all duly turned inside out, hangs on pegs all about. Here, twice in the year, Mevrouw holds her grand saturnalia. Without doubt the most important item in a Dutch girl's dowry is linen. The quantity she thinks necessary for her own person and for household purposes is enormous. But then it should be known that she "washes" (the linen, of course) but twice in the year. Cuffs, collars, and muslins, she says, must be washed often; but all other things are flung, for a time, into huge buck-baskets big enough for half-a-dozen Falstaffs to hide in; indeed these are astounding baskets, and when full will weigh four or five hundredweight. Every house has a block and pulley firmly fixed to the ornamented coping of the roof, which, indeed, is purposely constructed to carry this useful machine, and forms a noticeable feature in the architecture of all the Dutch houses; and by means of the block, these huge baskets are readily lifted to and from the laundry, and furniture or heavy articles of any kind to the other stories through the windows. A visitor for the first time may see with amused bewilderment that particularly lumbering trunk of his wife's, which has been the despair of railway porters throughout his journey, whipped up by invisible hands to a height of sixty or seventy feet in no time, and disappear through a bedroom window. The clothes are simply rough-washed in the country, and when sent back all the females in the house set to work for a good fortnight to mangle and iron, starch and crimp; and you may be sure that every bit of clothing a Dutch young lady of the middle classes is wearing has thus been got up by her own fair hands. The original outlay in linen is no doubt large, but the cheap mode of washing pays good interest for the money.

One thing is very remarkable in a Dutchman's house. You never see open bookshelves, and a stray book but seldom. The fact is, in the first place, that all books and personal property are stored away in the treasury cupboard in the bedroom; and next, Paterfamilias, while exercising a rigid censorship over all light and heavy literature dispersed about the house, keeps his own most carefully under lock and key. The books he has are not many; for Holland can scarcely be said to have a literature; and, great linguist though he be, with a familiar acquaintance with at least two, sometimes three or four, modern languages besides his own, he contents himself with a few well-bound standard works in these; and for light reading, is there not the newspaper? Besides, as office-hours are generally from nine to nine, the Dutchman has not much time for reading, and gets but little out of books when he has once laid them aside after leaving school, and entered upon the realities of life. Juf Vrouw's carefully hidden bookshelves are filled with the neat little volumes supplied by the public-spirited pirate, Baron Tauchnitz; and though French and German are admitted only after a most careful selection, the paternal censorship admits with little reserve all the modern English works of fiction and poetry, in which a daughter's choice little library mainly consists.

If it be true that there can be no real friendship between people who have not eaten and drunk together, the laws and customs of meals are of high importance; and in these matters the Dutchman has his peculiarities.

The family meet in the morning-room for what may be called a very literal 'breakfast.' Mevrouw sits at the table, with her cherished china before her, and a steaming kettle on an open stove by her side on the floor. She gives to each a small cup of delicious tea, or not quite so good coffee, at choice; and this, with a single sandwich of thin-sliced buttered black bread, flanked by the halves of a little new white roll, must content the sharpest morning appetite till midday. All is over in five minutes; and a terrible discomfiture it is, on the first morning of trial, for him who has flattered his hungry soul by visions of kidneys or a juicy steak. But a good deal may be said in favor of this slender meal; for when reconciled to it by use, and thus gently stimulated after a good night of sleep, body and mind are in better condition for real hard work during the next three or four hours—the most important in the day—than when overburdened by a heavy breakfast: *crede experto*.

Mevrouw at once proceeds with a most important operation—that of "washing-up." She would no more entrust her

precious china to the hands of a servant, than would a young mother the cutting of her baby's eyelashes to the under-nurse. It is even said, so general is the practice, that her most gracious M—y the Q—n of H—d performs the like anxious task. Washed and wiped, the china is carefully put away and locked up in the glass-sided cabinet for the admiration of beholders until the next meal; and thus these, as well as other valuable works of art stored in sight, are not kept merely for show, but, as surely is their proper function, are put to constant use. The gentlemen light up cigars as a matter of course and go to business.

The next family meeting is generally at twelve. Mevrouw, her china, and her kettle are there as before; but this time there is a more plentiful supply of bread and butter, and the black bread sandwich is supplemented by others of thin-sliced dried meat. The meal, however, scarcely differs from the earlier one, except that there is a larger quantity eaten, and a second cup of tea or coffee may be had. In the summer months light Rhine wines make their appearance. 'Wash-up' as before, inevitable cigar, and separation.

These slight snacks, whets to appetite merely, lead up, in full accord with the famous principle of DeQuincey, to dinner, the great, the preponderating meal, about which, as he almost sublimely says, "the whole day should centre;" and certainly a Dutch dinner is a tremendous fact. During one half of the twenty-four hours it is impossible to be unconscious that you have not dined, and during the other, not to be conscious that you have—the facts are too strong—appetite and repletion. Let us begin. Suppose the guests to be seated; there is one preliminary which seems odd to one accustomed to the audible and even sonorous grace before meat of our dear old rector. The hostess gives a peculiar glance round the table, says a few soft words, among which may be caught something like "prie;" instantly everybody looks steadily down into the plate before him, and the discovery may be made that each guest is supposed to be offering his own silent grace before meat; and before the stranger has time to recover his bewilderment, a gentle rustle from the dress of the hostess, announcing that she has finished, is echoed by other rustles from all sides, and eyes look up with the transient gleam of evanishing piety.

Fish, flesh, and (not so commonly) fowl, and usually plainly cooked, are the staples. The Dutch are so particular about their fish being perfectly fresh that a good housewife is not satisfied unless she sees them actually alive either in the market or brought swimming in water-tanks to her door. The first herring of the season is

held a dish of luxury, and five shillings is a common price for an early one. Mighty dishes of vegetables, boiled and afterwards stewed in butter, appear as courses, and the quantity piled upon one's plate is at first embarrassing to the fleshly appetite. There are four or five varieties of the kidney-bean, all well worthy of commendation and of being cultivated in England to give variety to our dinner-tables. These beans are salted in large earthen jars, or preserved by an ingenious plan by baking for winter use, and fresh, salted, or preserved, they are brought upon the table throughout the year, when other green vegetables are not to be had; for without his great plateful of vegetable, *per se*, no Hollander holds himself to have properly dined. This may take the place of the plain pudding among ourselves, which is almost unknown in Holland, and is only produced in compliment to an English visitor, who may well be amazed at the fearful mess made of it, and amused, if not flattered, by a complaisance to his depraved tastes; for it comes to table as a huge dish, full to the brim with fruit, covered with paste of the thickest and heaviest; and, baked or boiled, this is called an English pudding! There are invariably two courses of solid meat; and the changes are rung upon beef, veal, ham, for mutton and lamb are scarcely ever eaten.

The amenities of the table and its customs have their slight peculiarities. The *pièce de resistance* and other meat dishes are carved by the host into slices upon a plate, which is passed from guest to guest, who help themselves according to fancy, every gentleman having previously taken good care of his left-hand lady, his own peculiar charge. A stranger will soon be taught that she expects him to choose a slice to her liking, and having helped himself and passed on the meat-plate, to make a tender inquiry about her selection of pickles, for he cannot but notice that she has meanwhile been making a solemn and deliberate survey of the great variety upon the table: pickles, she, and everybody, invariably eats with meat, hot or cold, and no wonder, the quality being really superb. The great pride of a Dutch housewife, if it may not be said that preserves are a greater, is pickles, and both of them make a great show upon the dinner-table.

The Dutch have solved the great eating-with-the-knife question in a very effectual manner by doing away with the temptation. Their native specimens of cutlery are so bad that in using them there can be no ever-recurring pleasure such as may be had in wielding a well-balanced, smooth, ivory-handled Rodgers, which answers to every turn of the wrist, and cuts so clean and true as to make one fancy even the toughest beefsteak negotiable into tid-bits.

The diner in Holland is expected to cut up his meat and other eatables all at once upon his plate, as well as he can manage with his wretched implement, which he then gladly deposits upon a glass holder by his side, and proceeds to eat away with the fork alone, held in his right hand. The stock of cutlery, bad as it is, cannot be very large, for one knife and fork is all the allowance for each person during the dinner.

The various dishes of fresh fruit, or fruit preserved entire, such as peaches and apricots, are handed up in succession to the hostess first, who, having counted noses, cuts up into halves or quarters according to the number of guests and the quantity of fruit upon the dish, which is then passed from hand to hand; so that whether the supply be plentiful or scanty, each guest, if he choose, may have his fair portion. This seems to be a hospitable method; it certainly prohibits on the one hand the display of selfish dexterity, not unseen at English tables, sometimes made on a dish of fine peaches, when there are a dozen or more to partake, or, on the other hand, of the modest forbearance which leaves the peaches untouched and the longing soul unsatisfied.

Immediately after eating has ceased, the cigar-box is taken round by the children, if any are present, and no lady dreams of objecting, nor is even consent asked. After some little time all retire to the drawing-room, where Mevrouw finds her tea equipage ready to her hand; and when the gentlemen have had their small cup, they lounge off to business until nine o'clock.

These hours of business must be terribly long and wearisome to the poor clerks; for it must not be imagined that hard work goes on all the time. Occasionally, of course, there is a press of business, which may engage them closely during the whole twelve hours; but as the last few hours are commonly spent in gossip, as is also the case with shopmen, it does seem that an early-closing movement would not be amiss. It should not be forgotten, however, that the rule of the Dutch merchant in his office, and of the tradesman in his shop, is very much of that patriarchal kind which is almost defunct among ourselves.

The amusements and occupation of an evening at home in a family in easy circumstances, which is the sort of family whose daily life has been here described, are pretty nearly the same in all parts of the world of civilization, and those in Holland are no exception. A little music, needlework, and reading, with pleasant chat and small games, not forgetting the preparation of lessons by the children, pass away the time until ten o'clock, when after another "coffee-drinking," very similar to the early morning meal, the family retire to rest.—*London Society.*



## Young Folks.



### THE HIGHWAY TO HONOR;

OR, THE SECRET OF LINDSAY ATWOOD'S SUCCESS.

BY JEANNIE BELL.

(Continued.)

If ever there was a time when Lindsay could have been excused for feeling a little proud it was now. Was he not a conqueror? for he had conquered his temper; proved beyond a doubt that he was no coward; and, best of all, had by his example done Nicol a lasting good. But Lindsay was not proud. He knew his own weakness too well for that; and knew, too, that he had only conquered by the help of God's grace. One thing rejoiced him greatly—little Ella Thornton's pleasure in his victory. Lindsay told Ella the story of the storm, keeping back what he could of his own doing; but Ella guessed what he did not tell her, and she cried for joy. "I guess, Lindsay," said the little girl, "you'll always keep the highway to honor. Gentleman Lindsay is just the name for you."

"I wish to be, Ella," said Lindsay; "just what would have gladdened mother's heart had she been on earth."

"Don't you think she will know now," replied the child? "I like to think that those gone to heaven help the angels to watch over us. I'll see your mother before you do," the child continued, "for I know I'll be called before long;" and her eyes shone with such a heavenly light.

"Oh, don't say so," answered Lindsay. "You must not go and leave me. You are all I have in the world;" and the lad's lip quivered at the thought of losing his little sister.

"But, Lindsay," the child went on to say, "I am so lame and delicate, I'll never be of much use here; but in Heaven I'll be needed to sing praise to the Lamb on the Throne; and if God wants me, by-and-

by, you must be willing to let me go. But you, Lindsay, you will live to be very useful; to do a lot of good in the world,—I know you will—and if I should not be here to help you, maybe I can help you more when I am nearer Jesus, for you know I shall see Him then, and I will be able to tell Him more about you."

Thus did the little lame girl seek to prepare Lindsay for her death—for she knew how much her adopted brother loved her. What she said sank deep into the lad's heart, but as, after this, Ella seemed stronger, he soon forgot his fears.

A few weeks after this, Lawyer Spence, coming unexpectedly into the office, found Lindsay writing at a desk. Looking over Lindsay's shoulder, the lawyer said in his usual gruff way, "Who gave you liberty to write in my office?"

Lindsay was rather hurt at the tone of the question; but answered respectfully:—"Having finished my regular work, I asked and obtained some writing from the head clerk, so as to improve myself."

"Humph!" growled the lawyer, "you may go on now, but come to my private room before you go to dinner."

Lindsay went at the hour appointed. It was with a rather quicker beating heart than usual that the lad entered his master's room, but as he was unconscious of having left any duty undone, he looked at the lawyer in his usual frank way.

Mr. Spence began by telling Lindsay that his services would be no longer required as office boy; but if Lindsay chose he would engage him as clerk. Mr. Spence knew all about the lad's diligence in the past year, spoke of his bravery in saving

Nicol's life, and concluded by saying, that if Lindsay acted in the future as he had done in the past, there was good hope that his way would be the pathway to honor.

Lindsay was a happy boy that day; his salary would be raised, and now he could attend evening classes for the furtherance of his education. Very pleasant was study to Lindsay; it was no hardship to him to work hard all day in the office, and then give two hours of the evening for improving his mind.

Lindsay was a pretty good English scholar, but he wanted French and German. He had studied Latin for a year or two, but he felt he was not proficient even in this. Early morning found Lindsay writing French exercises and translating funny sentences from Chambeaux's Fables, that would make his little sister laugh. When Lindsay would say something to Ella in French, she would laugh in her bright, happy way, and say, "she hoped he wasn't calling her names, for he might be for aught she knew." One thing Ella was fond of was their evening hour for reading. Just after tea Lindsay would bring his book of history or travel, while Ella would listen attentively, now and again stopping him to ask about the customs of this country or the habits of that people. At the classes Lindsay attended, he met young men older than himself; one of them, Frank Davidson, gained a good deal of influence over him. Frank was a handsome, dashing fellow—a little fast, Lindsay thought, but at heart thoroughly kind and well meaning. Ella's opinion was different; Frank laughed at Ella's goodness, and too often sneered at holy things for Ella to like him, and she urged her brother not to go much with him, for she was sure he would lead her brother into mischief.

Lindsay for a time shunned Frank; but the latter would not be turned off, and his kindly manner and insinuating way soon gave him his former place with Lindsay. By-and-by his influence began to tell, so sure it is that "evil communications corrupt good manners." The nights when there were no classes, instead of letting Lindsay study quietly at home as he used to do, Frank would persuade him to go to a concert; once he went to the theatre, and now

where do we see him but in the billiard-room! Night after night was spent in the same way; mother, Ella, and even his God, did Lindsay seem to forget. Not always did he forget; conscience gave him many a pang, and Ella's sad, pale face was a constant reproach. Once he went softly into Ella's room and found her on her knees praying for him. As she did not notice his entrance, he went softly out and up to his own room, where he wept tears of real sorrow. For a night or two he did not go out, but read to Ella as formerly, and tried by all kinds of pleasant ways to make her forget the past. Ella thought her brother did not yet see his danger, and she and old Clare, the servant, had many a long talk about him. Often did the two kneel in Clare's little room and ask God to deliver Lindsay from temptation; to open his eyes to see his danger. But a time of trial was before Lindsay; he needed a lesson to humble him. Too conscious of his high aims and hopes, he could not be the useful man God designed him to be, but for this humbling lesson. By degrees Frank Davidson gained his former influence over Lindsay; sometimes he conquered by sneering at the lame girl's power over him, sometimes by coaxing. Excepting that Lindsay had never touched wine, he was to outward appearance little better than Frank himself. Lindsay had now become quite fond of billiards, or a game of whist, but so far he had never touched strong drink; the promise given to his sainted mother had hitherto been a good safeguard from this temptation. When Lindsay was absent from the company who met to play cards, Frank would boast that he would yet break Lindsay's principle in this matter. One night when Lindsay was excited over cards, Frank poured out a glass of wine and urged him to drink it. Lindsay hesitated, set down the glass again, when Frank was heard to mutter, "Never thought you were so little the gentleman as to refuse a glass of wine, Lindsay." These words had the desired effect. Lindsay was touched in the weak point. He again raised the glass to his lips; but when he looked at it, he distinctly saw his mother's face, while in his soul he heard these words:—"Beware, my son; a

deadly serpent lurks beneath." Of course, it was but the still small voice of conscience warning him of his danger,—yet he thought he really heard his mother's voice. Just as the pale, trembling lad set down the glass, the door opened, and a messenger told him to hasten quickly if he would see Ella alive. Bewildered, horror-stricken, Lindsay hurried home and would probably have entered Ella's room in that excited way, but for old Clare, who caught him as he entered the door, drew him kindly into the parlor, smoothed the disordered hair from the boy's heated brow, and told him he must be calm before he could enter Ella's room, lest he should snap the tender thread of life. Bathing his face and hands, and kneeling a moment to ask strength from Heaven, he was able to speak to the sick child with something like calmness. Propped up in bed with pillows, the weary little head resting on her mother's breast, Ella looked as if the "black messenger" might come for her at any moment. Just then her gaze fell on Lindsay, she clasped her hands for joy and motioned him to come near. Lindsay took one of the thin little hands, and asked if she was very ill? Ella replied, "Not far from home, brother. Last night I thought I heard my name called three times; then a voice seemed to say, 'Ella, you are wanted by the King,' and you know, Lindsay. I have expected the summons this long while."

"Oh you must not, I cannot let you go," sobbed the lad.

"God will make you willing, brother; but one thing I must ask of you while I am able—that is, not to go with Frank Davidson; at least until you feel he has no power over you. A little while ago, when I was asleep, I dreamt you were in great danger, so I sent for you, lest I should not see you again on earth."

Lindsay remembered, but would not distress his sister with an account of the temptation he had passed through, but in his heart there was deep remorse, only concealed for fear he would distress Ella. As the child seemed easier, Mrs. Thornton prevailed upon to take a few hours rest and let Lindsay sit up with her. Cheerfully every wish of the sick girl was obeyed; every want anticipated. The favorite

chapters in the Bible were read and the bits in the "Pilgrim" that she liked best repeated to her. After a time she looked weary, and thought she could sleep if her pillows were put down. With gentle, womanly hands Lindsay arranged the pillows (he had often done this for his mother), then smoothed back the curls from the weary child's forehead.

"Before I sleep I want to say something to you, Lindsay, and I am sure you will try to do what I wish. Will you promise never to touch wine or cards? you know it was through these two that my poor brother died so young. Fond of company, I have heard mother say, he was led away by some boys of his own age to have a game of cards; then he was tempted to drink; and as he was't strong, he caught cold, which brought on consumption, and so I lost my only brother. Will you promise, Lindsay?"

For a moment the lad's head was bowed in secret prayer to ask divine help to resist temptation; then with a look that assured Ella he knew the importance of what he was saying, he gave the required promise. "Now I shall sleep, brother. Kiss me good night," and the warm, feverish, lips were held up to say good night. Shortly after Ella fell asleep, Mrs. Thornton came in, and, seeing how matters stood, with a whispered kindly word bade Lindsay go to bed. Not to immediate rest went Lindsay; there was much sin to be confessed to his Heavenly Father; much strength needed for future guidance, and a submissive spirit to make the lad willing to give his precious little sister up to God. Bitter were Lindsay's tears, as he lay prostrate before "the eye which never slumbers nor sleeps." How long he lay he could not tell, for sleep overcame the weary eyes; there in the calm stillness of a summer night he rested on the floor. After a time he was awakened by the touch of a hand on his shoulder, while the kindly voice of the old black servant tried to persuade him to go to bed. Her room was next to Lindsay's, and she had heard the sound of weeping; but, thinking the lad would be better alone, she did not go near him, but lay awake hoping he would soon seek the rest he so much needed. At last, hearing no sound, she had slip-

ped on her dress, opened Lindsay's door, and, as she feared, found him asleep on the floor. Fearing he would take cold, she urged him to retire at once, which he did, and felt happier and more refreshed next morning than he had done for weeks.

What made him feel happier, think you? it was this: the burden of sin rolled away; the peace which all God's children possess, no matter how young, when sin is confessed and pardoned, and the heart filled with higher resolves to live a better life. Ella was better next day, and Lindsay with the happy hopefulness of youth felt sure Ella would soon be well again. It was a humble, thoughtful mood in which Lindsay went to his French teacher that night. He knew that much firmness, much patience would be needed to resist Frank's pleadings; nor was he disappointed, for Frank, having failed in entreaties and ridicule, got angry; but neither had any effect upon Lindsay. Resting in a strength not his own, Lindsay was conqueror, and it was with a happy heart that he hurried home to read to Ella. Very weak was the sick child. Even Lindsay saw this, much as he wished to believe otherwise. When he asked how she was, she said, "I will never be better until I am yonder," and her eyes and hand were raised to the beautiful moon-lit sky. The child looked at it as if each star was a pearly gate and she already beyond them.

After this Lindsay did not go to his class. Each evening was devoted to Ella. He was fully repaid by Ella's and Mrs. Thornton's happiness. Old Clare's "Bless the lad; he's an unspeakable comfort in our time of need," was sufficient thanks for Lindsay. Ella's favorite reading next to the Bible was the "Pilgrim's Progress." The parts she liked to have read again and again were those telling of the arrival of the post for Christiana and her companions.

The night before Ella died, Lindsay was reading about the token of the Messenger for Mr. Ready-to-Halt, when Ella, in a pause of the reading, said, "The post has come for me, brother. The token is, 'The Lord hath need of thee.' I shall never need a crutch again; for like Ready-to-Halt, I see on the other side chariots and horses to ride."

The messenger came for Ella next evening. It was at the twilight hour. Lindsay was on one side of Ella's bed, Mrs. Thornton holding the dying child in her arms, and old Clare softly weeping under the shade of the window curtain. All at once the faint voice was heard asking the window blind to be drawn up. It was very peaceful outside—a calm, still evening at the close of summer; the sky a deep dark blue, while here and there little drifts of soft white clouds towered one above the other, like snow on an Alpine summit; the stars were beginning to peep forth, while the first rays of the night's moon cast a silvery light over the twilight darkness of the room. After Ella had looked at the beautiful prospect for a minute or two, she noticed the old servant near the window. "Come here, Clare," she cried. When Clare drew near the bed, Ella threw her arms around the faithful old woman's neck, and as she kissed her, said, "You'll be ready, Clare. The post will come for you one of these days."

"Yes," answered Clare; "bless the Lord; I'll soon join my dear little Ella."

"Lindsay, why do you cry?" said the dying girl. "Your little sister is very glad to go. I have no need of a crutch now. I feel as if I had wings. You won't forget your promise, Lindsay; keep on 'the high road to honor,' and be kind to mother when I'm gone. She will miss her little lame girl. Lindsay," continued Ella, as she clung to the weeping lad, "you have been a kind, good brother to me. You made the pilgrimage bright by your kindness, and the Lord will bless you for it; and now, mother, dear mother, you must not fret when I'm away. Think how much happier I will be there than here;" but what else the child would have said, they never knew, for Ella's face grew brighter—a smile of great sweetness came over it; she raised her head to listen as if the music she heard was yet a good way off; then suddenly clasping her hands, as if in an ecstasy of delight, shouted in a clear, strong voice, "Mother, Lindsay, Clare, do you hear the angels' harps?" and, as if the child's longing soul had that instant joined the angel choristers, she closed her eyes forever on earth.

Poor Lindsay! Perhaps no one knew what a blow Ella's death was to him. Mrs. Thornton, absorbed in her own grief, did not notice that Lindsay had not been seen all that night after; but Clare knew, and she, going straight to his room, found him walking up and down, as if he could not be comforted. Old Clare spoke to him of the sin of re-elling against God's will, of Ella's happiness, and then drawing Lindsay to his knees at the bedside, prayed in homely but forcible language that the lad might be comforted. So he was; never again did he weep so sorrowfully.

Knowing that Ella expected him to be useful in the world, Lindsay, after the funeral, started with fresh diligence to his studies. Again he met Frank Davidson; but now he did not need to shun him. Strong in the Lord's strength, he was proof against Frank's influence; nay, he even sought opportunities to meet Frank that he might try to do him good. At first Frank was shy, and more than once avoided him; but he could not make Lindsay abandon him, and soon an opportunity occurred for Lindsay to prove himself so true a friend that Frank was fairly conquered. It was this way: Frank, from the mere pleasure of playing cards, had gone on to play for money. Twice his father had paid debts incurred in this way; but a third time he said he would not pay them, and, as he was a stern man, and one likely to keep his word, Frank knew that it would be useless to expect aid from him again. One evening he staked all, and more than all he possessed, lost it, and was likely to be put in gaol if the money was not forthcoming. Frank did not know what to do; but Lindsay hearing of Frank's difficulties, resolved to lend Frank the money on condition that he would go no more with the set he at present associated with.

Kindly and delicately he made the offer to Frank when they were alone. Even Frank's hard heart was touched by Lindsay's kindness. He said, "After all, Lindsay, I think there must be something in your religion when it induces you to do such a kind act to a bad fellow like me."

"Yes," said Lindsay, "mine is a good religion. It not only causes people to live happily and usefully, but it makes their

death-bed happy also. Depend upon it, Frank, if you don't stop in your career of gambling and drinking at once, you will go the swift road to destruction."

Frank for once listened quietly, and promised to be more cautious in future.

(To be continued.)

## MOTH AND RUST:

PRIZE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALE, PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT, BOSTON.

(Concluded.)

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE OLD LETTER.

"For this ye know, that no covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God."

The money had been raised, and the overworked pastor had gone on his journey. Ralph was yet fretting secretly about the money, which he declared to himself had been forced from him. He was not in a frame of mind to meet any other demands. Indeed, as Ralph remarked to his wife, he "had rather leave the church than give them any more money."

The pastor had not been long absent, the church being under the care of a young minister who had just concluded his preparatory studies, when, during a heavy rain, the church-roof began to leak, and the dampness caused a large portion of the ceiling to fall. Ralph heard of these accidents, and regarded them as a personal injury. The energetic pastor in charge declared that the old church was not worth repairing,—they should build a new one. And most of the leading members of the congregation took this view. The general idea was to build a new church. And some began to consider where and how to raise the money, and others to estimate how much a new edifice would cost. These hints and whispers disturbed Ralph greatly. He was sure that he would be expected to give largely. Indeed, he knew he was able to do it, and it was his duty to help this enterprise liberally. But Ralph Morley had been so long shirking duty, and hushing the voice of conscience, that he could hardly be expected to do what was right now. After a consultation with his wife,—who, if she was not like Jezebel "his counsellor to do wickedly," was certainly not a better self, urging him to do well,—Ralph Morley called upon the young pastor *pro tem.*, and begged to be given a letter of dismission from the church. Ralph asserted that he had long felt uneasy, and

been troubled with doubts. He could not yield hearty assent to the doctrines of the church, nor to the form of government. This was indeed the church of his early choice; but long thought and wider study had convinced him that his feelings were more in unison with another body of Christians. Love for his mother had prevented his making any change when he first moved to Alden. But his aged mother no longer resided with him, and would not be disturbed by a transfer of his church-membership. Mrs. Morley felt much more strongly on this subject than himself. His children, perhaps, would be more open to religious convictions if their attendance at the church indicated were allowed. Ralph alleged that he was governed solely by a sense of duty to his own convictions and to his family.

The pastor with whom Ralph was speaking was almost a stranger, and did not thoroughly know his man. The officers of the church were secretly glad to get rid of a member who was a hindrance to the cause of Christ, and a stumbling-block to the unconverted. The letter of dismission was granted to Ralph and his wife; and the banker locked it up in his private desk, with a feeling that it was likely to save him a thousand dollars. He did not hand it over to the church to which he had seemed so anxious to fly; but he would not have thrown it away for anything. Finding himself *in articulo moris*, Ralph would have presented that letter, and demanded to be received into the church, and to have administered to him all the aids and comforts of religion. And this letter and this assistance of external piety would be to him what the roll, the robe, and the mark on the forehead, were to Bunyan's pilgrim; that is, he would trust in them on this side of the river. But mayhap they would deceive his confidence when, lonely and forlorn, he essayed to climb the hills that lie along the other side.

Fred went to church where he pleased after this; but Ralph, and his wife and Helen, except on rare occasions, scarcely went to church at all. And now, while Ralph has accomplished his recent chief object,—escape from the demands upon his purse incident to church-membership,—and while Helen's wardrobe is being prepared, that Helen with all due magnificence may be married to Tom Harkness,—let us return to the cottage in the suburbs of the smoky city where Stella lives with her grandmother. They have a little servant-maid now, and the cottage is a gem of neatness and good taste. Books, flowers, pictures, have been gathered; but all are paid for, and the little establishment supported, by the work of Stella's tireless hands.

Down the dismal streets into the dirty

and grimy thoroughfares which lie along the river, strolled Fred Morley. He had come to Pittsburg on business at the close of winter. He had called on Stella several times. He liked and admired his cousin; but her humble abode was not stylish enough for Fred, and he had put up at the hotel. Some of Fred's business took him to the wareroom of one of those dusty establishments devoted to the purchase of rags and waste-paper, by the wholesale, for the supply of paper-mills. Fred had an acquaintance here—the junior partner of the firm; and when the business of the famous Morley furnace, upon which he had come, was concluded, the young men began to make arrangements for a ride in a particularly fine turn-out, which, to tell the truth, was eating up most of the junior partner's profits. Fred and his friend, standing together switching with their canes at bags of refuse, as they talked of the horses, the roads, and the weather, beheld a great wagon stop at the door, and a hump-backed Frenchman began carrying in more bags stuffed to their fullest capacity. The last bag, rolling from the top of the pile, broke open, and discharged an avalanche of pamphlets—dusty old things they were—at our Frederick's feet. These pamphlets had a history. They had been the property of James Douglass, had been looked over by Father Honest and Ralph Morley on several occasions, and when the house was sold had been left on the top shelf of the library closet, where Mrs. Piper Quick had believed them to be much in her way. After all these years, in a phrensy of house-cleaning, Mrs. Quick had sold the obnoxious pamphlets to the rag-man for two cents per pound; and here they were upset over Fred Morley's well-blacked boots. Fred was politely stepping out of the way of the waste paper, when he saw the name upon one—M. D. & V. J. R.R.—an exploded humbug, which had robbed James Douglass, and Father Honest, and many others, of considerable investments. Moreover, Fred had heard his father remark that he had come very near being swindled himself by this scheme, but had been too sharp for them; and, as we know, Ralph Morley was particularly sharp about all the affairs of this transitory sphere. Fred, attracted by the name of this broken bubble, picked up a pamphlet. Most of the leaves were uncut, but he began turning it over; and, holding it daintily lest he should soil his buff kid-gloves, a leaf suddenly tore away and the book fell to the ground, while out of it fluttered a letter that had once been white, but was now yellow with age. Fred picked it up, and saw that the seal had never been broken, and that it was directed to his cousin—Stella Douglass. He slipped it into his pocket, and thought no more of

it, until, having returned late from the projected ride, he was safely established in his room at the hotel. Then he took the letter out, held it between himself and the light, wondered who had written it, what was in it, and why Stella had never received it. But, though he wondered, he was too much of a gentleman to open the letter, and said to himself that he would call and deliver it. As he thought this, his eye fell on a dusty calendar that hung over the mantel; and, fond of fun, he said to himself, "No, I won't! Day after to-morrow is Valentine's Day, and I'll send it to her for a valentine. Won't that be jolly. It is such a musty, yellow old thing. And then I'll ask if she got it. So Fred put Stella's present address on the letter, stamped it, and laid it by to mail next afternoon. And this is how, when valentines were flying all over the city,—valentines of all costs and styles,—to Stella was going a valentine many years old, the costliest valentine of them all.

While Stella and her grandmother were sitting at breakfast on St. Valentine's Day, the maid came in with a letter, and laid it by Stella's plate, face uppermost. Stella caught her breath. Here was a letter from the dead, a letter from a hand that had long since returned to dust,—a letter from her father. Grandma's sight was failing from age, and she did not see that her Stella grew deadly pale; but, though Stella could eat no more, she patiently waited until grandma had finished her egg and toast, and then took her letter up stairs. She sat down and waited for a few minutes before she broke the seal that had kept its trust for years. She knew the handwriting perfectly well. None but her father wrote her name in that peculiar way; but the rest of the direction was in an unknown hand, and it was so strange altogether, that she needed a little time to recover herself. She opened the old yellowish envelope; and out of it came a yellowish sheet of paper, a note addressed to herself, and dated at a time when her father and mother were going on a trip to New York. It said,—

"DEAR DAUGHTER,—As your mother and I are going on a journey, and as travellers are always liable to accident, I write this note to tell you, that, in the event of our not returning in safety, you will find all my important papers, and a large amount of money, in the back part of the lowest shelf on the right-hand side of the library closet. Draw out the shelf, and you will at once see where these valuables are deposited.

"JAMES DOUGLASS."

And thus, after so many years, James Douglass's dead hand explained what his dying lips had striven hard to say.

People had always called this man singular, and here was one of the ways in which his singularity was exhibited.

Stella paused a while to think how little likelihood there was, that during all these years the important shelf had remained as her father had left it. Indeed, he himself might have removed his papers before his last illness. When Stella had somewhat quieted herself by thinking of all these chances, she dressed herself with her usual deliberate care, and walked out to call on Mrs. Piper Quick. Her grandmother was quite amazed to see Stella going out to walk during her usual hour for hard work. Mrs. Piper Quick was no less surprised at a call from Stella; they had scarcely any acquaintance. Stella said she had always loved the house, and would like to take a look at it. Might she see the library?

Mrs. Piper Quick was willing she should see the library; only it wasn't a library any longer, it was a sitting-room. What was the use of a library where there weren't any books? asked Mrs. Quick briskly. Stella went into the ex-library, and made herself agreeable to the daughters of the family. There was the closet where her father kept papers and magazines. Might she look at the closet?

Mrs. Quick replied that she might look if she chose; but it was kept for pickles and preserves now; and, as servants were so deceitful, it was locked,—but here Mrs. Quick produced the key,—and the upper shelf had been lumbered these years with some old books which Mr. Waters had looked over and said were of no account, and which had greatly aggravated Mrs. Quick; and finally she had sold them to the ragman. She wished Stella had taken them away long ago.

Stella was looking in the closet, and hastily measured the depth and length of the lower shelf with her arm. She meant to say nothing of her hopes, fears, and uncertainties, to these almost strangers. Were these the shelves, the *very* shelves, that had been in the house when her father died? "Land, yes!" Mrs. Quick replied. "She had no money to spend changing good, stout shelves."

"And do you take them out to scrub at house-cleaning time?"

"No, indeed!" responded Mrs. Quick, in a lively way. "The shelves may be thankful to get washed up where they are; besides, I suppose they're fast."

"Oh, certainly!" Stella said with a sigh, and soon took her leave.

As she went to a cabinet-maker's, she absurdly felt as if she had betrayed her anxieties, and that Mrs. Quick would at once begin a rigid examination of the closet and the shelves; but, even if she did, what harm to Stella?

At the cabinet-shop, Stella gave the

measure of a shelf that was to be finished in an hour, and then set out to find Mr. Waters.

Father Honest was in his counting-room, and invited Stella within the semi-circular railing which was supposed to set him in retirement from clerks and porters, and all the rest of the world.

"Why, Miss Stella, what's the matter?" asked Honest.

"I think I have solved the mystery of these many years," said Stella, "and found out what father meant to say, and—there's a letter from him, Mr. Waters!" Here Stella held out the letter, and suddenly her firmness gave way, and she retired into the depths of some six inches square of cambric pocket-handkerchief. Father Honest rubbed his glasses, and looked horror-struck. He felt sure his admired Stella was either crazy, or had gone over to Spiritualism, which, indeed, may only be another name for insanity. However, he felt that it was proper to read the document Stella had produced; and he proceeded to do so before offering his opinion. When he saw the handwriting he sprang to his feet. When he had read the note six or eight times, Stella came out of the handkerchief, and began to speak.

"I have been there, and looked at the closet; and Mrs. Quick says that the shelves are the same we left there. It remains to be seen whether there is anything in that lowest one."

"Been there!" cried Father Honest, quite ecstatic at the prospect of a rise in Stella's fortunes. "I should think you would have pulled out that shelf and looked."

"I couldn't," replied Stella, quite calmly: "it was full of preserve-jars."

"She could have moved them, and must at once," said Honest, seizing his hat.

"I ordered a new shelf; and we will go there and change them, taking the old one as a relic. Very likely there's nothing in it; and I don't want the affair and my disappointment talked of all over town. We will take the shelf, and go home quietly; and, if it is only a plain piece of wood, very well,—only you and I will know it was expected to be more."

Stella's quietness moderated her old friend, and they proceeded leisurely towards Mrs. Quick's, getting the new shelf from the shop as they passed by.

Mrs. Piper Quick growled a little over "notions," and did not seem quite happy to move her preserves; but moved them nevertheless. Father Honest, in some trepidation, pulled the shelf out. It came hard; and Mrs. Quick remarked, as he substituted the new one, "Land, I didn't know those shelves would move!"

Father Honest took the old shelf under his arm. "Much obliged, Mrs. Quick!

Come, Miss Stella, we will not make our friends any more trouble to-day."

As they went along the street, Mr. Waters said, "This shelf has a place where it can be opened. I saw it in a minute; but what is in it?"

"Nothing, very likely," said Stella, resolved not to show how much she felt on the subject.

Seated in Stella's little parlor,—and all at once Father Honest thought what a very little parlor it was, what a low ceiling, and what common wall-paper!—Father Honest quickly took two small screws from the back edge of this famous shelf, and, removing the piece of wood, behold a cavity neatly filled with papers. The first paper was almost priceless to Stella; for it was a receipt for the payment of that debt for which she had been deprived of her home.

"Oh, the rascal!" groaned Father Honest, "to get his bill paid twice! To rob an orphan! There is no punishment severe enough for such villany!"

"I don't feel like punishing anybody," cried Stella, with an eager little laugh, holding the precious paper fast. "I shall have my home again! Poor Mrs. Quick! she will have to move all her preserves this time."

But the old gentleman had got out more papers in his hands,—papers, that, after process in the courts, gave Stella fifty thousand dollars; and over which the excellent guardian was in a speechless rapture. When Father Honest recovered his voice, his first use of it was to threaten the severest penalties against the man who had deliberately robbed Stella.

But here Stella interposed.

"He must be made an example of!" cried Mr. Waters.

"Don't you suppose in all these years he has lived miserably, in terror of discovery? He is not to be envied. He has a wife and children who would be as heavily punished as he; and I do not wish to make my happiness a misery to them. We will be satisfied to settle the matter quietly, and get the house, and rent for the time it has been out of my hands."

For the next few weeks, Stella's engraving was at a stand-still. The business of the property was quickly concluded. The miserable man who had perpetrated the fraud on Stella refunded what he had taken; was abject in his thanks for the mercy that was shown him, and in an agony of shame.

"How strange," mused Stella, "that a man will thus sell himself for money! I have found that people can be very happy without it."

Mrs. Piper Quick, receiving the money she had paid for the house, bought another, and effected her removal, with wonders as



to where Miss Douglass's money and papers had turned up; and never dreaming of the secret depository, and the letter that had been under her own hands so long.

Workmen were busy restoring Stella's home to all its former elegance. A gardener toiled zealously about the grounds. And, almost daily, grandma had to be taken to see how matters were getting on. A carriage was one of Stella's first investments, that grandma might ride out every day. And Mr. Waters smiled a pleased smile, as he saw Stella dressing grandma up in the softest lace caps, the thickest of black silks, and the most tasteful and elegant shawls. All at once, Stella seemed to think that her grandma had suffered many privations during these last years, for which she must be compensated. But the old lady declared she had never known a want, and had been perfectly happy.

Said grandma to Stella, "Now, my dear child, I suppose you think money will be good for you, since you are given it."

"Yes," said Stella; "I hope the Lord sees that I know how to use it; and I hope He will help me to use it well, that it may not be a hindrance to me. Indeed, dear grandma, I think wealth much more perilous than poverty; and I must watch and pray that I may be delivered from temptation. I find myself, now, thinking what I shall get for myself, my house, and my flower-garden, far more than what I shall give to the Lord. And indeed, grandma, I did so well living on what I earned myself, that I think I have now more than I need; and, as I believe no one ever lost anything by giving to the Lord,—what do you say to tithing this property, and dividing the tenth among different charities?"

"Why," said grandma, admiring her idol more than ever, "I think it would be just like you, Stella, and you would get the Lord's blessing for it!"

"You see," said Stella, "I think of it as a spiritual sanitary measure. I want to give myself a good lesson, and nip selfishness right in the bud. If I failed to do this, I'd very likely lay it out on myself in diamonds, or some such thing; for you've no idea what an extravagant taste I have."

Of course, Fred was one of the first to be informed of his cousin's good fortune. All St. Valentine's Day, Fred was delighted with the thought of the old letter he had sent Stella. In the evening, he hurried to call, and found his relatives eagerly talking together. "I say, Stella, did you get any valentines?"

"I got one," replied Stella, half smiling and half sad at thought of it.

"Oh, gay!" cried Fred. "Let me see it, won't you? Where did it come from?"

"I don't know who sent it; that is a mystery," said Stella. "But I know who it

was written by: it was a letter from father."

"Oh, there, Stella!" cried Fred penitently, thinking he had stirred sorrowful recollections, and deeply grieved for it. "I hope you'll forgive me. I thought it was from some old beau. Upon my honor, if I'd dreamed who wrote it, I'd have handed it over in the most solemn manner!"

"You sent it, Fred; where did you get it?" cried grandma.

And Fred, in tones suited, as he imagined, to the melancholy of the occasion, narrated how he found the letter.

"It is a providence, a special providence!" cried grandma.

And Stella at once told Fred what a valuable note this had proved.

Now, to Fred, educated to believe money the chief good, this was the most delightful news. He capered about the room; congratulated his grandma, his cousin, and himself; persuaded himself that he was the source of all this good fortune; and secretly believed that Stella ought to be deeply grateful to him. Finally, he declared his intention of celebrating this event in due form; and, rushing out, ordered a little supper, which was presently carried in by three white-aproned waiters. And Mr. Waters arrived in time to shake hands with Fred, and share the refectation.

When Fred went home, the bearer of such astonishing news about Stella, and carrying to Stacey a new lustre dress and three turbans,—turbans utterly incapable of ever rising in wrath, so soothing were they to the old servant's feelings,—and, with dress and turban, were a large-print Bible, and a pair of silver-bowed spectacles, which gave so much joy that Stacey sung hymns about "Jerusalem" all day; and when, besides gifts for Stacey, Fred produced a rich set of pearl jewellery for Helen, and some cobweb collars, of exquisite beauty and high cost,—how did all the Morley family prepare to fall down and worship this cousin, to whom in charity they had given casual thoughts, and still more infrequent letters, when, as designer and engraver, she was quietly earning bread and butter for herself and grandma.

O Stella, kind and radiant Stella! how did a fortune of seventy thousand dollars lift you high in the esteem of these most tender and disinterested relatives! Fred will no longer disdain to stop at your dwelling when he goes to your city for business; your aunt will have the pleasure of spending a few weeks with you; your uncle would be happy to call upon you. And while you were of small account, and undeserving attention, when you were simply heir of God and joint-heir with Jesus Christ, and possessor of a waiting mansion in the skies, you shall be petted and flattered, and invited to Helen's wed-

ding, now that you have bank-stock and a handsome house whose value is constantly rising! Yes, indeed, while paper-hangers, masons, and painters were busy refitting Stella's house, Stella and grandma must yield to the most ardent entreaties, and go to Helen's wedding.

You may be sure grandma, with the fondness and garrulity of age, did not fail to report how Stella was beginning in earnest to use her fortune, as a steward of Him, who, at his coming, will demand his own with usury.

We must be sure also, that Ralph, who had long been privately uneasy, ashamed, and self-reproachful, over his treatment of his mother, and sequestration of her small property, was now contented and thankful to find that she would be surrounded with every luxury, and gratified in every whim, and ministered to by money, none of which need come out of his pocket.

Thus peace was proclaimed through all the Morley borders.

Stella and grandma had gone at last to the new old home. Helen and Tom were married; and, as neither of them cared to shoulder the responsibilities of housekeeping, they pretended to board at the Alden Hotel, but, in reality, spent the greater part of their time with their parents.

At an age when many men begin to think of retiring from business, and when Ralph had formerly said he would lay aside active exertions and take life easy, he was yet increasing his cares and his money ventures. He had learned to find no pleasure so great as the accumulation of property. And, as if the bank and furnace were not enough, he was largely interested in a factory in a town some miles from Alden. At this factory, Fred acted as his agent, spending nearly all the week there. You might suppose Ralph and his wife would be lonely, when, after all these years when they had had their children about them, they were for the most part left alone, two of their family asleep never to waken, and the other two finding other homes and other ties. But, as we know, these parents were not of the sentimental type; and so long as Mrs. Morley could polish her furniture, deck herself with new collars and head-dresses, and Ralph could "buy and sell and get gain," they were quite well satisfied. The monitor in Ralph's bosom had been this long while silent. Conscience grows weary of warning and rebuking, when it is unheard or deliberately disobeyed; but, with conscience silent, Ralph was not unhappy. Though the "way of the transgressor is hard," it is often only hard at its ending, and not particularly thorny when one is going over it. As Ralph had set his chief desire on money, it was not to be expected that his heart and his purse would grow heavy a

the same time. Ralph's heart can only be heavy when his purse is light.

To Fenton and to Dodson's Mill we are to go no more. Luke Rogers we shall never meet again, but may God bless the faithful servant in his word and work!

As for Stella, we have only to tell you, that as in her poverty she had been upright and liberal, so in her wealth she lived as one who should give account, and was keeping her books properly posted for that great day of assize when they shall all be opened.

Blest is the death of the righteous. What need is there to follow Grandma Morley the few remaining steps of her pilgrimage, to tell you that He who promises to carry his people even to old age and hoary hairs, was not forgetful of his word!

Do we doubt that old Stacey, going out of this life, shall find the Master whom in her low estate she has lovingly served?

We come at last to a summer evening when the workmen were going home from their labors, and all the Alden families were sitting down to tea. Mrs. Morley's table was spread with shining glass and silver and costly china, and was waiting for the coming of the head of the house. Ralph had been spending the afternoon at the furnace-office,—a neatly-furnished room at the upper end of the iron-works. Tom Harkness had gone to the city, and Helen had come to stay with her mother. And when Mrs. Morley had wondered some dozen times why her husband did not come to his supper, the two ladies concluded that he had gone down the river to visit the factory, as was frequently his custom; and they sat down to eat alone.

Tea was ordered for Mr. Morley at nine o'clock, when the evening packet came up; but even then he did not come, and the wife and daughter yawned over the magazines until ten.

Said Mrs. Morley to Helen, "Go to bed, child. You're tired. Your father hates those hot little packets, and is waiting for the larger steamer. I'll nap in my chair. It will be up about midnight."

Helen went to bed; and Mrs. Morley locked up the house, turned down her lamp, put her feet up on an ottoman, and took little, uneasy naps. The steamer whistled; and shortly after steps came up the walk, and a hand was on the bell.

Mrs. Morley went to the door. "Why, Ralph! Where did you stay so?"

"What are you up for, mother?" asked Fred's voice. "Is father out?"

"Isn't your father at the factory?" cried Mrs. Morley, alarmed at once.

"No," replied Fred, coming in, and closing the door. "I came up to see him. The men have struck for twenty-five cents more a day. How long has he been gone?"

"He didn't come in to tea. I asked some of the hands, and they had not seen him since the middle of the afternoon."

"He'll turn up all right," said Fred, dropping on a lounge. "Hadn't you better go to bed?"

"No. I'm dreadfully worried about him. You must go and look for him."

"Pooh!" replied Fred. "Folks will think he's turned defaulter, and decamped with all the bank-stock. We won't cry him as 'lost, stolen, or strayed,' yet a while."

Helen woke up about three with such a sense of loneliness and dread upon her, that she crept to the door of her mother's room. It was open. "Mother!" said Helen. Then louder, "Mother! Has father come?" Then hearing no answer, she stole to the bed, and felt with her hand in the dark. The covers were smooth. No one was there; and, thoroughly frightened, Helen wrapped herself in a shawl that lay over a chair, and ran down stairs.

Mrs. Morley's anxieties were by no means soothed by Helen's terrors.

Fred sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked at his watch. "It is nearly daylight," he said; "and I'll call the coachman, and we will go and look for him. Very likely he left some word at the furnace."

Fred called the coachman; and the two set off to look for the missing man, just as the morning was growing gray. Helen was sure she could sleep no more, and so went up stairs to dress. Fred did not think himself alarmed by his father's absence; yet, as he strolled along in the dim morning light, the black man plodding behind, he could not help thinking, what if, lying in some nook by the river, half in and half out of the tawny water, he should see that well-known form, and the head that had always held itself so high. He saw a little boy running swiftly along, and shivered with an apprehension that he was bringing him bad news; but the lad passed him, bound on some other errand, and at length Fred and his attendant reached the furnace. The night-gang were at work. The chimneys poured out flame, here and there in the deep shadows disappeared a man trundling before him a glowing ball of molten metal, and the iron wheels rumbled away in the distance; and out of the blackness came grimy figures armed with long bars, whereof the ends were red-hot; and beside the shadows were vivid depths of flame, and caldrons of red, melted iron, and little iron doors swung open, and showed the seething fires in the clay furnaces. Going in and out through strong lights and deep shadows, Fred asked news of his father. No one had seen him, since he had been in his office the previous afternoon. Leaving the furnace, Fred went on towards the office. Mr. Trot's house lay above there

but he let the coachman lead the way now. The curtains were nearly down in the office; but the man stepped back, saying, "Mister Fred, the office-door ain't locked, and it is not latched!"

The summer morning had now fully dawned; the yellow sunlight brightened under the rosy curtains of the east. The birds were singing in the trees along the bank, and about the gardens.

"Open the door," said Fred; but he hung back until the man obeyed, and obeying cried out, "O Mister Fred, he's here!"

He was there, all of him that was anywhere in mortal reach.

Perhaps he had drawn his office-curtains down that he might doze in the hot afternoon when his last visitor had gone. Passers-by had supposed the place shut up. None had gone there. None had disturbed a sleep that was lasting over long. He sat in his favorite high-backed chair, his hands grasping its arms, and his feet resting upon a tall stool. There was no need that the son and the servant should tip-toe so gently on each side his chair, and look forward so carefully in his face. Be their foot-falls never so heavy, they would not echo in his ears. His eyes were wide open, but had been filled already with sights so great, beyond all earthly seeing, that the shadows of finite things should fall athwart his vision no more. Ralph Morley's eyes could not brighten now, even at the sight of gold; his ears could not tingle to the ring of precious coin. He had learned, we doubt not, how evanescent is the wealth he could not carry out of this little world. He had found how small is earthly success, and how narrow is earthly ambition. He had learned it, as we may never learn here clad in flesh; but learned it,—oh, too late! —too late!

Ralph's office was so public a place, thronged daily by so many people, that permission was sometimes asked to hang placards on the wall. There was one hung there now, advertising a loss; and, as Ralph's head leaned back against the chair-cushion, his open eyes were fixed upon the heading of the placard, a word in long, black letters,—*LOST!* We wonder, Ralph,—poor, helpless Ralph,—if you had found that there are other things that can be lost, besides pocket-books and purses and United States five-twenties.

There is no echo of ill can reach the golden streets, or jar the beauty of the New Jerusalem; else we might think that slowly through the heavenly city might go some angel-crier, with a voice like a sad-toned bell, calling, "Lost, lost, lost! a man who might have reached here. Lost, a man who gave eternity for time! lost, a man who bartered his soul for money! Lost, lost, lost! And no reward is offered, for none can find him ever again!"

Carry him home. A very little portion of Ralph Morley's property will be needed to buy a rosewood box with silver-plate and handles. He need not have toiled so long and so hard to purchase the little space of ground he must be contented with at last. Carry him home! They weep for him, it is true; and people say the kindest things of him, and are tender of his faults; but yet we think he would have been more sincerely mourned if four Christian children had followed after the coffin of the pious father who led them to Jesus, and whom they were sure of meeting at their Master's feet. We think, that if this new-made widow were forced to wear plain weeds, and had no great fortune left her, but was left to find her solace in three loving, God-fearing sons, while she waited to rejoin her husband in the house eternal, she would not be so much the object of our pity as Mrs. Morley is now.

The long-talked-of lot in the cemetery is bought at last. This Morley funeral will be some while remembered, for the two sons who have been under the evergreen these years are taken away; and each, in a separate hearse, follows Ralph's hearse along the summer roads that wind among the hills.

There is that church-letter, which saved Ralph that precious thousand,—that letter which he would neither use nor lose: perhaps, if it would do him any good, we might lay it on his breast, held fast in the hands that can now grasp nothing else, that the resurrection-angel might know this dust and ashes professed once to be a Christian. Alas! it will do no good. The church-letter is valueless; for when this grave is opened again, and Ralph comes forth in his grave-clothes, what good will it do to profess, "Lord, we have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets"! For he who sifts all motives, and knows all hearts, may perchance reply, "I tell you, I know not whence ye are: depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity."

My history of this life is ended; for the end of the life has come. After the tale comes the moral; and of little use is a moral that has not been fully developed in the tale. We have shown you how Ralph Morley was sifted until nothing good of him was left. There is a sifting going on for us all. Pray Heaven our faith may not fail!

And so farewell to you. And take this lesson home: flee covetousness, which is idolatry; for ye cannot serve God and mammon. And ours is a God who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins, and will accept nothing less than entire consecration unto Himself.

THE END.

## FROM HIS PLAY

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

I read in a blotted letter  
A sorrowful page to-day!  
It tenderly told of a darling child  
Suddenly caught from his play!  
Climbing the moment and shouting,  
The next—a slip and a fall:  
They bore him home to his mother:  
He died—and that was all!

All! It is said so often,  
And yet I comprehend  
Somewhat of your depth of darkness,  
O sorely stricken friend!  
As I think with a chill foreboding,  
How blank this world would be  
If the wing of the desolate angel  
Should bear my boy from me.

Yet, sweet, let it soothe your sorrow,  
That not by the bridge of pain  
Your little one crossed the river,  
And stood on the shining plain:  
That you keep no moan of anguish  
In your thought of the gleeful boy,  
But the ring of his musical laughter,  
A very peal of joy!

One quivering breath, and the eyelids  
Drooped o'er the deep blue eyes,  
That opened a moment later,  
In the flash of a sweet surprise!  
For surely this was the city  
With crystal walls of light,  
And that was the sea of jasper,  
Where never falleth night.

His mother had told him often,  
In the pauses of her song,  
While over him in the evening light  
Would soft dream shadows throng!  
How the other side of the sunset,  
In wonderful light serene,  
More beautiful than the morning,  
There lay a world unseen,

Where the pilgrims, great or little,  
Who walk this earth of ours,  
Should rest them under the tree of light,  
Amid unfading flowers;  
Where waited the loving Jesus,  
Who heard his lisping prayer,  
To gather the wee ones in His arms,  
And bid them welcome there.

So it was not like a stranger,  
Sure not of right nor of way,  
The dear one felt when he found himself  
At home on that sudden day;  
For borne by a swift translation  
To the Master's feet above,  
The Master himself would teach him soon  
The perfect lore of love.

As I linger over your letter,  
Tear-stained, I seem to see  
That house bereft, where a heartache  
For many a month shall be!  
Where the silence strains to listen  
For a step that nevermore  
Shall bound in its thoughtless freedom  
Across the desolate floor!

But I gaze beyond the waters  
That ripple at my feet,  
And far and far through the autumn sky,  
So strangely still and sweet,  
And I think how well had it been for some  
Who wearily work away,  
If Heaven had stooped to lift them up  
From their brief bright childhood's play!  
—*Hearth and Home.*

SONG OF THE SWINGERS.

Words by MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

Music by KARL MERZ.

Moderate. *mf*

Swing, swing, where the blue-birds sing,  
Swing, swang, while the reapers' clang, Swing, swing where the  
Swing, swang while the

blue birds sing, In the cher-ry tree 'mid the blossoms; Let our voi-ces ring, with the  
reapers' clang Rings out where the corn is bending; For the wild bees' hum Says,

gladsome spring A - glow in our youthful bosoms! A - glow in our youthful bo-soms!  
"Summer is come," And the shepherds their flocks are tending, And the shepherds their flocks are tending

*mf* *f*  
bo - soms! Swing, swing, swing swong swung, Swing where the blue-birds sing.  
tend - ing!

Swing, swong!  
Where the vine grows strong,  
And the grape in the sunshine blushes,—  
Where the woodman's song  
Echoes loud and long,  
And the Indian Summer flushes.

Swing, swung!  
Where the scythe is hung,  
Where the hay in the barn is gathered;  
For we can be gay  
On a winter day,  
Where the ox in his stall is tethered.

## The Home.

### THE FASHIONS.

If I were to define the character of our present fashions, and what they contain in the germ, I should call them a transition style, which looks forward to a future of simplicity, without letting go, however, of the extreme elegance of the past. We have by no means abandoned over-skirts, the most graceful of all fashions; but their draping is much less complicated, and their trimming much less elaborate.

Whatever may be the material chosen for a summer dress, whether foulard, lawn, mohair, or simple mousseline de laine, the trimmings are almost always composed of two shades of the same color.

Long or trained dresses are never worn, we may say; these dresses are reserved solely for evening toilettes, and none of these are made this season. A lady who should appear in the day-time with a trained dress would look as ridiculous as if she wore white gloves and diamonds in the street.

The most popular garment of the season is the polonaise. It is adapted to every style of dress, and serves as well for travelling as for walking and visiting toilettes. Before the introduction of the polonaise a lady was obliged to put on first a skirt, secondly an over-skirt, thirdly a waist, fourthly a voluminous sash, and fifthly a paletot. Now three of the aforesaid five articles are gotten rid of, and dressing is made an expeditious affair. The skirt of the polonaise is trimmed in any style that may be desired, and is cut with or joined to a half-fitting waist in the form of a small paletot, so that the garment is put on in the twinkling of an eye. The polonaise is made of black cashmere or the material of the suit, and is worn over any kind of skirt, even black and white striped percale, linen, organdy, or *écru* pongee, or even white muslin trimmed with white insertion and guipure, or else embroidered in dots or sprigs, in which case the trimming is composed of ruches and flounces of white muslin, or of the material used for the polonaise. For a long time it has been a source of regret that white muslin dresses could not be worn in summer, which was impossible while people persisted in wearing trained dresses in the daytime, for these kind of dresses could not be made in muslin; moreover, the style of draping and looping the over-skirts was too complicated for

them, as in sitting down the folds and drapery crushed out of all shape. But now, with the polonaise, which is neither very long nor elaborately trimmed, and which can be raised or put aside in sitting, these graceful and comfortable dresses can be worn with impunity. White muslin over-skirts are also worn over plain silk or foulard dresses.

Apart from the polonaise, which is only a modification of the large *casques* in vogue some two years ago, few other wrappings are worn except short, full, slashed paletots, of the same material as the dress, whatever that may be.

The most elegant dresses are of light foulard or silk, always of a neutral tint, such as *écru*, mauve, and grey above all—grey in every shade. For these dresses the waist, made with large *basques* in the form of a tight-fitting *casaque*, almost always has a Louis XIV. vest—that is, very long in front, and descending below the belt. This vest rarely differs in color from the dress, but is always of another and generally of a darker shade, which is also adopted for the trimmings of the dress, ruches, flounces, bias folds, or rolls. The cuffs are likewise of the same shade as the dress; and lastly, the bonnet itself is made, or, if of straw, is trimmed, with the two shades used for the dress, or else with two shades of a different color that harmonizes with it.

Besides flounces, the trimmings of dresses are composed of bias folds, not separated, but, on the contrary, slightly overlapping each other; or rolls, separated, and numbering five or seven. When only three of these rolls are used they are set on nearer together, and a narrow pleated *ruche*, made of the material taken double, is set under the first and last. This trimming is often of silk on a wool or silk and wool dress. Our *modistes* are also making up a great many dresses of mousseline de laine—a charming fabric—to which we are right in returning, and which has been too long abandoned. Lastly, we see this year a new kind of striped black and white percale, of which many elegant and inexpensive dresses will be made this summer.

Light silken fabrics, such as satin-faced silk and dead-lustre iron grenadines, such also as *crêpe de Chine*, and *Osaca crape*—closely resembling Chinese fabrics—are still used for the most elegant summer toilettes as over-skirts, to be worn over

silk or foulard dresses. White, moreover, is now associated with colors to which it has hitherto been deemed incongruous. Over-skirts of white muslin, worsted grenadine, crêpe de Chine, and Osaca crape are worn over brown, gray, and sometimes even black silk dresses. Too violent a contrast of colors is avoided in all the details of the toilette. For instance, over-skirts of a neutral tint are no longer worn with a bright-colored dress, but rather one of the same, or, at most, a lighter or darker shade. The distaste which the Parisian ladies manifest for all but neutral colors is extending and becoming more strongly marked. Not a single lady is to be seen now in the daytime in a dress of bright blue, deep green, or red of any shade whatsoever, but always in black or gray, in all seasons, and écu, Havana brown, or mode, in summer; or, at most, violet—the Prussian color—and its various shades. Decided colors are only used for the accessories to a toilette, such as cravats and bonnet trimmings.

Bonnets are extremely small. They are little more than a small turned-up head-dress, under which the chignon still protrudes, though this is less ample than formerly, for the most marked feature of the present time is diminution—the reduction of size and exaggeration. In front the bonnet rests flatly on the head, where its edge crushes, and is covered by one or more ruches of illusion, blonde, or lace. A great many bonnets are seen of black straw trimmed with black silk ribbons, black lace ruches, and bright-colored flowers. White straw bonnets are generally trimmed with ribbons and feathers of two shades of the same color,—light and dark violet, blue, green, pink, etc. Round hats are still much worn, and for these there is no settled fashion. Some are seen very high, and affecting the shape of a turban, while others, on the contrary, are entirely flat. But in any case the rim is very small, so that these hats, which were invented in the first place to keep off the sun, do not shade the face at all, and are not the least protection.

Elderly persons at last see themselves exempted from the necessity of strictly conforming to the fashion. They wear dresses without overskirts, moderately short, moderately pleated and gathered, and trimmed with one or two flounces. Then over these dresses, which are without drapery, without panier, and without any of the trimming hitherto deemed indispensable, they wear simple paletots of black silk or cashmere, or, if suitable to the season, their India shawls, which seem to be coming again in vogue.

For the country, white muslin dresses in the following style will be much worn both by young married and unmarried ladies: Under-skirt trimmed with a flounce set on

with a heading, and hemmed on each side, with bright colored ribbon run through both hems. Over-skirt shorter than the preceding, and trimmed with a similar narrower flounce. Casaque-waist like the over-skirt, but trimmed with a flounce still narrower. There is no belt, but on each side of the over-skirt is set a ribbon, the shorter end of which is over, and the longer end under the skirt. The ends are then tied together so as to raise the skirt a little, and form a large bow on each side. A bow of the same ribbon is set on the front of the waist.

Many dresses are also being made of straw-colored and écu foulard, trimmed with three rows of guipure set one above the other, and overlapping each other half their width. The first row of guipure is black, the second écu, and the third black. All three are gathered, and the blending produces the effect of a ruche. White guipure is sometimes substituted for écu in the combination.—*Emmeline Raymond, in Harper's Bazar.*

#### WEDDING-TRIPS.

Now, out of the thousands of newly-married people who will take the tyrannical customary wedding-trip this season, how many will do so with a feeling of honest enjoyment? How many are there that will not secretly wish they were free to go at once, quietly and unobserved, to their nest-building? How many are there who can enjoy their visit to Washington or Niagara without troublesome purse-pangs, reminding that there is more of life to come, and many necessary expenses to meet? Those accounts of butcher and grocer, those bills for fuel and light, do they never obtrude themselves upon the vision of our tourists? It may be that they are unthought of at the time; but in the after days, when the clerk from his salary of a thousand a year has to pay house or room rent, and provide for the wants of three or four instead of one, do you imagine he never remembers with regret the 300 his wedding-trip cost him? Does the memory of one or two pleasant weeks compensate him for the privations they have cost? But perhaps you will say that a poor man has no right to encumber himself with a family. Out upon you! It is not the family, but the *notions* that are the encumbrance; the desire to do as others do, the dread of sneers, the fear lest some one shall say the ———s stayed at home because they couldn't afford the journey. And it is not the expensive journey alone which they cannot afford, but many other things which must be had or done in order to be consistent, and thus, sadly often, a burden of debt is laid heavily upon the shoulders

which should be free to breast boldly forward; bearing down the high head and crippling the strong arm which will need all their youthful energy to hold their own in the battle of life.

An intimate friend of mine, just married to a young physician, and returned from a wedding-trip which would be considered short and inexpensive by most, said to me, "E——, I did not enjoy myself one bit, for do what I would, I could not forget that we were paying enough to furnish our parlor, for one week of looking at things, that if it hadn't been for the name of it, we should never have cared to see. And now I'm going to make it an invariable rule not to spend a cent for the mere fear of the sneers of a few people who don't care a button about us, and wouldn't give us a dollar to keep us from starving, after we had reached that point through attention to their views."

Adherence to this rule has worked well for our young physician and his wife, and it is to be hoped that others may be induced to try it without going through their preliminary lesson. Put the money the wedding-trip would cost into articles of comfort, convenience, or taste, which will be of use and pleasure to the eye for years to come, and which your children after you can enjoy, when the memory of your fortnight of feverish, dusty, dangerous car-riding, expensive hotel-living, and weary sight-seeing, would have been deservedly forgotten, or only remembered with regret.

—*Ethel Gale, in Christian Union.*

## HORTICULTURE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Many persons wonder why it is that boys and girls appear to have so little inclination to engage in the beautiful and attractive operations of horticulture and floriculture. When a really good and industrious boy is set to picking and piling stones in the field, why will he so soon become so unfaithful and indolent that it is difficult to induce him to pick stones enough to pay for poor board? To a sensible person who understands what laborious and fatiguing work it is to handle even small stones, the reason is plain: picking stones is too hard labor for little boys. The same is true of gardening. The strength and hard muscles of a strong man are requisite in spading up even a small plot of ground. Parents frequently tell their little children: "There's a nice plot of ground in the corner of the yard, there are the garden tools, and here are seeds; now let us see how neatly you can make and cultivate a little garden." Fired with ambition, the soft muscles will be all jaded out in unsatisfactory efforts to spade a single square yard. By this time,

the anticipated rapture incident to horticulture will have disappeared. Very few full-grown men can be induced to spade even a carrot-bed, simply because such severe labor requires more muscle than even many industrious men have for such fatiguing labor.

When the writer was once about to teach his little children something of horticulture and floriculture, they fairly jumped up and down with delight at the thought that they were to have a garden of their own. So they were allowed to supervise, while they were instructed what should be done first. Little boys with all their ambition could not pitch manure, yet they were allowed to try, and to assist papa. They could not spade the stubborn soil; but they were permitted to take the spade and make a trial, after which papa's strong muscles made the seed-bed deep and mellow. They could spread the heaps of fertilizing material, and could pitch it into the trench. They could also mark out the drills, crush the lumps, and make the surface of the seed-beds. After all the foregoing operations had been performed, the labor of putting in the tiny seeds and covering each kernel with fine mould, inspired instead of disheartening the young aspirants, as the heavy drudgery which is quite too fatiguing for such little folks would be sure to do. Thus their tastes for horticulture and floriculture improved, as the season advanced. The plot appropriated to their little garden was made as rich and mellow as any other portion. After the plants and flowers had come up, they were taught how to weed and cultivate their vegetables and flowers, without becoming so fatigued with any of the operations as to beget in them an aversion to every horticultural operation.—*Christian Weekly.*

## CARE OF THE EAR.

There are several things very commonly done which are extremely injurious to the ear, and ought to be carefully avoided.

First, children's ears ought never to be boxed. We have seen that the passage of the ear is closed by a thin membrane, especially adapted to be influenced by every impulse of the air, and with nothing but the air to support it internally. What, then, can be more likely to injure this membrane than a sudden and forcible compression of the air in front of it? If any one designed to break or overstretch the membrane, he could scarcely devise a more effective means than to bring the hand suddenly and forcibly down upon the passage of the ear, thus driving the air violently before it, with no possibility for its escape but by the membrane giving way; and far too often it does give way, especi-



ally if, from any previous disease, it has been weakened. Many children are made deaf by boxes on the ear in this way. Nor is this the only way. If there is one thing which does the nerve of hearing more harm than almost any other, it is a sudden jar or shock. Children and grown persons alike may be entirely deafened by falls or heavy blows upon the head. And boxing the ears produces a similar effect, though more slowly, and in less degree. It tends to dull the sensibility of the nerve, even if it does not hurt the membrane. I knew a pitiful case, once, of a poor youth who died from a terrible disease of the ear. He had had a discharge from it since he was a child. Of course his hearing had been dull; and what had happened was that his father had often boxed his ear for inattention! Most likely that boxing on the ear, diseased as it was, had much to do with his dying. And this brings me to the second point. Children should never be blamed for being inattentive, until it has been found out whether they are not a little deaf. This is easily done by placing them at a few yards distance, and trying whether they can understand what is said to them in a rather low tone of voice. Each ear should be tried, while the other is stopped by the finger. I do not say that children are never guilty of inattention, especially to that which they do not particularly wish to hear; but I do say that very many children are blamed and punished for inattention when they really do not hear; and there is nothing at once more cruel and more hurtful to the character of children than to be found fault with for what is really their misfortune. Three things should be remembered here. 1st. That slight degrees of deafness, often lasting only for a time, are very common among children, especially during or after colds. 2nd. That a slight deafness, which does not prevent a person from hearing when he is expecting to be spoken to, will make him very dull to what he is not expecting; and 3rd. That there is a kind of deafness in which a person can hear pretty well while listening, but is really very hard of hearing when not listening.

The chief avoidable cause of deafness is catching cold, and whatever keeps us from colds helps us to preserve our hearing. We should do, therefore, those things that help to keep colds away: of which the first is taking plenty of fresh air; the second, using enough, but not too much, cold water all over us, taking especial care to rub ourselves thoroughly dry, and never to let it chill us; and the third is to avoid draughts, and wet, especially sitting in wet clothes, or being in close or very heated rooms. But there are some kinds of cold especially hurtful to the ear. One is sitting with the ear exposed to a side wind, as

too many people do now on the roofs of omnibusses, and so on. We should always face the wind; then, if we are not chilled, it is hard to have too much of it. Another hurtful thing is letting rain or sleet drive into the ear, against which, if it were not that people do sometimes suffer from this cause, it would seem as if it could hardly be necessary to caution them.

Another source of danger to the ear, however, arises from the very precautions which are sometimes taken against those last mentioned. Nothing is more natural than to protect the ear against cold by covering it with a piece of cotton wool; and this is most useful if it is done only on occasions of special exposure, as when a person is compelled to encounter a driving storm, or has to receive on one side of the head the force of a cutting wind. But it is astonishing in how many cases the cotton wool thus used, instead of being removed from the ear when the need for it has passed, is pushed down into the passage, and remains there, forming itself an obstruction to hearing, and becoming the cause of other mischiefs. Three separate pieces have sometimes been found thus pushed down, one upon the other. Paper rolled up, which is also used for protecting the ear when cotton wool is not at hand, is still more irritating when it is thus left unremoved. The way to avoid this accident, besides being careful not to forget, is to use a large piece of the wool, and to place it it over, rather than in, the passage.

It should be remembered that constantly covering up the ear is adapted to injure it. On the whole, men, in whom the ear is habitually exposed, suffer if anything less from ear-disease than women, in whom it is so often covered. Nor can the "hat" be held an unsafe head-dress in this respect for the latter sex. But it is important that there should not be frequent changes, especially in cold weather, from a head-dress which covers to one which exposes the ear. It is better that the air should always have free access to it; but if this has not been the case, the summer should be chosen to make the change.

All sorts of substances are sometimes put into the ear by children, who do it to themselves or to each other in ignorant play. If every parent and teacher warned his children against doing this it would not be a useless precaution. When the accident happens, the chief danger is that of undue haste and violence. Such bodies should be removed by syringing with warm water alone, and no attempt should be made to lay hold of them or move them in any other way. It is enough to reflect, again, that the passage of the ear is closed by a delicate membrane, to show the reason for this rule. When no severe pain follows, no alarm need be felt. It is important that

the substance should be removed as speedily as is quite safe, but there need never be impatience; nor should disappointment be felt if syringing needs to be repeated on many days before it effects its end. It will almost invariably succeed at last in the hands of a medical man, and is most effective if the ear is turned downwards and syringed from below.

Now and then an insect gets into the ear and causes great pain; the way to get rid of it is to pour oil into the ear. This suffocates the insect.

There is another danger arising from boyish sports. Snowballs sometimes strike the ear, and the snow remaining in it sets up inflammation. This danger is increased by a practice which should be inadmissible, of mixing small stones with the snow, which thus effect a lodgment in the ear.

Among the causes of injury to the ear must unfortunately be reckoned bathing. Not that this most healthful and important pleasure need therefore be in the least discouraged; but it should be wisely regulated. Staying too long in the water certainly tends to produce deafness as well as other evils; and it is a practice against which young persons of both sexes should be carefully on their guard. But independently of this, swimming and floating are attended with a certain danger from the difficulty of preventing the entrance of water into the ear in those positions. Now no cold fluid should ever enter the ear; cold water is always more or less irritating, and if used for syringing rapidly produces extreme giddiness. In the case of warm water its entrance into the ear is less objectionable, but even this is not free from disadvantage. Often the water lodges in the ears and produces an uncomfortable sensation till it is removed; this should always be taken as a sign of danger. That the risk to hearing from unwise bathing is not a fancy, is proved by the fact, well known to lovers of dogs, that those animals, if in the habit of jumping or being thrown into the water, so that their heads are covered, frequently become deaf. A knowledge of the danger is a sufficient guard. To be safe it is only necessary to keep the water from entering the ear. If this cannot be accomplished otherwise, the head may be covered. It should be added, however, that wet hair, whether from bathing or washing, may be a cause of deafness if it be suffered to dry by itself. Whenever wetted, the hair should be wiped till it is fairly dry. Nor ought the practice of moistening the hair with water to make it curl, to pass without remonstrance. To leave wet hair about the ears is to run great risk of injuring them. In the washing of children, too, care should be taken that all the little folds of the outer ear are carefully dried, and gently, with a soft towel.

#### IMPROPER METHODS OF CLEANING THE EAR.

But I come now to what is probably the most frequent way in which the ear is impaired; that is, by the attempt to clean them. It ought to be understood that the passage of the ear does not require cleaning by us. Nature undertakes that task, and in the healthy state fulfils it perfectly. Her means for cleansing the ear is the wax. Perhaps the reader has never wondered what becomes of the ear-wax. I will tell him. It dries up into thin fine scales, and these peel off one by one from the surface of the passage, and fall out imperceptibly, leaving behind them a perfectly clean smooth surface. In health the passage of the ear is never dirty; but if we attempt to clean it, we infallibly make it so. Here—by a strange lack of justice, as it would seem, which, however, has no doubt a deep justice at the bottom—the best people, those who love cleanliness, suffer most, and good and careful nurses do a mischief negligent ones avoid. Washing the ear out with soap and water is bad; it keeps the wax moist when it ought to become dry and scaly, increases its quantity unduly, and makes it absorb the dust with which the air always abounds. But the most hurtful thing is introducing the corner of the towel screwed up, and twisting it round. This does more harm to ears than all other mistakes together. It drives down the wax upon the membrane much more than it gets it out. Let any one who doubts this make a tube like the passage, especially with the curves which it possesses; let him put a thin membrane at one end, smear its inner surface with a substance like the ear-wax, and then try to get it out so by a towel! But this plan does much more mischief than merely pressing down the wax. It irritates the passage, and makes it cast off small flakes of skin, which dry up, and become extremely hard, and these also are pressed down upon the membrane. Often it is not only deafness which ensues, but pain and inflammation, and then matter is formed which the hard mass prevents from escaping, and the membrane becomes diseased, and worse may follow. *The ear should never be cleaned out with the screwed-up corner of a towel.* Washing should extend only to the outer surface, as far as the finger can reach.

Ear-picks, again, are bad. If there is any desire to use them, it shows that the ear is unhealthy; and it wants soothing, not picking. And there is another danger from introducing any solid thing into the ear. The hand may get a push, and it may go too far. Many is the membrane that has thus been broken by a bodkin. Sportsmen sometimes have their membrane pierced by turning suddenly while getting

through a hedge; and it even happens that a boy at school may put a pen close to another's ear, in play, and call to him to make him turn his head, and the pen pierces the membrane. Very loud sounds may cause deafness, too. Artillerymen, and also eager sportsmen, and very zealous volunteers, incur a danger from this cause. It is well to stop the ears when exposed to loud sounds, if possible; also to avoid bell-fries when the bells are about to ring. A man who was once shut up in one became stone deaf before the peal was done. The sound of guns is more injurious to those who are in a confined space with them, and also if the mouth be open. Injury from loud sounds, also, is much more likely to occur if they are unexpected; for if they are anticipated, the membrane is prepared for them, without our knowledge, by its muscles. At a certain point on the Rhine, it is, or was, the custom of the captain of the steamboat to fire a small cannon, to exhibit the echo. When this had been done without due warning, it has proved more than once a cause of lasting deafness. Some times these loud sounds rupture the membrane; sometimes they deaden the nerve; the former is the least evil.

It is a bad practice, also, to put cotton-wool soaked in laudanum or chloroform into the ear for the relief of toothache. It may be sometimes effectual, for the nervous connection between the teeth and the ear is very close. But the ear is far too delicate and valuable an organ to be used as a medium for the application of strong remedies for disorders of other and less important parts; and laudanum, and more especially chloroform, are powerful irritants. The teeth should be looked after in and for themselves, and if toothache spreads to the ear, that is the more reason for taking them thoroughly in hand; for prolonged pain in the head, arising from the teeth, may itself injure the hearing. When a child's ear becomes painful, as it so often does, everything should be done to soothe it, and all strong irritating applications should be avoided. Pieces of hot fig or onion should not be put in; but warm flannels should be applied, with poppy fomentation if the pain does not soon subside. How much children suffer from their ears, unpitied because unknown, it would probably wring the hearts of those who love them suddenly to discover. It is often very hard, even for medical men, to ascertain that the cause of a young child's distress is seated in the ear, and frequently a sudden discharge from it with a cessation of pain, first reveals the secret of a mysterious attack which has really been an inflammation of the drum. The watchfulness of a parent, however, would probably suffice to detect the cause of suffering if directed to this point, as well as to others.

If children cry habitually when their ears are washed, that should not be neglected; there is, most likely, some cause of pain. Many membranes are destroyed from discharges which take place during "teething." Whenever there is a discharge of matter from the ear, it would be right to pour in warm water night and morning, and so at least to try and to keep it clean. But into the treatment of diseases of the ear it would not be suitable to enter here.  
— *Good Health.*

## PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

Parents may give "line upon line and precept upon precept," in their assiduous watchfulness over the manners and morals of their children, yet, if they do not constantly bear in mind that example has more influence over the young than precept, their efforts will be of little avail. If you reprove a child for careless usage of books, show them how they are injured and defaced, by turning down corners, scribbling on the margin, or throwing them down on the face, how much good will such lectures do, if when he enters your library, or comes where you have been reading, the child sees your books tossed about, the bindings strained, and the corners in a most undesirable condition?

You endeavor to inculcate a habit of neatness in your daughter, you insist that when she returns from a walk or ride, she shall smooth out her bonnet-strings, brush the dust from it, and put it at once in the bonnet-box; you tell her to fold her shawl neatly, hang up her sacque, pull the fingers of her gloves straight, fold them up and lay them in their appropriate place; and this you request her to do, not once or twice, but habitually, not only because it is tidy, but also a great saving of time and garments in the course of the year. But if you come in, and toss your street garments about in the most careless manner, how much good, think you, will all your words of instruction have accomplished? You may enforce obedience; but compulsory habits are not usually abiding; and, when old enough to cast off restraint, it will be not so much the *words you have spoken*, as the things your child has *seen you do habitually* which will influence and guide her womanhood.

You resolutely object to your children using low phrases — what is termed "slang;" but if your own conversation is largely interspersed with foolish or needless ejaculations, fight against it as you may, you will find it impossible to prevent them from copying your mode of speaking, and it will be very strange if they do not

carry it to a much greater extent than you have done.

Nowhere is this force of example so strikingly exemplified as at the table. It is always disagreeable to see a child sitting with the arms on the table, or resting the elbow there, while carrying the food to the mouth. There is some excuse for the little ones, as their short limbs grow weary, and the position, though a very awkward one, seems to them a rest from the restraint of the table, and no doubt it is so. It is exceedingly annoying to see children filling their mouths too full, and then washing down by drinking, before the food is half masticated. If a child reaches over another's plate for some article of food, instead of politely asking for it, who can help feeling disturbed by the rudeness? It disturbs all present to see any one stand upon the round of the chair, or on the floor, and *sprng* after a piece of bread or meat, or push a dish across the table instead of handing it. You shrink from the child who helps itself to butter with the knife from its own plate. All this is disagreeable in children; but it is intolerable when practised by the parents. They are as much disgusted as any "lookers-on" can be, when they notice such rude, ill-mannered actions in their children; but while they severely blame these young things, they forget that they are always watching and imitating their parents' faults.

We have seen those who were in most respects truly refined, whose great anxiety seemed to be to guard their children from any contact with rude associates, and to teach them as much refinement of manner and character as was possible; and in most things we have observed that such parents most scrupulously and conscientiously conformed to their own instructions; but when we have had a seat at their table, we have been amazed to observe that they felt themselves exonerated from the observance of the simplest forms of table etiquette; but yet held their children in strict bondage to such rules, and made the hours spent at what should be the social, cheerful board, very uncomfortable, by continued reproofs.

"John, take your arms off the table." The child raises his eyes to the father, and sees one arm laid on the table before him, the other supporting the head, with the elbow on the table, while administering the reproof.

"James, how often must I tell you to ask for what you want, not reach for it across the table?"

A few minutes after, James sees his reprover reaching to the full stretch of his arm, supplemented by the *fork from his own plate*, and pick up a potato, piece of bread or meat, at the farther end of the table.

"Oh, child! will you never learn to eat

without smacking your lips, and making such a disagreeable noise? It makes one sick to hear you!"

The child has been watching the parent while eating, and trying hard to imitate the genuine *gourmand's smack* which he hears from the head of the table.

"Why, I am astonished? Why do you take the bread from the plate with your fingers, and toss it in that manner to your sister? Never let me see you guilty of such rudeness again!"

In a few minutes the mother asks for bread, and the father takes his own greasy knife, and sliding it under a piece of bread, sees that it is well balanced, and with skill worthy of a more gentlemanly act, by another jerk of the hand, lands the bread on his wife's plate!

Now, children are quick to see mistakes and discrepancies in the conduct of their elders, or those who have the rule over them. It does not require many years for them to mark how inconsistent such training is. Naturally children are not very fond of rules and regulations; they like freedom of action as well as their elders; and if they see that what is called rude and ill-mannered in a child is the daily practice of those whom they are expected to look up to for example, is it strange that they take every possible opportunity to transgress these precepts, so strangely nullified by parental example? They are always reaching forward to something beyond their present condition. If father or mother does such and such things, which are denied to the young son or daughter, of course they long for the same privilege; because if their parents do thus, it must be something smart, the imitation of which bring them nearer to man and womanhood, and farther from childhood, which latter period all children are always eager to hasten away from. Then, if this is so—and we think every observing parent has found it to be true—is it not important that the rules which are laid down to secure good morals and good manners in the children should be considered of sufficient importance to regulate the practice of the parents, and should not the deviation from them, on the part of the elders, be few and far between?—*Christian Union.*

#### PAGES FROM MRS. HUNNIBEE'S DIARY,

Jessie Pride came in to see me yesterday, and we discussed matters of great moment to many young ladies. "My father and mother are willing enough to support me," said Jessie, "and able for that matter, but I want to enjoy the feeling of self-dependence. Now, what had I better do? What occupation will benefit me most in the long

run?" So we discussed the advantages of a clerkship, a position as saleswoman, as book-keeper, and as teacher, any one of which Jessie can obtain through the influence of friends. Our decision rested upon the occupation and profession of teaching, as on the whole the most profitable. As Jessie is quite inexperienced in this high art I recommended a term at a Normal School, which will give her an opportunity to review her studies, as well as instruct her in the best mode of imparting knowledge and of governing those under her tuition. Then as to the kind of school which she undertakes to teach; it should be such as permits progress on the part of the teacher, either by promotion from a lower room to one of a higher grade, or by allowing the teacher to advance with her pupils from primary to academic and collegiate branches. No active-minded, growing teacher can consent to instruct abecedarians for a series of years. If she begins with them all right, but let her keep on, mastering for herself first the intricacies of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and then leading them along the path she has herself trodden. In the same way, with the aid of text-books and conversations with intelligent men and women, she may acquaint herself with the Natural Sciences, or, if she has already studied them at school, she may keep herself informed as to the latest scientific developments and discoveries. The final reward is not the earning of so much money, though that is well enough, but the thorough intellectual culture that a first-class teacher must possess, the mastery of self which she must attain who governs others in the best manner, and above all, the advantage it affords her when she is called to the discharge of the highest and holiest duties given to woman by her Maker—the duties of motherhood. In our best Colleges and Universities courses of lectures on various subjects are given to the students. Why may not boys and girls of tender years attend lectures on Botany, Astronomy, Entomology and Geology at their mother's knee?

Mrs. Brown who has been so unfortunate as to "move" into a house infested with fleas, sought my advice the other day as to the best mode of ridding the premises of these pests. I recommended to her to make a strong solution of carbolic disinfecting soap, mix it with sawdust, and scatter it about their haunts. This little insect seeks to lay its eggs wherever dust and down accumulate, so the greatest security against them is found in keeping rooms and woollen garments free from dust. One flea destroyed in the month of March prevents a hundred more from coming.

I showed Mrs. Brown some white oilcloths for children's table use, which I

made myself, by simply giving a piece of coarse muslin two coats of white paint. The first coating was thoroughly dried before the second was applied. One of my neighbors makes her own oilcloths for floor wear by covering bagging, or tow cloth, with a thick coat of burnt umber and linseed oil. This she renews every year, and the oil-cloth never wears out. Rag carpets may be treated in the same manner.

"Can you tell me," inquired Mrs. Brown, "what causes my kerosene lamps to be covered with oil after being wiped perfectly clean?"

"It may be because they are filled too full. If kerosene, which we usually keep in the cellar or some cool place, is poured into a lamp, and that put in a warm place, the expansion produced by heat may cause the oil to overflow."

Then we discussed bread-making. Mrs. Brown expressed herself as better pleased with salt rising bread than with that made of hop-yeast. She puts a pint of milk into a clean vessel, pours on to that a pint of boiling water, adds a tablespoonful of salt, and stirs in flour until it is about the thickness of batter, then wraps it in flannel to preserve the warmth, and by morning it is light. This she thickens with flour, molds lightly, lets it rise again and bakes. Many who have weak digestive organs prefer bread made in this manner to that raised by hop-yeast.

We have a great abundance of rhubarb which I am canning for future use. It needs simply to be peeled, stewed in very little water until done, and then sealed up in a glass jar. Some of it I preserve after the following recipe, and it is nearly equal to Scotch marmalade.

#### RHUBARB AND ORANGE MARMALADE.

Pare a dozen oranges, remove the seed and white rind, cut the peel small and put it with the pulp sliced thin into a stew-pan. Add two quarts of rhubarb cut fine, and three pounds of loaf sugar. Boil the whole down slowly until quite thick.

Mrs. Lee gave me a recipe not long since for making a capital dish known familiarly as

#### PICCALILLI.

White cabbage sliced, cauliflowers pulled to pieces and scalded, radishes topped and tailed, French beans, celery in three-inch lengths, shoots of elder peeled, clusters of elder flowers unopened, all salted for two or three days, then mixed with apples and cucumbers sliced, and a large proportion of ginger, turmeric, long pepper, and mustard seed, as the pickle is expected to be very warm; the vinegar must be the strongest that can be procured, and just sufficient to float the articles. Other vegetables can be

used if desirable and some of those above-named omitted.

Augustus brought home a copy of Huxley's *Physiology and Hygiene* not long since, and I have refreshed my knowledge of that interesting branch of study, by perusing its pages while tending babies, or waiting for dinner to get done. We are so liable to grow careless and think that we can disregard the minor laws of health with comparative impunity, that it is well to "read up" on these subjects of food, ventilation, clothing, exercise,—matters of vital importance. Two statements in this work shall be quoted here: "Repeated respirations of the same air is a primary and efficient cause of scrofula. Often a few hours each day is sufficient, and persons may live in the most healthy country, pass the greater part of the day in the open air, and yet become scrofulous, because of sleeping in a confined place where the air has not been renewed." "Numerous instances point to impure water as a frequent source of typhoid fever. Doubtless, water contaminated by decomposing sewage, or evacuations from typhoid patients, not only predisposes to the disease, but conveys its specific poison."

### SUMMER PIES.

It is with some reluctance and many scruples of conscience that I indite the head of this article, and address myself to the confiding reader as a commender of pie. Not pie in the abstract. Oh, my unfortunate and much-abused stomach! how thou hast suffered, and what pains thou hast borne, from the substance called pie!

Not that I ever ate any—except when I was about fourteen years old; then it made no difference what my food was; but I suffered in later years just as much as if I had, for it seemed, and still seems, when I see the pallid, cadaverous pastry disappearing on the flat side of a knife down some one's throat, as though it *could* not but give them twinks and twinges indescribable.

The American concrete pie of the restaurant, the railway saloon, and the hotel is a thing to wonder at. It is generally lumpy on the top, no matter what is inside of it, rather friable and brittle, and of a dull, sodden, vicious, viscous glucosity beneath. I never knew of any chemist analyzing one, but the pale, dripping, and really appalling appearance it presents ought to turn attention to it at once. I don't know what is put into pies at hotels and restaurants, but I often see dabs of a greenish vegetable or fruit which looks like turtle fat, and is, I am told, rhubarb; the name is enough—why not have some senna too? Or, if not this, a purplish black

mess said to be cranberry. It matters little what is beneath; it is the fearful envelope that covers all these tremendous engines of dyspepsia that causes the scruples of conscience and qualms of stomach to which I alluded at the outset. I have seen people making pies. They take a wad of dough and grease and knead one into the other, roll it out thin—or thick, oftener—spread it over the top of some indescribable mixture, bake it, and eat it red-hot.

Once a lady said to me, in answer to an inquiry as to the health of her family, "Oh, we are not very well! Charley don't seem to be hearty, and I have the most terrible pains in my breast." She then mentioned incidentally that she felt quite tired after her exertion, having "just baked *seventeen pies.*"

"Seventeen pies! Are you going to open a bakery?"

She replied, with wholly superfluous dignity, that they—she and her husband—ate that number of pies every week. I saw the man myself eat half a one at a sitting. This is a fact.

I said "summer pies" at the head of this article, for if there be any excuse for eating pastry at all it is when summer fruits are ripe. Fruit pies, if properly made, are not pies but tarts, and that is what I call a summer pie. The under crust is not soggy or wet, and if the top one is properly made it has no more consistency or weight than a crumpled rose leaf. I have seen tarts that fell into leaves at a touch—that could be no more cut apart without breaking into minute fragments than a cigar ash. This was pastry, and a man might eat of it and defy indigestion. If the reader feels that she has been basely betrayed after reading this and finding no directions or recipes for *this* article, I offer an apology at sight. You can't *expect* to know how to make such tarts! None of us know except the one who does it. But we can make very good ones, nevertheless, and so light that they will not disturb even a weak stomach. You need in the first place sweet lard and good butter. Many persons use lard only, but to our mind the union of the two makes much more delicate pastry. In the second place, a hard moulding board—a marble or soap-stone slab is the best utensil; ditto rolling-pin; very cold water in summer, and the lard and butter in the same condition. You are now to take a cupful of flour for each small pie, and half a cupful of lard and butter—not mixed together, but in that proportion. The flour is to be wet with cold water so soft that it can just be rolled out without sticking, and is to be handled as lightly and delicately as possible. Roll the paste in a thin sheet, dab it all over with pats of butter on the end of a knife, dredge with flour, sprinkle a few drops of water over, and roll it over and

over into a bundle. Roll it out again; this time apply lard, and re-roll it into a bundle again. Do this three times lightly, then put the paste away for an hour or two into a refrigerator or cellar bottom; at the proper time repeat the operations previously described three times, and then proceed to make the pie. Have the dishes ready, the fruit ready stewed, and put the paste on the pie-dish; prick the bottom all over with a fork, and put it in the oven without the fruit. When baked and cooled, put the fruit in it and set it away. It should be eaten soon after. This, of course, only applies to an "open top" or tart-pie. If an upper crust is desired, the fruit must be put in when the pie is to be baked, and the top crust put over all. The advantages arising from stewing the fruit first are that the juice is retained and a greater quantity of fruit can be used in the pie. Where it is used in the natural state, the juice simmers out into the oven, gets below the crust, and makes a sloppy mess when cut into that is any thing but appetizing. — *Harper's Bazar.*

## A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

Mothers of an earnest and thoughtful nature realize more, perhaps, in daily experience, than any other class, the force of the apostolic caution—"Ye have need of patience." Dear as a child is, there comes many an hour when flesh, and nerve, and brain are strained and wearied almost beyond endurance. The constant cares of infancy and restless children, the anxieties of sickness, and difficulties of moral and mental training; all these press on the mother. And sometimes the responsibility she feels seems to her the heaviest burden of all.

Truly, she "has need of patience," but coupled with this: "If," she says—"if my boy grows up to honorable manhood, if his feet keep the way of integrity and purity, I shall be well repaid for all my care."

Time, watchfulness, thought, effort—and all inspired by and springing from love—these are needed, but not anxiety. When the will of the Father is done, the promised blessing becomes an inheritance. The hope should grow out of the duty, and be to patience as flower to stem. The fruit will come in good time.

The path of the hopeful mother is sun-lighted all along. Shadows may sometimes gather, but they are fleeting, and prove the sunshine. Her children are freest and happiest, and her motherhood becomes her crown!

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**FRIED CHICKENS.**—Cut up the chickens neatly, lay them in a large panful of cold water half an hour to extract the blood; then drain and put into just enough boiling water to cover them; season with pepper and salt; parboil for twenty minutes. Fry crisp and brown some thin slices of salt pork. When the chicken is sufficiently parboiled, drain it from the water and lay each piece into the hot pork-fat. Dust over some flour, and fry the chicken a clear brown, turning each piece, when sufficiently brown. When done on both sides, lay each piece on the platter, neatly, and set where it will keep hot, but not dry. Now shake from the dredge-box into the hot fat, enough flour to absorb the fat. Do not stir it till all the flour is saturated; then with a spoon stir smooth and pour in, little by little, as much of the water in which the chicken was parboiled—which should be kept boiling—to make what gravy you need, stirring it all the time. When thickened and free from lumps, pour on the chicken and serve hot.

**BEEF-STEAKS ROLLS.**—Cut small, thin steaks from the round—fry them slightly; make a stuffing as for roast veal or turkey; spread it over the steaks, roll them up tightly, and sew or tie up neatly. Stew them in rich beef stock, or brown gravy, twenty minutes, and serve hot, with the gravy poured over. A half tea-cup of rich cream added a few minutes before serving, is a great improvement.

**COOKING VEGETABLES.**—I find that cabbage, cauliflower, and all leaves used as greens, if boiled in hard water, preserve their color better than if the water is soft. Unless they are very young and tender, their flavor will be much improved if, when half cooked, they are taken into a colander, cold water poured over them, and then placed in a fresh pot of boiling water with some salt, and boiled briskly until they are done. Broccoli always should be boiled in two waters.

**CANNED TOMATOES** that are purchased from the canning factories are generally so little cooked, and in such large pieces, that a delightful breakfast dish may be made from them. Drain off all the liquor, and, having a small piece of butter melted in a dripping-pan, put in the pieces, place into a hot oven or on top of the stove, and let them fry a few minutes; season, and, if liked, add cream to them when you take them from the fire. Do not have too much butter in the pan, or they will be greasy.

**A VERY NICE WAY OF COOKING EGGS** is to break them in a saucer, one at a time,

being careful to keep the yolk from breaking and running. Have ready in a dripping-pan some boiling water or milk; into this slide the eggs, letting them cook until set; take them up with a skimmer and place them in a dish, putting a little butter, salt, and pepper over them, or place them on buttered toast.

**SPANISH CREAM.**—Place over the fire in a perfectly clean saucepan three pints of milk; in it put one ounce of Cox's gelatine, and let it boil slowly until dissolved; add three-quarters of a pound of best white sugar; take it from the fire, and add six beaten eggs, stirring it all the time, and adding the eggs slowly. Put it on the stove again, and let it thicken, all the time stirring; add flavoring to suit; let it cool a little; give one good beat, and pour it into the moulds. There should be a little milk put into the mould, rinse it round, and then pour it out; it keeps the "cream" from adhering and losing its form.

**GOOD CAKE RECIPES.**—*Velvet Cake.*—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, four eggs, one teacup of cold water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with extract of lemon. Beat the sugar and butter to a white cream, dissolve the soda in the water, and sift the cream of tartar into the flour, mixing thoroughly. Add to the butter and sugar the pound of flour and the water; beat it all well. Beat the eggs—the yolks first, and then the whites—to a stiff froth; beat them together for a minute, and stir into the cake. Flavor with a teaspoonful of extract of lemon, and beat the cake well for about three minutes. Bake an hour. This will make two loaves, and is the nicest cake I know of—better than pound cake. It may be flavored with nutmeg and spices, or with raisins and currants, or be made into delicious chocolate cake by being baked in layers, and filled with chocolate frosting. It makes nice jelly cake.

*Cocoa-nut Cake.*—Two cups of white sugar, half a cup of butter, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, well-dissolved in water, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one grated cocoa-nut.

Beat the sugar and butter together until they are white and creamy. Mix the cream of tartar with the flour. Add to the sugar and butter the cup of milk and the cups of flour, and stir it well. Then put in the soda, and mix it well with the other ingredients. Beat the yolks of the eggs, and then the whites, to a stiff froth; mix the two, and stir quickly into the cake; then put in the grated cocoa-nut, and the cake is made, all but the baking. The cake

is apt to be lighter if the cocoa-nut is grated several hours before it is used, that some of the moisture may dry away. Bake about an hour, and don't slam the oven door while it is baking, as it may make it fall. This makes two loaves.

*Cocoa-nut Frosting.*—Grate a cocoa-nut, make the frosting the same as you would for any cake, but not quite so stiff with sugar; add about two-thirds of the grated cocoa-nut, and flavor with lemon. If too stiff to spread nicely on the cake, add a teaspoonful or two of water to the frosting, which is quite an improvement. Spread on the cake, and then sprinkle on the rest of the grated cocoa-nut, which makes the top of the loaves look like snow, and taste like—well, something very nice. Try it.

**CHARLOTTE RUSSE.**—Boil together a half a pint of milk and a quarter of a pound of sugar; then beat up the yolks of four eggs, add them to the milk, and let it come to a boil, and then take it off the fire. Have dissolved in half a pint of warm water, about a quarter of the quantity of gelatine contained in a box, and put this into the milk after it has been removed from the fire; flavor it, and stir into it one and a half pints of cream which has been beaten to a froth. Set the preparation away—stirring it occasionally—and let it remain until it congeals sufficiently to bear the impression of a spoon. The previous day to making this custard, bake a sponge cake, and when ready to use it, cut off the top, carefully, and hollow out the body of the cake, and then, when the custard is sufficiently stiff, (as stated above,) put it into the cake, and place the portion which was cut off over it, as a cover. If you wish to serve it very nicely, ice it.

**BLACK CURRANT VINEGAR.**—Well bruise the currants, pour the vinegar over them, putting in a little sugar to draw the juice. Let it stand three or four days, stirring it well each day. Strain the juice from the fruit, and putting one pound of sugar to one pint of juice, boil it gently three-quarters of an hour; skim, and, when cold, bottle it.

**RASPBERRY VINEGAR.**—One pound of fruit in a china bowl; pour on it one quart best white wine vinegar; next day strain the juice on to one pound of fresh fruit, the same the following day; don't squeeze the fruit, drain it through a sieve, the last time pass it through a canvas wet with vinegar; one pound of sugar to every pint of juice; stir it when melted; put the jar into a saucepan of water; let it simmer, and skim it; when cold, bottle it. The fruit, with an equal quantity of sugar, makes excellent raspberry cakes without boiling.



**MIXED FRUIT VINEGAR.**—Raspberries and strawberries mixed, will make a vinegar of very pleasant flavor.

**A RELISH FOR BREAKFAST OR LUNCH.**—Take a quarter of a pound of cheese, good and fresh; cut it up in thin slices and put it in a "spider," turning over it a large cupful of sweet milk; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a dash of pepper, a little salt and a piece of butter as large as a butternut; stir the mixture all the time. Have at hand three Boston crackers, finely pounded or rolled, and sprinkle them in gradually; as soon as they are stirred in, turn out the contents into a warm dish and serve. It is very delicious.

**LEMON HONEY.**—To serve on Tarts or in Jelly Cake.—Take one pound of loaf sugar, six eggs, the juice of three lemons, the grated rinds of two, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Put the sugar, butter and lemons in a saucepan, and melt slowly over a gentle fire; when all are dissolved, stir in the eggs which have been well whisked; stir rapidly until it is as thick as honey. It will keep twelve months at least, if it is kept from the air, and is very nice on either

**RICE FRITTERS.**—Boil a teacupful of rice until it is tender; strain upon it one quart of milk and let it boil ten minutes; cool it,

and add flour enough to make a batter as thick as will fry easily on the griddle, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast; let it rise three hours; then add two well-beaten eggs and cook on a heated griddle. Scatter sugar and cinamon mixed together over each cake, when it is baked.

**TO KEEP POULTRY.**—Tie them tightly around the neck, so as to exclude the air, and fill their bodies with bits of charcoal.

**GOOD CHILDREN'S CAKE.**—Mix a quarter of a pound of butter, or good fresh dripping, into two pounds of flour; add half a pound of pounded sugar, one pound of currants, well washed and dried, half an ounce of caraway seeds, a quarter of an ounce of pudding spice or allspice, and mix all thoroughly. Make warm a pint of new milk, but do not let it get hot; stir into it three teaspoonfuls of good yeast, and with this make up your dough lightly, and knead it well. Line your cake tins with buttered paper, and put in the dough; let it remain in a warm place to rise for an hour and a quarter, or more if necessary, and then bake in a well heated oven. This quantity will make two moderately-sized cakes; thus divided, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours' baking. Let the paper inside your tins be about six inches higher than the top of the tin itself.

## Literary Notices.

**TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.** By Dio Lewis, A.M., M.D., author of "Our Girls," "Weak Lungs and How to Make them Strong," &c. Toronto: the Canadian News and Publishing Company. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Paper, 25 cents.

This little work is partly original and partly composed of extracts from Dr. Lewis's previous works, selected principally with the view of being useful to the working-classes. The author endeavors to show the poor man how he may live on food costing less than a quarter of his present table expenses,—food which will give him

strength, endurance, and long life, and to teach him that the present system of superfine white flour bread, pies, cakes, puddings, sweetmeats, and other trash, is poisoning his body, crippling his forces and shortening his life. His idea of what is suitable for the family of a working-man is given in the story of

### THE BLACKSMITH'S TROUBLES.

Not long since, a middle-aged man, evidently a hard worker, with bent form and soiled clothes, came into my office and said:—

"Doctor, I have been reading your little pamphlet about cheap food, and I

thought I would venture to drop in, tell you my story, and ask you some questions."

"I am glad to see you, sir, and shall be glad if I can help you."

"My story is this: I am a blacksmith, and receive fifteen dollars a week for my regular work. I have a sickly wife and five children. My wife finds her house-work all she can do. My children, except the youngest, are in school."

"For rent I pay two dollars a week, fuel and light cost about two dollars more. Clothing for the family costs, we reckon, about three dollars a week. Now you see that is seven dollars a week, and we have but eight left to feed seven mouths."

"Well, do you succeed in keeping them well filled with that money?"

"No, Doctor, it cannot be done; so I have to do some over-work, and worse than this, we are constantly getting into debt. I cannot bear to be in debt, and as I begin to feel old age creeping on, I am discouraged and heart-broken. Now can you tell me any way out of this bad business?"

"The rent, fuel, lights and clothing I think are reasonable. You can hardly hope to reduce the expense in those departments. The only possible economy must be found in the feeding department."

"Well, it seems to me there is no use in talking about that; we must have something to eat, or I can't work, and the children can't grow. In fact, unless we have something to eat we shall starve."

"Now I have learned your story, you may go home, come again one week from to-night, and I will give you some written advice about your table, to which you shall be most welcome."

The following is what I prepared for him:—

"You must have meat every day of the year. Your children should have some animal food during the autumn, winter and spring. But meat is very high. A sirloin steak costs in our market from thirty-five to forty cents a pound; and even this is not the most expensive part of the animal. But do you know that in an ox which, dressed, weighs eight hundred pounds, only a very small part brings this high price? And do you know that that small part is neither the most nourishing nor the most palatable? While certain portions of the animal sell for thirty to forty cents a pound, there are portions, not one whit less palatable than the tenderloin, when properly cooked, that can be bought for a very small price? Take, for example, what is called the neck; the very best can be bought for five cents a pound, and a single pound cooked in a stew, with bits of bread, will make a meal for yourself and your entire family. The French soldier

understands better than anybody else the secret of getting much out of little. He will take the coarsest bits of the cheapest meat, and with a few crumbs of bread, an onion and a condiment or two, make a grand and delicious dinner.

"When you go to the market for meat, don't buy tenderloin, but buy what is called coarse meats. If I were buying for my wife and self, I should invariably buy such pieces, because I really think them, aside from all questions of cost, when cooked in one of the many stews, the most delicious parts of the animal. So purchase for your dinner five to eight cents' worth, say ten cents' worth, of the cheap, coarse bits. Among our foolish people the competition is so slight over these coarse meats, that the butchers have to put all the price on the small part which is in active demand, and sell all the rest for a mere nothing. I cannot go on to tell you just what pieces you should buy, but buy such pieces as are sold in this Boston market—the highest market in the United States—for five or six cents a pound. Good, solid meat is sold for these figures, and only needs to be steamed, or to be made into a stew, to be as tender and delicious as the expensive parts of the creature. The neck of the chicken is the most delicious part of the animal. The neck of the beef, when made tender, comes near being the most delicious part of that animal. Steaming and boiling are the best modes, and these modes of cooking have this additional advantage: you can put in any of the delicious condiments, which cost almost nothing. If you roast, or broil, you cannot permeate the meat with these delicate, savory condiments, but in a stew you can fill every part with any condiment which your palate may fancy. Mutton may be used in the same ways.

"You will ask me, 'How about poultry?' Poultry is good food, and may be eaten in the place of the meats I have named; but poultry is expensive, and inferior in nutriment to beef and mutton.

"I have said all I need to say to an intelligent American mechanic on the subject of animal food. Perhaps I should add that an occasional use of fish, which, if you live near the coast, is always cheap, may be added by way of variety.

"Salt codfish and mackerel are cheap everywhere, and answer very well by way of variety.

"Leaving the meats, let us speak of the vegetable food. Oatmeal in the form of porridge, or in the form of cakes, is one of the most nutritious of vegetable foods. A pound of oatmeal is worth, as nutriment, six pounds of superfine white flour. Not only does it sustain our powerful horses, but it develops the magnificent Highlander. Oatmeal porridge, or oatmeal mush, with

a little milk, is a breakfast which would not only answer for your children, but which, in proper quantities, would abundantly support you during the forenoon. I noticed when you were here that you were very thin. Oatmeal, freely used, will help to make you plump.

"Cracked wheat, or whole wheat, when properly cooked, is really one of the most delicious articles of food ever eaten by man. One pound of cracked wheat will give as much strength of muscle and nerve as several pounds of common baker's bread.

"Hominy, samp and hulled corn are among the most substantial and lasting of human foods, and are very cheap compared even with wheat.

"One pound of cheap meat boiled to rags, with a quart of white beans, and eaten with brown bread, will make a dinner that a king might luxuriate upon. Your family of seven persons would not be able to consume such a dinner. It would be twice as much as the seven could eat at one meal, while the entire cost, saying nothing of fuel, would be less than a quarter of a dollar.

"One pound of cheap meat—when I say cheap, I mean what is called coarse meat, simply those portions which are not tender if cooked by roasting or broiling, but which, I repeat, constitute the best parts of the animal when cooked in the way I am speaking of—boiled with one pound of split peas, and served with five cents' worth of coarse bread, will make an abundant and delicious dinner for yourself and family.

"Butter and potatoes are expensive articles of food. A single bushel of beans, properly cooked, with condiments, will furnish not only more palatable food, but will furnish more nutriment than ten bushels of potatoes. Every vegetable in use, is good. But such articles as squash, pumpkin, carrots, parsnips, &c., are rather innutritious stuffs. Tomatoes may be eaten in moderate quantity, as a sauce, but should not be made a principal article of food as is now common.

"Every one of the condiments, for example, pepper, spice, ginger, cinnamon, nutmegs, cloves, mustard, oil, &c., may be used in moderation, without harm."

Dio Lewis wages a war of extermination against all such bad habits as tight lacing, wearing insufficient clothing to keep all parts of the body warm, living in dark rooms, taking drugs, wearing close hats, &c., and though his statements are often extravagant, yet there is at the bottom of all of them, a good substratum of common sense. He is especially urgent on the necessity of perfect ventilation, especially

in bed-rooms. On this subject he says:—

Most people think that sleeping in cold rooms is essential to health. This is a mistake. An open fire greatly improves the atmosphere of a bed-room. By it the air of the room is constantly changed. With a fire, less bed-clothing is needed—an important advantage,—for a large number of blankets not only interferes with circulation and respiration, but prevents the escape of the gases which the skin is constantly emitting. Except there be wind, ventilation of any room depends upon a difference in temperature between the air inside and that outside. If the thermometer inside indicates a temperature ten degrees below the freezing point, and outside the same, there will be no ventilation. All motion in the air originates in a difference of temperature between different points. If we would secure the constant introduction of air from the great ocean outside into our bed-rooms, we must raise the temperature within considerably above that without.

#### NIGHT AIR.

Consumptives, and all invalids, and indeed persons in health, are cautioned to avoid the night air. Do those who offer this advice forget that there is no other air at night, but "night air?" Certainly we cannot breathe day air during the night. Do they mean that we should shut ourselves up in air-tight rooms, and breathe over and over again, through half the twenty-four hours, the atmosphere we have already poisoned? We have only the choice between night air pure, and night air poisoned with the exhalations from our skins and lungs, perhaps from lungs already diseased.

Many persons indulge a very silly dread of a draught. It is only by motion in the atmosphere that our lungs obtain the purest air. If at night the air moves briskly directly over your bed, your lungs will receive precious supplies. If you cannot endure this direct draught, you must deny yourself a great luxury. I once thought a draught at night directly over my head, was a thing to be avoided. Now I seek it as one of the real blessings of life. My wife, who inherited a consumptive taint, was ever guarding against night air. Now she sleeps with open windows. Neither of us have had a severe cold for several years. Every one must exercise his own judgment and prudence. I should be sorry were my words to lead anyone into an injurious exposure. But among the many hundreds—I might say thousands—whom I have advised to sleep with open windows, I have never known a single person to be seriously injured, even tem-

porarily; and I may add, that almost without exception, as far as I have known, they would not return to their former habit of sleeping in unventilated rooms. At first you may contract a cold, but if you bathe freely in cold water, and employ vigorous friction upon the parts exposed while in bed, even this may be avoided. But after a few weeks' experience it will be quite unnecessary for the physiologist to lecture you on the subject. You will yourself take to exhorting your friends upon the importance of well-ventilated bedrooms. One of the compensations of our great war will be found in the conviction among a million returned soldiers that night air is not a poison, and that draughts are less dangerous than minie balls.

A writer speaks on this point after the following fashion:—

“Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the very life of his lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus, he carefully closes his bed-chamber against its entrance, and prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvia from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquarius, in lieu of it. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is nature's ever-flowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence; and how fresh, and vigorous, and joyous, they rise amid the surrounding dew drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the heavens, their lungs are never out of order; and this we know by the daily repetition of their song. Look at the new-born hare, without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives and becomes strong and playful under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of night. I have a turkey full eight years old that has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry-tree, and is in prime health the year through. Three fowls, preferring his to the warm perches in the hen-house, took up their quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting-place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the ground, and the roe lies down to rest on the dewy mountain-top. I myself can sleep all night long, bareheaded, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes, without catching cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an over-heated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement, if ventilation were properly attended to,—a precaution little thought of now-a-days.”

#### THE AIR WE BREATHE.

No other object bearing upon human health is so vitally important. My life is now consecrated to gymnastics. I could not have engaged in the work without a profound conviction of its necessity and value. But, as compared with ventilation, muscle-culture is insignificant. Our first, constant, and imperative need is pure air. If we lack this, we have nothing. Upon this vital point, intelligent people are sadly and willfully stupid. A large majority of the cars, theatres, halls, parlors, and churches are dens of poisons. It must be a strong attraction which can draw me to a public hall. In lectures before lyceums, I quarrel with the managers about the atmosphere of the hall. I return from church sincerely doubting whether I have not committed sin in exposing myself in a poisonous atmosphere. The eminent Baudeloque declared it as his conviction that the lack of proper ventilation in our dwellings is the principal cause of scrofula. He believed that if there be pure air, bad food, improper clothing, and want of cleanliness will not produce scrofula. Sir James Clark expressed the opinion that the bad air of our nurseries, sitting-rooms, and bedrooms produces an immense amount of scrofulous disease.

As a medical man, I have visited thousands of the sick, but have never found one hundred of them in a pure atmosphere. Among the well, not one in a hundred sleeps in a well-ventilated room. The air of our close, furnace-heated houses produces fits in our cats and dogs, and would kill our horses or cows in a few months.

God has provided in his immense atmospheric ocean, a hundred miles deep, with its winds and very hurricanes, an exhaustless fountain of life and health! What a shame to our civilization that we should expend thousands of dollars in erecting splendid houses, and so contrive them as to compel ourselves to breathe, instead of the pure air of heaven, a vile mixture with the poisonous excretions of our own bodies, and the poisonous gases emanating from our gas-burners and fires.

Those who have read Dio Lewis' former works, will find but little that is new in this one, though they might value it on account of the receipts for cooking dishes on hygienic principles. Those who are not familiar with the principles which he so vigorously advocates, will find its perusal well worth while, though few in practice will be willing to come down to “living well on ten cents a day.”

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