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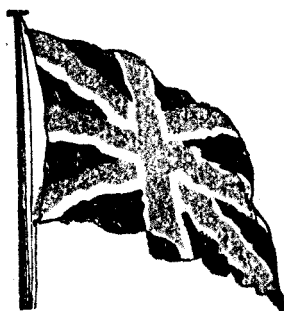
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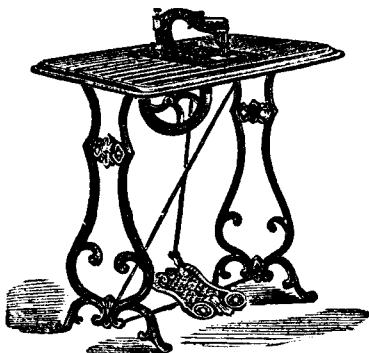
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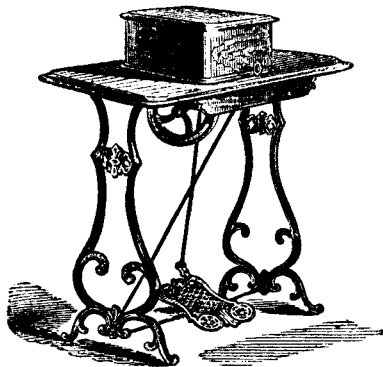
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A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

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SPECIAL INDUCEMENT.—To all new subscribers, after this date, for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY MAGAZINE, beginning with the New Year, we will send gratis the Numbers for October, November, and December, so that they may be supplied from the commencement of the volume, which began with October. Subscription, One Dollar. The Magazine will be sent post-paid.

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The New Dominion Monthly.

Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

No. 5.

Original.

THE TWO GARDENERS.

BY MARCUS.

Father in Heaven!

Thou who hast so often healed the broken-hearted,

And raised the weary spirit bowed with care,—
Let him not say his joy hath all departed,
Lest he be driven

Down to the deep abyss of dark despair.

— *American Poet.*

“Weel, Geordie, it’s ganging ye are the nicht to market? Tak a freen’s coonsel, mon, and bide till morn,” exclaimed a young Scotch gardener to a neighbor of the same calling, as he leant over the fence that divided their gardens.

“The early bird gets the worm, Robie McKeltie, as folks say in Old England,” replied the young man thus addressed.

“Its aye true, Geordie, nathless the early bird does nae sit a’ the nicht watching for the dawn; gin he did, he’d be a noddin, maybe, when the dawn peered out o’ the sky; and anither decent-like birdie wad maist likely hop down frae its roost, and suap the worm up,” remarked Robie McKeltie.

“Well, lad,” said his friend, “don’t be ’ard on un: a mon be to do ’ees best, when ’e ’ave a few more mouths to fill than ’ees hown. It be clear moy duty to make sure of a good stand int’ market, and I don’t be such a donkey as not to take moy rest. T’night’s right foine: it ’ll do a chap good a snooze in t’ hopen hair. I’ll sleep foine on t’ benches with t’ cushion hunder moy ’ead.”

Robie McKeltie shook his head sadly; “Geordie, mon,” he said, “I’m thinking ye’re mair likely to catch the worm that never dies; and maybe ye’ll come to that pass, ye’ll care to fill nae’ ither mou’ but

yer ain; an’ ye’ll nae be the first o’ our craft that’s rued sleeping on the market benches. The nicht’s fair an’ gudely; the morn may nae be like it; gin ye hae nae pity on yersel’, ye might feel for the puir beastie,” and Robie turned towards his own little cottage, where he had left his mother tying fresh vegetables into packets, ready for the market-wagon, which he silently commenced to load.

The practice which Robie McKeltie had cautioned his friend George Harris against, was one which he carefully avoided himself. His father had fallen a victim to habits contracted through this custom,—a custom which deprives those who follow it of that repose so absolutely necessary after a hard day’s toil, and is a deprivation that naturally produces much exhaustion, and as naturally tempts to seek artificial support, at places only too convenient to their rough couch. Nor is the danger lessened if the loaded wagon remains at its stand, under the charge of the night patrol, and the owner returns to his home. His exhaustion then, as he prepares to retrace his way over a long road at the approach of midnight, craves even more eagerly the stimulant which gives its momentary and deceitful support to the wearied and worn body.

“Robie,” said his mother, after a long silence, “what fasherie sits sae weighty on ye the nicht? Is’t Bonnie Nellie nae keeping her tryste: the lassie’s nae used wi’ being fractious.”

“Gin, mither,” replied Robie, “I ne’er hae mair fashin’ than Bonnie Nellie wull gae, ye may cawculate life to gang sleekeit

eneuch wi' me. Nae, mither, it's Geordie Harris that's aye fashin' me : he's awa' to the markit anent all advices."

"My certie, Robie, a wilfu' mon maun hae his way," cried Mrs. McKeltie ; "it's mair haste an' worst speed I'm fearin' wi' him. It's agen natur', gin a mon loses his nicht's rest, and nae be incapacitated to mind his business ; so mak haste and get the wagon loaded, that ye may lie dune betimes."

They worked on in silence,—the old woman intent on her task,—but Robie often raised his head, and looked down towards the little orchard, expectant of a loved voice and step.

The sun had set in splendor, and a beautiful twilight given way to the brilliancy of the moon in her first quarter, ere the last packet had been secured on the well-filled wagon. Pausing for a moment's repose after their toil, their eyes rested on a landscape, which, though seen each day of their lives, never lost the freshness of its beauty ; and they now gazed with renewed admiration at the glorious panorama spread out before them, their hearts rising in love and adoration to the Creator of all these wondrous works. The garden of these good people lay on a slope of the mountain, and the view from it embraced a large extent of country. Far into Vermont, on that cloudless night, could be seen her hills, as well as those which lay within the British boundaries. For miles the expansive waters of the St. Lawrence—silvered by the moonbeams—were seen rolling onwards ; and on the cultivated plains which intervened between the river and the hills rose, glittering in the moonlight, the tin-covered spires of numerous churches. Absorbed in contemplating the glorious scene, Robie and his mother forgot their fatigue, and remained so long silently enjoying its splendor, that their little terrier had settled himself to sleep at Robie's feet. Suddenly he awoke, pricked up his ears, a low growl escaped him, and he turned his head towards the road that led through the orchard to the house. A rustling was

heard among the trees, and, in the stillness of the night, rose upon the air, the sweet, clear voice of a young girl, singing :

"Where hae ye been a' the day,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?
Where hae ye been a' the day,
Bonnie Highland laddie?"

Robie made a dash down the hill, Primmy keeping close at his heels. Master and dog were quickly out of sight, hid among the trees, and reappeared as quickly,—Robie with his arm round the waist of the fair young songstress, and answering her challenge with other words of her song :

"Up the hill and dune the brae,
Bonnie lassie, Highland lassie,"

he sang, while he led her dancing toward his mother ; the little dog leaping and jumping on the happy young couple, accompanying their songs by yelping and sharp barks.

"Weel, lassie," said Mrs. McKeltie, "it's braw ye're luiking the nicht, and it's nae too early for bonnie lassies to be roaming theirsels alane."

"It is nae my faut, Mistress McKeltie. I met Geordie Harris and his load, and he'd nae let me pass. He was nae fou, but frightened me wi' his haverins."

"I dinna ken what's cam ower him these times, Nellie."

Robie looked serious, and his mother remarked :

"It's aye peerilous, a mon takin' nae rest after a hard day's wark, and gangin' dune to the market in the nicht. Robie, I ne'er could decide what impulses them laddies to do it ; greed to get the first bawbee, think ye ? Gin it is, I'm aye o' the belief, its ane o' the ways o' hastin' to be rich that tends to poverty. I'm sometimes o' the belief it's a' laziness, nae liking to get out o' bed in the morn. Gin it's sae, it's like the lazy mon's burden : it gies mair trouble than it saves. It's dreadful, Robie, sae mony o' your trade fa' into sic ruin wi' drink ; gin there's an occupation on airth that wull draw a mon's heart to his Maker, it should be the trade o' a gardener ; but this gangin'

to market o' nights is bad, bad. Mony a decent lad's gotten his first taste o' sperits by 't; an' bad habits, covetousness, laziness lead sa mony intil evil ways, an' to destruction of mony a paradise. 'A void bad habits', the copybook tells; and its ower true, Robie: a mon had best bide in his comfortable haim, and gang fresh to town in the early morn, after a gude breakfast o' parritch and milk. He will be better qualified to do his business. The shebeens wad sune be closed, gin fine young lads 'ud mind their sels."

"An' the gude wives, too, mither. Geordie has nae a comfortable hame," remarked Robie.

"It's ower true, Robie," said his mother, "mony's the mon's driven frae his hame by a poor doless wife, that canna cook a potatie decent. It's aye pitifu' to see Geordie's hame in sic a condition; the bairnies' bonnie countenances grim wi' dirt, an' he awa to the markit fastin', an' the gude wife sleeping till the bairnies' cry for their bite waukens her. Poverty couldna hae produced a mair miserable hame nor Geordie Harries has gotten; an' he was ance sae fykie about things, an likit gude meals weel."

Bonnie Nellie had been George's choice; and, being disappointed, he hastily married a seemingly industrious and sensible woman, and too late found out his error; but not so with others; every one still said, "What a respectable woman Mrs. Harris is!" and there was no denying it. Like a butterfly out of its chrysalis, whether to church or to market, she turned out of her dirty, disordered dwelling the very personification of respectability, habited always in nice bonnet, handsome shawl, good dress; her whole costume, uniform in its appointments, presented a goodly appearance, and her basket of eggs and butter looked as well as herself. However, no purchaser took a second time from her, and it was with regret she was refused; and the remark was generally made, "What a respectable woman Mrs. Harris is! What a pity her butter is so bad and her eggs not fresh, they

look so nice." A bitterness of feeling, in consequence of his suffering, had been rising in George's heart against Bonnie Nellie, and extended itself to Robie. It was under the influence of this feeling that he detained her on the road, and alarmed her by his excited manner and conversation.

If the night had been grand in its solemn beauty, the morning was perfect in its loveliness, and the rose-tint cast over the landscape rendered it even more exquisite than had the brilliant moonlight of the preceding evening.

So thought Mrs. McKeltie, as she opened the window and door of her clean and tidy kitchen, and looked out on the softened beauties of the scene. The sun had not risen, and the city, two or three miles to the east of her garden, reposed in silence; the hum of the busy hive was stilled, and no sound was heard from where so much life existed, save the shrill whistle of arriving and departing trains, and the roar of steam escaping from some newly anchored vessel. Factories were beginning to send forth dark columns of smoke, and one or two steamers were making their way against the current towards Laprairie.

"It's nae use me stannin' here," thought Mrs. McKeltie; "it's fine, but it will nae boil Robie's parritch;" and, so thinking, she turned and applied herself to her task, and by the time Robie had tackled his horse to the wagon, his comfortable meal was ready.

George Harris was his first care on reaching the market; and, as he had expected, he found him stretched on the bench in a deep slumber, and his horse wandering off with the wagon, in search of a meal.

"Hey, mon," cried Robie, giving him a shake, "whaur's the early worm, ye'll nae catch it this gait: the beastie's off, seeking his breakfast."

"Whoa, whoa," shouted George, starting up and seizing his horse impetuously, as if the poor animal had entertained any idea of running away. "Whoa, you brute, whoa," and, catching the creature by the bridle, backed him roughly into the stand he had been at so much pains to secure.

"Fie, Geordie, mon, it's nae the pair beastie's fault," said Robie, "its naething but a cabbage-leaf he was findin' whilst you sleepit; an' its aye mair harmless maybe, than what's found in some o' yon places;" and Robie glanced significantly at the taverns and saloons around, for he perceived that it was not fatigue alone which had made George's sleep so heavy.

George looked conscious. "I was very chilly loike, and 'twas only one glass a chap took," he began; but, just then, customers arriving, the attention of both the young gardeners was withdrawn from the painful subject.

It was only one glass, and George meant it should be only one glass; but, ere the day was over, a faint feeling made him have recourse to another. There were comfortable places where he might have procured a warm breakfast at a trifling cost more; but in the throng of business he gave that no thought, and the same ill-judged reason which influenced him in taking his stand at night in the market, that is, to save time, led him also to recruit his failing strength by the easiest and cheapest manner.

"Robie, I was somewhat faintish," he remarked apologetically; "those chaps drive a body to meak 'eseif comfortable with a drop o' summat. Dang it, it wadna be badish if them doors was nailed up."

"They 'll nae be nailed up till there are nae mair fules to gang into them. The door was ayont, an' you were here: it was nae the door that came to you."

The lesson implied in Robie's remark was lost upon George Harris, and he persisted in a course that has been ever a temptation to those of his calling, a temptation which has led many a clever and even scientific man to his ruin. Habit is second nature, and irregularity, whether in eating or drinking, is destructive of health and usefulness; and especially do taking strong drinks by morning drams to keep out the cold, and treats at any moment, lead to that fatal disease called drunkenness. The tavern may stand open like the jaws of death waiting for its victims; but the moral

this tale would impress, is, that those who enter there are responsible for the evil consequences to themselves, and also would it further impress upon them their responsibility to avoid customs, whether in the course of their business or otherwise, which raise habitually the desire to enter the inviting portals.

The beautiful summer passed away, and autumn was succeeded by the usual Arctic winter of Canada, to the east. Matters did not improve with George Harris, and the stimulant had now to be taken to keep the cold out. Nor did his wife make his home more attractive, and so affairs became worse; and as his unhappiness increased, so did his bitterness of feeling towards Bonnie Nellie.

Spring—fresh, delightful spring—at last superseded the weary winter; and, on a fine morning early in the season, Bonnie Nellie, gay as a lark, and sweet as a newly blown rose, was lightly tripping her way towards the city. Her neat stuff dress did not impede her by its length; a well-made cloth jacket hung easily on her, and no tawdry feather or artificial flower disfigured her pretty small-brimmed straw-hat. On each arm she had a basket containing the perfection of butter and the freshest of eggs, while were strewed on the white cloths, bouquets of spring flowers, the price of which was to be her own peculiar perquisite. Customers, she knew, would be sure to be awaiting her at the market; so she hastened her steps, and at the toll-gate met George Harris driving home, and leading Robie McKeltie's horse and wagon. She turned pale, and asked if any accident had happened. A sinister look passed over George's face, and he replied:

"What thee'll think worse than that, my lass."

Nellie felt faint and was unable to command her voice to make further inquiries. George enjoyed her distress, and determined not to explain without being asked, until observing that she could not speak, he exclaimed:

"Tut, lass, 'e be only in the lock-up, t'police do 'ave 'e fast."

She recovered her voice on hearing this explanation, and, highly indignant, cried :

"It's lees your telling, George Harris, an' ye ken weel."

"Naw, my girl, better folk than 'e 'ave been there before: Robie McKeltie be naw more strite-laced than be other chaps."

"I dinna believe you, for a leeing callant. I wadna credit yer aith," she exclaimed.

Harris laughed loud. "Well, my lass," he said, "yonder kemmes Mistress Halloran: thee had better speer o' 'er the news; may it please thee more than moine;" and saying this, he touched his horse with his whip, and crying "Gee up," was soon out of sight in a turn of the road, and the indignant Nellie heard his laughter rising, in the clear atmosphere, loud above the rumble of the wagon-wheels.

"Hae ye seen Robie McKeltie this morn'?" she abruptly asked of Mistress Halloran, as soon as she was within speaking distance.

"Faix, I didn't, Nellie," Mrs. Halloran answered; "the poor fellow was caught by the perlice yester morning, sure. It is a hard case Dinny Mahoney's a'fter telling, and he'll be locked up, poor fallow, and get nothin to eat but bread and wather, at all, at all."

Nellie's eyes glared fiercely. "Mistress Halloran," she cried, "I nae thoicht possible o' you, that you wad gang spreadin' lees o' decent people, just like that daft haverel, George Harris, anent the hail kintrie side. Shame to you, Mistress Halloran!"

"Indade, Miss Nellie," retorted Mrs. Halloran, "ye'd be more apt to tell lees nor meself. I niver tould a lie in all my life, and if Robie McKeltie has got into a serape it's his look-out, and not mine, be gorrah," and Mrs. Halloran drove off in high dudgeon, wondering greatly at the change of deportment in Bonnie Nellie. Nellie meanwhile, caring little what Mrs. Halloran or any one else thought of her, pursued her way mechanically; and, on arriving at the market, delivered her sweet butter and fresh eggs to her expectant customers, and it was well for her they were

honest people, for she could not reckon, nor did she attempt it, the money that she received from them. Thankful when her business was done, she hurriedly retraced her way over the beautiful road she had set out to travel on that morning in such high spirits. Its loveliness was as the bleak, naked desert to her now. Fine elms waved their graceful arms over her path unmarked; the fragrance of the lilac was unperceived; flower-gardens were passed unnoticed; blooming hedges, budding horse-chestnuts and acacias, were as dried, dead, leafless things; the gurgling of the clear, refreshing, and gushing springs, as they trickled down the bank, or crossed her path, had no music in them. Had these been animated, keenly would this neglect have been felt. Nellie was not used so to pass them. Each one was as an old friend, and usually she would stop opposite some favorite, and quote over it appropriate words from Burns and Hogg,—words she had learnt from the infirm grandmother whose stay she was. The dogs, however, wondered at not receiving the usual greeting from Bonnie Nellie: sometimes it was an ugly little cur, that sat with disappointed look as she passed him by; sometimes it was a thorough-bred terrier that fixed its large black eyes in astonishment at her neglect; and then a great Newfoundland followed unobserved, and finding it useless to continue the pursuit, with head hanging down would retrace its steps. So she sped on, her cheeks burning, and her hands and feet cold as ice. One moment she was shivering with cold; the next, her blood ran like fire through her veins. Frequently she was offered a seat in some cart slowly returning from market, but she felt that the pace of the poor tired horse would drive her distracted, and the kindly offers were abruptly declined.

Home was at last gained; she entered, and, without speaking, flung herself on the low chair she usually occupied at the hearth opposite to her grandmother, and, burying her face in her apron, burst into a violent fit of hysterical crying and sobbing.

"Bairnie, bairnie! what ails my bairnie?" exclaimed her alarmed parent.

It was not at once that Bonnie Nellie recovered her voice; and not until the imploring and terrified tones of the grandmother her heart was devoted to had repeatedly urged her to speak, could she conquer her emotion sufficiently.

"Oh, Granny McEachern, Granny McEachern!" she exclaimed at last, amid much sobbing, "it's too dreadful, too dreadful, I canna speak it."

"My bonnie bairnie, this suspense is mair than I can bear; tell it at ance," again implored her grandmother.

Nellie's eyes flashed; she stood up and cried:

"Granny McEachern, Robert McKeltie's a dooble-faced villain, and I'll nae speak wi' him mair," and she began to sob and cry again. These words reassured Mrs. McEachern, and she remarked:

"Robie's nae a lad likely to be at muckle ill-doing. What has he been at, lassie?"

"Oh, Granny," exclaimed Nellie, "I dinna ken; the police hae a grip o' him, an he is lockit up, an has gotten nought but breed an' water for sustenance."

"Lassie, whar did ye hear sic redeecolous havers," inquired her grandmother.

"Fra Geordie Harris," was the reply.

Mrs. McEachern laughed out. "Is that a' Nellie; gang awa, and wash yer bonnie face, and mak ready a cup o' tea, and fash yersel nae mair wi' Geordie Harris's clishmaclavers," she cried.

Nellie, unconvinced, shook her head and remarked:

"Granny, Mistress Halloran says it's aye true."

"Tut! bairnie," cried her grandmother; "a' folks ken weel the string o' Mrs. Halloran's tongue was cutted lang syne; gang awa an' red up the place; supper-time is nearing: 'twill nae mend matters to be crying o'er what canna be helpit."

Nellie obeyed, and pale and distracted did she move about; yet, still with her usual promptitude and exactness, she performed her various tasks. But her heart was

crushed with unutterable grief. In the impetuosity and inexperience of youth, she never doubted what she had heard: the proofs to her were incontrovertible, and she believed the sunshine of her days was forever darkened. Not a ray of hope penetrated the deepness of her despair; the dreadful words, "Robie is locked up by the police," rang in her ears incessantly, as she went about her work. "Robie is locked up by the police," woke her up at night, and roused her early in the morning, and chased her out to milk the cows, ere the drowsy animals had risen from their grassy beds, and to feed her fowls, when Chanticleer considered it yet too soon to call his family forth, sweet as the morning was.

After a long day's toil, Nellie, as was her custom, dressed herself; and, clean and neat, she took her sewing, and sat down on her low chair, opposite her grandmother. Mrs. McEachern gazed with pity and anxiety on the pale cheek of her darling, and, greatly pained, watched her absent manner and frequent sighs.

"Bairnie," she said, after a long pause, during which neither had spoken, "it's ridiculous fashin' yersel in sic a way about daft Geordie's blatherins. It's nae the truth he telled you, Nellie. Tut, it's nae tear I'd waste on a' he'd say, an he blathered for a year, an' nae stoppit a minit."

"Granny," replied Nellie, sadly and seriously, "Robie wad hae been here lang syne, gin it had na been ower true;" and a tear rolled down her pale cheeks, while she looked pitifully into her grandmother's face.

"Hie awa, Nellie, to Mistress McKeltie's directly, an' find out the truth fra' hersel," cried Mrs. McEachern. "Whar's the sense o' breaking your heart thar in the chimly-lug about a pack o' lies? Gang awa wi' ye, an' nae word. I'm nae liking to pit through anither nicht, like the last ane, and hae you skirling and starting, as if ye were ganging daft. Hie awa noo, lassie, hie awa."

Reluctantly, Nellie rose to obey; and, putting on her garden hat, she went out,

and bent her way with slow steps towards Mrs. McKeltie's, whom she found, wearied and overheated, attending to the wants of the animals.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. McKeltie," exclaimed Nellie, in an excited manner; "Can I help you? Whar's Robie the nicht?"

"Puir Robie hae been lockit up these twa days. The Judge's nae minded to let him gang, and he gets naught but breed and water to sustain him. I'm fearing it'll cost him mony a bawbee afore he's letten out," cried Mrs. McKeltie, arresting her labors, and placing one hand on her hip, while with the other she fanned herself with her large garden hat.

"Robie's lockit up," and Nelly repeated the fatal words in tones of despair. She turned pale as death, and so faint, she had to lean for support against a cart that was near.

"Robie's lockit up!" she said, "an ye hae to do a' his wark: more shame to him to forget his ain mither, let alane ithers."

"It's only what happensither folks at times an he's nae to be blamed mair than anither, whan he's owertaen in his turn: he wadna hae been lockit up, gin there had nae been guid cause for't," said Mrs. McKeltie.

Indignation and astonishment restored to Nellie her strength; the blood rushed to her face, and then left it pallid as before. Panting heavily, she stood with eyes glaring on Mrs. McKeltie, and it was some moments ere she spoke.

"Robie McKeltie's a black dooble-faced villain, an it's nae wonderment, gin he's uphaudden in his inequities by his ain mither." At length she almost screamed, "he may be lockit up for ever, for aught I'll mind; I'll ne'er speak wi' the villain mair, an' ye may tell him sae fra me;" and, having uttered these words, she burst into tears, and, sobbing loudly, ran down the road towards the orchard, where, though lost to the astounded Mrs. McKeltie's sight, her sobs and cries were distinctly heard by that good woman.

Agonized by this, as she thought, heartless confirmation of her worst fears, blinded

by her tears, Nellie staggered on, scarce able to discern her path; and, on rounding an old gnarled apple-tree, she stumbled over a stump that was concealed in the long grass, and would have fallen, but that she was caught by a pair of strong arms, and pressed to a warm breast, and Robie's manly voice anxiously and tenderly asked: "What ails my lambie? What ails my lambie?"

The surprise caused a reaction: all strength left her, and when Robie placed her on her feet, he still had to support her. She feebly tried to repulse him; but, failing in that and unable to speak, she looked up at him, and at the sight of his fine honest and handsome face, and of his eyes so full of love bent upon her, for the first time since she met George Harris did the light of hope enter her heart. It renewed her strength, and the color returned slightly to her cheek.

"Can granny be right, Robie; and is' true ye're nae a black, dooble-faced villain," she feebly asked, looking eagerly at him.

"Granny's richt; I'm o' her belief," he replied, rather amused. "I'm thinking I'm nae a black, dooble-faced villain."

"Then wharfore did the police lock you up, and gie yae naething but breed and water to eat?" she inquired still more earnestly.

"You see, Bonnie Nellie," he answered, the jury could na agree, and sae we were lockit up. The case was ane o' importance, it being a matter o' life and death to the puir crittur."

The young lay down their cares as readily as they take them up. Light and happiness flashed once more into Nellie's pretty face: she wept tears of joy and thankfulness. For the first since she had kept company with Robie, did she fling herself into his arms, and, kissing him passionately, exclaimed in broken tones, "Oh Robie how could I mistrust you?" Oh Robie! forgie me! I'll never, never heed their lees mair. Oh forgie me, Robie!" and so she continued, much to Robie's satis-

faction, until, the excitement of her joy having subsided, maidenly modesty recalled her to herself; and, withdrawing from his arms, she muttered while deep blushes dyed her cheeks: "Oh, what hae I been doing?"

"Just what you ought to hae done, my lambie," said Robie quietly, and taking her hand he led her towards her home, and as they walked, hand in hand, Robie, curious to know the reason of all this excitement on Nellie's part, demanded an explanation.

This she gave with much animation. "There's nae a word o' truth in George Harris, and I'll nae fash mysel' wi' speakin' mair to sic a neer-do-weel," she added, as she concluded her narrative.

Robie looked serious. "Geordie Harris wull nae fash you, Bonnie Nellie, nor any ither bodie lang," he remarked.

Nellie looked at him inquiringly. "He is a daft bodie, Geordie Harris: for a' that, I wad grieve, gin ony harm cam to him."

Robie shook his head, and made no answer.

"What's happened Robie?" she asked.

"Geordie was nae very steady comin' hame yestreen wi' a weighty load, an' he fallit dune aneath the wagon, and it ganged richt o'er him. I wad hae been hame lang syne, but I wad nae leave him, until I kenn'd I could nae do mair to help him," said Robie.

"Whaur is he noo?" inquired Nellie.

"They brought him to his ain wife, an' the puir do-less thing is skirling round anent her fatherless bairns, an' hersel' being a lone widow," he answered.

"Puir fallow, he mightna hae been in sic a waesome condition, but for her puir shiftless ways," said Nellie, sharply.

"Ilka bodie should look to their ainsel', Bonnie Nellie, remarked Robie; "a gude pleasant clean hame, an' a bonnie wee wife like yersel', wad nae doubt tak the temptations fra' mony a mon's road to sin. But, Nellie, a mon is aye a responsible crittur too, and has reason gien him to ken the gude fra' the evil, an' it's nae use wi' praying "Lead us not into temptation," whan

he's aye minded to walk strite in't, because he has nae patience to support his cross, but rebels agen it. Christians should bear each ither's burdens, an' abuve a', should the gudemon an' the wife support ane anither."

"A weel, Robie, gin ye were wearied an' tired, an' wanting yer victuals in the right time; say a cup o' tea, a plate o' gude fried pork an' eggs, an' gude pitatees, an' nae' expekkit thae coomforts in yer ain haeme; what plan wad ye tak?" inquired Nellie.

"Hech, Bonnie Nellie, it's gie heard to tell. Ine'er hae been sae tempted; a clean, coomfortable hame, regular an' gude meals, I always hae been blessit wi'. Gin these mercies were to be ta'en from me, I hope the grace o' God wad sustain me: it's nae in my ain strength I wad trust," cried Robie. "But, Bonnie Nellie," he continued, while he put his arm round her waist and drew her to him, "you are nae gangin' to be sic a wife to me, as to pit me in way o' sic a temptation."

"Nae, Robie, sae may strength be gien me," exclaimed Nellie looking up at him with eager and sparkling eyes; "na, Robie, an' you'll nae hae a burden, but I'll strive to help you to carry it; and I'll be mair than a mither to you, Robie."

"Sae ye will, my Bonnie Nellie: ye'll be my ain winsome wee wifec," he said, and drew her closer to him. In this fashion did they present themselves before granny McEachern.

"Hech," she cried, between laughing and crying, "what are ye gangin' to do wi' the black, dooble-faced villain, Nellie?"

"Whist, whist, Granny!" exclaimed Nellie, a little abashed, but laughing also; "I dinna ken."

"I'll tell you, Granny," spoke Robie, "she's gangin' to marry me recht awa', an' nae mair shilly-shallying."

"My blessing be upon ye, bairnies!" said the aged parent, rising from her seat, and laying her hands upon their young heads.

George Harris lingered some months in much suffering. He bore it cheerfully,—thankful that he had not been cut off in the

midst of his sinful career. It was then on his deathbed, while resting in a full sense of pardoned sin through the sacrifice of his crucified Redeemer, did he feel how often he had crucified that Redeemer afresh; and how he had wounded him by neglecting the proffered love that ever with extended arms calls to suffering humanity, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Deeply did he grieve that, unheeding the proffered strength, he had given way to anger and impatience at his trials, and yielded recklessly to habits which he knew would lead and had led to present misery; and that but for the intervention of a merciful Providence, would have led to his eternal ruin. His poor wife was honest, sober, and gentle; kindness and firmness might have effected an improvement in her, if he had been as forbearing as became a Christian husband towards her whom he had taken for better and for worse.

Such thoughts passed through Harris's mind, as probably they have done to many, when divine precepts have been recalled too late to repair the evil arising from their neglect. There are some reflections he often made, which are best given in his own words, "It do be summat like Balaam when a mon be going into them places where they zells grog; conscience tells 'e the hangel o' mercy be standing at the door, and it be death to body and soul to pass 'e; and I do be thinking the poor, tired, patient brute a standing 'ours in 'eat and cold knows it to.' The Bible zays, 'In your patience possess ye your souls,' and it do be impatience with his burdens, drives mony a mon to destruction."

A maiden sister had left her father's house, and travelled many miles to attend upon her brother. Active, energetic, and abounding in health and spirits, she effected a complete revolution in George's uncomfortable home. Mrs. Harris had to yield to her irresistible energy, and in many ways profited by it, so that when George Harris was laid in his grave, she was better qualified to go forth, and once more toil for her

daily bread among strangers; separated from her children, who were taken to their grandfather's home by their aunt, and there trained to make more useful wives to hard-working men than their mother had been to poor George Harris.

Original.

THE FOREST IN WINTER.

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

How changed thy haunts since spring and summer faded!

Then birds sweet music poured into thine ear,—

The fragrances of myriad blooms pervaded Thy leafy dells and genial atmosphere;

No loving voices winter hears within thee,
Of joyous birds, nor feels the breath of flowers;

Its chill winds bear in their embrace, to win thee,

No gifts from goddess Flora's blooming bowers.

And bald and bare thy weary boughs are bending,

Before the blighting blast the winter brings;
And deep the snows the boreal king is sending,
And harsh the song within thy courts he sings;

All silent are the summer's babbling fountains,
And sealed the lakes where late the sunbeams played;

While from their crests, adown thy frowning mountains,

The streams in icy channels seek the glade.

And all thy children—save the pine which towers

In queenly pride, still clad in living green—
Have lost the lovely robes that graced thy bowers,

And nudely grand look down upon the scene.
Upon untrodden snows the pale moon traces,

In truthful shadow, every pendant limb;
And paints a picture of unequalled graces,
Art's proudest efforts making strangely dim.

Here stalks the antlered moose to his undoing,

Or holds the hounds courageously at bay;

Till man, in majesty, his life pursuing,

The conqueror proves in the unequal fray.

Here, too, the Carribou in herds assemble,
 Secure and peaceful—till the distant gun,—
 With panic fear, doth bid them start and
 tremble,
 And seek in flight approaching fate to shun.

And here removed from haunt of sturdy squatter
 Within thy depths the stealthy trapper
 roams;

To lure the cunning fox, the watchful otter,
 And busy beaver from their chosen homes;
 And as he studies well how each one liveth,
 —With little less than reason's powers im-
 bued,—

He wonders at the wisdom instinct giveth
 The creatures of thy secret solitude.

In frosted robe of silvery whiteness shining,
 I've seen thee on a morn of winter's day.
 In regal splendor, on thy throne reclining,
 And dallying fondly with the Orient's ray;
 And thou wast dazzling, then, in the pure glory
 Of "silver thaw"—a "thing of beauty" rare,
 Beyond the wild imaginings of story,
 Or highest flights that poet's genius dare.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"—
 So Keats, the poet, sang most truthfully;
 And thou wast then, art now, and wilt be ever,
 Both joy and beauty unexcelled to me.
 For beauty neither times nor seasons knoweth;
 And while in summer's golden hours it glows,
 Its god-like presence still for ever showeth
 Its form, though draped in icy winter's snows.

Original.

THE FRENCH FISHERIES AT ST. PIERRE, AND ON THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY J. G. HOURINOT, NOVA SCOTIA.

About the middle of the eighteenth cen-
 tury, France had extended her dominion
 over a very large and valuable portion of
 the Continent of America. Her flag floated
 from the fortresses she had erected at Louis-
 bourg, and on the borders of the St. Law-
 rence and the Great Lakes. She had
 driven the English from the valley of the
 Ohio, and established her posts on the Mis-
 sissippi, as far as the Gulf of Mexico. The
 ambition of her statesmen was directed to
 confine the old colonies of England to the

Atlantic coast, as far as possible, and to lay
 the foundations of a great Empire, in con-
 nection with France, on this continent.
 Happily for the prestige and power of Eng-
 land, the elder Pitt assumed the control of
 public affairs in the course of 1757, and
 adopted that vigorous policy which led
 immediately to the fall of Louisbourg and
 Quebec, and ended in the acquisition, by
 the English, of the whole of that vast area
 of country now known as British America.
 By the Treaty signed at Paris, in the com-
 mencement of 1763, France ceded to Eng-
 land Canada, and all the islands in the
 Gulf of St. Lawrence, with the exception
 of two inhospitable rocks, which she
 reserved for the purpose of carrying on the
 fisheries. These two rocky islets were St.
 Pierre and Miquelon, situated at the
 entrance of the Gulf, a few leagues to the
 southward of the island of Newfoundland;
 and valueless as they may look on the map,
 yet she has clung to them with remarkable
 pertinacity at the conclusion of every
 treaty she has made with Great Britain
 since 1763. In the present article, I pro-
 pose to give a brief description of these
 foggy islands, and show why they are so
 highly valued by their French owners.

I left Sydney, in a trading schooner, on
 the morning of a fine day in June, and
 after a good passage of about forty hours
 we made land just as the sun was rising.
 By and by, the morning mist had risen
 from the rocky precipitous land imme-
 diately before us, and we saw coming
 toward our schooner a little boat, flying
 over the water "like a thing of life."
 We "lay to" for a moment, whilst we
 took on board the French pilot,—a sturdy
 old man, with a face bronzed and seared
 by exposure to all sorts of weather, and
 exhibiting the peculiar features of his
 Basque origin,—who had been engaged in
 his occupation for very many years, and
 had piloted innumerable vessels into the
 port of St. Pierre. The schooner moved
 over the water slowly, and it was nearly
 an hour before we could plainly see the
 island, with its rugged outline, and some

houses clustered together. Numerous boats and shallops were darting to and fro, whilst on all sides schooners and several large vessels were to be seen, their canvas hardly filled by the light breeze that curled the bosom of the water. Then the anchor was let go, the sails came down to the deck with a heavy thud, and I found myself in the roadstead of St. Pierre.

On one side was Isle aux Chiens, which forms the principal protection of the roadstead against the waves of the Atlantic; on the opposite side was a collection of dwellings, stores, and other buildings,—mostly of one story, and all of wood. A more pretentious-looking house, on a rising ground, decorated by Venetian blinds, I found out afterwards, was the residence of the Governor or Commandant. A pretty Catholic chapel, with a lofty steeple, rose among the houses, and in its vicinity was a convent. I noticed a small battery of guns, chiefly used for the purpose of giving signals to approaching vessels whenever it is foggy, and that is very frequently. On every side the eye rested on fishing flakes and stages, and other evidences of the fact that I was now in those parts where codfish is king.

The roadstead is used by the larger craft, but it is connected by a shallow and narrow channel with what is called a "barasois,"—that is, a salt-water pond connected with the sea,—where the smaller vessels find safe anchorage. The road is very dangerous at certain seasons of the year, and we hear constantly of vessels being wrecked on the rocks and shoals around it. Sometime in the September of 1866, a fearful gale arose and destroyed a vast amount of shipping, whose wrecks could be seen strewing the coast for a long while afterwards. In connection with this tempest, I may mention an interesting little anecdote that I have been told:—"A large French transport was among the vessels that first yielded to the force of the storm, and the people of St. Pierre, seeing the danger of the crew, made every attempt to save them, but all to no purpose.

Finally, one of the officers, as a last resource, tied a rope around the neck of a fine Newfoundland dog they had on board, and threw him into the raging waters. It was an anxious time for the crew, whose fate was trembling in the balance, as they watched the faithful animal battling with the waves, but he finally succeeded in reaching the shore. Then a cable was laid between the ship and the island, and all the crew were saved."

The country in the vicinity of the town is rocky and barren, being destitute of vegetation and trees, except a stunted growth of fir, which only adds to the gloom of the landscape. One or two attempts at small gardens have been made by some enterprising persons, but with no success worth speaking of; for, with the exception of a few melancholy cabbages, nothing grows. Flowers there are none, except two or three rose bushes, which appear to deplore the sad fate which has taken them from more genial climes to pine away on an inhospitable rock in the Gulf. St. Pierre certainly is not a place where one is likely to become romantic, or to cultivate poetry.

The town itself requires little description at my hands, for it is wanting in features of remarkable interest. It is simply a collection of plain wooden houses, most of which are shops and warehouses belonging to French merchants, or to American firms. There are plenty of *cabarets*, or drinking-places, as well as more pretentious looking *auberges* and inns, where the traveller can be comfortably accommodated during his stay. The citizens, let me here mention, are exceedingly courteous to strangers who come furnished with the proper letters of introduction; and those who have visited the island generally leave with pleasant impressions, so far as its little society is concerned. At the shops you can buy everything, from a reel of cotton to a barrel of flour or a keg of whiskey. St. Pierre has, on more than one occasion, suffered severely from fire, and its effects are now plainly visible.

The street in St. Pierre—there is only one, never lit up by public lamps, and perfectly rough—presents a very busy appearance in the fall and spring. In the month of May, and even earlier, a very large number of sloops and other vessels arrive from France, with some 12,000 or 15,000 fishermen, as well as numerous schooners from the States and Provinces, with bait and supplies. There you see knots of Normans, Bretons, and Basques, with huge sou'-westers, or woollen caps, red shirts, and heavy boots reaching above their knees,—some of them, indeed, wear the rude sabot of their native provinces,—and exhibiting, in their swarthy faces and prominent features, the characteristics of those strange races whose home for ages has been literally on the deep. Mingling with them, or standing by the doors of the shops and taverns, you see groups of colonial traders or seamen, or of keen-eyed Yankees from New England, intent on making a little profit out of the rough materials around them. The odor of fish is everywhere palpable,—indeed you cannot stir a step without seeing cod-lines, hooks, nets, and other things connected with the great staple of commerce. During the summer, the fishermen are scattered on the banks, or on the French coast of Newfoundland; and in the fall assemble again at St. Pierre, whence they are taken to France, only to return in the spring. When engaged in fishing, they are visited at intervals by French men-of-war, of which there are generally three (one a frigate) on the station.

Even St. Pierre is not without its public journal, entitled the *Feuille Officielle*, which appears every Thursday, and is printed under the direction of the Government. It is published on a sheet of large foolscap, which hardly allows room for the exhibition of much native talent. It is divided into two parts,—the official and the non-official,—and has always a few advertisements, chiefly of auction sales. Very recently it has added that peculiar feature of French papers, a *feuilleton*, for

the sake of its general readers. Little St. Pierre can, therefore, already boast of more than New France—up to the time of its conquest by the British—possessed; for I believe the first newspaper was not published in Canada till 1764.

On the map there are three islands, named St. Pierre, Miquelon, and Langley, or Little Miquelon. The two latter are now connected by a large bar of sand, but I believe there was formerly a considerable passage between them. Miquelon is much larger than St. Pierre, and contains some land susceptible of cultivation, as can be seen from little clearings, which some persons have made when they are not engaged in fishing.

The Government is made up of a Commandant, an Ordonnateur, a Police Magistrate, a Doctor, an Apostolic Prefect, an Engineer, and several Commissaries, besides a few *gens-d'armes* and artillerymen. As I stated in a previous article,* there are no fortifications on the island; for, by the Treaty of Utrecht,—the provisions of which have been re-enacted in subsequent treaties,—France is not allowed to fortify the islands, nor erect any buildings on them, but such as are necessary for the prosecution of the fishery; and is only permitted to keep on them a guard of fifty men at the most for the purposes of a police. The inhabitants have no municipal privileges,—the Government manages everything,—and no rights of property exist.

Some trade is carried on between the islands and the Provinces. Nova Scotia supplies them with provisions, vegetables, and coal; and Quebec also does considerable business with several mercantile houses engaged in the fisheries. During the summer months a packet carries the mails to and from Sydney, which, to the people of St. Pierre, is a perfect paradise compared with their own sterile island. In the winter, when the port of Sydney is closed by ice, the packet runs to Halifax

* Cape Breton. May number.

once a month. Very recently, a telegraph cable was laid between the island and Newfoundland, and, accordingly, the people are now in a position to have immediate communication with the rest of the world.

It is about a century since the first inhabitants settled on the island of St. Pierre. Some Acadian French, I am told, left St. John's, now Prince Edward's Island, and erected a few huts on these gloomy rocks, where they dragged out a dreary existence, far removed from all excitement, except what was found in the roar of the tempest as it dashed the waves upon the rocks, or except when some fishing vessel brought them supplies in exchange for the fish which they had caught in the surrounding waters. By and by a few Basque or Breton fishermen joined the Acadians; but the unsettled state of France, and the wars in which she was engaged, prevented any regular colonial establishment being formed on the island until after the peace of 1815. Then at last the French organized a regular colony for the purpose of having a head-quarters for the prosecution of the fisheries, which they had been carrying on ever since the discovery of America. The total sedentary population of the island was, a year ago, 3,187 souls (of whom only 24 were Protestants), exclusive of the public officials, who do not number more than 30 or 40, including artillery and gens-d'armes. When the fishermen, however, arrive from, or are leaving for, France, there are as many as 12,000 or 15,000 persons in the town and vessels in the harbor at one time.

Leaving St. Pierre, let us now turn to the coast of Newfoundland, and see what rights the French possess, and what settlements they have formed in connection with the fisheries. This is a subject of considerable importance to those people of Canada who hope that in the course of time the prejudices of Newfoundland against Union will be removed, and that it will form a portion of the New Dominion. By the Treaty of Utrecht it was allowed to the subjects of France "to catch fish, and to

dry them on the land, in that part only, and in no other besides, of the said island of Newfoundland, which stretches from the place called Cape Bona Vista to the northern part of the said island, and from thence running down by the western side, reaches as far as the place called Point Riche." By the subsequent Treaty of Versailles (1773) some important alterations were made in the foregoing treaty. On the eastern coast, the French consented to remove the right of fishing from Cape Bona Vista to Cape St. John, and the English King agreed "that the fishery assigned to the subjects of His Most Christian Majesty, beginning at the said Cape St. John, passing to the north, and descending by the western coast of the island of Newfoundland, should extend to the place called Cape Ray, instead of stopping at Point Riche." But the most important part of the Treaty was that stipulating, on the part of the King of Great Britain, that "he would take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from *interrupting in any manner, by their competition*, the fishing of the French during the temporary exercise thereof, which is granted to them upon the coasts of the island." The French have argued that by the terms of this treaty they have an exclusive right to the fishery on those parts of the coast described in the treaty, but the English authorities have never yielded to such an assumption. A despatch from Lord Palmerston to the French Ambassador at London, given in the journals of Newfoundland for 1857, states the case fairly in these words: "But the British Government have never understood the declaration to have had for its object to deprive British subjects of the right to *participate with the French* in taking fish at sea off that shore, provided they did so *without interrupting* the French cod-fishery." The rights enjoyed by the French on the coast in question have long been a grievance to the people of Newfoundland. Some years ago the British Government agreed to give to the French the right to fish on the coast of Labrador,—a right they

have long coveted,—in return for St. George's and Cordroy, of which I shall presently speak, but the Legislature and people of Newfoundland made such strong remonstrances against the arrangement, that it was never finally concluded.

The principal settlement within the French limits is that on the Bay of St. George, where about 1,500 persons, chiefly Irish, have built up a considerable village, of course in defiance of the treaty with France. The bay is a large and noble sheet of water, and the land around it is evidently fertile, and, where not cultivated, is covered by fine woods stretching to the blue hills in the distance. All the people are engaged in the fishery, as the flakes and piles of fish will at once tell the visitor. There is a pretty little church in the village, attended by a priest, under the religious supervision of the Bishop of Newfoundland. The Protestants have also now, I believe, the benefit of the services of a clergyman of their own. As the settlement is on the French shore, there are no magistrates exercising authority legally, and the clergy are obliged to act constantly as peace-makers. A French man-of-war, during the summer, visits the bay, and settles matters of dispute in connection with the fisheries. The houses are, for the most part, clean and comfortable, and the people quiet and well disposed. Perhaps it is a very fortunate thing for their peace that they are not troubled with one class of persons in their Arcadian State, and that is, village lawyers.

As in other parts of British America, we come upon the evidences of French maritime enterprise in the names of the different harbors, bays, and capes: for instance, Port-au-Port, Bonne Baie, Mal Baie, Bay of Ingornachois, Point Ferolle, Belle Isle, besides other places too numerous to mention. Codroy is the settlement of most importance after St. George, and it also consists of British subjects. It is situated a little to the south of St. George, and appears to be a flourishing community. The principal French estab-

lishment is at Red Island, which resembles a high cone, from the top of which the eye can range over a vast waste of waters, whitened by the sails of fishing-boats and shallops, or lose itself amid the hills of the mainland or among the islets that cluster in the Bay of Islands, with whose waters mingle those of that noble river, the Humber, with its banks still covered by the untamed forest. Red Island is the most important station after St. Pierre, consisting of a number of stores, and dwellings of the agent, clerks, doctors, &c., as well as any quantity of the inevitable flakes and long stages stretching into the water,—the latter being used for the purpose of cleaning the fish. It is not a place at which to linger long, for the odor from decaying offal is overpowering, and one cannot help thinking what a pity it is that so much fertilizing matter should be wasted.

The other stations are at Croque or Crock, on the eastern side, and at Couche, where there is a considerable settlement consisting of French and British who live in perfect amity. The whole population on the coast, comprised within the French limits, is estimated at 3,000 souls, of whom at least two-thirds are women and children. The great majority of the men are British subjects; the remainder Frenchmen, who are employed in charge of the French fishing establishments. It is needless to say how solitary is the life of the majority of these persons. Many of them never see a strange face for more than half of the year. Nothing breaks the monotony of their lives except the roar of the waves; their eyes can only rest during the dull winter months on a bleak country covered with snow, above which rise dark forests of spruce; whilst out to sea vast fields of ice drift down the gulf, large icebergs rearing their lofty forms, and resembling perhaps some grand Gothic Cathedral, with its spires, its pinnacles, and its towers glittering in the sunlight, then—

“Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.”—*Longfellow.*

The French fisheries are carried on by persons from Bayonne, Granville, St. Malo, St. Brieux and other ports on the seaboard of France. They are chiefly Basques, Bretons, and Normans who have been visiting the same waters for more than three centuries and a half. France might be carrying on her wars of ambition; but, nevertheless, the fishing fleets of the Basques and Bretons visited the banks with the utmost regularity. "Yet far aloof from siege and battle, the fishermen of the western ports still plied their craft on the Banks of Newfoundland. Humanity, morality, decency, might be forgotten, but codfish must still be had for the use of the faithful in Lent and fast days; still the wandering Esquimaux saw the Norman and Breton sails hovering around some lonely headland, or anchored in fleets in the harbor of St. John; and still, through salt spray and driving mist, the fisherman dragged up the riches of the sea."*

Previous to the Seven Years' War, Louisbourg was the great centre for the prosecution of the French fisheries, in which were engaged at one time as many as 600 vessels. As far as I can gather from the statistics at hand, as well as from personal enquiry at different times, the number of men at present employed in the fisheries is not as great as formerly. In 1775, the French had 564 vessels, 27,520 men, and the catch was 1,149,000 quintals. In 1847, the catch was 1,000,000 qtls., and the number of men employed about 25,000. At the present time, 15,000 men are engaged, and the annual catch is valued at 30,000,000 francs. But it is not only as a source of national wealth, and as a means of disposing of the surplus labor of the country, that France values the fisheries on the coast of Newfoundland. From the hardy fisherman engaged in dragging up the riches of the sea, are drawn the sailors who man the fleets, and enable her to keep her present proud position among the naval powers of the world.

* Parkman—Pioneers of France in the New World.

Original.

THE CHILD AND THE REAPER.

BY REV. H. F. DARNELL.

The meadows lay in the sunshine,
And the ruddy corn was ripe,
And fell before the reapers'
With the keen scythe in their gripe;
A thousand soft, low murmurs
Hung on the perfumed air;
And at intervals came the deadly rush
That laid the corn-fields bare.

Under the hazel hedge-row
Loitered a little maid,—
Bright 'mid her tangled ringlets
The flickering sunlight played;
Sweet as the balmy summer,
Pure as the snow was she,
Fresh and fair as the wild flowers
That lay upon her knee.

Around the foremost reaper
Paused in his work and smiled,
On his deadly scythe he rested
To talk with his winsome child;
He noted the look of wonder,
Writ in her face as a book,—
"Come, pretty one, what of thy silence,
Thy rapt and far-off look?"

"Last eve I was at the church, father,
And a good man told us there,
'The harvest-home was the end of the world,
And the angels reapers fair;'
And now, I was just a wondering
When the end of the world would come,
And the Lord of the earth's great harvest
Would gather His children home:

"And whether the angel reapers,
Who take us from earth away,
Will be those who loved and cheered us
In life's dark, troubled day;
If they only loved me, and smiled, father,
As you ever are wont to do,
I wouldn't mind when they took me,—
Took me to mother and you."

"My darling, there is a harvest,"—
And he brushed a tear away,—
"A harvest God is reaping—
Reaping every day;

And we do well to think of it,—
Think of it morn and even,
That when the angels come for us,
We may be ripe for Heaven!"

"Happy is he who readeth,
In the works of nature here,
The higher and deeper meaning
God's Spirit maketh clear;
Who heedeth to-day the warning,—
'All flesh is but as grass,—
The hour and the day ye know not
When the scythe of death shall pass.'

"Kept in His peace,—such fear not,
Nor let their hopes wax dim,
For they know the angels love them
And gather them for Him!
That in a world of glory,
Where partings are unknown,
The Almighty Father maketh
His children for ever one.

"When they reaped your own dear mother,—
Reaped her on that sad day,—
When her new-born babe like a lily
On her silent bosom lay;
'Twas only because He loved her,
And would have her near to Him,
And lead us to look to Heaven
From a world more drear and dim."

Ah, little thought that reaper,
As he talked with his only child,
That the angels fair would have reaped her
Ere another harvest smiled;
And little he dreamed had they done so,—
He could kneel by the heaped-up sod,
And look to Heaven through blinding tears
With unbroken faith in God.

But little blind man knoweth
Of the trials that to life belong,
How his strength is tamed to weakness—
His weakness rendered strong;
For 'tis in the school of suffering
God teacheth man his place,
And maketh our human frailty
Witness the might of grace.

On the face of that lonely reaper,
Now the look is not all pain,
As the scene of that bygone summer
Comes back to him again;

As under the hazel hedge-row,
A soft voice speaks to him there
Of "the harvest-home at the end of the world,
And the angel reapers fair."

Original.

THE TEACHER'S LESSON.

Having been, from my earliest infancy, accustomed to a life of ease and elegance, it is not surprising that I was deeply afflicted to find myself, at the age of twenty, an orphan and penniless. My father dying in debt, his creditors seized upon everything except my mother's jewels, which, being of small value, they begged me to accept. I was at the time engaged to be married, therefore I suppose they felt no anxiety about my future. The circumstances which led to my engagement being broken off are such as I do not care to lay before the public. Suffice it to say, that a month after my father's death I was fully aware that on my own exertions alone I should have to depend for my future maintenance. Thinking the matter over calmly, I felt convinced that there was but one way in which I could earn my living; and that was by teaching. My pride rebelled against the domestic tyranny to which governesses, even in Christian families, were subjected; and I recalled, with remorseful feelings, many instances of my careless and disrespectful treatment of her who had performed this all-important office to myself. No; I could not go as a governess in a private family. Then I thought of a school, where there were several teachers, and where all would rank alike; but here again obstacles presented themselves which appeared quite insurmountable. There was but one other plan,—that was to have a day-school of my own; and following up this idea I wrote to the clergymen of several neighboring parishes, enquiring if they could tell me of an opening for a school of the kind I required. To all my letters I received courteous replies; though only one gave me the encouragement I desired. The writer, who appeared pleased with my letter, and who stated that

he had children of his own, who might become my pupils, requested me to visit R——, and accept the hospitality of his house for a few days, as a personal interview would be desirable. Desolate as my position was, I was not altogether without friends, and some there were who offered me a temporary home; but the spirit of independence was strong within me, and I felt, too, that work—hard, steady work—would be the best antidote for my troubles. I therefore accepted Mr. Graham's invitation, and set out for R., taking a small travelling bag with me. I was most kindly received, and soon found, to my surprise and delight, that Mr. Graham had been a college friend of my father's. This new circumstance, perhaps, added zeal to his efforts, and through his instrumentality I soon found myself at the head of a little school composed of fourteen girls between the ages of five and twelve. I boarded with Mr. Graham's family, and taught in a room close by, which I had hired for the purpose. At first I found pleasure in my new occupation. It took me out of myself, and gave me an object in life; besides I was so kindly treated by everybody, and my services were so highly appreciated, that I began to think I must be a model teacher. Towards the end of the first quarter, however, I felt my energies beginning to flag. My kind friends the Grahams told me that it was because I was not used to the close confinement, and that the holidays would quite set me up; and so it appeared, for after spending a month at the sea-side I quite longed to see my pupils, and to re-open my school. I entered on my second quarter as cheerfully as I had commenced the first; but it was only half over when I had to encounter a few of those unpleasant circumstances which none in my position could have hoped to escape. One lady called on me to inquire why her daughter was not permitted to remain at the head of her class when her abilities were so superior to those of any child in the school. Another objected to her child associating with a little girl whose father kept a shop in the village; while two more

complained that their children were making no progress, in fact that they were going back in their education. It was with a heavy heart that I listened to these complaints, and began to question my own ability as a teacher. To be sure Ellen B. was a clever girl, but then she was careless, and idle, and I could not accuse myself of partiality for putting Janet far above her, when she was more diligent, and prepared her lessons with greater accuracy. Then, as to Mrs. M., I could not see the justice of her complaint; for although Lizzie K. was the only child whose father actually served behind a counter, there were no fewer than five of my pupils whose parents had been, at one time or another, engaged in trade; and yet Mrs. M. had no objection to any of these, but was quite willing to recognize them as friends. The other two had perhaps some cause to be dissatisfied with the progress their children were making, and when I looked around I thought of several who had an equal right to complain; and yet what could I do? I explained things over and over again, to every child; and often remained after school hours, devoting my own time to those who were unusually dull. I longed for the holidays to come, that I might escape for a little while from the worry and anxiety of my situation. They came at last, but were soon over, and when I again opened school it was to find that four of my pupils had been removed. This circumstance was in itself sufficient to dishearten me, and I dragged wearily through my third quarter, finding that even my kind friend, Mrs. Graham, was not satisfied with the progress her children were making—although she hesitated to place the blame on me. I had almost made up my mind to apply for a situation as junior teacher in a school at some distance from R——, where I felt I should, at least, have the advantage of being only accountable to the head of the establishment, and where, although my salary would be small, it would be sufficient for my wants. But just at this time I received a letter from my only surviving relative, Cousin Martha,

who had been in India for nearly two years, and had only just received the tidings of my father's death. She wrote most affectionately, urging me to visit her at Mount Pleasant, where she expected to arrive the following week. Her letter was addressed to N——, which caused it to be a week later than it would otherwise have been in reaching me; so I concluded that she must be already at home, and lost no time in writing to accept her invitation, for I had begun to feel how hard a thing it is for a woman to be independent,—at least where love and sympathy are concerned.

Before leaving R., I consulted Mrs. Graham about my school, and received from her but little encouragement to resume it. Although she was careful to say nothing that would hurt my feelings, I could not help gathering from her conversation, that she thought I would never be successful as a teacher. I therefore informed my patrons that I should not return to R. Many of them expressed themselves very kindly, but only one urged me to change my mind. This certainly was not flattering; but I was young, and blessed with an excellent constitution, and I was determined not to become a burden upon my Cousin Martha; but to try again in some new place to earn my daily bread. I had not courage, however, to face the world just yet, and preferred thinking of my visit to Mount Pleasant. The journey was a long and fatiguing one; but my cousin's welcome made up for it all. Martha Williams had been a companion and playmate of my father's; but time seemed to have made only a slight impression on her, and she was still a young-looking woman, with a smooth brow, and hair as sunny as a child's. We had much to talk of, and I loved to listen while she told me of my father's boyhood, and of Uncle Edward and Grandpapa. Sometimes, too, she would take me to see old people who remembered my father and mother before they were married, and many were the anecdotes they had to tell of both. Time passed so pleasantly, that it was hard to realize how long I had been in the High-

lands, until one evening as I sat by the drawing-room window, looking out upon the well-kept lawn, my eye detected the first autumnal tints upon the beach trees; and I remembered that I had seen their earliest buds unfold.

The spirit of independence was not utterly dead within me, and I determined to tell my cousin that very night, that I would not prolong my stay with her beyond a few weeks. Martha, however, anticipated me. Perhaps my face was a shade sadder than usual, for she drew me closer to her, and putting her arm tenderly round me said:

"Annie, you are not puzzling your little head about the future, I hope?"

The tears came to my eyes, and, though ashamed of my weakness, I fairly broke down.

"If you are determined to earn your own living," she continued, "I shall not try to prevent you. It is the right kind of pride that makes you desire to be independent; but you shall not go again among strangers, for you are too young to be left without a protector. You know, Annie, my mother was obliged to take pupils after my father's death, and for many years I was her only assistant. We had our trials; but I now look back on the years spent in the school-room as among the happiest, and most useful of my life."

"But you are so different," I faltered out; "you are always trying to do good, while I have no object in life." I spoke truly, for when I looked upon the past, I saw only the smouldering embers of what I had once prized; while the future presented a dreary waste, from which I instinctively shrank.

"Dear Annie," said my cousin, "if you could only realize that God has given you a work to do for Him, your life would no longer be an objectless one; but your daily avocations would become a sacred mission, and teaching would be exalted into a noble profession, worthy of your highest talent and energy, instead of being the wearisome drudgery that you have found it."

"If I could only give my heart to the work," I said, "I might succeed."

"And you will never succeed in any other way, my child. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might', is a Scriptural injunction we should all do well to bear in mind."

Martha paused; but I asked her to go on, for I felt that her words were good for me.

"If you wish to succeed, Annie," she continued, "your first aim must be to acquire influence over your pupils; and this influence should be based on affection. Let the children learn to love you, and you have a good foundation on which to work. Make each child feel that she is a particular object of interest to you, and not merely the representative of so many pounds a year; that you try to improve her for her own individual good, and not for the reputation which it will secure to yourself. In commencing to instruct them in any new branch, be most particular to explain your meaning in language familiar to every child, and do not rest satisfied with receiving answers from a few bright children; but interrogate each of them separately, until they have given such distinct replies as will assure you that they thoroughly understand the subject. This plan may be a little more troublesome at first; but in the end it will save much fault-finding and disappointment. I remember watching the children of a large class taking their lesson in arithmetic. The question was proposed, and the rule explained; but while some of the children went to work in a business-like and decided manner, the greater number took up their pencils hesitatingly; and after a few ineffectual attempts rubbed out their figures, and copied the sum from the slate of their nearest class-mate. One girl was then called upon to give the answer; which she did readily, for she was one of the few who understood the rule. Her companions, on being asked if they had obtained the same result, each in turn replied in the affirmative, with the exception of one little girl,

who was too honest to copy her sum, and having mistaken the rule, was multiplying when she ought to have been dividing. The child, on being desired to do so, left her seat and stood beside the teacher, pencil in hand, setting down the figures as she was told them then returned to her place with downcast eyes, feeling that, although she could not help it, she had cause to be ashamed of her ignorance. I very much doubt if she gained a single new idea on the subject; and if the same humiliating circumstance would not attend many succeeding lessons. I have also heard people confess that, when children, they never attempted to prepare a lesson in parsing without the aid of a dictionary. Now, however we may reprobate the want of principle in such cases, we have no right to make temptations for children; and I feel that the careless teacher is guilty of a twofold crime,—not only does she send her pupils into the world but imperfectly instructed in that which it was her duty to teach them, but she runs the risk of destroying for ever in their minds, that nice distinction between right and wrong, which is of such inestimable value to every man and woman. While I listened to my cousin, I felt that a new light was breaking upon my mind; and the few remaining weeks that I spent at Mount Pleasant were passed in making wise resolutions for the future. I had always wished to do good, but now I was determined to do it, though not in my own strength; I had talked of a teacher's influence,—now I believed in it. My future efforts were attended with success, and I no longer wondered at my past failure.

Perhaps some who read these pages are teaching for a living. To such I would say in conclusion:—"If you cannot teach thoroughly, giving your whole heart and energy to the work, do not teach at all. It is a solemn thing to tamper with human hearts and intellects, and though you may not be able to trace your influence, eternity will disclose it."

Original.
TO A HUMMING-BIRD.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Hush thee! hush thee! not a word,
'Tis the lovely humming-bird,
Like a spirit of the air,
Coming from we know not where,
Bursting on our raptur'd sight
Like a vision of delight,
Circl'd in a magic ring,
O! thou glory on the wing;
Thou'rt no thing of mortal birth,
Far too beautiful for earth,
But a thing of happy dreams,
Rainbow glories, heavenly gleams,
Something fallen from out the sky,
To delight man's heart and eye,
In this weary world of ours,
Wand'ring spirit of the flowers!

What a wonder, what a joy!
Is that happy little boy,
As in ecstasy he stands,
Gazing with uplifted hands,
In a rapture of surprise,
He devours thee with his eyes;—
Thou shalt haunt him many a day,
Even when his locks are grey,
Thou'lt be a remember'd joy
Happy! happy! little boy.

And that old man's face the while
Brightens with a welcome smile,
Toiling at his daily duty,
He is startled by thy beauty
Out of all his dally cares,
Thou hast ta'en him unawares,
Ta'en him in a moment back
O'er a long and weary track;
All his present cares and troubles
Vanished like a sea of bubbles;
For again the mountains gray
In that dear land far away,
With his father's humble cot
Round him in a vision float,
And despite of age and pain
He's a little boy again.

Welcome! welcome! happy sprite,
Welcome! spirit of delight
Deeper than the joy of wine,
Or the ancient songs divine,
For my spirit thou dost carry
Back into the realms of Fairy;

Round my heart thou com'st to weave
Things we hope for and believe,
Things we've longed for since our birth,
Things we've never found on earth,
O! how weary would we be
But for visitants like thee.

But like pleasure, lovely thing
Thou art ever on the wing;
Like the things we wish to stay,
Thou'rt the first to pass away;
Flying like our hopes the fleetest,
Passing like the joy that's sweetest,
Even now like music's tone,
Thou'rt a glory come and gone.

Original.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE YOUNG ADVENTURER—THREE MONTHS
AT SEA—ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRATION OF
NEW WORLD—SETTLEMENT—MARRIAGE—
PROSPERITY.

Mr. Ralph Morden, whose numerous and respectable descendants are now residing in various portions of Ontario, was born in England, in 1742. His parents belonged to the Society of Friends, and members of their community were from time to time receiving glowing accounts of the prosperity which had attended the settlements made in the American wilderness, by their co-religionists, under the guidance of the intrepid William Penn. In these pictures of forest life, figured no blood-thirsty savage, with tomahawk and firebrand, putting the settlers in terror for their lives; all was peace, plenty, and happiness. The wisdom and justice manifested towards the Indians by William Penn, in his dealings with them, had early procured their friendship for the peace-loving settlers.

Young Morden, having his thoughts thus early turned to the advantages and enjoyments of life in the Western Wilds, as he advanced towards manhood, had his mind filled with visions of the wealth, honor, and happiness to be enjoyed when he should have become a great landed proprietor in

that far off world of scarcely credible wonders. He resolved that his home should be beyond the great sea, and as soon as he was in a position to act for himself he bent all his energies to the accomplishment of that object.

Having learned that a ship was to sail at a given time from a certain port for the American continent (an event in those days), he made immediate preparations for his departure from the home and friends of his youth, to try his fortune in that new and strange land of promise, which had so excited the enthusiasm of his boyhood.

His leave-takings over, and the necessary arrangements made for his voyage, buoyant with expectation, he stepped on board the ship. Nothing more remained to be done, and as he leaned listlessly against the side of the vessel, gazing upon the swiftly receding shores of his native country, the thought of all he was leaving brought a pang to his heart, that a moment before he would not have thought possible. Then he realized that he was separating himself, probably for ever, from all the loved ones at home, and tears, not unworthy of his manhood, moistened his eyes. All his bright anticipations of a prosperous and happy future were insufficient to prevent a sinking of the heart, as in that moment he whispered to kindred and country "for ever fare ye well."

The ship was now fairly at sea; and the passengers and crew prepared to make themselves as comfortable as possible in the circumstances. The passage was rough and very tedious; and the accommodations not such as passengers in this day need envy. For three long months did the vessel roll about on the bosom of the boisterous billows. How cheering then did the cry of Land! land!! sound in the ears of the wearied, almost disheartened passengers. Tumultuous with joy, those of them who were able to do so, rushed upon deck to have a small speck upon the edge of the horizon pointed out to them as the land of their hopes. Many of them, doubtful whether they were not the subject of a

hoax, long and anxiously scanned the infinitesimal object, till its slowly increasing size removed their doubts. At length, amid demonstrations of unbounded delight—and, in some hearts, we trust earnest thanksgiving to Him who had preserved them from the dangers of the great deep—the storm-tossed ship entered the long-desired haven.

The distance sailed—probably computed by the time occupied—since sighting land, impressed young Morden with wonder and admiration at the vastness of the country, which were not diminished as his eyes roved towards the interior over the apparently interminable stretches of forest. The now busy marts—then only inconsiderable towns—presented few attractions to the hardy yeoman, determined upon becoming the possessor of broad acres. He pressed eagerly forward towards the settlements of the Friends in Pennsylvania, finding fresh food for admiration in the wild beauties of the almost primeval forest, nothing daunted by the hardships, but delighted with the new and strange adventures encountered during his inland journey. Having arrived among the quiet, industrious Friends, the indications of abundance, comfort, and prospective wealth which he there saw, were so satisfactory that he lost no time in taking the necessary steps in order to become, himself, a landholder. This accomplished, he set to work with a will, to bring about the realization of his long-cherished dreams.

Shortly after becoming established upon his *estate*, he began to think that his little log cabin was not nearly so comfortable an abode as he had fancied it in the first days of his occupancy. In fact, he made the discovery that it had lacked one grand essential of a happy home. During this period he had been reflecting much upon, and had given the full assent of his judgement to, the scriptural assertion: "It is not good for man to be alone,"—incited to such reflections, it is to be feared, by the bright eyes and sunny smile of a fair daughter of the Emerald Isle, with whom

he had become acquainted. He succeeded in recommending himself to the affections of the damsel, and ere long obtained the hand he sought. When he saw his cheerful young wife moving about his forest home, he in his heart pronounced it complete in all its appointments. Nor did the experience of after years falsify his fond anticipations: "She did him good, and not evil all the days of his life." They were both young, vigorous, and industrious; and the virgin soil yielded them abundant returns for their toil, while sons and daughters grew up about them. Thus the happy years sped along till our young emigrant found himself at middle life, the prosperous man of his youthful visions.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADHERES TO THE CROWN DURING REVOLUTION
—SHELTERS LOYALISTS—LAND AND THE
FAULKNERS—THE INDIAN LADDER—
MORDEN'S ARREST—LAND ESCAPES.

Clouds dark and portentous had long been gathering in the political horizon, but all unheeded by the happy farmer, who could not entertain so monstrous an idea, as that the discontents of the colonists would culminate in war. Both he and his wife were firm in their adherence to the crown, and in their faith in its power to enforce submission. And when the conflict came they were unwavering in their loyalty and confidence. John, their eldest son, was now quite an active lad, but still too young to be required to bear arms, and the principles in which he had been reared did not dispose him to volunteer his services. Morden being a Quaker, and, therefore, not considered dangerous, was allowed to pursue his usual avocations with but little interference. Thus, enjoying some of the dearest blessings of peace, in the midst of war, they rejoiced in their unbroken family circle; and thinking they had less at stake in the conflict than others, they could contemplate with comparative equanimity the fearful struggle going on in the land.

Their sympathy with the royal cause led

them to afford shelter on several occasions to persons whose more active loyalty had rendered them obnoxious to the Continentals. This having been made known, by the parties so succoured, to the British Officers, secured for the Mordens their favor and protection, whenever the British were in the ascendant. This, however, proved rather a doubtful advantage, as it caused them to be regarded with suspicion by those of their neighbors who adhered to the Revolutionary cause.

Morden had become a great woodsman, and was familiar with a large extent of the forest contiguous to his home. Like the members of his society generally, he had always maintained the most friendly relations with the Indians, and he possessed not a little influence over them. Some of his loyalist friends, who had made themselves more conspicuous in the contest than was consistent with their safety where they were, in effecting their escape to Canada, were much assisted by his knowledge of the wilderness.

Among these, was an active and daring loyalist, whose name was Land. He, with two brothers named Faulkner, had been out on an expedition, obtaining horses without the permission of their owners, for the use of the British forces. The Americans had been made aware of the connection of these parties with the abstraction of the horses, and had for some time been seeking them; but, as yet, had been unable to arrest them. Land, finding that it had become unsafe for him to remain any longer in the country, resolved to make an attempt to reach Canada with all possible speed. To this end, he solicited from Morden such aid as he had previously afforded to others in like difficulty. Well knowing the imminence of his friend's danger, Morden approved his determination to fly from the country, and promised his assistance. He also advised that the Faulknors should accompany him.

The passes of the mountains were all guarded; but he agreed to pilot them through the woods, by such a route as would

avoid all the American guards, to a place of which he had knowledge, at the foot of the Blue Mountain, where what is called an Indian ladder had been constructed. This rude contrivance is formed of poles sufficiently strong to bear the weight of a man. The limbs are cut off at some little distance from the body of the pole, leaving a sufficient length of the limb still attached to the pole, to afford a support to the foot in climbing. The poles are then firmly fastened together with bark, and secured against the side of the cliff intended to be scaled. The mountain, at the point where this ladder was placed, was supposed impossible of ascent, and being remote from every ordinary course of travel,—far away in the unfrequented depths of the forest—it had escaped observation, only a few being aware of its existence. All this—the route to be taken—and all necessary particulars, Morden communicated to Land.

A messenger was despatched in all confidence to the Faulkners, informing them of Land's intended flight, suggesting that they should accompany him, telling them that Morden had promised to pilot them to a place of safety, and mentioning a certain time and place at which they should meet the others, if they wished to be of the party; but fortunately for Land, entering into no further particulars.

At the appointed time, the two friends set out upon their perilous journey, and without encountering any unexpected difficulty, reached the vicinity of the rendezvous. There, instead of the Faulkners, they found a guard in readiness for their reception. There was not a moment for consultation. Morden thought only of the danger of his friend, and bidding him to fly for his life, he went forward himself, still unsuspecting of treachery,—though wondering at the presence of the guard in that unfrequented place. He was, however, apprehensive of no great danger to himself; being confident that nothing more serious than having been found there, in Land's company, could be brought against him.

On the instant of parting from Morden,

Land dashed into the thick bushes, and, fleet as a young deer, soon distanced his pursuers. As soon as he felt sure that the pursuit had been abandoned, he proceeded to take his bearings, and following the directions previously given him by Morden, he after a weary search found the Indian ladder. By its aid, he succeeded in clambering to the summit of the Blue Mountain. Thence he passed through the forest, and after enduring untold hardships, and countless dangers, he finally reached Canada in safety.

Meanwhile, poor Morden, though a prisoner, was but little apprehensive of the fate that awaited him. Though the Faulkners had failed to make their appearance, the unsuspecting Morden did not see any connection between that circumstance and the presence of the guard at the rendezvous. He was still puzzled to understand how it was that Land's flight, and the course he would take, had been divulged.

The fact was, that when the Faulkners received Land's message, they thought the scheme of escape a very doubtful chance. But it suggested to their treacherous minds the idea of securing their own safety, by sacrificing their friends. Accordingly, they entered into negotiations with the officer commanding the Continental forces in the neighborhood, which resulted in the events above detailed. Thus poor Morden was taken in a trap, laid by the very men whose lives he was endeavoring to save.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FATAL DOCUMENT — OPPORTUNITIES TO ESCAPE — NEGLECTS THEM — FAULKNERS APPEAR AGAINST HIM — HANGED AS A SPY — CAREER OF FAULKNERS — THE WIDOW.

Morden having visited the British camp some short time previous to his capture, and the region in which he lived being frequently overrun by bands—sometimes of the one party, and sometimes of the other—by whom the residents were often roughly handled, the commanding officer had given Morden on the occasion of his visit to the

camp a letter of protection or pass. This paper he always kept upon his person, that it might be available in case of his falling into the hands of any straggling British band; and it was of course found when he was arrested. He was charged with being a British spy; and it was also asserted that when taken, he was on his way into the wilderness, to influence the Indians to come out and destroy the settlers.

Innocent of any such purpose, he gave himself very little concern about the charges, supposing that that which was false could not be proved to be true. He was detained a prisoner for several weeks, before being brought to trial. During that time, on two or three occasions, he might have made his escape; but thinking that to do so would be regarded as an admission that he was guilty of the things charged against him, he allowed those last opportunities to pass unimproved. Unacquainted with military regulations, or modes of thought, he was quite unconscious of the damaging nature of the proof they possessed against him, in the letter of protection found upon his person. This was produced upon the trial, and considered decisive proof of his being a spy. The Faulkners also appeared, and swore hard against him. He was found guilty, and sentenced to die the death of a spy. Had he been less solicitous about the lives of these base men, he would not have endangered his own, and might have lived to spend a happy and honored old age in the midst of his family, instead of being about to perish by the hands of the hangman.

Immediately upon realizing that his fearful doom was fixed, he sent for his beloved wife; who in an agony of grief hastened to his prison. We will not attempt to describe the heart-rending interview between this amiable and affectionate couple, so suddenly overwhelmed by the blackness and darkness of hopeless sorrow.

Having made the best arrangement in his power for the family so soon to be bereft of husband and father, he took an affectionate leave of the almost broken-hearted com-

panion of his happy years, and prepared to resign himself to his hard fate, as became a loyal christian man.

When led out for execution, he declared his innocence of having tampered with the Indians, disclaiming any intention or desire to bring them upon the settlers. He also affirmed that his intercourse with the British had been confined to acts of mercy and kindness; and that it was for such things that he had been adjudged worthy of death. Such was the melancholy termination of a peaceful and upright life,—the dark finale to all the bright anticipations with which the hopeful young Englishman had bidden adieu to his native land.

But what of the miscreants whose black ingratitude had thus rewarded the kind friend who had sought to serve them when in extremity? The disorder and comparative anarchy consequent upon the civil contest enabled them to live much in their former manner, till the close of the war, though nothing seemed to prosper with them, and they were neither trusted nor respected by either party.

After the termination of the war, one of them attempted to attach himself to a band of U. E. Loyalists, designing to come to Canada in that character. But one who was acquainted with his treachery caused him to be informed, that if he was ever found on British soil he would be made to expiate the blood of Morden. Discretion therefore determined him to keep south of the lakes. Ultimately, one of them was drowned, and the other, in a fit of remorse, by his own act, terminated his miserable existence.

Bravely had Mrs. Morden struggled, as far as possible, to suppress outward manifestations of the anguish that was wringing her heart, lest she might thereby add to the distress of her husband, and unfit him to meet with calmness the last dreadful trial. That over, the flood-gates of her sorrow broke loose, and in abandonment of spirit, she mourned the husband of her youth. For a time, she was borne to the earth; and all hope and energy crushed within her

by the magnitude of the calamity that had fallen upon her. But not long would the necessities of her family allow her to indulge in unavailing lamentations. Her eight children looked to her for comfort and support, and she was obliged to rouse herself from the stupor of despair, to care for the wants of the living. But how was she, in her now desolated home, to provide food and raiment for these dear ones, in the midst of a community exasperated by the belief that their father had conspired to deliver them and their wives and children to the blood-thirsty fury of the savage Indians? Dark as the prospect was, the effort had to be made, and, aided by the dutiful exertions of her son John, she succeeded in supporting her family; though they all had to endure hardships to which they had hitherto been strangers.

The war was still raging with unabated violence. To the exciting causes which had actuated the adverse parties at the commencement of the conflict, was now added a spirit of retaliation for individual injuries sustained. Those who had once been attached neighbors, had become vindictive and malignant enemies. The harassed widow bore up under the accumulated trials of her lot, as best she could. Seeing no hope of improvement in her condition, but in the termination of the war, she had determined, as soon as the return of peace would make such a proceeding practicable, to remove with her children to Canada. Undaunted by the thought of the toils and dangers which were to be encountered in passing through the wilderness that separated her abode from the Canadian frontier, with her young children; without the assistance and protection of the husband and father, she resolved to make the attempt as soon as opportunity offered. To that end she put herself in communication with Mr. Land, the companion of her husband's last disastrous adventure, and some other fugitives who had escaped into Canada; with what results will hereafter be seen.

(To be continued.)

Original.

THREE SYMBOLS OF LIFE.

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

I.

Spring o'er the earth is breathing, love,
And buds their leaves unfold;
Flowers in the vale are wreathing, love,
Their chaplets—green and gold.
The bursting buds and op'ning flowers,
Are symbols true of life's young hours.

II.

Look on the oak tree rearing, love,
Its "broad green crown" on high,
Proud in its strength, unfearing, love,
The roaring tempest's cry.
The forest king—the old oak tree—
Shall stalwart manhood's symbol be

III.

Leaves on the trees are fading, love,
The autumn winds sweep by,
Branches and sprays unloading, love,
At every passing sigh.
The falling leaves are symbols fine
Of grey old age and life's decline.

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THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXV.

There are joys and sunshine, sorrows and tears,
That deck the path of life's April hours,
And a loving wish for the coming years,
That hope ever breathes with the fairest
flowers.

There are friendships guileless—love as bright
And pure as the stars in the hall of night.

There are ashen memories, bitter pain,
And buried hopes, and a broken bow,
And an aching heart by a restless main,
And the sea breeze fanning the pallid brow;
And a wanderer on the shell-lined shore
Listening for voices that speak no more.

Edna's quick eye of affection detected the many signs of failing health in her beloved father; and often her heart would sink within her at the thought of the future before her. Left without an earthly protector—without means of support—what would become of her? She knew she had many kind friends who would gladly offer

her a home; but to be wholly dependant on them she would never consent. She must find some way of obtaining her own livelihood were that necessary, yet in all her uncertainty concerning her future life, should her earthly parent be taken from her, she was assured that her Heavenly Father would never leave nor forsake her, — that being deprived of every one on earth, on whom to lean for support, she had the greater claim on Him who ever proves himself the father of the fatherless, and the helper of the helpless.

Thus the months rolled on, and stern winter once more yielded the reins of government to his gentle daughter spring; and under her mild sway the frosty fetters which had so long bound each merry streamlet, and locked in their dreary prison each herb and flower, were burst asunder; and the brook flowed over its pebbly bed, dancing, and sparkling in the sunshine; while the tender spring flowers smiled their welcome to the green grass, and the fresh young leaves above them.

Edna was a constant visitor at the Rectory, and as Captain Ainslie often accompanied her, he too soon began to be looked on as a friend of the family; he acted almost as a brother to the three girls, Margaret, Edna, and Jessie, and was ever on hand, and willing to make himself useful in any respect. As the days grew long and warm the four would often spend their evenings on the water, the Captain acting as rower, and Jessie invariably taking the helm. She was very quiet, and would never speak but to reply to a question one of the party might put to her; when rallied as to her silence, she would say with a smile that her office at the stern was an important one, and that she could not talk and do her duty well. After several attempts to induce her to join in their conversation, they would let her do as she wished. She seemed to enjoy the quiet, and almost to be oblivious of those around her; gentle, amiable, and kind she ever was, yet very different from the merry, fun-loving Jessie of a few months previous.

Very often Edna was unable to accompany them, as her father, when at home, seemed unhappy and uneasy if she was not with him; thus it happened that Margaret and the Captain were thrown on each other for entertainment, and there grew up between them a warm friendship based on that good foundation: mutual respect and esteem.

To Edna, those precious moments spent with Ernest, on the evening of her brother's death, and the happiness they afforded, mingled with the sorrow then hanging over her, seemed but as some strange, sweet dream; every word, every action of Ernest's was dwelt on, and the more she thought on them the more convinced she became that he still loved her.

"But, if he did, why did he not tell me so?" she thought. "Though he certainly had no opportunity of speaking to me alone after that first evening, could he not write? Surely there was nothing to prevent that, excepting, perhaps, the fear that I no longer loved him."

And she remembered his expression of sadness and disappointment as he glanced into the drawing-room the afternoon when he had called with Lionel. At a time when she was receiving no visitors, it certainly looked as if Captain Ainslie was a privileged person, that she should be sitting conversing so familiarly with him not a fortnight after her brother's death.

"I can only wait," she said, as she rose to meet her father, whose step she had heard in the hall.

"I can only wait; a change must come sooner or later; either he will marry, and then, at least, put an end to this suspense; or perhaps, the Lord will take me to himself. He knows I am often weary, but His will be done."

And what were Ernest's thoughts concerning her who had once been his affianced bride? Perhaps we can best ascertain by perusing a letter, written in reply to one his mother had sent him inquiring as to what his real feelings were in the matter. After waiting in vain, in the

hope that he would, unasked, speak to her on the subject, she at last resolved to be told, and break the ice of reserve which had been maintained on the point between them. Ernest's reply ran thus :

B—, June 2nd, 18—,

" MY DEAREST MOTHER :

" Your letter of last week gave me no surprise. I had long expected you to speak on the subject on which we have been so long silent. I trust you will not have thought me unkind, or wanting in confidence to you, dear mother, in not mentioning it before ; you can well believe that it is a most painful subject to me, and it is simply because I have had nothing to tell you but what you must have known from your own observation that I have not spoken of it before. That my love to Edna Clifford is as strong as ever, I trust you know your son too well ever to doubt ; nor would I have allowed so many months, and even years, to pass without having told her so, but that I firmly believed she no longer loved me, or that in a moment of wounded pride she had promised her hand to another, even though her heart were still true to me.

" That she was at one time engaged to Captain Ainslie, I have too substantial proof to doubt, and much as I still love Edna, there is something in me which rebels against the idea of being again received after she has flirted with and deceived another ; and yet if she has done so, mother, I believe she has bitterly repented of it ; even now, had I not the best of grounds for believing it, I could not think her capable of acting thus,—I thought her too noble, too good. But, mother, I cannot write more on this subject. If Edna Clifford is not my wife (and there seems little probability of that now), I shall never marry, but I trust I am resigned to God's will, so don't grieve on my account, dear mother, for I am very happy ; and though since Lionel left (I think I told you in my last that we had been ordered from B —), I am often lonely, and sigh for a quiet home, yet I must be content and strive to do my duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call me.

" With regard to Mr. Clifford, in the event of his death, I should, of course, be obliged to go to L— to settle up Mr. Clifford's affairs, and there is a possibility of my remaining there ; then I should be with you once more, dear mother, for which I should be glad ; but all is uncertain, and I earnestly hope, for his daughter's sake, that Mr. Clifford's life may be spared. But I must conclude, for my watch tells me it is nearly one.

" Love to Winnie and Frank, also to my small nephew, if he can appreciate it.

Ever your affectionate son,

ERNEST LEIGHTON."

Mrs. Leighton's feelings were very mingled while she read her son's letter : at one moment pity for, and the next annoyance, and even anger towards Edna were predominant. In order to excuse these feelings of anger in Mrs. Leighton, we must remember that she was in ignorance of many of the circumstances of which we are aware, and which would have entirely freed Edna from blame. Anything like slight to her only son was keenly felt by his doting mother.

That Ernest should have judged Edna as he did, we cannot wonder, when we recollect the words he overheard Captain Ainslie utter, as he bore Edna's insensible form to Mrs. Maitland's door.

Oh ! what sorrow, what misery, is caused by misunderstandings, by one little word misinterpreted, one trivial action misjudged. Yet often it appears impossible to avoid such ; they occur between those loving most devotedly, and knowing each other's characters and dispositions seemingly, as well as it is possible they should be known excepting by Him " unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid." Mrs. Leighton now felt that she could do nothing in the matter ; she well understood her son's feelings with regard to Edna ; but christian mother, as she was, she left her boy's happiness in the hands of her God, fully assured that He knew even better than she could what was for her beloved one's best interests.

What did not Ernest Leighton owe to his mother ! And what power does a christian mother wield over her children's lives ! The most profligate, the most hardened, have been led to God by the remembrance of a sainted mother's pleadings, or the infant's prayer lisped at her knee.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It matters not at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep ; Death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die ;
The less of this cold world the more of heaven ;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

—Milton.

For some time past Mr. Clifford had been

very little at his office, and every day his inclination to go seemed less; yet he never complained, merely saying that he felt weak, and that he thought a few days nursing would set him all right; yet his words, far from quieting his daughter's fears, only served to make her more anxious.

One day, in the middle of June, he seemed even weaker than usual, and remained in bed a greater part of the morning, a thing which Edna had never before known him to do. She implored him to allow her to send for a doctor, but he assured her that he was not ill, that she need not alarm herself. When he rose he seemed much more cheerful, and even took a drive with Edna, so that she was quite cheered, and really thought he was better.

"I am sure if I could only persuade you to go out with me every day that you would be better, dear papa," said Edna, as they sat together at dinner.

"Well, my love, I dare say you are right; I will try, after this, to make time to drive with you every day," replied her father. "I will go to the office in the morning, if I feel as well as I do now, and you can drive round for me at half-past three," he added, with so much animation that Edna almost wondered at her fears, and assured herself that her father was really much better.

Frank Austin and Winnifred came in after dinner, and the former was closeted with Mr. Clifford for several hours, while Winnie and Edna sat chatting together.

When their visitors had left, Edna joined her father in his study. He was sitting, his face buried in his hands, but he looked up as Edna closed the door, and motioned her to come to him. He was a fine-looking man, even yet; the thick curling locks, now quite white, clustered above the broad high forehead, and the deep brown eyes were full of tenderness as they rested upon his beloved child.

"Come, and sit down here," he said pointing Edna to a stool near him. "Come, my child, and cheer your old father. My

poor lamb," he added, caressing her hair as he bent over her, "what will become of you when I am gone?"

"Oh, darling papa, do not speak of leaving me," cried Edna. "Why, you are so much better to-day."

He smiled sadly, but did not speak. After a lengthened silence he said, suddenly, "Did I ever show you your mother's likeness, Edna; one she gave me before I was married?"

"No," replied Edna, "I should like so much to see it."

"Well, take this key, and if you open the lowest small drawer, on the right side of the secretaire, you will find it."

Mr. Clifford handed the bunch of keys to Edna, and she proceeded to do as she was directed.

"Is this it?" she asked, holding up a morocco case.

"Yes," replied her father. "You may lock the drawer," he added, "I shall not put it back."

Edna brought the case and handed it to her father; he opened it, and after looking at it for some moments, handed it to his daughter. It was a miniature in ivory, and Edna gazed with admiration on the lovely face before her. The eyes seemed life-like in their melting tenderness, and the light brown hair was arranged in little curls over the fair high forehead; the dress was deep blue, cut low, and plaited from the shoulders, crossing in front, and fastened in the centre by a large brooch, with pendants. Edna recognized it as one she then wore,—her father having given it to her but a year before. The deep blue of the dress set off the fair, transparent-looking neck and throat; and Edna thought, as she gazed, that she had never seen anything so lovely; and yet that beauty was that of delicacy, and there was a shade of sorrow in those lustrous blue eyes, as if they were piercing the veil which hid the future, with all its sadness, from their view.

"Oh, it is so very, very lovely!" exclaimed Edna, looking up at her father through her tears.

"And not one whit more lovely than she really was. I remember so well the night your mother gave it me. It was the evening she had promised to be my wife, and I thought that never did any man win a lovelier bride. But I wish not to dwell on what happened afterwards; I want to think nothing but happy thoughts to-night, and yet so closely are the threads of sorrow and joy inwoven in the web of my life, that it is hard to separate them. But my hopes are not on earth now, my child; it is my joy to look forward to the rest above, to the meeting my wife in heaven. Oh, Edna, my child, I sometimes long to go!"

Edna looked up at her father's face, and saw there such an expression of rapturous joy that it filled her eyes with tears, and she said, sadly:

"But, father, you would leave me all alone. What should I do without you?"

"Ah, my daughter, that is my only grief now; and, yet, I leave you in the hands of my God. He will surely watch over and keep my child. But it is fully time you went to your room, my dear; I am going to rest in a few minutes."

"But is there nothing I can do for you, dear papa?"

"Nothing, my child; God ever bless you; we shall soon all meet in our Father's house; we shall soon join our loved and lost ones there; good-night, and God bless you, my love," said Mr. Clifford, tenderly kissing his daughter, and lingering long over his farewells.

When Edna left him she felt strangely anxious, and could not account for her uneasiness. She did not go to bed, but sat up for an hour, listening anxiously to hear her father leave his study. When the hours had passed, and he did not go, she grew restless and uneasy, and at length went into the hall and listened at his door, but she could hear nothing; and after waiting for some moments, she softly entered the study. Her father was sitting where she had left him, his head slightly thrown back against the chair. His Bible lay open before him, and on it rested his wife's

miniature. Edna went softly up to him, and laid her hand on his arm, but she started back with a scream of terror, for her father slept the sleep of death.

Calm and quiet was the face of the dead; an expression of peace and happiness on it, the eyes closed, the hands folded,—so natural he looked, Edna could not believe that the spirit of her beloved father had fled, that she was indeed left fatherless and friendless.

She aroused the servants, and sent off the sorrowing, affrighted Larry for Dr. Ponsonby, telling him to ask Miss Ponsonby to come also.

She then returned to the study, but such a feeling of desolateness, of utter loneliness, crept over her, that again seating herself on the stool by her dead father's side, she gave way to her sorrow. Gradually she grew calmer, and looking up through her tears on her beloved father's face, so still in death, she exclaimed:

"Surely that smile proceeds from the knowledge that to depart and be with Christ is far better. Surely those dear eyes, which never looked on me but in tenderest love, now see the King in His beauty, and behold the land which is far off! Truly he is better off,—done for ever with earth, its cares and sorrows; and sad and lonely as I am, I could not, would not wish him back."

She was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Ponsonby and his sister, but the doctor could do nothing. Charles Clifford was beyond the reach of mortal aid. How often we see that those who, during life, enjoy perfect health, die suddenly without a day's illness; yet Mr. Clifford's death was not unexpected to Dr. Ponsonby; he had long feared that his friend's heart was diseased, and he was not surprised when Larry, in breathless haste, told him the sad news of his master's sudden death.

Edna could not be persuaded to leave her father, but she was very calm and collected; and, when Ernest came, received him with such quiet kindness, that he could not but regard her with astonishment.

When all was over,—the last farewell taken of all that was left her of her beloved parent, and the solemn words, “dust to dust, ashes to ashes,” said over him who had been Edna Clifford’s all,—she was at once obliged to prepare to leave her home, hallowed by so many recollections of the departed.

The day after the funeral she sent for Ernest, and listened, in unmoved silence, to the tidings that her father had left nothing for her support; but when Ernest told her that the house, and even all the furniture, must be sold, she clasped her hands tightly together, and leaning her weary head against the wall, she closed her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible truth. However, she made no display of her feelings, but rising, she said, quietly:

“Is that all? You will excuse my leaving you; I must think over this alone. Thank you, for all your kindness, Mr. Leighton. I suppose,” she added, as she was leaving the room, “that I must leave immediately.”

“It is not absolutely necessary, Miss Clifford; but, taking everything into consideration, I think it would be better for you to do so,” was Ernest’s quiet reply. She gave him her hand, without speaking, and slowly quitted the room.

That afternoon Edna went back with Miss Ponsonby, with only the hope of coming once more to bid a long farewell to her childhood’s home,—that home so dear to her,—where every spot was hallowed by some memory of happy days long flown. She seemed crushed with the depth of her sorrow, and suffered her kind friends to take her where they would, submitting to all their arrangements without a murmur. The future was dark and uncertain, and she knew not what course to pursue; she intended, for the present, to accept Miss Ponsonby’s and Mrs. Maitland’s kind offers of a home, and remain with them until some way of supporting herself should be open to her.

Sometimes the doctor feared for her health, even for her life, so pale and

fragile she looked; her grief seemed too deep for tears, and her kind physician dreaded all the more the effect it might have upon her feeble frame; her patience, and uncomplaining resignation, touched all who saw her, and moved their pity even more than her open sorrow would have done.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Nay, shrink not from the word “Farewell,”

Such fears may prove but vain;

So changeful is life’s fleeting day,

Where’er we sever—Hope may say

We part to meet again.

—Barton.

A week or two after Edna went to Miss Ponsonby’s, she begged to be allowed to go and take one last farewell of her dear old home, and as she implored to be alone, her friends yielded to her request; so in the quiet July afternoon she was driven there by the doctor.

Entering the still, desolate-looking house, she began her dreary work of visiting each room in order; she lingered long in her father’s study, but as she knew Ernest and Miss Ponsonby would collect together all that might still be hers, she left everything untouched, save her mother’s miniature, and one of her father, taken at the same time, and which she knew would be valued by her alone. How strange, and yet how familiar everything looked—the old clock standing in its usual place, enjoying the longest rest it had ever known; her father’s coat and hat hanging in the hall just as usual; but her footsteps echoed in the silent halls, and she started at the sound of her own voice when her cough would break the stillness, for she had taken cold a few days before, and was feeling wretched in body and mind.

Sad work it was, visiting one by one the old familiar places, and knowing that she should see them no more, except as occupied by strangers. At length all the rooms had been gone through, excepting her own, which she had reserved to the last, that here she might spend a little time in quiet,

and take a lingering farewell of all that had been peculiarly her own.

She had heard that the house and furniture had been sold to a gentleman not residing in L——, though as yet she had not learnt his name or any particulars about the family. She wished she might know something about those who would occupy these rooms so dear to her, and if her little garden would be cared for. Her eyes filled with tears, as she gazed on the roses and honeysuckles she and Ernest had planted together long years ago, when they were happy children; or as she looked on the rustic seat under the old elm at the lake shore, where, of late, she and her father had so often spent their evenings.

She sat down on a low seat near the window, knowing she had yet several hours to spend there, as she had told Miss Ponsonby not to expect her before dusk, when she would walk home alone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Indeed, I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up; my hopes and thine are one;
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me.
—*Tennyson.*

Early in the same afternoon on which Edna was taking a last farewell of her childhood's home, Ernest rode out to Mrs. Maitland's, from whom he had received a note that morning saying that she wished particularly to see him.

He found her sitting alone, waiting for him; and, after a few moments of introductory conversation, she said:

"Mr. Leighton, perhaps you have already an idea that my reason for wishing to see you to-day, was to speak to you about Edna Clifford; and I trust you will not think me intruding on your private affairs, but I cannot but believe you are still attached to my dear young friend, and knowing you both since childhood, I have long wished to reconcile you. Would you think it rude of me, if, before I proceed, I should ask you one question? Is it only the

fear, or the belief, that Edna no longer loves you, that prevents your telling her of your continued affection for her?"

Ernest did not at once answer, and it may be well believed that Mrs. Maitland anxiously awaited his reply. At length, he said:

"I should have spoken to Miss Clifford long e'er this, Mrs. Maitland, but that I have the best of proof that if she is not at present engaged to Captain Ainslie, she was at no very distant period. She must either care very little, or nothing, about me, or else must have led Captain Ainslie to believe she loved him when she did not; and, Mrs. Maitland, I would never marry a woman I did not respect."

He spoke warmly, partly to hide his real feelings, partly because he was a little annoyed at Mrs. Maitland's question. His friend, however, quickly perceived that Ernest's seeming rudeness was but a cover for his emotions; yet her cheek flushed as she said:

"I did not believe you could have misjudged Edna Clifford thus; of course, I cannot tell what reasons you have for the belief that Edna is, or ever was, engaged to the Captain, but I do know you are wholly wrong in your supposition. I know, from Edna's own lips, that before we left Liverpool, Captain Ainslie proposed to her, and she positively refused him. From the first that the idea of his preference for her had crossed her mind, she had endeavoured to avoid him, but he was persistent in his attentions, though he himself told her she had never given him the slightest reason to think she cared for him. On his arrival in L——, and at his first meeting with her, he begged her to tell him if the decision she had made in Liverpool was irrevocable; and when she assured him it was, he asked her at least to allow him to attend her as a brother,—a friend. It is only as such that he ever visits her. This I know to be the positive truth, Ernest Leighton."

Ernest was sitting with his head bowed in his hands, and for some time he made no

reply. At length, he said, in a low, husky tone :

"But supposing this to be true, Mrs. Maitland, I do not know that Edna still loves me."

"But I know it," replied Mrs. Maitland warmly ; "I am assured of it."

"Oh, why did you not tell me all this before," said Ernest ; "how much trouble it might have saved."

"I sought for the opportunity to do so, but you would never give it to me, Ernest, and I well knew it would not have the effect I desired if I wrote to you ; but it is not yet too late to repair the wrong, surely. If you still love Edna, now is the time when she needs comfort. Poor child ! she has gone this afternoon to take her last farewell of her home ; she begged to be alone, but it will be sad work for her bidding adieu to a home so dear ; I trust she will not remain too late, and add to her cold."

These words, quietly spoken as they were, had the effect Mrs. Maitland desired, for Ernest suddenly started up, and, taking out his watch, said hurriedly :

"I had no idea it was so late ; I must really go, for I have some business to transact before evening. I thank you, Mrs. Maitland, for the information you have given me ; perhaps, at some future day, I may be able to thank you even more."

He left, and Mrs. Maitland sought her room, there to implore God's blessing on what she had said. Meantime, Ernest rode at a rapid pace towards town ; he had resolved, come what might, to seek Edna, and tell her all.

He left his horse at the stables, and hurried on to Mr. Clifford's house. To his surprise, he found the gate unfastened, for Edna, in her eagerness to escape notice, had hastened in, forgetting to re-lock it. Ernest walked round the old familiar path, his heart beating quickly, and every nerve throbbing. There stood the window wide open ; there sat Edna, yet so altered from the Edna who used to await him there, long years ago : the deep mourning dress, the pale, sad face, told all too plainly

the tale of sorrow. She rose quickly when she heard footsteps, and was about to close the window, but when she saw Ernest she sank into her seat again, and looked up at him with such an expression of patient sorrow, it made Ernest's heart ache. He could wait for no lengthened explanation, but going up to her, and standing before her, he looked down with his eyes full of pitying tenderness and deep love, and said :

"Oh ; Edna ! my darling, my darling : loved, oh, so truly, all these long years, I love you still ! Oh ! come to me,—come to me, and let me comfort you ; come, and be my own Edna once more !"

He held out his arms, and Edna went and was folded to that loving breast, on which, through life, she might henceforth lean for support, for consolation,—to which she would fly in times of joy and sorrow, prosperity or adversity.

How long they sat there together they knew not, but the deepening shadows at last warned them they must go.

"It does not seem so hard to say farewell to my old home, now that I know my home through life is with you, darling," said Edna, lifting her tearful eyes to Ernest's face.

"You need say no farewells, my dearest," replied Ernest. "The house, and all in it is mine ; and, as I am yours, they must be yours also, at your pleasure. Edna, my own one, you take possession here."

The murmured words of reply seemed fully to satisfy Ernest. He drew her shawl around her, and, fastening the windows and shutters, he gently led Edna from the room.

"They will be Edna's rooms still," he said, as he closed the door.

Edna answered with a smile, yet her thoughts were with her dead father ; and, as they closed the gate behind them, she said :

"Oh, Ernest ! if dear, dear papa had but known of this, how happy he would have been !"

"But your dear father is beyond the

reach of sadness or sorrow, and, much as we might wish him to have known of your happiness, it was not God's will that it should be so, my beloved Edna."

"And His will must be best," replied Edna, "though, to our finite minds, it sometimes appears otherwise."

* * * * *

Dr. Ponsonby had just taken up his hat to go for Edna, when his sister, who was sitting near the window, called out,

"Oh! John, come here, look!" and she pointed to Edna walking slowly up the street, leaning on Ernest's arm.

"Well, what of that?" said her brother, quietly, yet evidently regarding the two with great satisfaction. "Did you not expect it? I did."

"No, hardly," replied Miss Ponsonby. "I hoped it might be so, if he should again come to live here, but I did not anticipate a reconciliation so soon. I am heartily thankful for it."

A tear dimmed Miss Ponsonby's quiet grey eye; perhaps her thoughts had travelled over the long years since her girlhood to the time when she, too, had an arm to lean on, and a loving care to depend on; but that had all been over years and years ago. It was now her one wish to live for her God, and her brother.

Edna, on reaching the house, went directly to her own room; and it was not until she had heard the doctor go out, on one of his errands of merey, that she came down stairs. It was moonlight, and Miss Ponsonby was sitting without a lamp in the little sitting-room. Edna entered almost noiselessly, and, drawing a low seat to Miss Ponsonby's side, she sat down, and laid her head on her friend's lap, as she used to do when she was a little child. Neither spoke for some moments; then Miss Ponsonby broke the silence, by saying:

"My love, I am truly glad and thankful for your sake; surely, the Lord has been very gracious to thee. He has indeed purified thee by the fires of affliction, and brought thee to Himself by the path of sorrow; but now He has given thee the desire

of thine heart, so praise Him for all, my child; all, all, has been in love."

"Yes, I know it, I feel it, dear Miss Ponsonby; but if my dear father could but have known of this before he died, how happy it would have made him. Oh! to think of living in my old home, of being near you all, and, above everything else, having my Ernest with me once more. Oh! it seems happiness too great to realize! how darling Charlie would have rejoiced at this!"

"Well, my dear, may not your loved ones have the happiness of seeing your joy? We have nothing in God's word to induce us to believe that it may not be so."

"No, that is true; what a happy thought that is," said Edna clasping her hands tightly together, as she always did when she was deeply moved.

And thus the early joy of Edna Clifford's life was restored, and the future looked bright before her, ever blest with the assurance that He who had so signally proved Himself the Father of the fatherless would never leave nor forsake her; and her daily life made bright and happy by the loving care and tender watchfulness of him, without whom, in the joyous days of childhood and girlhood, no pleasure had been complete; with whom every joy and sorrow had been shared; for whom the trials of her womanhood had but served to deepen her affection, and who was now to be her husband,—he whose joy and privilege it would be, to love, honor, and cherish her till death should part them. And not even death could divide hearts united as theirs in the holiest of bonds; it would be but a separation for a season to end in a joyful meeting which should know no parting,—a meeting in the glorious country where love shall reign in all hearts, where every harp shall be tuned in praise to the God of love.

CONCLUSION.

And now, ere we bid a last farewell to the friends with whom we trust a few pleasant and profitable hours have been spent,

we will take a hasty glance at the events which took place in the month subsequent to Mr. Clifford's death. Ernest went at once to wind up his business in B—, and on his return took his place at the head of the firm, formerly known as "Clifford and Austin," now "Leighton and Austin." As soon as possible, Edna and he were quietly married in the little church in West Street, Mr. Wyndgate performing the service, and Margaret and Captain Ainslie acting as bridesmaid and groomsmen. Ernest felt it would be impossible to leave his business at the time, so he took his bride at once to her old home. Edna much preferred remaining quietly at L— to travelling, and she and Ernest purposed to spend some months in the spring in visiting the places of interest in their own country, which Edna had not yet seen.

Ernest had retained all the old servants, and with proud satisfaction Larry resumed his place under his old mistress, his only regret being that Mr. Clifford and dear young master Charles could not be there to see Miss Edna and Master Ernest in the old home. How glad was Edna to rest after the toil and sorrow she had undergone.

"Two birds within one nest,
Two hearts within one breast,
Two souls within one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye,—together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win.
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
/ A world of love shut in."

—Dora Greenwell.

Such was Edna Leighton's home! Well might the bloom return to her cheek, and the light to her eye; yet here we must leave her, blest with all that can make life happy. It was the humble endeavour of Edna and Ernest Leighton, to live in the fear of the Lord all the day long; that thus their home might be as the home of Bethany, blest with the presence of Jesus, and thus with His smile resting on them, and each having of the other, "help and comfort both in prosperity and adversity," their

lives flowed on, and there was ever before them the hope of a life of bliss in Heaven, when earth's cares should be over, and its warfare ended.

Mrs. Leighton still occupies her old home in Woodbine cottage, with Winnifred and Frank; and young Master Frank toddles about among the flowers, much to the delight of grandmamma who watches him from the vine-covered porch; her desires on earth seem gratified now, and she awaits with Christian patience her Master's call to her home on high.

Report says that Margaret Wyndgate and Captain Ainslie will soon follow the good example set them by Edna and Ernest, and, if we can judge from appearances we should say it was not unlikely. Mrs. Maitland seems to think so also, and rejoices over what she laughingly calls her "match-making powers." Ernest has long since tendered her his heartfelt thanks for her successful efforts on his behalf, but she always seems to think that a subject too serious for jest, and tells him he must not thank her, but God, for giving him back his treasure.

And what of Jessie,—dear, gentle, loving Jessie? She is now as ever the sunlight of her home, which she says she will never leave; Margaret's loss will not be felt as much now as it would have been a year ago, for, almost imperceptibly, Jessie is taking her place, winning her way everywhere with gentle kindness.

Lionel has made himself a home in the far West, and they are expecting him and his bride daily at the Rectory.

Dr. Ponsonby and his sister still inhabit the little cottage near Edna, and they often walk up in the evening to see their old friends, when the doctor amuses himself by teasing Edna unmercifully, while Miss Ponsonby and Ernest chat quietly together.

And now we must say Adieu, hoping only that we may have been able to show how bitter are the fruits of selfishness, and self-will, and that true happiness can alone be found in walking in the ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness, and whose paths are peace; and in following Him who is meek

and lowly in heart, so shall the rest of the righteous be found on earth, and the rest in heaven of those who have fought the good fight of faith, and come off more than conquerors through Him that loved them.

THE END.

VOX DEI.

BY JOHN READE.

The beauteous pyramid of harmless flame
Spelled GOD for Moses; but the thundered law
Was needed for the wild unruly crowd.
The awful test of swift-consuming fire
Alone shewed Baal false to Baal's friends;
The "still, small voice" touched lone Elijah's
heart.

So God speaks variously to various men;
To some, in nature's sternest parables;
To others, in the breath that woos the flowers
Until they blush and pale and blush again.

To *these*, the Decalogue were just as true
If uttered on a summer Sabbath day
In village church,—to *those* there is no God,
Till fiery rain has scarred the face of earth.

CRUISE OF THE GALATEA.*

The "Galatea," as every one knows, was fitted out to carry her gallant young commander, the Duke of Edinburgh, on a cruise throughout the world, or, what is nearly the same thing, for a cruise to every dependency of the United Kingdom. How the voyage was cut short—to be completed, however, at another time—everyone knows; but sufficient of it was performed to make the tour of real and abiding interest. As a matter of fact, a very small part of the adventure is written by the Duke himself. His share of the narrative is, in truth, comprised in a description of an elephant hunt in South Africa, which was written in a private letter to the Prince of Wales, so that the Captain of the "Galatea" can hardly be placed amongst the list of royal authors. It was included apparently to give substantiality and weight to the volume, and it is undoubtedly interesting, simply because it was never intended for publication, and it therefore gives the Duke as he really is. It ought also to be said that the writers claim a special indulgence from the public for the

notes which they lay before them. The journal, it is urged, cannot have the freedom of a private record. It must necessarily partake of the nature of a "chronicle." It must combine, in some sense, the character of a report of a royal progress, with its loyal effusions, addresses, incidents, and must, therefore, be something like an extended newspaper report, though it bears the stamp of cold officiality.

No doubt, the special interest of the cruise lies in the fact that it was performed by the "Galatea," under the command of the second son of Her Majesty. Many merchant vessels in our days have performed much more wonderful things, but then they were merely merchant ships, which excited little interest at the ports where they touched. The cruise of the "Galatea" has a much larger interest than this. Let the narrative of any voyage be well told and it will be greedily read. We never tire of reading glowing accounts of shark captures, of the wonderful flights of flying fish, of the wondering aspects of the natives of distant and rarely visited lands, of tornadoes and cyclones, hurricanes, disasters, and tales of shipwreck. They are always new—always attractive. But add to a cruise, which may contain something of these incidents, the adventure of a royal progress, such as a son of the British Crown may make, and the interest culminates. The very expanse of empire is a theme to dwell upon. Everything is shown to the representative of majesty. The thousand representative races of the empire come to make wondering and awe-struck submission to the royal representative. They have heard with a sort of mythological accretion of the grandeur of the "great mother" who governs them, and they come to see her son, as if he were a divinely appointed personage. Their thoughts, ideas, phraseology, perhaps even their contentment with, or dissatisfaction of the government which holds them in direction cannot be got at in any other way. It is most interesting to see how the thoughts of the myriad subject races of the British Crown run in their addresses to the captain of the "Galatea." Generally they turn on the matter of religion. They glory in the thought that they are free to worship as they please, free to serve their Creator in the form to which they have been accustomed; and of course next to that comes, if not contingent on it, the social and commercial freedom which they enjoy. This is a lesson for us at home. If the "subject races" display this intense appreciation of freedom, we may expect that what Dr. Manning calls the "imperial race" will have it also. And so indeed it is. It is most interesting to mark the intense love of "home" which inspires the colonial heart. Every aspiration comes this way. Our land is their land, our Queen is their Queen, our home is their home. But things have suffered a sea

*Cruise of H. M. S. Galatea, Captain, H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K. G. By the Rev. John Milner, and Oswald V. Brierly. London: W. H. Allen and Co.

change which is by no means unpleasant to us. The "sea change" offers the same rude but hearty loyalty we are accustomed to in out of the way quarters in the United Kingdom. We find that ready loyalty combined with apparent rudeness, but which is in reality the language of a heart that throbs only for the object on which its affections are placed, in the Cape as in Australia, in Gibraltar as in Malta, in those of our own blood as in those who had felt what we may truthfully call the sympathy, the honesty, and the fairness of British rule. It is very pleasant to see this spirit, and we hope the Duke of Edinburgh enjoyed its manifestation, in the wilds, as they may be aptly called, of South Australia, as among the men of the "Galatea." "Stop a moment, sir," shouts a gunner of the "Galatea" to the Duke, as the Duke was proposing a toast to the prosperity of South Australia in the midst of his crew, "stop a moment, sir, we have not got our glasses full yet." There was a hearty laugh, in which the Duke joined, but the pause was made, and the glasses were filled. In something of a similar way the people somewhere about Adelaide complained amongst themselves that the Duke had not been hospitably treated by those who ought to have taken the lead in the matter, and the "indignation" meeting which they held showed what stuff they were made of. There was the rough and ready language of the digger. There was what some people might consider the rudeness of a semi-civilised people, but there was also what was almost idolatry of country, of the "old home," and of love for the representative of both, which would have thrown a halo of glory round the roughest rudeness and the most old-fashioned simplicity. For these things we must refer the reader to the "cruise" itself, but amongst the real novelties of the book must be reckoned the visit to Tristan d'Acunha, which is a veritable island in the vast ocean, for it can maintain no more than a hundred people, whilst it is about 1,200 miles from St. Helena, the nearest land, and 1,500 from the Cape of Good Hope. The authors of "The Cruise" say:—

Soon after daylight on Monday morning we found ourselves about two miles and a half from the island. The whole of the peak, and the upper portion of high precipitous rocks below the table-land from which the peak rises, were entirely obscured by a long dark mass of cloud, extending in a distinctly marked line from one extreme to the other, below which the little settlement, with its few scattered cottages, was distinctly visible in the grey morning light. For some little time we could not detect any movement amongst the people on shore; but at length we observed a red flag hoisted on the largest cottage. Soon after seven o'clock a boat, containing eight men, but pulling only four oars, was descried coming out of a bay near the

settlement. The boat was steered by a venerable-looking old man, with a long white beard, whom we at first took for Governor Glass. As they neared the ship, we noticed that the boat contained a welcome supply of fresh provisions, in the shape of poultry, fish, eggs, and a couple of lively young pigs. They were soon alongside, and most of the crew came on deck, when we found that the old man was Peter Green, the oldest surviving colonist, Governor Glass having died (as they informed us) thirteen years before, soon after the visit of Captain Donham referred to above. The men all wore merely shirts and trousers, the former, however, being good woollen ones, such as are usually called Chobbars, or Baltics; warm stockings knit by themselves from the wool of their own sheep, and hide moccasins for shoes. The old man, who acted as spokesman, modestly said that he was in no respect superior to the others, and that they were all equal—there having been nothing like a governor or government of any sort or kind since the death of old Glass; but that he always arranged the barter with ships, and transacted any business matters that they might have to settle. His Royal Highness invited him to breakfast, but he had hardly sat down at the table before the motion of the ship rolling in the swell, began to affect him to such an extent that he could not eat any thing, and only partook of a cup of tea. The Duke inquired what would be most useful to the islanders in the way of clothing and provisions, and himself noted down the various things that the old man mentioned, and afterwards gave orders to the pay-master to supply them. The welcome nature of the present may be imagined from the fact that it consisted of the following articles, viz.:—34 yards of blue cloth, 80 yards of flannel, 40 yards of serge, 15lbs. of tobacco, 9 gallons of rum, 9 gallons of vinegar, 50lbs. of sugar, 50lbs. of tea, 330lbs. of flour, and 240lbs. of chocolate—worth in all about £110. Green informed His Royal Highness that the ship's boats could easily land in such favorable weather. Accordingly, about 9 a.m., two of the cutters were lowered, and the Duke, with his suite and a number of officers, started from the ship, taking Green with them as pilot. The ship at this time was not more than a mile and a quarter from the shore. The swell was so great, that occasionally, as the boat went down into the trough of the sea, the ship would be entirely hidden from view. When about a quarter of a mile from the landing-place, we entered a belt of sea-weed, which grows up from a depth of fifteen fathoms, and acts as a natural breakwater, lowering the height of the waves and preventing them from "breaking," and giving an undulating glassy appearance to the surface of the water. The long flat leaves floating at the top considerably impeded the progress of the boat

through them, as the men had constantly to draw in or dip their oars to clear them. As soon as the weed was passed, a short space of clear water extended up to the beach, where the sea was breaking, but not in sufficient force to interfere with the boat's landing. Here we were met by a party of the islanders, who were ready to drag the boat up the beach, if practicable; but as the first roller broke right over the stern-sheets and wetted most of those who were sitting there, everybody hurried out as quickly as possible, some being carried on the backs of men, others leaping over the bows as the sea receded. At the landing-place—a beach of fine black sand—there was a ship's long-boat hauled up high and dry, which had belonged to a vessel that had foundered at sea a hundred miles off. The crew, seventeen in number, landed in it here, and after remaining fifteen days were fortunate enough to get a passage to the Cape in a brig. We proceeded at once up to the little settlement, which consisted of some eleven houses scattered over a sloping open space of ground at the north-western side of the island. They had all some portions of land, enclosed by walls of loose stones about four feet high, attached to them as gardens, but which at this season of the year—their early spring—had very little growing in them. In one we observed some marigolds in flower, and a number of dwarf strawberry plants; others were overgrown with tufts of coarse tussock grass. The houses were well, though primitively, built of the soft stone of the island, cut into blocks of all sizes and shapes, which are fitted to each other very neatly, like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle, mortar apparently not being used in their construction. The roofs were thatched with long grass, secured inside to rafters placed horizontally, the ridge outside being covered with a band of green turf. The thatch made of this grass will last for thirty years, and out-wear the wood. The timber they had obtained at great expense from American whaling ships, the trees indigenous to the island not being sufficiently large for the purpose; and, what is worse, many of them have been destroyed by a worm or species of blight. The walls are about eighteen inches thick. They told us that two of the houses we saw in ruins had been blown down in a strong westerly gale on the 10th of May last (1867): and that it was necessary to build them very solidly to enable them to resist the heavy gales which frequently visit the island. Green's house stood high up the slope above the rest, and was distinguished by a large old red ensign, very ragged, and attached to a staff which came out of a chimney. He told us it had originally been a Hanoverian flag, procured from a Dutch merchantman; but that he had, with laudable patriotism, cut the horse out of

it and inserted the Union Jack in its place, which transformed it into an English red ensign. His first flag was given to him by Captain Crawford, of H. M. S. Sidon, who authorised him to hoist it whenever a vessel hove in sight. When we arrived at his house, Green presented his wife to His Royal Highness, and introduced her to the rest of the party. She was a buxom, merry-looking mulatto woman, about forty-five years of age, who had come from St. Helena with the first settlers. His Royal Highness went round to all the cottages, and visited the different families in succession, where the ladies were all formally presented to him by Green. In the meantime, some of the men were employed in collecting their cattle from the pasturage grounds, situated a few miles on the other side of the low land and below the settlement. Two bullocks were shot down (one of them by a mere boy) and were afterwards cut up and sent on board for the use of the ship's company. The quantity of beef required was 1,250lbs, and so accurately were they able to judge the weight of an ox, that they contrived to single out two, the meat of which, when weighed on board, turned out to be the exact amount ordered. Whilst this was going on, the Rev. J. Milner, the chaplain—who had been requested by Green to go on shore and baptise the children who had been born since 1857, when the Rev. W. F. Taylor, left—collected the mothers and children together in Green's house, and baptised no less than sixteen of them. Whilst speaking of the women, it may be mentioned that they were all very neatly and respectably dressed. They generally wore white or black straw hats, ornamented with some bright coloured ribbons, with veils, short jackets, skirts of various materials and colours, all in good taste, and well made spring-sided boots, and crinolines, which have mysteriously penetrated to this remote corner of the world. The remarkable coincidence of there being seven unmarried girls in the place—one of them remarkably pretty—and just seven equally eligible bachelors, naturally suggested to the chaplain the propriety of offering them an opportunity of pairing off then and there in the orthodox way. He, therefore, expressed his willingness to remain among them two hours to perform the ceremony, if any should be so inclined. But the maidens were coy, and the swains were slow, and no advantage was taken of the offer. Explanation may be found in the fact that the adventurous youth of the place generally turn their eyes towards the Cape as the land of promise. Tristan d'A-cunha being too small to maintain more than a limited number, they seem to consider the Cape as the natural destination of their surplus population, and although distant about 1,500 miles, they speak and think of it as if it were close at hand. In 1857 H. M. S.

Geyser took thither forty-five of them, together with Mr. Taylor, who had fulfilled his term of five years as resident clergyman. About the same time five families went to the United States. Before this exodus their numbers had risen to 112; there are now only fifty three in all. Some of the young men are fine, handsome fellows, with only just a perceptible mulatto shade, combined with a healthy red tinge on the cheeks. Of the women two were black, several olive (some with woolly, others with straight black hair), and a few had no black blood in their veins at all. Some of the children were very fair, with light hair and blue eyes. After the christenings were over, they gave us to understand that they were going to prepare a luncheon for His Royal Highness and those who had come on shore with him. Whilst it was getting ready, we took a stroll to the graveyard, which was situated between the houses and the sea. It was a square piece of ground, half an acre in extent, and enclosed with a stone wall four feet high. It appeared to contain about twenty graves, two of which had headstones attached to them. One of these was a very handsome white marble one erected to the memory of Governor Glass, containing the following inscription:—

WILLIAM GLASS,
Born at Kelso, Scotland,
The founder of this settlement at
Tristan d'Acunha,
In which he resided 37 years,
And fell asleep in Jesus,
November 24th, 1853; aged 67 years.

"Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep."

It will be seen from the emblems at the head of the stone that old Glass belonged to the venerable order of Freemasons. The second headstone was, if possible, even more interesting than the other, as the inscription will show:—

THOMAS SWAIN,
Born at Hastings, England,
Died on the 26th day of April, 1862,
Aged 102 years.

The story of Swain's life is remarkable. He was an old man-of-war's man, having entered the service at the age of thirteen in the Fox cutter, tender to the Agamemnon, commanded by Nelson; but, after serving eighteen years, he ran away at Lisbon, and was taken prisoner by the French, and compelled by them to serve against his country. He was re-taken three years afterwards, and was confined in prison for nine years as a French prisoner. At the conclusion of the war he went to the Cape, and from thence was brought to the Island by Captain Amm, where he resided nearly thirty-eight years. Taylor, another settler who arrived with Swain, was also a man-of-war's man, and was

said to have served with Nelson in the Victory. A son of his formed one of the boat's crew which came off to the ship in the morning.

In the elephant hunt, at the Cape of Good Hope, the Duke speaks for himself:—

The other half of our party (including the Governor, as spectator without a gun) remained on their horses on a knoll on our right rear. The dogs were then put in on the other side, but the men did not venture in before the exact whereabouts of the elephants was known. The barking of the dogs soon told us that there was something there, and very soon the "bush-buck" made his appearance, followed by a dog; not half a minute afterwards, however, out came the tusks, trunk, and big ears of an elephant. We thought he would make right for us, but he swerved and went back, and kept inside along the edge. We were then much too far off to fire, and kept our position, as we were very nearly on their known usual track to the great forest, and anticipated their coming that way, since we were to leeward, and they had the wind of the men and dogs on the other side. Some time elapsed, our friend re-appearing periodically, having just time enough between these visits to make a circuit of the wood in company with the curs; but he showed himself to us no more. After a time the Governor rode over to us, asking what on earth we were about, as two enormous elephants were walking about in an open of burnt trees, dividing the patch into two; the same open we had tried from the other side. Our position, however, was much lower than that of the mounted party, and we had never seen them. We therefore attempted the other side of the bog, which was between us and the wood, but found that, far from being an open, the bushes were higher in some parts than our heads, breast-high when upon our horses, which we had remounted to cross. This plan, therefore, was also given up, being useless, and, moreover, very dangerous. Our last attempt was taking our stand nearer the left leeward end of the wood on foot, where the brush only came to our knees, with occasional higher bushes, but this time not more than forty yards from the edge. No progress, however, having been effected so far, I sent round a man on horseback to tell the men to fire on the other side—a wise but yet scarcely a prudent measure; for although we had not yet encountered any danger from the elephants, we now had bullets whizzing about our heads. It, however, stirred our friends up, and they commenced their circus performance again, coming partially into sight every now and then, and disappearing as they kept making a turn round the edge of the wood. Once more we shifted our place a little to the left, whence we had a more commanding view, and shortly saw the trunk of one pull

down a big branch close to us. However, this time, there was a change in the performance, for he went round the opposite way, and we had cause to fear that the venerable gentleman was taking his leave through a door at which there was no one placed to do him honor. This made us send a Hottentot round there on horseback to give his wind. "Elephans Africanus," however, was there as soon as he was, and, seeing him, gave chase to poor totty at such a pace that the horse (and he was a good one) could only just keep ahead of him. The poor boy came galloping down towards us, though rather to our left, praying us to shoot to save his life. And now old Elephans came in sight, and we all formed to receive him, and got ready. I had standing next on my right George Rex, a farmer of the Knysna and head man of the hunt, and faithful Smith, who never left me, close behind me; and close behind Rex stood Tom Rex, his brother, Archibald Duthie, and Geo. Atkinson, also farmers of the neighborhood. These four had settled to keep their fire to the last, and never fired. Next to George Rex stood Sir Walter Currie, with (I can't call it a rifle) an enormous engine, No. 6, single-barrelled, and throwing a conical bullet about four to the pound; on my left General Bisset, Captain Gordon, and Captain Taylor, the military secretary. That was the party. As soon as the elephant saw us, he gave up his chase and charged us. There was so much excitement prevailing, that I thought I had better wait as long as possible. The sight of this enormous beast towering up above us, and coming on at this tremendous pace, which one can scarcely understand so unwieldy an animal in appearance going, was magnificent,—his ears, which are three times as large as those of the Ceylon elephant, spread out square on each side. I could not help being reminded by it of a ship with studding-sails on both sides. When he had reached about twenty-five yards from us, I fired at his head; the bullet struck, and he instantly seemed to stop himself as much as he could, and I gave him the shell just over the left eye, at which he swerved to the left and shook. Two or three others fired, and by this time he was nearly broadside on, when Sir Walter Currie's engine went off, with the bullet through his neck, and he rolled over, as I may say, at our feet,—for seven yards was the outside he was from us as he lay—and we cheered lustily. He, however, continued struggling for some time, and I put four more bullets into his heart at about three yards. His height, as one measures a horse, was 10ft., the height of the head must of course be added to this; girth, 16ft. 6in.; length from tip of trunk to tip of tail, 23ft. 5in. On seeing the elephant fall, the party on the hill (including Brierly, who had sketched the whole scene) returned our cheer, and galloped up to the spot. By

this time, however, the beaters had entered the wood, and were keeping up a skirmishing fire upon the other large elephant from behind trees, and he was trumpeting and smashing about in anguish and rage, so that shortly after being joined by the others we were called to attention by his being quite close and expected to charge every minute. On the first being killed, I went up and sat upon him, when the hunter said I should stand; having done so, they gave me three good cheers. The other being now close, I kept my stand there, like standing on the parapet of an earthwork; the others, some standing behind him on each side of me, the rest sitting in front so that they could be fired over, and we should then blaze away altogether. The alarm, however, ceased, and the party entered the wood, when a general platoon fire commenced. I remained with some commencing to skin our trophy, and some hundred or more shots having been fired in the wood, we heard a cheer announcing the fall of the second, which we answered. Dr. O'Malley, Smith, and myself had now our coats off, and had with our knives got pretty well half through the skinning, when we were agreeably disturbed by the announcement of the arrival of a basket of provisions, and the Governor hailed us to come, as he had finished cutting up the meat and loaf, and with the assistance of a borrowed corkscrew drawn the corks of the sherry and B. (N.B. The Governor does not carry a young man's constant companion.) Our hands and arms were now all covered with blood, and our breakfast—for such it was, although the time was 3.30 p.m., and we had risen at 5 a.m.—was laid near the only small pool of water for a couple of miles; so we had to get our friends to bale up water in the cups of our spirit flasks, and wash us down clear of the pool, it being our only water to drink. Having finished our breakfast, we ministered to the wants of the farmers, who had so kindly got up and managed the hunt so well, and to those of Smith, who sat down with as radiant an expression as I ever saw on his good-natured face. We then returned and finished the skinning of the elephant, with the exception of his decapitation, which had to be effected with the assistance of sixteen oxen, which were yoked to the head to pull it off, whilst the spine was severed with an axe. These oxen had come up to take head, skin, and feet all together down to the camp in a wagon, the sides of which had to be left behind, and the load strapped on with hide "riems." We now all went to see the other elephant; his measurements were in all directions rather less than mine. He had fallen in exactly the same position, on his side with his legs stretched out quite straight, but his left tusk, which was much more worn from use than the other, was buried nearly up to

the root in the soft ground of the forest. The place, which was not more than fifty yards inside the high trees, was cleared in a circle about thirty yards in diameter, he lying on the one edge. The space was entirely cleared by him in his death rage, he having gone round and round breaking down the trees with his weight, or actually pulling them down with his trunk, the inveterate sportsmen blazing away at him all the time; but many bullet marks were to be seen on the trees, which I should suppose had not previously passed through the elephant. The day was fine and weather was hot, and my short clay was very enjoyable sitting on the yet warm carcase. Whilst sitting in this position the post was brought up, one of the party getting a letter from his little boy, saying that "the guinea-fowl had laid seven eggs," which was read *pro bono publico*: letter's style, pothooks and hangers. I got together some good groups to photograph, and sent down a couple of miles, to where the camp was to be pitched, for my camera to be brought up by my coxswain, whom I had taken with me, and who was also with me during all my journey to Natal from Euryalus. Unfortunately, "circumstances over which I had no control" prevented their being recorded photographically, as the plates (dry ones) I had bought at London from Messrs. Something-or-other turned out bad. One of the most amusing incidents of the day occurred on our way to the camp. You will not know—as no one who has not travelled in South Africa can—what is done with horses at a halt, which is there called an "off-saddle," in the same way that a halt with wagons is called an "out-span," which will remind you of the German word for the same thing. The horses have a "riem," or thong, round their necks or attached to their halters, and all one does is to take the saddle and bridle off, and lift one fore leg, tie the "riem" just above the knee, and let him go; he can then feed and roll, but not run away so that you cannot catch him. This is called "kneehaltering." If you did not take the saddle off a Cape horse he would break it, as they immediately roll on your getting off. The language which is used there, you will remark, is a mixture of English and Dutch. We returned to our horses, which we had left where we breakfasted, saddled and bridled, and mounted them. Poor Smith, however, was minus a bridle, and stayed behind with the two or three with whom I was returning, the last of the party, but could not find it. We had just reached the rise from which we could see the camp, when full gallop came Smith, with two rifles slung over his shoulders, one before, the other behind, and a third in his right hand, trying to steer his horse by the ears with his left; he seemed perfectly delighted, and told us as he passed, in fits of laughter, that he had no bridle and could not

hold him. We were not more than a hundred yards from the ford by which our camp was pitched, and through which Smith charged headlong; but before we could reach the tents his horse was grazing, "knee-haltered," and he was already hard at work getting our tent in order, with his coat off. You can easily imagine that we spent a most jolly evening, and drank our mutton-broth out of tea-cups with more than ordinary relish. We were here not more than eight miles from the Knysna, and there was a dance going on there, to which our farmer friends were going, intending to return and fetch me in the morning, as we were to re-embark next day. They invited Captain Gordon to accompany them, and it caused us the greatest amusement to see him get himself up a fearful swell for this entertainment, after four days camping out in the bush, the whole of his baggage consisting of a green-baize table-cloth, which he slept in, and a tin box about eighteen inches by eight, and four in depth. By some process peculiar to himself and Colonel Stodare, he got out of this a superlative pair of cords, and a wonderfully polished pair of butcher boots, and a black coat. The adjustment of the necktie and pin took some time, in a looking-glass the size of half a crown, but was eminently successful. We watched this toilet with great interest, but couldn't understand where the things came from. After dinner I spent a good time at one of the camp fires, talking over the day with the Hottentots and hunters, my friends Currie and Bissett interpreting the Dutch for me. We chaffed the boy who was chased by the elephant; so he said, "but I thought his horns were into me," and certainly his tusks were but a few yards from him. Next day we rode back to the Knysna, where we had a first-rate luncheon of oysters, which are very good about here, very small, in curiously-shaped shells. About one o'clock a signal was made that the bar was practicable, so we embarked and steamed out about half-past four o'clock. There was, however, a good deal of surf, and we touched on the bar just slightly, only one sheet of copper being damaged, as afterwards ascertained by the diver, and replaced by him. A mile and a half outside I got on board the "Raccoon" again, and we made the best of our way back to Simon's Bay, where we arrived just eight days out.

If the Duke has not got his sea legs, he has certainly got his sea language, as is here seen, and he acts throughout the voyage, so far as the accounts can inform us, like a British sailor. In that unhappy incident, which put a stop to the voyage for the time, the Duke acted like a man. Whilst the people of Australia were roused to fury by the atrocious attempt, the Duke was quite cool, and this fact goes a long way in his favor. It is, however, after all, but a little matter considered

by itself as an incident in the cruise of the "Galatea." We would willingly blot it out from the record, and the account would gain by it. It would be a narrative of gallant and happy adventure to unite the scattered tribes of the United Kingdom in one common feeling, and, whether the incidents described in it were big or little, the object was still so great as to make the narrative, what it really is, one of great interest and well worth perusal and consideration.—*English Paper.*

THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

A somewhat important error in our measurement of the distance of the sun from the earth has recently been discovered. It is now proved that we have been accustomed to over-estimate the distance by four millions of miles, and that, instead of ninety-five millions, the real figure is ninety-one. How this came about, the following observations are an attempt to explain:—

This time last century the celebrated Captain Cook (then only Lieutenant) was on his way in H.M.S. "Endeavour" to Otaheite, to observe the transit of Venus, which took place in 1769. The observations were made in due course, not only by Cook, but in Lapland, Hudson's Bay, St. Joseph, and elsewhere; and the result was a value of the sun's distance which, after a century's existence, has just given way to a new one.

For some years this new value has been dawning upon us, for, with our modern methods and appliances, the problem is no longer dependent upon transits of Venus for its solution. Wheatstone and Foucault have enabled us to measure the velocity of light by a chamber experiment, and, as we know how long light is in reaching us from the sun, the sun's distance is, as we may say, found by the rule of three. It has been so found, and appears to be less than was formerly thought.

Again, elaborate investigations into the motion of the Moon, and of Mars and Venus, have yielded evidence to Hansen and Le Verrier that the old distance was too great, and by assuming a smaller one they have brought the theoretical and observed motions into unison; finally, observations on Mars have all gone in the same direction. In fact all the modern work shows that the Sun's distance is about 91,000,000 miles, whereas the value determined in 1769 gave a distance of 95,000,000.

Now humanity has a sort of vested interest in that time-honored ninety-five millions of miles; it is not lightly to be meddled with; and in certain quarters not only was the new value altogether rejected, but astronomers were considerably twitted with their discovery that their very unit of measurement was wrong, and that to an extent of some 4,000,000 miles! although in fact, as Mr. Pritchard has ingeniously put it, the difference amounts to no more than the breadth of a human hair viewed at a distance of 125 feet.

The thing certainly was embarrassing, for the observations of 1769 were well planned, and made under fair conditions by skilful men, and further, the received value was deducted by such a man as Encke, whose reduction no one thought even of questioning. But still the closeness of the agreement *inter se* of the four independent methods to which we have referred—all of which differed from the old value—made it evident that there was something wrong somewhere—*where*, it was impossible, most people said, to know until the next transit in 1882.

One astronomer, however, has not been content to let the matter thus rest. Mr. Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, thinking that a new discussion of the observations of 1769 must necessarily lead to a clearer view of the sources of systematic error or wrong interpretation to be guarded against in 1874 and 1882, has with infinite pains re-collected all the observations; reduced them as if they had been made yesterday; and has been rewarded by the discovery, not only of several material errors in the prior discussions, but by a value of the Sun's distance from these old observations almost identical with that required by all the modern methods.

To understand this result, it must be remembered that the observations in 1769 were to determine how long Venus took to cross the Sun's disc at the different stations; the time would be different at each station, and the amount of difference would depend upon the Sun's distance; the nearer Venus was to the Sun the nearer would the observed times approximate to each other, since it is obvious that, if the Sun were a screen immediately behind the planet, the times observed at all stations on the earth would be absolutely identical.

Now, to the uninitiated, this mere determination of the length of passage may seem absurdly easy, and even those who are generally acquainted with such phenomena imagine that Venus enters on the

Sun as the shadow of Jupiter's satellites do on Jupiter. But this is not the case. In consequence, most probably, of the existence of a dense atmosphere round Venus, it is extremely difficult to determine when the planet appears to come into contact with the Sun, or when it is exactly just within his disc, and *vice versa*.

Before anything is seen of Venus itself that portion of the Sun on which it is about to enter appears agitated, and the planet enters, not as a sharply-defined black ball, but with a many-pointed tremulous edge; as it encroaches more and more on the Sun's disc, not only is the side of the planet further from the Sun lit up by a curious light, but a penumbra seems formed round the planet itself; and after it has really entered on the disc, the edges of the Sun and planet seem joined together by what has been variously called a black drop, ligament, or protuberance, on the rupture or breaking of which, and *not before*, the planet seems fairly off on its journey across the Sun.

It is thus very difficult to determine the exact moment of ingress or egress, and if the matter is not considered even in great detail—if all the phenomena are not absolutely acknowledged and separated—the reduction of the observation is valueless.

"The first appearance of *Venus* on the sun," says Cook, "was certainly only a penumbra, and the contact of the limbs did not happen till several seconds after; this appearance was observed both by Mr. Green and me; but the time it happened was not noted by either of us: it appeared to be very difficult to judge precisely of the times that the internal contacts of the body of *Venus* happened, by reason of the *darkness of the penumbra at the Sun's limb, it being there nearly, if not quite, as dark as the planet*. At this time a faint light, much weaker than the rest of the penumbra, appeared to converge towards the point of contact, but did not quite reach it. This was seen by myself and the two other observers, and was of great assistance to us in judging of the time of the internal contacts of the dark body of *Venus* with the Sun's limb."

Both when the planet enters and leaves the Sun's disc, then, two phenomena are observable—the actual contact, and the breaking of the ligament or black drop. It is clear that the duration of the transit, measured from contact to contact, would be longer than if measured from rupture to rupture. Hence it is essential that the observers at the various stations should

observe the same phenomena, or that due allowance should be made if a contact is observed at one station and a rupture at the other.

It is here that Mr. Stone's labours come in. They have been chiefly directed to a strict interpretation of the language of the former observers, having regard to these details and to the introduction of the necessary corrections just mentioned.

Hence, from what we may almost term Mr. Stone's *re-observation* of the transit of 1769—for he has more than reduced the observations, he has infused into them modern scientific accuracy—one of the most important questions in science may be looked upon as now definitely settled.

It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful instance than this of the value of one side of the scientific mind—the doubtful, the suspicious side, the side of unrest. Till now "95,000,000 miles" almost represented a dogma; for a century it has been an article of faith; and all our tremendous modern scientific appliances and power of minute inquiry might in the present instance have been rendered powerless and ineffectual for a time if this *other* scientific power had been allowed to remain dormant, or had been less energetically employed.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

A TURKISH CUSTOM-HOUSE.

There is a slight difference between an American and a Syrian custom-house. On entering the latter the Hadji dons a pair of spectacles, and taking a scrap of paper from the nearest applicant, carefully peruses the same before handing it over to some subordinate. The room is an oblong one, with only one entrance door, and a few pigeon-holes close to the ceiling, which do for windows. Round three sides are placed long narrow divans, with equally low wooden desks, before them. Only the Hadji, in compliment to the high office he fills, is accommodated with a lofty seat, which serves for manifold purposes; on it he sits, tailor-fashion, himself; on it are his ink-horn, his pepper-box, full of steel gratings (to serve instead of blotting-paper), his tobacco-pouch, his private account-book, his seal of office, a large pair of shears to cut his paper with, a quire of paper, and a few envelopes. All the clerks have the same inventory of goods, with the exception of the signet, either on the desk before them or on the divan beside them, and, as

far as can be judged, very few of the clerks seem to pay any particular attention to what is going on around them. Some are playing backgammon, shuffling the dice, and speaking or laughing as loudly as though the place were an hotel; others are playing at cat's-cradle; some are narrating little episodes of private adventure, and one or two, with intense anxiety depicted in their faces, may be seen endeavoring to unravel a sum in simple addition, adding up some six lines of figures, and arriving repeatedly at most unsatisfactory results.

At the farther end of the room, and nearest the door, are some half-dozen patient individuals, who, seeing the throng pressing around the Hadji's desk, despair of transacting any business for a good half hour to come, and endeavor to while away the time with the stale old newspaper, or in desultory conversation. In the centre of the room, wrangling with each other in no measured accents, are a couple of Hebrews—the one the seller, the other the purchaser of a few barrels of sugar, which are warehoused in the custom-house. The bone of contention between them is a couple of rusty old hoops, which have fallen off said casks, and which both lay claim to as their respective perquisites; their joint value might be somewhat, under six cents, and the dispute grows fierce and loud. At last they appeal to the Hadji, and the Hadji, who always has an eye to the main chance, claims them as his own. The customs charge nothing for warehousing, therefore he considers himself entitled to occasional windfalls. Vainly they expostulate against this, pale with anxiety and rage to think that they are both outwitted; the order is given to the warehouse scribe, who chances to be in the room at the time, to make an immediate memorandum of the matter, and this dignitary, who to all appearance is totally unfurnished with materials, squats down immediately upon the floor, and producing ink-horn and paper, thrusts up one knee, which serves him as a

desk, and the minute is forthwith entered. Then the two dealers go away, full of enmity towards each other, their tempers not being improved by a sly allusion, on the part of some witty individual, to the fable of the two cats and the cheese—which fable itself was originally copied from the Arabs.

Every one is talking and clamorous, when a hurried shipmaster, accompanied by a consular canvass and an interpreter, elbows his way to the Hadji's desk and demands, as the wind is fair, to have his ship cleared out *instantly*. "Shuay, shuay, ye ebney! yauash! yauash! (Gently, gently, my son! quietly! quietly!) Does the man think we work by steam in this office?"

Thus demands the Hadji, to which, on due interpretation, the captain allows that he would be mad or blind to think so. Nevertheless, the Hadji has a wholesome fear of the English Consul, wherefore he takes the documents out of the Captain's hands, and gives them to his own private translator. This individual, who is clad in hybrid costume, reads out the manifest line by line, the Hadji making note of the same, and comparing them with his own entries of shipments, which are found to tally exactly. Then comes the most important question, viz.: "Have all these shipments paid the right export duty?" The Greek broker has made some omission, it appears, and matters cannot be proceeded with till the mistake is corrected. Upon this information the shipmaster is naturally annoyed, but there is no remedy; he is obliged to go all the way back to the broker's, thence to the shipper, and in all probability is forced to appeal to the Consul. Meanwhile the fair wind subsides, and the owners, the underwriters, and all parties concerned, have lost a week, if not more—a week of hardship, wear and tear, of expenses in pay and sustenance, and perhaps the cargo is about ruined by so long confinement.—*Packard's Monthly.*



SUPPLICATION.

Music by Rev. M. S. BALDWIN, Incumbent of St. Luke's Church, Montreal,

As sung at the British and Canadian School, Dec. 18, 1868.

SOPRANO. *p*

ALTO. *p*

O most mer ci - ful, O most boun - ti - ful,

TENOR. *p*

BASS. *p*

f *pp*

f *pp*

God the Fa-ther Al - mighty. By the Re - deemer's sweet In-ter-cession,

f *pp*

f *pp*

Hear us, help us when we cry. Hear us, help us

when we cry. Hear us, help us when we cry.



Young Folks.



JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

BY FRANCIS COLE.

There was a hut on the edge of a great forest at the West. Perhaps I ought to call it a board shanty, for a hut suggests the idea of dirt and age and dark crumbling walls. But everything about this dwelling was new. The rough edges of the boards formed its only cornice, and the freshly cut stumps around the clearing told where the materials of the house had come from. Jack lived here. Jack's father and mother were German people who had come to the new world to try their fortune. They had come to own more than they ever did in their lives before, viz.: the acres round their home, which they tilled; a couple of cows that furnished their butter and cheese, and the milk for Jack's nightly supper; and the pigs that gave their winter's supply of bacon. So it came to pass that one night Jack was sent after the cows. He knew their paths and where to find them. They had browsed all day in the shades of the wood, and would go down in the middle of the afternoon to the brook which ran through it. Jack knew they would be somewhere near their daily drinking-place, about a mile from home. Often and often had his mother told him not to linger on the way. But to-night the brook sang to him louder than ever; and, instead of following up its course to bring his cows home, he wanted to stop and play in its waters.

A bright idea came into his head. He would, he thought, wade down the brook in the water instead of walking along the path at its side. So he rolled up his trowsers, and stepped in with his bare feet. But the water felt cold, and he did not like the sharpness of the pebbles in its bed. While he was wading along, making believe it was sport, he caught sight of some large, square chips left where his father had been cutting wood that afternoon. These gave him a new notion, so he stepped out of the water, and collected some of the chips, and sent them sailing down the brook. By and by he began to think his ships would look better with a mast and pennant. So he cut some green boughs, and stripped all the leaves off but two or three at the top. Then he dug some holes in the centre of the chips with his knife, splitting a good many in the process, stuck the boughs in, and sent the fleet sailing down the stream. Then he watched them eagerly to see which would come out ahead. He hoped that one which

he had succeeded in fixing better than the rest, would do so. It did not, and Jack rose up disgusted to find out that the daylight was almost gone, and that he was scarcely twenty rods on his way. Frightened at the thought of the terrors of the woods on a dark night, he started headlong after his cows. But the darkness gathered about him faster than he walked, and he gave up after a little, and faced homeward. Now that he had made up his mind to leave the cows and go home, he walked slower, thinking how his mother would receive him if he came without them. What should he say?

While he plodded along with his hands in his pockets he became aware of a misty shape standing before him. It was ill defined, but it looked like a huge man's form with long flowing hair.

"What do you want, my boy?"

Somehow Jack was not very much afraid, but he thought the shape accosted him as if he had called for it.

"I don't—know," said Jack hesitatingly.

"But I do," the man of the mist rejoined; "take this and plant it out in the open glade in the west woods and it will help you out of your difficulties," and he dropped a small hard substance into Jack's hand. Then he disappeared.

Jack was more frightened at his sudden going than at his coming, and he now took to his heels incontinently till he came near enough to the house to see the light in the windows. Then he dropped the stranger's gift in his pocket and began to consider the situation again.

"Pshaw! I'll tell them I've been looking for the cows all this time and can't find them. That's easy enough!"

Then he thought he felt something in his pocket, and he put his hand in, and behold! the stranger's gift was bobbing up and down, and sideways, in a most unaccountable manner.

"I wonder if it's bewitched?" said Jack, as he entered the house.

"It's you that are bewitched," cried his mother. "Where are the cows?"

"Well, I can't find 'em," said Jack sullenly.

"Good reason why; you haven't looked."

"I have," Jack replied angrily. "They're not at the brook, and they are not in the woods." Jack felt the little thing bobbing up and down in his pocket.

"You're a lazy good-for-naught," began his mother again; but the father interposed.

"Never mind; if Jack can't find them, it is not his fault. I'll go look for them myself to-morrow."

This made Jack feel badly, but he did not take back what he had said, and going up to the table where the candle stood he began carelessly to play with the contents of his pocket. By and by he drew out what the stranger had given him, with a little snarl of string, and looked at it furtively. It was a little black bean. Jack sat down to eat his bowl of bread and milk with his mind full of curious speculation, and scarcely spoke during the hour that elapsed before he climbed thoughtfully up the ladder to his little garret bed. Early in the morning he jumped up and dressed himself, and ran off without his breakfast to the open sunny glade in the woods. He stuck his bean into the soft mould with his fingers, and stood looking at the spot reflectingly, when he saw two green leaves push themselves above the ground. Full of wonder he watched them. They opened themselves and grew green and broad, and a tiny stalk appeared between, that shot up and up, and put out leaves and grew thicker and higher till it reached the top of Jack's head. The morning air began to remind him that he had not had any breakfast, and he reluctantly left his beautiful bean-vine to go and get some. As soon as it was over, Jack's father set him to feed the pigs and the chickens, and then to help about the house; so that, however impatient he might be, he could not get away for two or three hours. This being done, he ran out to the place; and, behold! his vine was as high as the house and had covered itself with branches. While he marvelled at the sight, it grew on faster than ever, and the top became indistinct to his eyes. But he grew tired of standing still, and went back to the house.

"Mother," asked he, "may I go over to Tom Parker's?" Tom lived three-quarters of a mile away on the road toward the old red school-house.

"Yes," said his mother without looking up; "mind you're home by sundown."

"Yes," replied Jack, scampering off.

For a while Jack and Tom wondered what to do. There were no more boys within a long distance except those at school. Finally Tom proposed to go over there and have some fun. Jack had a very indistinct idea of what the fun was to be, but off he went with Tom. Afternoon school had been in session some time. The sun was hot, and everything about the building seemed sleepy.

"I say, Jack, let's build up a lot of sticks of wood against the door of the school-house," said Tom in a suppressed tone.

"Well," answered Jack; and they went at it. There were no windows on the front of the house and the wood-pile was in front; so, as they were careful to keep out of the range of

the side-windows, they could not be seen from the inside. They were very still about their work, and in a few minutes had constructed a loosely built pile, completely barring up the door-way. Then they retreated to the road-side, and awaited the result of their experiment. It came time for the afternoon recess. All at once, with a burst of noise, the door opened, and five or six boys rushed out, without looking to see where they were going. Of course they tumbled over the wood-pile, bruising their faces, and tearing their clothes, and getting sundry hard knocks. The master hearing the disturbance came to the door. He knew somebody must have put the wood there, and his keen eye searched round for the offenders. It spied out Tom and Jack, only half hid by the trees on the other side of the road. Quickly throwing aside the sticks of wood, and picking up the fallen boys, he strode forward. But the mischief-makers had seen that they were discovered, and they took to their heels down the road. The master took to his, too, and the pack of school-boys joined in the race. But, speeding down the dusty road, the two fugitives gain on their pursuer and finally make a short cut out into the woods that completely baffles those following. Then they discourse as follows:

"I say, Tom, don't you s'pose they knew us?"

"Don't know and don't care!" said Tom.

"Father says that's a bad team, Tom. Anyhow I'm really frightened. Suppose he should go and tell our folks of us."

Tom was frightened, too, but he didn't care to show it.

"Pshaw!" said he bravely, "I'll fix it up some way."

"Well I'll go home," Jack concluded.

The truth is he did not care to stay as long as usual. He wanted to get home and see how his vine came on. So when he arrived, he went straight to the open glade where the vine grew, instead of going into the house. It was taller and stouter than before, and the top was out of Jack's sight. So, as the branches seemed strong enough to bear him, he thought he would climb it, and he began to do so. All at once a rhyme came into his head, and he began to sing:

"Hitchety, hatchety, up I go;
Hitchety, hatchety, up I go,"

and he began to feel very light-hearted. The rhyme seemed to make the ascent easier, so up he went wonderfully fast among the thick leaves and branches that shut out the sun's light.

All at once it began to grow lighter, and he came into full view of a glass house perched among the branches. The setting sun shone beautifully on its various colors, for it was not of clear glass that Jack could see through, but stained in many hues.

Jack, who, you will have observed, was given to doing anything the fancy of the moment prompted, resolved to go and knock at the door. So he walked boldly along the bough, and did so. He heard a grim voice saying, "Enter." And Jack walked in, spite of his heart failing him a little. He found, crouched over the fire, his old giant friend that he had met in the wood. He chuckled at Jack.

"Ho, ho, my boy! so you planted my bean, did you, and provided me with a home! Very good quarters indeed! Now then, if I can do you a kind turn, I will."

Curiously enough, he thought of his impending flogging at home, were the truth found out, and wondering much at himself as he did so, he told the giant all about it.

"Just so. Well, that is one of the cases I know how to manage. The schoolmaster did not see you very plainly did he?"

"Don't know," replied Jack; "guess he could tell who I was."

"You needn't guess anything of the kind. You were so far away that he can say nothing positively. Deny the charge squarely, up and down, and you'll be safe enough."

"But father knows I went over to Tom's."

"Can't you tell him that you left there before three o'clock, but did not come directly home?"

"Hallo! old fellow, seems to me I've got to tell a good many fibs to get out of this!"

"What did you come up here for asking my advice?" thundered the giant; "I didn't call you, nor even invite you to come."

"That's true," said Jack, a little more politely, "but if I had not planted the bean you would not have had any house."

"Don't pride yourself on that, youngster. My name is Giant Deceit, and I can find plenty of boys to do my work."

"Well," rejoined Jack, undauntedly, "don't leave here yet. I may want you to get me out of more scrapes."

"Then you mean to follow my advice?" said the giant with a leer.

"Ay, ay," said Jack, as he walked out of the door. "Glad I've found out the name of my new tenant," reflected he, scrambling down. "It's an ugly one, though; but I'll do as he says all the same, seeing I can't think of any other way." And Jack was as good as his word and found the plan successful.

But of course Jack could not keep his wonderful experience to himself. He let Tom into it first. Tom told another boy as a great secret. And, of course, boys' eyes being wide open, and boys' feet nimble, and boys' curiosity hungry enough to swallow anything, they all visited the bean-vine and the giant's house, and made the acquaintance of the inhabitant thereof, for themselves. Singularly enough, from that time forward the neighborhood began to be noted for its disorderly character. Its boys were the terror of

all the country round. The hard-working fathers and mothers were somewhat puzzled at the change; and, though they sometimes discovered the lies their children told them, they never traced them back to their source in the councils of Giant Deceit. And the abode of the giant seemed to be invisible to the elder people. Jack, one day, saw his father walk directly through the glade, and noticed with astonishment that he seemed to see nothing uncommon. Time went on; Jack, having listened to the teachings of the giant too often, became untrustworthy and unmanageable at home, and his father apprenticed him to a trade in a neighboring town. He was to become a printer.

Now this did not well suit Jack. He did not care to be bound down steadily to work of any kind, but he was to go, and there was no help for it. So the rumbling wagon jolted into town, and Jack was left at the office of *The Western Banner*, whose proprietors had taken him on trial. He was to go home every Saturday night, and matters had been made as easy for him as possible. But things went wrong the first week. Jack was to open the office and sweep it out, and light the fire every morning. For a day or two he did very well. The third morning he began handling the sticks of type and frutting to himself that it took so long to learn how to set them. He took up one carelessly enough, and by and by overturned it. Here was a pretty accident, to be sure, but Jack called the councils of the giant to his aid, and resolving to brave it out went to work at the office fire. Presently one of the men came in, and walked up to the desk.

"Here, you young monkey! what mischief is this?"

"I don't know," said Jack doggedly.

"Don't tell me that! you did it yourself!"

"No, I didn't," replied Jack sturdily.

"You can tell a straightforward lie, I see," said the man catching hold of his coat-collar, and giving it an admonitory shake; "but you'd best not. Now tell me how it happened."

"I don't know," said Jack, sturdily yet. The man began to be a little shaken in his opinion. So he contented himself with giving Jack a cuffing and walked away.

It is enough to say that matters in town went on from bad to worse, till there was no bearing with Jack any longer, and his master took him home in disgrace. It was toward night when they drove up to the door of the lonely house. Jack's father came out wondering, when the man said, gruffly enough:

"Here, I've brought this boy back for a bad penny."

"The farmer asked what was the matter with his son, but the man replied that he would leave him to tell his own story, and went away.

"Tell his own story!" the words sounded

strangely in Jack's ear. What if he should do it! Maybe after all it would not be so hard a thing to do.

Jack's father did not say much to him, but sat moodily by the fire with his head bent on his hand. His mother, too, forgot to be loud-tongued for once, and let him eat his supper in peace. The silence oppressed him as scolding and flogging had never done, and as he pulled off his stockings and shoes he said to himself:

"Hello, old boy, you're getting into a bad way."

But Jack was little accustomed to thought about himself, and had nobody to show him the right way to go at the work. So he went to sleep with a confused feeling in his mind that he was a very bad boy, but he hardly knew how to remedy it.

All at once he woke suddenly, it seemed to him from a tap of some cold metal against his cheek. He saw, in the bright moonlight that filled the room, a figure of a warrior dressed in antique armor of burnished silver. From the edge of every overlapping scale the light streamed. His visor was raised, and Jack could see his face. It was one of immortal youth, and every feature expressed that keen penetration that does not stop short of the heart of things. He leaned upon an unsheathed sword which glittered as though itself a moon-beam. His eye was fixed with an expression of gentle severity upon Jack's, and he inspired the boy with a strong sense of liking mingled with awe.

"I am Truth," said the figure; and the voice echoed through the room with a clear, ringing sound. "I have come to ask if you choose to serve me."

"If I can," said Jack, falteringly.

"But I will have nobody that is a friend to Giant Deceit. You must choose between us." A sense of shame and dishonor began to creep over Jack.

"I don't care for Giant Deceit any more. I will follow you."

"I must have proof of it. If to-morrow you go to your father and tell him the exact history of the last week, I shall know you mean to keep your promise. And I will have no half-service," said the shining figure. "You must obey me implicitly if you care to keep me on your side, and whenever you are found with me you are safe."

"I will obey you," said Jack, enthusiastically.

"Then you can go to sleep again," and he raised his sword. Jack shut his eyes from very terror as he saw the flash and felt the cold tap on his cheek again. When he opened them he was alone. But in one thing he did not obey the injunction of the vision. He could not go to sleep. As he lay there, a sudden impulsive, heroic resolve seized him. He rose and dressed himself and stole quietly down. There was no need to make a clatter

getting out, for he had only to lift the latch. He took his hatchet from the corner by the wood-box and was out of doors in a moment. There was nothing to frighten him but the shadow of the trees on the ground, but he felt somewhat strangely as he strode along through the still night. He came to the glade and stood a moment considering the vine. It was tall and strong and its branches spread out far above him. But Jack was not a boy to think long about anything, and he swung his hatchet over his head and brought it down on the trunk with a vigorous thwack. He did not stop and palter, but rained the blows down faster and faster. The thick boughs above, that in the witchery of the moonlight cast so black a shadow, began to tremble and shake. A blow or two more and they shivered and fell, house and all. Jack heard the crash of glass, and saw the giant pick himself tottering up and advance toward him, bellowing revengefully. He was frightened, but had no notion of running away. And as he looked a bright sword seemed to shape itself from the air and a white hand held it and smote the giant dead. After the sword-flash, all seemed to shrivel away and disappear. In a moment Jack stood looking wonderingly upon the empty space, and went home wondering still.

The next morning, he came down stairs feeling far from brisk. But Giant Deceit was gone, killed, dead. There was nothing for it but to tell the whole story. He did tell it, falteringly and hesitatingly enough, but it was got through at last. His father was astonished, but he recognized the fact that Jack had forsaken his old ways, in the telling them.

"And what will you do now, my boy?" said he, far more kindly than he usually spoke to his son.

"Stay and work the farm with you, if you will let me," replied Jack humbly.

One morning Jack and his father were going through the glade to their daily work. Jack was feeling awry that day, for the tool was missing he had used the day before, and he felt strongly tempted to deny having had it. He perceived a little green shoot peeping out of the ground where his bean-vine used to stand. Suddenly he seized the hoe and set to work to dig it up. The sods flew in all directions. Jack's father looked on amazed, for he could see nothing, and asked:

"What are you doing?"

"Killing an enemy, father. You go on, and I'll come pretty soon." The father wondered still, but he was a wise man and said nothing more.

Jack found the hoe would not answer, so he went back to the house for a spade, and dug deep and long, patiently pulling up every root and fibre. There was no half-way work this time, and when Jack left the glade, he felt that Giant Deceit would never again find a home there.

LITTLE BURT'S CROSS.

BY HARRIET ANN HATHAWAY.

Sitting at my window this soft spring morning, breathing the faint perfume of crocuses and hyacinths, while looking across the open common upon the beautifully green grounds of the "Capitoline," the grand base-ball ground of this fair city of Brooklyn in the summer, and the delightful skating-park in the winter, my mind wanders back to another spring morning away in the past.

So vividly does that morning rise before me, that I almost imagine myself with my dinner-basket upon my arm, going to my school, for I was then a teacher in a pretty, quiet Massachusetts town.

Well do I remember how bright, yet delicate, was the green of the leaves just bursting their buds, and of the grass, so cool and grateful to my tired feet, for my walk was long; also my delight at marking how rapidly the latter had grown at the bottom of a shallow little brooklet by the roadside, for it was a country town, this one of which I am speaking.

The soft breath of the early violets scented the air, mingling with that of the pale pink anemones, and here and there the bright, but more common, dandelion lifted its honest face fearlessly in the very footpath.

What a lovely haze lay all around the horizon, and was reflected on the margin of the beautiful "Acushnet," that divided us from the fine city on its opposite bank!—a city accounted one of the neatest and prettiest in the New-England States, noted for ranking first as a whaling port, and, on account of its numerous places of worship, often styled "The city of churches." And what more desirable name could be given to a city, however fair?

As I neared my pretty school-house, in its large green enclosure, boasting but one story and painted white, with green blinds, it almost seemed like coming in sight of home after a long absence, for we had been having a two months' vacation.

It was the opening morning of the term, and the children in their delight came bounding, in one laughing, shouting, merry crowd, to welcome me.

How pretty the girls looked in their new spring dresses, and pink, white, blue, and corn-colored cape-bonnets; and the boys, in their wide-brimmed straw-hats, with blue, black, and green ribbons flying, and their bright green satchels over their shoulders!

How gayly they trooped before and behind me into the school-house!

"Oh, girls, see; our desks have all been newly varnished!" cried one, with delight.

"I can see my face in mine!"

"And we've new maps and a globe!" exclaimed another.

"And the old clock, with its painted face, is gone; and just see what a beautiful, gilt-framed, round one we have!" added a third.

"Well, of all things! if the teacher hasn't a new chair, and a pretty silver hand-bell, girls," called Ella Millet.

"Oh, teacher, ain't you glad of those pretty vases?" asked "little Burt," lifting his great blue eyes lovingly to my face.

"Yes, children," I said, as soon as I could be heard for the pleasant tumult, "I am very glad,—very grateful that so much has been done to make our school-room cheerful and inviting; and, in return for it, I think we must all try and do better than ever before. Now," I added, "as it wants a half-hour to school-time, you may leave your books upon your desks, and go out and enjoy this beautiful morning."

And so they trooped out as gayly as they trooped in, the boys to trundle their hoops, play at marbles, and "hopscotch," while the girls clambered over walls to roam the little grove near in search of wild flowers.

When I was a little girl I had a teacher who rang her bell with such an irritating "Ting-a-ling, ling, ting-a-ling, ling!" that it ever seemed to say to me, "Come in, or I'll whip you! Come in, or I'll whip you!" and sometimes a voice within me would answer, "Ring away if you want to; who cares for you, old bell?" Not that I did not intend to mind it, but because it jarred an unpleasant chord in my bosom; and I think I seldom took my bell in my hand without the thought, "I will ring it cheerily and invitingly."

"Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-ding, dong," rang out my pretty silver bell, and I heard the children say,—

"Oh, it's sweet as music!"

Then they came trooping in, not without confusion, for they could not at once break themselves to school routine and habits.

Several of the girls left tiny bunches of violets, and pale-pink, drooping anemones upon my desk; but the boys had been too busy at their games, all but little Burt (his name was Albert), who timidly slipped into my hand a spray of the sweet trailing arbutus. I thought I saw a grieved look upon his face, as he hastily turned from my desk.

When the children's voices rang out so

sweetly, "I want to be an angel," I noticed Burt's painful efforts to join with them; for he was the sweetest singer of the school, and dearly did he love singing; but he could not wake his sorrowful heart to music, and he was as unsuccessful in repeating that beautiful Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," and also in uniting in "Our Father." I could hardly keep back my own tears to see this little boy trying so manfully to master his grief, and I longed to say some little word of comfort; but I knew it would attract the notice of the school, and he was so sensitive.

"Class in 'Second Reader,'" I called, and Burt came with the rest. He stood near the foot of the class,—being one of the smaller ones,—and so I could not get a full view of his face, but hoped he had forgotten his trouble in the delight of taking his place with this class for the first time.

"Burt will read," I said, as it came his turn; "he is such a studious boy I suppose he's improved greatly during the long vacation."

Burt straightened back, braced one foot firmly upon the "line," grasped his book with both hands, and cleared his throat with a tremulous little "ahem." Then his lips opened and shut once, twice, and again, but no sound followed; one more mighty effort, and, with a painful pause between each word as though it hurt him, he read,—

"What — have — you — in — that — basket, — child?" It was in vain; his grief was too great for him. His little heart beat so I could see its motion underneath his brown and white checked apron; his book dropped at his side; his large blue eyes filled and overflowed with big tears, and, with a sobbing cry as though each word tore his little heart, he wailed,—

"Harry — Card — oh, — he — said — my — my — father — was — was — a — a — a — drunkard!"

Then, sinking upon the recitation-bench and hiding his face in both of his hands, he sobbed and wept in such an abandonment of sorrow as I hope never to see again in so young a child. Some of the girls sobbed with him, and the boys, now and then, drew their jacket-sleeves across their eyes slyly, while Hal Wood, the champion of the smaller boys, shook his fist, unseen, as he thought, at Harry Card.

Poor, pitiful little heart! how I longed to take him in my arms and comfort him! But I crushed back my tears, which gave to my throat a feeling as though I'd attempted to swallow a small-sized apple whole; and in

a little time school was going on as quietly as usual, save that now and then there came, less and less frequently, from Burt's corner, a soft sob, which at last ceased altogether.

"Now," I thought, as it neared the time for recess, "I must think of some way to save him from the prying questions the children will be likely to ask, all in kindness;" for he was so sensitive I knew he would shrink from their notice, as yet. So I went to him, laid my hand upon his head, and said,—

"Burt, will you take this order to the committee for text-books? I want you to do the errand: you are so trusty."

A shadow of a smile played around his mouth then, which deepened as I added,—

"Choose some boy to go with you, for it is a long walk." His voice was almost cheery as he brightened up at this proof of my confidence in him, and he said,—

"I'll choose Giles Wilbor," and shortly after I heard them chatting pleasantly, as they left the yard.

But now my duty lay before me; I must call Harry Card to an account for his cruel words. But what was I to say? He had spoken the *truth!* Little Burt's father was a *drunkard!* not a low, besotted one, but refined and intelligent, and belonging to one of the first families in the town; a good husband and a kind father when sober, but a *drunkard all the same!* and his children, I knew, for these very reasons, felt their father's degradation more than if educated in squalor and sin.

I can not tell just what I said to my school that morning, but I think I was guided. I saw how all the better feelings of my scholars' hearts were touched, and I knew, when they promised to be more kind and thoughtful in the future for each other's happiness, that they were in earnest.

"I am very sorry I spoke so to little Burt, teacher," said Harry Card in an humble tone as he passed my desk on his way to the play-ground; "and I 'hink I'll try never to *hurt anybody* again by *cruel words.*" And this of his own accord.

That day, during noon intermission, I saw Harry come into the school enclosure, and throw himself upon the grass close by little Burt, who seemed half-hiding under the wall, as though he had not quite got over his heart-pain.

"Burt, Burt," said Harry softly, drawing from his pocket a two-bladed knife, "see this!"

"O my! what a beauty!" exclaimed Burt, now fairly aroused. "I'd like a two-

bladed knife. I had one with one blade, once, and that was of hoop iron!"

"Yes, they're prime! and the best of it is, I bought it with my own money. Guess how long I was saving up enough to do it?"

"I don't believe I could hit it if I tried; but it must have taken you a very long time, Harry."

"Yes, sir, it did. I was two whole months."

"I'd be proud as a king if I had a knife like that, Harry. How it shines,—just like silver!"

"Well, then, *be* happy as a king; here, take it! Mother said I might give it to you."

"What, Harry, for my *very* own?" cried Burt, in round-eyed wonder, reaching out for it eagerly.

"Yes, here goes! Good-bye, old knife!" and Harry slapped it into Burt's open palm.

Burt turned the knife from side to side, then end for end, examined the two blades, tested the edge of them a little fearfully, looking very thoughtful; then, with a sudden effort, he thrust it into Harry's hand again with—

"No, no, Harry, I can't do it! take your

knife, and you go without one! I should feel too mean. 'Tis ten times better than my old hoop-iron one; but I can't do it: I'd feel like a little sneak."

"Well, I shall feel mean *all* the time, and *always* if you *don't* take it; and unhappy too, thinking of what I said this morning. Please do take it, Burtie."

Thus urged, Burtie took it, and the next minute they went out of the yard with one arm of each around the other's neck. I knew then that the breach of the morning was healed,—that the soreness had left little Burt's heart.

"Poor little Burt," said I to myself; "this is but one of the bitter lessons in store in the life before you, each one of which, as you increase in years and knowledge, will bring you deeper and more lasting pain and humiliation than this lesson of to-day."

Children, did you ever stop and think of the dreadful thing it must be for a *child* to *blush* for its *parent's* *sin* and *shame*? If not, begin now; and never, by word or deed, add to the sorrow of these little sorrowful hearts; for, oh, there are very many children, more than you can even dream or think of, who are bearing a "cross" as heavy as was "Little Burt's Cross!"—*Sabbath at Home.*

Domestic Economy.

COLORS AND COMPLEXIONS.

There is an old story, familiar to every lady, of an old and ugly and spiteful queen who played a sorry trick on one of the most beautiful blondes of her court by inviting her, at a time when she was magnificently attired in white, to sit beside her brunette majesty in a chair trimmed with yellow and with yellow tapestry surroundings. The poor blonde blushed at divining the motive of the queen but dared not decline the honor. She had no sooner taken her seat, it will be remembered, than she changed to a faded, sallow, dirty-yellow complexion, while the queen, who was a brunette, looked all the better in her yellow surroundings for the contrast with her rival. The maid of honor appeared to such disadvantage beside the queen that the beauty of the latter and the ugly complexion of the former were the court gossip for weeks. That queen understood better than most modern ladies the philosophy of colors, and she owed her triumphs to that knowledge.

If portrait painters were ever practical fellows they could and would give their lady friends and patrons a wise suggestion or two in regard to colors and how to blend them; but we may learn of them if not *from* them. We may learn a lesson or two from the different colored screens which are found in their rooms, and which many ladies imagine are kept to conceal the artist's toilette arrangements. They are really used for "backing up"—that is, to form the back-ground which is to relieve the figure of the model or subject which is being painted. The lighter colored ones are for brunettes; the dark ones are placed behind blondes when they are being painted, the effect being to more clearly mark the outlines of face and figure, and to improve the complexion.

Again, every artist, if asked, will tell you why the colors on his pallet appear so inferior to the same when put on the canvas, by explaining that they are placed on the pallet at random, and as is most convenient, while they are arranged on the canvas with careful

study of effect. Certain colors, side by side on the pallet, appear dull and dirty, though they came from the tube a moment before in all their purity and brilliancy of tone. Yellow beside white makes the white look yellowish, and the yellow becomes paler; so red beside orange reddens the orange; green gives a greenish tinge to white, yellow, and orange. The colors thus placed appear dull and dirty, not because they are really dirty or inferior in color, but because of their arrangement. Thus white and yellow, placed side by side, injure the tone of each other, because there is not sufficient contrast, and appear to the eye as if really run together, just as the faded colors that do not wash look. But if the artist places red between yellow and blue the tone of each will be heightened and improved; for red, yellow, and blue, as any tasteful lady knows, or red, white, and blue, as every patriotic lady knows, blend most harmoniously.

The beautifully blended colors of the Gobelin tapestries have long been admired, and it is common to hear the colors, as well as the material, spoken of as of a superior quality. This is not the case. The beauty and magnificence of the Gobelin carpets are due less to the richness of the colors than to the skill and taste which has directed their blending. They are the result of years of study of the effect of colors. Many years ago black tints used to be employed as shadows to the popular blue draperies and carpets of the Gobelin make, until it was discovered by the manager that black not only did not wear well, but that it never had its deep glossy appearance when blended with blue, but took a dirty, brownish hue. The latter fact discovered, the cause was sought for, and it was found that the black was spoiled by contrast with the blue. Further experiments resulted in its disuse in that connection, and hence you seldom see black in carpets of modern make.

Many of the beautiful India shawls which are imported into this country contain black in large quantities, but it is not a popular color; and hence American importers find it to their advantage to change the black for more agreeable colors. The changing of the colors in India shawls for the purpose of increasing the effect is as much a branch of needle-work as the repairing of shawls.

Upon the same plan, and guided by the same rules which influence the artist and the needle-woman in the choice of color, a lady should compound, or arrange and blend the colors which compose her dress, furnish her room, plant her flowers, and arrange her bouquets. The same principle applies to one as to all. All that is necessary to success is a slight knowledge of the grand laws of colors.

The effect of each color or tint in one's dress is increased or modified by its neighbor. Every lady can test this by arranging a

bouquet, or, better still, by making a pieced quilt. To do the latter she will, in the first place, have previously gathered together a large quantity of scraps or pieces left from her own and her friends' dresses, and these she will have cut into diamond or hexagon squares, or some other shape, according to her taste and design. Before beginning let her discard all figured pieces, so that each of those to be used shall be of one uniform tint. Then in arranging them in the quilt, let her form a regular scale, beginning with the lightest tinted piece and ending with the darkest, or *vice versa*. The result will be that every square will be modified by those on either side of it. The border next a darker square will be lightened in effect; the border next a light square will be darkened in effect. The whole row or circle of squares, seen from a little distance, will be made in this way to appear not flat but fluted. Such is the effect of tints upon each other.

The same effects can be produced in dressing, in arranging a bouquet, and in furnishing your house, if the same plain fact is observed in relation to the laws of color. The main laws of color to be borne in mind are as follows: Blue, yellow, and red, principal or primary colors, when mixed together produce white; but when either two of them are mixed, another shade is produced which is naturally the opposite of the one which does not combine to produce it. Thus blue and yellow mixed create green, and hence green is the opposite of red. Green will, if placed beside blue, yellow, orange, violet, or white appear to redden them; while red placed beside either of the same colors gives it a greenish tinge. But green and red when placed side by side set off each other, not "making the green one red," but greener by the contrast, and the red is also heightened in color. Red and yellow produce orange; hence orange should always go with blue, and not with the other primary colors. In the same way red and blue produce violet; and for the reason before given, violet goes best with the color that does not aid to form it. Hence green and red are contrasting colors; so are yellow and violet, and blue and orange. In the same way the shades of these primary colors may be contrasted to advantage. Yellow tints of green contrast with violet, yellow tints of orange with blue, and orange tints of red with bluish-green.

Blondes should wear blue or green. Blue imparts orange to the blonde, thereby enriching the white complexion and light flesh tint, and improves their yellow hair. Green is becoming to blondes who have little color, because it heightens the pink of the cheeks and the crimson of the lips, but it should be a delicate green. If the blonde has much color she should indulge most in blue; but if she wears green it should be very dark. If the complexion is, as is often the case with blondes,

of a brownish-orange hue, the green should be very dark, or else it will impart to the countenance of the wearer a brick-red hue. Yellow imparts violet to the pale complexion of the blonde, and this hue is not desirable to the Circassian race. Orange makes a blonde look still paler or yellow. In fact, it becomes neither light nor dark beauties, and should not be worn near the skin. Red increases the effect of whiteness in the blonde, and suggests a greenish hue to the pink of the face. Rose-red destroys all the freshness of a good complexion.

Brunettes should wear yellow or red. Yellow has the effect of neutralizing the yellow in the orange complexion of the brunette, and at the same time increases the red, thus giving freshness to the black-haired beauty. Red is chiefly to be used to increase the whiteness of the brunette's skin, and it should be used sparingly even by the darkest ladies. Blue should be carefully avoided by all brunettes with much orange in their face, as it imparts orange. Orange, of course, does not suit an orange complexion; nor any other for that matter. It gives a brunette a dull, whitish, bluish, pallid appearance, without increasing her red as does yellow. It has the same objections for brunettes that red has, and in a still greater degree. Violet imparts yellow, which, in a brunette, is not highly desirable.

In the same way these facts may be applied in furnishing one's house. The drapery of a room should be blue, green, amber, or yellow. Blue and green drapery tends to increase the color in the face of all standing near it. Hence the popularity of blue and green reps with blondes. Amber and yellow hangings and furniture are suitable only for brunettes. Rose-red, wine-red, and light crimson curtains give a green tint to a lady standing near them, and are therefore objectionable. Dark crimson draperies tend to whiten all faces, and to neutralize the natural color; hence they are objectionable for blonde and brunette.

Wall-paper should be yellow, light green, or blue. The same reasons which are given with regard to drapery apply to colors in wall-paper. Yellow combines well with mahogany, though damaging to the effect of gilding. Light green goes well with both mahogany and gilding. Light blue does not suit mahogany quite so well as yellow, but is admirable for gilding, and is the color for rooms with yellow and orange furniture.

It should be remembered that the color of the furniture should be in proper contrast to that of the drapery and wall-paper. Thus, yellow hangings should accompany blue furniture, crimson hangings should accompany green furniture, and *vice versa*.

The carpet should be chosen by the same rule, which each lady can apply for herself.—*Harper's Bazar*.

SELECTED RECIPES.

PLAIN PASTE FOR MEAT-PIES.—Put into a pan half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of dripping, half a teaspoonful of salt; rub all well together for about three minutes, add by degrees half a pint of water, mix the paste well; it requires to be rather hard; throw some flour on the board, roll, and use it instead of puff paste; three, or even two ounces, of dripping will be enough where economy is required, or many children to feed.

Where the cottager has a small garden, in which he can grow a few herbs, which I have already recommended, then introduce in the paste a little chopped parsley or eschalot, a very small piece of winter savory or thyme, or bayleaf chopped fine: these herbs cost little, and are at once relishing, refreshing, and wholesome.—*From "Cookery for the People."*

OYSTER-PIE.—Make a crust by working flour into mashed boiled potatoes with a little salt. Line a deep dish with it, invert a small teacup in the middle to hold the juice in and to hold up the upper crust. Put in the oysters with a little pepper and butter, and dredge in some flour. Cover with crust, make a large slit on the top, and bake an hour.

OYSTERS ON TOAST.—Open twelve very large oysters; put them in a pan with their liquor, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, a wineglass of milk, two cloves, and a small piece of mace, if handy; boil a few minutes until set; mix one ounce of butter with half an ounce of flour; put it, in small pieces, in the pan, stir round; when near boiling pour over the toast, and serve. A little sugar and the juice of a lemon, is a great improvement.

EGGS AND SAUSAGES.—Boil four sausages for five minutes; when half cold, cut them in half lengthways; put a little butter or fat in a frying-pan, and put the sausages in and fry gently; break four eggs into the pan, cook gently, and serve. Raw sausages will do as well, only keep them whole and cook slowly.

BROWNING FOR SAUCES.—Put half a pound of brown sugar into an iron saucepan, and melt it over a moderate fire for about twenty-five minutes, stirring it continually, until quite black, but it must become so by degrees, or too sudden a heat will make it bitter; then add two quarts of water, and in ten minutes the sugar will be dissolved. Bottle for use.

GROUND RICE PUDDING.—Boil one pint of milk with a little piece of lemon-peel; mix a quarter of a pound of ground rice with half a pint of milk, two ounces of sugar, and one of butter; add this to the boiling milk; keep stirring, take it off the fire, break in two eggs, one after the other; keep stirring; butter a pie-dish, pour in the mixture, and bake until set. This is one of the quickest puddings that can be made.

Editorial and Correspondence.



C. J. BRYDGES, Esq.

(See *Frontispiece*.)

Charles John Brydges, Esq., Managing Director of the Grand Trunk Railway, and Interecolonial Railway Commissioner, was born near London, in February, 1827. His parents died while he was very young, and he was sent to a private academy, where he remained until he attained the age of fifteen years, when he entered a merchant's office. A year afterwards, in 1843, he was appointed to a junior clerkship in the London and South-Western Railway Company. He rose rapidly, until, before ten years had elapsed, he was preferred to the post of Assistant Secretary. At this time the Madras Railway Company was established, and Mr. Brydges applied for the office of General Manager. This post was given to another, but a month afterwards Mr. Brydges was appointed to the office of Managing Director of the Great-Western Railway Company of Canada,—receiving from his former employers a flattering testimonial of their regard. During his connection with the London and South-Western Railway Company, he was mainly instrumental in establishing a "Friendly Society" for the benefit of the workmen, and in 1850, he took an active part in promoting the formation of a Superannuation Fund for railway clerks.

In January, 1853, Mr. Brydges arrived in Canada, and entered on his new duties in connection with the Great Western Railway. The line was not opened for traffic until the following January, and then, being in a very incomplete state, had to struggle through great difficulties; yet such was its success that, in 1856, the shareholders received a dividend of eight per cent. In the autumn of 1861, negotiations were entered into between the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways for the fusion of the two lines, and on the resigna-

tion of the Managing Director of the former, the situation was offered to, and accepted by, Mr. Brydges. He continued to manage both lines until September, 1862, when, the fusion bill having been withdrawn some time before, he resigned his position on the Great Western.

From that time his whole energies have been devoted to the Grand Trunk, until his recent appointment as Interecolonial Railway Commissioner. As he is one of the ablest and most influential of all the prominent men of Canada, our readers will doubtless be pleased to see his likeness, and peruse this brief biographical sketch.

We copy from the *Quebec Chronicle* the following notice, from the pen of Mr. Lemoine, a Canadian writer of considerable celebrity; but while we are fully sensible of the value of the contributions therein so prominently praised, we would by no means be understood to depreciate the many other writers who have given us the aid of their talents:

WELCOME TO THE "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY."—With the rosy dawn of a new year, our old familiar, the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, drops in amongst us, brimful of interest, and bidding fair to furnish for the year of grace, 1869, a brilliant and useful career. It is then fitting to greet encouragingly, as well the enterprising editors of this repository of knowledge, as those to whose midnight toil we owe the thrilling pages which compose it. To the latter, especially, from this our cosy sanctum, slipped, and seated in presence of our grate fire, amid the green glens of Sillery, do we waft our most grateful thanks in the name of our household gods, our little ones, who devour each month the contents of this budget of interesting stories and scraps of history. Can it then be that this glorious parish, as old Kit North would call it—the most ancient,* the most romantic, † the most renowned in history, of all the

* Sillery was founded in 1637 by Le Commandeur Brulart de Sillery.

† Under the shades of Sillery I would like to lay my bones. (Words of the Earl of Elgin, when at Spencer Wood.)

many happy parishes of this our happy land of Canada, is too partial to the MONTHLY, which borrows some of its brightest gems from the literary talent of Sillery? It may be so, for OUR PARISH dotes on and ever did love letters. Kind reader, thou knowest, or thou shouldst know, that for a century and more Sillery has been one of the chief seats of learning and of learned men in the Canadas.

Two centuries ago, the French Attorney-General Ruelle d'Auteuil composed his *Requisitoires* in his Villa on the Sillery heights, close to where an eminent Judge in our day enjoys rural felicity, under the shades of Clermont. Later on the annals of the parish tell of an enthusiastic *savant*, the botanist Gomin, building himself a dwelling at the point where the Gomin road branches off, at Coulonge Cottage, in order to be able to study, at all hours of the day, the floral treasures which May and June spread bountifully each spring under the rustling oaks of the Gomin wood, whose botanical glories have since been becomingly recorded by botanists of our day, the Abbe Brunet and S. Sturton, Esquire, and that noble and literary lady, the Countess of Dalhousie, whose researches appear in the Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec for 1827.

In 1767, a British writer, the gifted Mrs. Brooke, the wife of an English officer, wrote from the old Manor House, at Sillery Cove, those fascinating letters which compose the novel she dedicated to the Governor of the Colony, Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, under the title of *The History of Emily Montague*. Cap Rouge still repeats the respected name of the Nestor of the Canadian Press, the Hon. John Neilson, for years the member for the County of Quebec. From Kerkella hails one of the collaborators of that elegant history of Quebec, which the late John Charleton Fisher, L. L. D., and the talented Andrew Stuart, compiled for Mr. Hawkins in 1835—*Hawkins' New Historical Guide of Quebec*. How long flourished in our midst that venerable prelate, who wrote the *Songs of the Wilderness*,—Bishop Mountain, the respected owner of Bardsfield. Then have we not, in our own day, in our midst, some fervent friends of literature, some of the staunchest supports of the NEW DOMINION MAGAZINE? Mr. J. Paxton, landscape gardener at Woodfield, the author of *Canadian Ferns*,—the writer of *Maple Leaves* and of the *Ornithology of Canada*, at Spencer Grange—and the mainstay of the DOMINION MONTHLY, the *Chatelaine* of Thornhill, Mrs. A. Campbell,

whose *novelettes* and *feuilletons* have made her name a household word amongst the young of all Canada. There is a moral tone pervading all Mrs. Campbell's stories which assures them the *entree* to every family circle. We are glad to see her figure so largely in the January number. Now that we have said so many pleasant things of the editors and contributors of the DOMINION MONTHLY, we would like on parting to give the former one word of advice: combined with the light and pleasing stories which form the staple of the Magazine, one would like, for the young, gleanings from the history of our native land—Canada; and if the pudding and blanc-mange recipes, which take up so much room in the Magazine, were set aside, and published by themselves in a pamphlet of some thirty pages, and given as a Christmas gift, they would be of more general use. As it is, this useful culinary literature causes each number of the magazine to disappear from the drawing-room, and when Bidy returns it from the realm of her dreaded power, it exhibits dog-leaves, blurs, spots—in fact sauce and gravy where it is not wanted, so that the book at the end of the year is unfit to be bound up.

A WELLWISHER.

Sillery, 1st January, 1869.

A CARD.

The Publishers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY have found it necessary to announce publicly and explicitly that, at the low price it is published, they cannot afford to pay for contributions until its circulation becomes greatly extended. The only co-operation that they can look for is that of writers who may be willing to aid, without payment, in the establishment of a healthy British American magazine. As soon, however, as the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY begins to be profitable, it will be the pleasure of the publishers to pay what they can afford for original contributions, and to that end every effort will be made to extend its circulation, in which they ask the help of all interested in the literature of the Dominion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. N. L.—We cannot insert your article.

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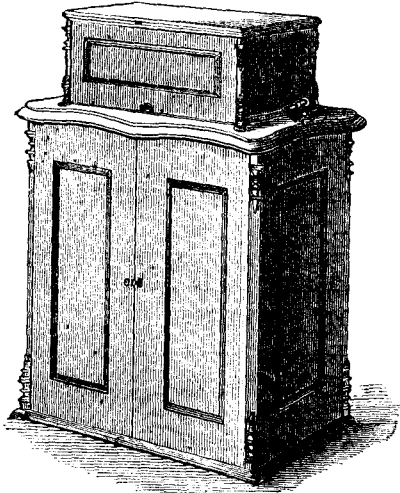
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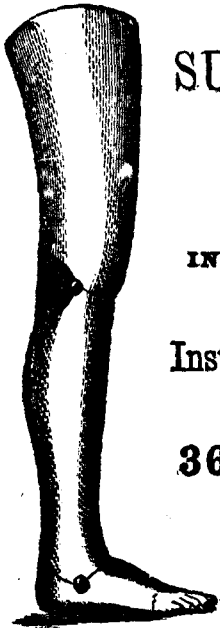
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Principal,
Montreal Business College.

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We remain,

Yours truly,

JAMES MAVOR & CO.,
Per ROBT. REID.

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MR. J. TASKER,
Principal,
Montreal Business College.

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We are, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

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United States, and in many
Foreign Countries.*

We respectfully ask you to prove, by trial and comparison, their general excellence, and their superiority over those factitious and unhealthy kinds which may have been brought to your notice, and which parade their *cheapness* as the most important point to be considered.

We ask your attention to the following evidence of the truth of our statements:

"The best in the world."—FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, N. Y.

"The purest and best. I sell no others."—ALEX. MCGIBBON, Montreal.

FOR SALE, WHOLESALE, BY

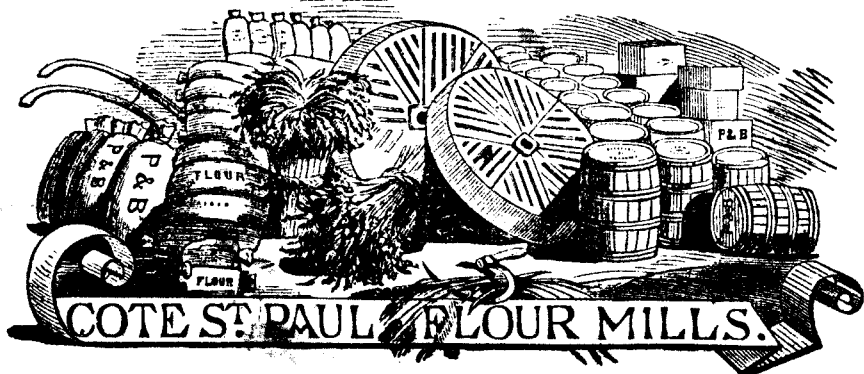
ALEX. MCGIBBON, Grocer,

HENRY SIMPSON & Co., Medicine Dealers, Montreal; GEORGE MICHIE & Co., Grocers
Toronto; and, at Retail, by ALL FIRST-CLASS Family Grocers Everywhere.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

BOSTON (*Sole Proprietors*).

PARKYN'S



SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

This Self-Raising Flour is an invaluable article for producing, in a few minutes, by the addition of cold water only, without yeast or salt, the most nutritious and wholesome Bread; also, Biscuit, Cakes, Pastry, etc., rendering it of great importance to Housekeepers, Invalids, Dyspeptics, and Sea-faring Men.

Bread, to be wholesome, must be light and porous. This result, hitherto, has been obtained almost exclusively by fermentation with yeast. It is well known that fermentation is the first stage of decomposition, and that a portion of the saccharine and other nutritious parts of the Flour are sacrificed to render the remainder palatable and wholesome. The Self-Raising Flour contains the entire nutrition of the grain, and yields a Bread more digestible and of finer flavor than the fermental article and may be produced by the addition of cold water only.

ADVANTAGES OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Bread from Self-Raising Flour will keep good much longer than any other, and will not mould nor become sour, and may be eaten while fresh without detriment.

It gives 16 per cent. more bread than flour raised with yeast; of finer flavor more digestible and nutritious; making 32 pounds more bread to the barrel.

The gluten, saccharine, and other elements of nutrition in flour, are wasted or destroyed during fermentation, to the extent of seven per cent. or more; while they are preserved in all their strength in bread made from the Self-Raising Flour.

When used for Pastry, Pies, Confectionery, etc., less than the usual quantity of eggs and butter will suffice.

In Custard and all other Pies, the under-crust bakes as light as the upper—an important advantage over common flour, as regards health and economy.

The SELF-RAISING FLOUR will be found decidedly THE CHEAPEST that can be used for household purposes, saving thirty per cent. in butter and eggs, and making the most superior Bread, light Pastry, Cake, Puddings, Dumplings, Batter and Girdle Cakes, etc., with much economy of time and trouble.

OFFICE AND SALES-ROOM:

Cor. Craig and Bleury Sts.,
MONTREAL.