Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☑ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☑ Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- ☑ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- ☐ Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached / Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough / Transparence
- ☑ Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

☑ Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

(*Medallion Portrait from the Bryant Testimonial Vase.*)

New Dominion Monthly.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

SKETCHES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE QUEBEC ACT 1774.

It would be difficult to point out in the whole history of Canada, a period more replete with interest than the fourteen years from the Capitulation of Montreal, to the passing of the Quebec Act by the British Parliament in 1774. A century has elapsed since then, and various forms of government have been successively tried, until at last, the Dominion itself has been established, and once more the Province of Quebec, under altered circumstances it is true, finds itself ruled as it was of yore by a French-Canadian majority, directed and controlled by a Roman Catholic priesthood. That short period of fourteen years is well worthy of study, if only to trace how during that time the hierarchy, with the skill and perseverance for which it is noted, managed to shake itself free from all subjection to civil authority, and lay solidly and strongly the foundation of their present independence, so boastfully proclaimed by the Provincial Council held at Quebec in 1873:—"*Profitemur Ecclesiam esse societatem perfectam, independentem a potestate civili, eaque superiorem.*" An absolute freedom from state control, which they declare with joy, is to be found in no other portion of the civilized world. "*Laetentes vero confitemur majorem libertatis gradum Ecclesiam adeptam esse in nostrâ Provinciâ quam forsan in ullo alio orbis terrarum loco.*" Not only can the encroachments of the church upon the domain of the civil power, during those short years, be clearly followed, but also the endeavors of the episcopal power to free itself from all the restrictions from time immemorial wisely imposed upon it by the rules and practices of the church; successful efforts which have resulted in producing, in Canada, a priesthood completely dependent upon and subjected to the will and caprice of the bishops,—a body of men held in thraldom vile, who dare neither act, speak nor think for themselves, but must in every thing consult the wishes and desires of their masters and rulers.

This enquiry will also tend to show how completely the attempts of the British portion of the population to secure the constitutional liberty the country has since enjoyed were at first frustrated by the marked preference of the French-Canadians for the state of subjection and despotism to which they were accustomed. The celebrated Edmund Burke, who opposed the bill

throughout with the greatest energy, at last exclaimed, in reference to the established fact that the French-Canadians had petitioned against—and as a body were opposed to—trial by jury and the establishment of a representative assembly:—"Whether the English mode of descent is better than the French, or whether a trial by a judge is better than a trial by a jury, it is not for me to decide: but an Englishman has a prejudice that makes him think it is better; and there is, Sir, as much reason to indulge an Englishman in favor of his prejudice for liberty, as there is to indulge a Frenchman in favor of his prejudice for slavery." The truth of the matter, which subsequent experience went to prove, is that French descendants seem almost by nature incapable of enjoying constitutional liberty—freedom in their hands almost always before long degenerating into license. The constitution of 1791, though by no means a measure much to be admired, was nevertheless found to work safely in Upper Canada, while in Lower Canada it led to tumult and rebellion. Under the Union matters went smoothly so long as, by means of the church—its influence being however exercised with some show of decorum and decency, compared to the course it has since thought fit to adopt—the Lower Canada blue party were enabled to rule the Province in despite of the wishes of the Upper Canadian majority. When at last this state of things could no longer be tolerated, and the Confederation Act was passed, true to its instincts the French-Canadian Roman Catholic majority of the Province of Quebec, headed and directed openly and undisguisedly in the cabinet and at the meetings by the hierarchy, commenced an attack upon the rights and privileges of Protestants, placing public education in the hands and under the control of the priesthood, and at great expense procuring the settlement of French-Canadians by means of repatriation and otherwise in Protestant countries, for the purpose of driving all Protestant representation out of the local government. No body of men cry out more loudly against intolerance when it affects themselves than the Roman priesthood; no body of men have ever shown themselves more intolerant to those who differ from them, than that same priesthood, when they believe themselves sufficiently strong to be able to persecute with impunity.

Until the treaty of Paris in 1763, the country remained under military rule and martial law. Some of the Canadian historians have represented this as an infraction of the articles of capitulation. This, however, is a view which few people, on more mature reflection, will be disposed to adopt. The war between England and France was still being carried on, and it was clear—and provision, therefore, had been made in the articles of capitulation—that Canada's fate would follow the ultimate result of the contest. Had France proved victorious, Canada would have been restored to its original possessors. As it was, the Roman Catholic league, France, Austria and Spain, in despite of the blessings of the pope and the prayers of the Romish devotees, were doomed to disappointment, and when the peace of Paris was signed, three years after the capitulation of Montreal, both France and Spain found themselves stripped of many of their colonies, and the former moreover in a condition of utter financial prostration. The seven year's war had been brought about chiefly by the friendly alliance of Maria Theresa, the chaste, with Madame de Pompadour, the frail, both actuated by a desire to establish the tottering pre-eminence of the Romish Church by that ultimate resource of all true churchmen, an appeal to the force of arms; and in that pious intent, as in more modern times, so true is it that history repeats itself, France was doomed to come to grief against the genius, courage and

determination of Prussia's Protestant monarch. The military tribunals established in Canada seem, on the whole, to have given satisfaction. The mass of the people looked upon them as merely temporary, naturally hoping that the peace would give them back their old rules, and waited patiently for the result. Better informed however, than the great body of the people, the priesthood had strong misgivings as to the ultimate success of their countrymen, and sought, in the event of the country remaining under British dominion, to secure for themselves as good terms as possible from their future masters. In consequence, two memorials were by them addressed, one to the Duke de Nivernois, the other to the Duke of Bedford, the two chief diplomatists employed in settling the terms of peace. It was proposed by the memorialists that, inasmuch as the titular bishop holds his powers and jurisdiction from his see itself—as soon as he is confirmed by the pope, the change becoming irrevocable—the bishops should in future be elected by the chapter, with a royal concurrence in the choice made, as was once the custom in the church universal, and as is still done in Germany. The church had regularly appointed agents, one being a Mr. Etienne Chaurest, charged with looking after their interests in the negotiation of the Treaty. These agents proposed to lodge the next bishop at the Seminary, of which he might be the superior, its members acting as canons, to constitute his chapter. "It is an established usage everywhere," they said, "that there is no seated bishop without a chapter." It may not appear amiss to recall these facts, as showing that the Article four of the Treaty of Paris, on which the church has ever since laid so much stress and founded such exorbitant claims, was very carefully thought over and worded, after long and anxious debate, and was intended to allow the profession of the Roman Catholic faith, "as far as the laws of Great Britain permit," and no more. It proves more: it establishes that it was expressly understood that the election of future bishops should be with the concurrence of the crown, that the king had an absolute right of veto, a right which in fact was exercised in the same year 1763, when the chapter assembled and elected as bishop, M. de Montgolfier, the superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at Montreal. The Government took exception to his nomination and he resigned, after which, M. Briand, one of the canons and grand vicar of the diocese, was elected. M. Briand after his election repaired to London, and there with the concurrence of George III., received his bulls of investiture from the Pope, after which he proceeded to Paris, where he was consecrated. In 1766, M. Briand returned to Canada as Superintendent of the Church. "He had only a verbal permission, without any commission from the King for that purpose. On producing the Pope's Bull, he took the oath of allegiance. On his arrival in the Province, his friends received him with the cermony and respect that had been usually paid to his predecessors in that office; but he declined these compliments, and made answer 'that he did not come to the country to be a Bishop upon the same high footing as his predecessors in the time of the French government, and was not therefore entitled, and did not desire, to be treated with the same ceremony and respect as had been used towards them, but that he was a mere ordainer of new Priests!' In pursuance of this humble plan, he wore for the first month or two, after his arrival at Quebec, in June, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-six, only a common black gown, like the other Roman Catholic Priests; a short time after, however, he put on the purple robe, with a golden cross at his breast, which are the usual ensigns of

the Episcopal dignity among the Roman Catholics."

The British government, be it remarked, from the first refused to recognize a bishop, but cared not to put any obstruction in the way of one. It had been felt that a bishop was required to ordain the priests required for the various parishes of the Province, and that solely was the object for which M. Briand was allowed to proceed as bishop to Quebec; he was as he himself said to be "*un simple faiseur de Prêtres*," and nothing more. In the celebrated report of Solicitor General Wedderburne in 1772, on which together with that of Attorney General Thurlow, bearing date the following year, was drafted the Quebec Act, the powers to be granted the bishop are referred to in the following words:

"It is necessary in order to keep up a succession of priests, that there should be some person appointed whose religious character enables him to confer grades, and also to give dispensations for marriages; but this function should not extend to the exercise of a jurisdiction over the people or the clergy." Speaking of the parish priesthood, the same report declares:—"It is stated in the reports from your Majesty's officers in Canada, that very few," (of the clergy in Canada) "have a fixed right to their benefices, but that they are generally kept in a state of dependence which they dislike, upon the person who takes upon him to act as bishop; who, to preserve his own authority, only appoints temporary Vicars to officiate in the several benefices.

"It would be proper, therefore, to give the parochial clergy a legal right to their benefices. All presentations either belong to lay pastors or to the Crown, and the right in both ought to be immediately exercised with due regard to the inclinations of the parishioners in the appointment of the priest. The governor's license should in every case be the title to the benefice, and the judgment of the temporal courts the only mode of taking it away." The Solicitor-General would seem either not to have been aware of, or to have overlooked the fact, that no new legislation was required on that point, as the law under the French rule, which has since continued in full force, makes the tithe payable only to the *curé inamovible*, and he can be removed only for cause duly established before a competent tribunal. The views taken by those who introduced the Quebec Act, in reference to the powers conferred upon the Roman Catholic bishop in Canada by that law, will be still more clearly ascertained by reference to the debates in the House of Commons on the bill. In answer to the following enquiry made by Mr. Thomas Townsend, jr.:—"Is the Roman Catholic religion—is the discipline of that church, to be established throughout that country? If it is, I should be glad likewise to know in what situation the bishop will be placed, with the exception of being subject to the King's supremacy, established by the Act of the first of Queen Elizabeth," Lord North made reply: "I am sure no bishop will be there under papal authority, because he will see that Great Britain will not permit any papal authority whatever in the country. It is especially forbidden by the Act of Supremacy." The Premier was followed by the Solicitor-General Wedderburne, who also declared:—"Whatever necessity there may be for the establishment of ecclesiastical persons, it is certain they can derive no authority from the See of Rome, without directly offending against this Act." The same subject was reverted to by Mr. Dunning, who was subsequently raised to the peerage as Lord Ashburton; he was a lawyer of great eminence, and a few years before had held the office of Solicitor-General. In speaking of the extent of the laws to be given to the

Catholic church, he is reported as follows:—"Will they include all ranks now in that Province? Will it include the bishop? I should be glad to know how he came there; what power he has there; from whom he derives that power; whether by Papal authority, or whether by royal authority? In my apprehension, these questions deserve a serious answer. The dues and tithes, whatever they are which may belong to the bishop, and which he has thought fit to appropriate to himself by his own authority, will go to his successor to the end of time, without any interposition of royal authority. Whether the bishop has exercised the power of nomination, I do not know. Upon that fact I wish to be informed. Is it the intention of ministers that he shall, for the future, name to vacant churches, or that the king shall so name? If they think that the king only should name thereto, they will take care not blindly to give the power to the bishop; nor will they give him the power of suspension, if they are, as they ought to be ministers of peace, anxious to promote good will and good fellowship among men." To these remarks Lord North answered:—"With regard to the bishop it is my opinion—an opinion founded in law—that if a Roman Catholic bishop is professedly subject to the King's supremacy, under the Act of Queen Elizabeth, none of these powers can be exercised from which dangers are to be apprehended." These extracts show distinctly what were the intentions of the Legislature, and what the powers given to the bishop of Quebec by the Act of 1774, the clergy before that time being allowed to remain in the country only on sufferance. This position was thoroughly understood by Bishop Briand, as his conduct on his arrival showed; though his subsequent behavior would seem to justify the assertion that the humility he affected for the first month or two was only intended as a blind and founded on design and hypocrisy.

Bishop Briand by birth was a *Breton*, which perhaps, among Frenchmen, would account for his obstinacy; certain it is that he set to work at once, to secure to himself as much authority as possible, and succeeded in laying the foundation of the power at present exercised by his successors so much to the detriment of the church itself. After his month or two of mourning in his black gown without his gold cross, he assumed as we have seen the purple, shouldered his *lituus* and set actively about *not* discharging his episcopal duties. He refused to name *curés*, and appointed *vicaires*, an abuse in which, in direct opposition to the express letter of the law, all his successors have carefully followed his example to this day. By that means he secured to the see forever the subserviency of the whole body of the priesthood. Finding this usurpation unopposed, he next resolved to free himself from the control of the chapter. The canons remaining in the country were all aged men; as they died off, he refused to appoint others in their place, assigning as a reason that there were not enough of priests, that there was great difficulty in assembling the canons if distributed in the different parishes to hold capitular meetings, and finally that the episcopal treasury could not bear the expense. It will be well to remember when judging of this man's good faith, that he was one of the body of clergymen who represented, by their agents, to the diplomatists engaged in settling the terms of peace, one year before his elevation to the episcopal chair that, "It is an establishment usage everywhere, that there is no seated bishop without a chapter." Suggesting further, at the same time, to avoid the expense, that the bishop should be lodged at the seminary, and its members should act as canons to constitute his chapter. *Semper eadem!* Well may the Romish church raise the truthful boast of always the same. Never yet, in the world's history has it

lost a favorable opportunity to seize upon despotic power and hold it; to infringe and trample upon the rights and privileges of others when the occasion offered; to dissimulate, yield, submit, when adverse circumstances seemed to require it; or cringe when anything was to be gained by flattery, hypocrisy and subjection; and, in its hour of victory and power, to tyrannize over and cruelly persecute all who refuse to bend before its arrogance and pride. The chapter of Quebec soon became extinct; its last capitulary act took place in 1773, three years after the last canon was laid in his grave. From that day to this the episcopacy in Canada has been independent of all control, having shaken themselves free not only from submission to civil authority, but also from all the church rules and regulations which direct the conduct of bishops in every other part of the Catholic world. The danger arising from such a state of things did not escape M. Garneau, who, in his History of Canada, makes the following suggestive remark:—"Since cathedral chapters have ceased to exist among us, the bishop administers his diocese without a staff of that kind about him; and, by means of the revocability of the parish priests, he governs with absolute sway; but the virtues and prudence which have hitherto distinguished our Canadian prelates have prevented their making any improper use of such unlimited authority." These words, it is needless to add, were written long before the days of Confederation.

In October 1763, the king issued a proclamation inviting emigration to the new colonies of Quebec, East Florida, West Florida and Grenada, and declaring that "so soon as the state and circumstances of the said colonies will admit thereof, they shall, with the advice and consent of the members of our council, summon and call general assemblies within the said governments respectively, in such manner and form as is used and directed in those colonies and provinces in America, which are under our immediate government;" and further promising, "and in the meantime, and until such assemblies can be called as aforesaid, all persons inhabiting in, or resorting to, our said colonies, may confide in our royal protection for the enjoyment of the benefit of the laws of our realm of England."

In consequence of this proclamation, a number of British subjects emigrated to Canada, between three and four hundred families. This emigration settled for the chief part, in the cities of Quebec and Montreal, and the consequence of their arrival was an impetus given to trade and commerce it had never received before, and corresponding prosperity to the colony. The proclamation also had the effect to put an end to the military tribunals, and courts were established in pursuance to its tenor, to regulate and decide differences according to the laws of England. The Court of King's Bench and the Court of Common Pleas were both founded, in which it was understood, except in pending cases between Canadians, commenced before 1st October 1764, the decisions should be based upon the laws and practice of England. Subsequently, however, in consequence of the hardships thereby entailed, an order was issued by Governor Murray to the effect that the laws and customs which prevailed before the conquest should still be in force in all cases affecting the tenure of land and successions. These changes, nevertheless, soon gave dissatisfaction. The people were stirred up by the higher class, the noblesse as it called itself, though nine-tenths had no claims to nobility that would have been recognized as valid in France, to protest against trials by jury. The petitions of the French-Canadians, or new subjects, as they were called, on this point, were met by counter petitions from the old subjects, or English, who had established themselves in the country since the conquest, representing

with much truth and fairness that they had invested considerable sums of money in the country, depending upon the guarantee held out by the king's proclamation, that until such time as assemblies were convoked, the English laws would prevail, and that they considered any attempt to substitute French law as jeopardizing their property and unjust to them. The French-Canadians also had strong reasons to advance in favor of their pretensions. Their laws and customs, it is true, had not been guaranteed to them by the capitulation law secured by the treaty, but the law of nations and the dictates of humanity alike required that their previous laws should continue in force until such time, at all events, as others known and fixed had been proclaimed. The difference of language also was a great disadvantage. The judges sent out to administer the law for the most part (on account of their want of knowledge of French) could not make themselves understood as thoroughly as was necessary by the mass of the people. The trial by jury, moreover, was an innovation which they neither understood nor appreciated the advantages of. In the words of Chief Justice Hay, examined before a committee of the House on the subject of the Quebec Act, "The higher part of the Canadians object to the institution itself, as humiliating and degrading. They have no idea of submitting their conduct to a set of men, their inferiors; and the lower order look upon it (as in truth it is) a burthen to them." To this objection on the part of the noblesse, to be judged by their tradespeople, Edmund Burke with much force remarked: "With regard to the objection, that it is humiliating to be tried by jury, it can only come from those who are desirous of being above the law; who are ambitious of lording it over their brethren. To check that disposition would be one of my reasons for giving a jury; because giving a jury would be giving protection to the majority of the people, against those whose pride and arrogance make them say it is humiliating to submit to a jury." At the same time, the stake the old subjects held in the country was very considerable; seven-eighths of the trade was in the hands of the English merchants, while two-thirds of the imports were taken from them by Canadians for distribution throughout the country, so that they became creditors to a considerable extent and naturally dreaded any alterations which might endanger the recovery of their claims.

If, however, the introduction of the English laws were disliked by the mass of the French-Canadian population, to the Jesuits they proved of service. This order (of whom Wedderburn in his report says: "By the rule of their order the Jesuits are aliens in every government;") had been expelled from France and all their property confiscated, and had met with the same fate in Spain and Portugal, and it was evident that the order was doomed before long to total suppression. Under these circumstances we are not surprised to find that the wily fathers availed themselves of the opportunity offered to realize as much as possible on their estates. In the report from the governor and council to the king bearing date 28th August, 1767, we read that—"Leases by Jesuits are made for twenty-one years, though by French law good only for nine years, and sundry other instances of diversity are assigned."

On another point, and one of great moment also, the two races were divided; that was the advisability of having assemblies and legislating for themselves. To those accustomed to British institutions, a government composed of the Governor and councillors removable at his will, was neither more nor less than a pure despotism, and under such a form of government they declined to remain. Mr. Mansfield, representing the merchant petitioners against the bill at the bar of the house, boldly de-

clared: "That it was not enough that Canada should be governed by the legislative council without the interposition of a free assembly, if they were not to be enslaved." The Canadians objected to assemblies for many reasons, partly through a spirit of contradiction, because they were urgently asked for for the British, partly on account of the expense they feared such a form of government would entail, and chiefly on the principle of *ignotum pro horrifico*, because any change suggested to their minds something unknown and therefore terrible. They were in truth, as Chief Justice Hey, in the course of his examination, described them, on being questioned as to their opinions on the subject of the *habeas corpus*. "I do not pretend to answer for the opinions of Canadians; they are in general, a very ignorant people—a very prejudiced people." Their priests have succeeded in keeping them in nearly the same state of ignorance ever since, and most of their prejudices have continued to our day as strong and violent as they then were.

The protests of the British subjects were disregarded and the bill passed, establishing the Roman Catholic church in so far as giving to their priesthood the right to collect their dues and tithes by process of law can be considered an establishment; doing away with trials by jury, a concession to the vanity of the noblesse; withholding the privileges of the *habeas corpus*, because the same enlightened body of men were accustomed to and had a prejudice in favor of *lettres de cachet;* and finally placing the whole legislative and executive powers, with the exception of the right to lay taxes, in the hands of the Governor and twenty-three councillors to be appointed by the Crown, but suspended at will by the governor. In fact it was establishing in the Province of Quebec a pure despotism. The councillors for the most part were placemen, completely under the thumb of the little king in charge of the chateau, and the French-Canadian population, who had never known any other form of government, were rejoiced. There is no name in the history of their country upon which French-Canadians dwell with more lingering affection than that of the vain little man who toiled so strenuously to have the Act passed, and who was afterwards raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Dorchester. As he gathered about him the de Fouancours, the de Lanaudieres, the Duchesneys, the de Lery's, he felt himself puffed up with very harmless pride, and fondly imagined himself a sort of little Bourbon, holding sway supreme in a diminutive transatlantic Versailles. To measure the man's vanity and pretension it is but necessary to turn to one of the questions put to him by the Committee of the House with his answer.

"Do the Canadians in general communicate their sentiments to the British subjects at all, or to the officers, &c.?"

"They are a very decent people, and communicate their sentiments only to those whom the king has appointed to receive them."

Can fatuity go further? The Canadian people marking their sense of decency by communicating their views, on matters in general, only to those whom they knew the king had specially appointed to enquire into and report upon their sentiments. The object of this little vainglorious exhibition was of course apparent; he knew perfectly well that his testimony would be, as it was, contradicted by that of every other Englishman who had resided in the country, and he wished to establish beforehand a suspicion that their views could not be correct, the Canadians having carefully abstained from expressing their true feelings to other than his own regally authorised ears. The Canadians by well-timed flattery had cajoled the weak little potentate into helpless subserviency to all their wishes and desires; never even in Lord Elgin

had they found any governor disposed to go greater lengths to secure their good will. One of the last acts which characterised his last tenure of office, was to refuse to name the Protestant bishop of Quebec, then newly appointed, to a seat in the Legislative Council, in spite of distinct instructions from the Duke of Portland to do so. His reason for not complying, expressed at considerable length to the Duke, was that it would excite dislike among the Canadians, and could not be done without at the same time naming a Romish prelate to the same honor. To his efforts chiefly, and his prejudiced and one-sided testimony, was due the passing of the Bill, which, while flattering his vanity and desire for power, certainly was exceedingly well calculated to attain the object the Ministry had in view, and which the Solicitor-General openly proclaimed on the floor of the house. "I think there ought to be no temptation held out to the subjects of England to quit their native soil, to increase colonies at the expense of this country. . . . With regard to the English who have settled there, their number is very few. They are attached to the country either in point of commercial interest, or they are attached to it from the situations they hold under government. It is one object of this measure that these persons should not settle in Canada." The same sentiment is found expressed in Mr. Wedderburne's report to the king two years before:—"In policy, however, more attention is due to the native Canadian than to the British emigrant, not only because that class is the most numerous, but because it is not the interest of Britain that many of her natives should settle there." The consequences likely to attend the course adopted by the government were clearly pointed out by some of the able men who opposed the measure. Lord John Cavendish declared:—"For that reason, I should think it material not to give them directly their own law again: it keeps up that perpetual dependence upon their ancient laws and customs, which will ever make us a distinct people." Mr. Serjeant Glynn, whom Lord Chatham described as a most ingenious, solid, pleasing man, and the spirit of the constitution itself, also raised his voice in warning. "I should have thought it was rather our duty," he said, "by all gentle means, to root those prejudices from the minds of the Canadians, to attach them by degrees to the civil government of England, and to rivet the union by the strong ties of laws, language and religion. You have followed the opposite principle; which, instead of making it a secure possession to this country, will cause it to remain for ever a dangerous one. I have contemplated with some horror the misery thus established for men reared up in irreconcilable aversion to our laws and constitution."

So much for the Quebec Act, to the unwise provisions of which, all the trouble there has since been and still continues to be in Canada between the different creeds and races is for the most part due. The mass of the Canadian people were beginning to understand and appreciate the English laws, which, with some changes the circumstances required, could at that time have been easily established in the country. The church, moreover, should have been put on the footing so clearly set forth in the Solicitor General's report, and kept there. Had such been the case the Province of Quebec would not be groaning now under the arrogant domination of an unbridled hierarchy. But as if to make sure of the evil effects of a law in itself injudicious, a weak and short-sighted governor was appointed to see it carried out. The Quebec Act, inaugurated by Sir James Craig, would have still remained a defective piece of legislation, but never could have assumed the form it was allowed to take in the hands of

General Carleton. Had a man of the stamp of the stern old soldier, who, a little more than a quarter of a century later, by his energy, courage and strength of will, tided the country over it most perilous crisis, been at the helm in 1774, *curés* would now be permanently named to their benefices; the bishop of Quebec would have remained "*un simple faiseur de prêtres*," named with the consent of the crown, and duly installed after taking the necessary and proper oaths to secure his dependence upon, and subjection to the state; the English laws and English language would gradually have been introduced; and England would not now have in the centre of one of her most prosperous colonies a population subjects by birth, aliens in feeling; whose chief boast and constant effort is to widen a breach kept open by differences in laws, language and religion. The bill which was sent down from the House of Lords, and which no one seemed anxious to father, reached the House of Commons at the fag end of the session, when most of the members had left for the country. It was carried through with a high hand by Lord North, who had fairly set out on that ministerial campaign, which through obstinacy and irresolution wonderfully combined, was to result in the loss to Great Britain of her American colonies. The Bill, as first introduced, was intended to cover the whole of the immense tract of country to which France, previous to the cession, had laid claim, including considerable portions of the territory belonging to New-York and Pennsylvania. Its limits were afterwards changed and curtailed at the urgent request of Edmund Burke. Another and a most objectionable feature, which was altered by the house, was a clause giving to the Governor the power to appoint and remove his councillors at pleasure, making him, in fact, as absolute a little despot as it is possible to conceive. This doubtless would have suited the wish, and may have been the result of a suggestion, of the weak little man, who with his head already turned by Canadian *blague*, an insidious poison closely resembling and quite as potent as Irish blarney, was very anxious to return with as much power as possible, to play at being king in his little domain of Canada. Baron Masères, however, in his evidence, strongly pointed out the objection to such a system, declaring that if the councillors "were removable by the Governor, they would be considered as the mere tools and creatures of the Governor, and no reverence would be paid to their acts and ordinances. How far they might meet with obedience I will not say." The hint was acted on, and the council made by appointment from the crown, giving to the Governor, however, the power of suspension, an authority which was afterwards much abused. The act was passed in the face of the strongest opposition from all the friends of constitutional liberty, Burke, Fox, Townsend, Dunning, Glynn, Baaré and others, and French laws and customs were established in the colony, an incubus of which it has never since been able to free itself; while at the same time an opportunity was afforded the Romish hierarchy to secure their authority firmly in the land, a proceeding which a century later was to culminate in the priestly tyranny under which the Province of Quebec is now groaning.

TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," ETC.

"How did you ever think of such a blessed idea, Mrs. Trevor?" asked Kitten, coming back to laugh over and kiss the tear-stained stocking.

"Henry and I both thought of it the instant Tom told us you were going next week. He came in last evening for the *Atlantic*, and said they should all miss you,—I think Tom will decidedly." Mrs. Trevor looked attentively at Kitten, as she said this; but that damsel, once more intent on the darning, said quite cheerfully, quite unconcernedly, as if it were a matter of course,

"Oh, yes, Tom and I are pretty good friends. I like Tom."

"You have told me so often," continued Mrs. Trevor, "about your expected future, and the dull life before you, that I always wanted to keep you. Now that we can afford it, I cannot let you go."

"It's too good to be true. Where are the children? I must go and give vent to my feelings somehow, in kisses or hugs, for darning is not lively enough."

"They are in the orchard now with Rose. Percy and Harry have gone to play with Chickie, and Tessie and Daisy are in the swing. There, I hear you, ruffian, as Tom calls baby."

Away sped Kitten to bless and cuddle the dirty little Trevors, for she found them making mud-pies, while Rose gossipped over the back gate with the butcher boy.

"The sweet governess you will be, to be sure, Miss Airlie," said Tom, that evening as the Douglass family sat on their steps talking about Kitten's good fortune. "Those individuals are supposed to be proper and dignified; they do not bury pigs, chase squirrels, tie tin pans on cats' tails. Neither, to the best of my knowledge, do they sail on planks 'berry-footed,' to use a *Tessieism*, or puddle in water, or run races, or write love-letters. The last crime is the worst by far."

"Tom, don't. You are putting a wet-blanket on her first attempt," said Myrtle, smiling up from her pretty wools and fancy-work.

"Advise her, Tom. You seem to understand a governess's duty," recommended Philip.

"To begin with, she must not flirt with Percy or Harry. In a book I read lately, it says that parents should be careful in the selection of a governess, for they often marry one of the sons."

A shout from Kitten made Tom proceed more seriously, while he whittled away at a piece of stick. "She must be dignified. As a physician I should recommend a good dose of mimminie-pimminie, morning and evening, prunes and prisms at intervals through the day. She should speak only when spoken to; neither should governesses turn up their little noses when a sensible young man, like the Rev. Peter Fletcher"—

"I'm off," said Kitten, and soon the stirring notes of "Buy a Broom" pealed from the piano.

"Pete is gone, sure, Myrtle," said Tom, as Miss Douglass and Philip paced the verandah. "I must go and tell Kitten that this governess's training will just be the thing to tame her for a demure little deaconess. Pete and Kitten. How poetical! and Tom, with a well pleased chuckle, strolled in to propitiate the fire-away musician, by

rattling his bones to "Wait for the Waggon." Then he began his teasing, and was snubbed in return. At last, when he grew tired, he said:

"Guess who was riding with Grace Harris to-day, and guess Baxter's last?"

"Is Grace Harris here? She is my friend Maudie Kettle's cousin."

"She is at Greyley. Guy is finding consolation in her giggle, and the prospect of considerable tin; so says Baxter. He used to say that all the wealth of a mine would not reconcile him to her vulgarity. I'm sorry for Guy. The fact is, he is too lazy, and that is what is wrong. His father is rich, but cannot leave him a fortune, and it would make Guy uncomfortable to work hard. It's a bad thing to marry for money."

"See that you don't do it then. Miss Baxter says she is pretty sure it's Maude Fletcher, and she is the nicest, though Miss Baxter wants you to have her cousin Eva."

"Oh, Baxter is too cute. I love to plague her about Maude. I had her in a furious excitement just about the time Myrtle came home. Gerard Irving is coming next week, and then we will see who Maude prefers. I'm a friend to both. Anyway, Kitten, I know somebody much nicer than Eva Fletcher or Maude either."

"Yes. Who?" with a friendly interest. "Miss Vance?"

"No. Kitten Airlie. Ever heard of her?"

"Let us play a march," was the sharp answer.

"I'm in no mood for classical music," said Tom. "Kitten, supposing now my debts were all paid (they soon will be), and I were able to rent a wig-wam and buy enough meal and flour to keep two people alive, would you have me?"

"No," was the tart reply.

"Why?" asked Tom, no way daunted by this quencher to his hopes.

"Because I wouldn't, that's why." Kitten made for the door.

"Kitten," said Tom laughing.

"Well."

"Don't run away. I don't want you."

"Sour grapes," cried Kitten through the key hole, and then she fled to a favorite perch in the library behind the identical sofa where Tom had reposed and dreamed once on a time a dream which caused him to say:

"No, I'll never marry you nor any other woman, Myrtle Haltaine."

Kitten sat in the moonlight, and frowned darkly; she was vexed, and fumed a little, until the stars blossomed sweeter thoughts into her heart, and she began to hum softly.

"Tell me the old, old story."

When she finished, a voice from the sofa encored, and turning she saw Tom sitting cool and self possessed.

"What do you want?" asked Kitten, crossly.

"I want to make up friends. Shake hands, Kitten. Oh, don't jump out of the window. Aunt's most precious flowers are there. I was only in fun just now, Kitten. I like you splendidly, but as for being in love, I'm innocent. Dear me! I just was teasing you. Be sensible, do."

"Very well. You see, Tom, I do everlastingly hate lovering, and I wouldn't for the world have you be anything but what you are. Myrtle is going fast, I'll be left alone pretty soon, and"—

"Misery likes company," put in Tom, serenely.

"I want you to be sensible, Tom."

"Very well, ma'am, I'm meek as Moses. Between Miss Baxter's rubs, and your pecks I will soon be manageable."

"Mrs. Trevor said you knew something good about Miss Baxter."

"So I do."

"What."

"She saves me the trouble of reading the newspapers, and assists me in discovering the mental complaints of

my patients. Don't you call that good?"

"No, I don't like gossip. Tell me what it is, Tom."

"She is a splendid cook, and knows how to save a penny where any other lady not so close, would spend a pound."

"That wasn't what Mrs. Trevor meant, I'm sure." And Kitten shook her head.

"Well, she is a faithful daughter. Burke takes a drop too much, and Baxter in days not long gone by has had her own share of trouble. Then he never collects debts, and Baxter used to have hard scratching to get on. I suppose that was the secret of her friendship for me. She thinks I'm made of stern stuff. Oh, Baxter has her own virtues, no mistake. What are you watching now?"

"Myrtle and Mr. Douglass walking on the lawn. Miss Douglass is talking to Mrs. Trevor at the little gate."

"I'll go and get them to come and have a game of authors," said Tom as Rosalie appeared with the lights.

Chapter XXV.

In spite of Tom's predictions to the contrary, Kitten progressed bravely in her new life, and became a model governess after a fashion. The young people of the house of Trevor soon found that the merry sprite who had so heartily joined in and in fact led the sport of the summer, could settle into a grave little teacher, and they had to obey. Tender-hearted Chickie, romping Percy, our favorite frisky Miss Tessie, or sweet Daisy had no power to overcome the youthful governess. She was firm as a rock, and no pretty teasing, dewy kisses, or tender embraces would melt "Miss Kitten," when the little wretches begged for short lessons and no tables. The first few days of school life were rather tempestuous, for in the midst of the rhyme,

"Little Bo-peep lost her sheep,"

Tessie would burst out into "Mary had a little lamb," or piteously implore "pretty Miss Kitten," "nice Miss Kitten," to tell the story "when the baby Moses was gobbled up by Jonah's whale." Tessie was always in such haste that she was slightly in the habit of muddling the different tales in her young brain. The days went blithely on in the school-room, and Kitten grew very happy in her independent life. With warm little hearts to love her, and and a kind watchful friend ever at hand to help her over a slough of despondency, the lonely-hearted girl forgot entirely to be "*so* tired," and the hungry look died from her eyes. She had an aim, a work to do, and every hour was busily employed, either in teaching, reading or helping Mrs. Trevor in household employment, for Kitten developed a talent for the culinary art, much to Percy's and Harry's delight, as they were regaled with her failures, and blessed with a share of her success. Her only wish was for Myrtle Haltaine. On the day that Kitten tripped gaily over to her new home, the train bore her friend away to pay a long promised visit to Mrs. Sharp, once Miss Long. A change had come over the spirit of the once happy-hearted, gentle girl. When Guy had gone, and she could no longer persuade herself that her affection for Philip was only a warm sister's feeling, she began to despise herself for giving a love unsought. Day by day he grew kinder, and Myrtle, to hide her real feelings, became cool and prim. She no longer strayed about, and asked Philip's advice as in the old bright untroubled days, but changed so decidedly from a merry girl into a dignified woman, that all felt and wondered why Myrtle did indeed seem to drift away from them.

The two young girls having so quickly made a break in the sunny home-life of Tecumseth, Mrs. Douglass was lonely and longed for Myrtle. Mr. Douglass became more engrossed in business, but those under him daily realized that their master grew gentler, more considerate, and nobler in every sense of the word.

Dr. Burke died suddenly of apoplexy, and Miss Baxter, in order to support herself independently of Tom, who insisted on considering her under his charge, took in boarders. The practice was extensive, so Tom was kept busily occupied; in his few spare moments he never forgot Miss Douglass, or a professional call on the little Trevors. It was strange what solicitude he felt for the healthy, rosy children, but whooping cough was raging, and there was no knowing when the baby would set up a bark. Tom watched and waited in vain, meanwhile glowering darkly at the Rev. Peter Fletcher, whose duties were light and love for croquet astonishing. After digging at theology all the morning, he found it very agreeable to bask in the sunshine of Kitten's presence and the sweet titter of Percy and his sisters. Rose had enlightened their innocent minds as to "Miss Kitten's minister," and accordingly he was the theme for many a sly giggle and suppressed piece of fun.

It was all happiness in Edith Trevor's home. Henry was never so gay, so helpful as now, and the gloomy fits which troubled him at times had quite disappeared with prosperity. Edith sang blithely at her sewing or housework, Kitten laid down loving laws, and enforced obedience in her domain. The children grew heartier, better, and studied bravely.

There were no little jars, no discomfort and the hours sped by on the wing of hope and gladness.

"Henry, will you come for a drive. I'm going out to Rakin to draw up old Heath's will. It's a splendid afternoon, and only wants five minutes until closing hour," said Guy Irving, in his pleasant way, coming into his brother-in-law's office one charming day in October.

Mr. Trevor looked up from the great book over which he was poring, and turned slowly on his high stool.

"Not to-day, Guy. It is a fine afternoon though. Is that the new horse?" he asked, going to the window to examine the noble beast that stood restlessly without.

"Yes, I want to try him; come quickly, Henry. It will freshen you up. We will send the message-boy to tell Edith. I will go and take the reins while he runs up.

"Wait, I'll write a note. I believe I *will* go." Mr. Trevor wrote the note, telling Edith he would be back in an hour or two, then, with a gay laugh to shake off a sense of some impending danger, he sprang into the carriage and the two young men were soon spinning rapidly over the smooth road.

A short time afterwards the message was given to Kitten as she and Chickie talked to Tom over the garden gate.

"Here is a note, Mrs. Trevor. Waggie brought it from the office," said Kitten, running into the dining-room, where the tea-table was prepared.

Mrs. Trevor took it, and Kitten went to the window to watch Tom gallop up to the Hall.

"He rides well," she thought; "I'm sure he is tired out to-night; he has so very much to do. At least Miss Baxter says so, and that he is liked and respected by all. He is a good soul."

"Pete need not go rampaging round there," thought Tom on his way to his old room, which was always ready for him. "Kitten is all sound yet. It's my duty to look after her in a brotherly fashion. I must not let her marry any one who is not just to my mind." As he combed and brushed before the mirror he congratulated himself on the disappearance of his freckles, and blessed Rosalie for the happy thought of buttermilk.

"Kitten, Mr. Trevor has gone for a ride with Guy. We are not to wait. Come, dear." Mrs. Trevor rang the bell, and all her laughing boys and girls gathered around the table.

"Why! where's my pa?" said Chickie.

"He will be here presently, Chickie. Daisy dear, Rose is waiting to pour your milk."

"I don't like any tea without my pa," grumbled Percy. "I'm not hungry."

"Fiddle! I am then," cried Tessie, diving into her bread and milk.

"Gently, Tessie. The other hand, Harry dear. What is it Daisy, my pet?"

"Oh, where's our pa? Me want him."

"Cheer up, Daisy," said Kitten, as she helped the fruit. "I'm father to-night. See! Don't I make a good old pa? Here, I will give you two more strawberries to warm your tender heart."

But Daisy would not be comforted, and when bed time came, she laid her tired little head on her pillow and sobbed herself to sleep, while Kitten lay down by her, and touched by her grief, softly sang

"The Lambs of the upper fold,"

little dreaming how soon this sweet one would be gathered into quiet rest.

The other children went gleefully to their cots, and were soon wrapped in the healthy slumber of well-kept, light-hearted childhood.

When the wet lashes closed over Daisy's blue eyes, Kitten drew the clinging arms from around her neck, and after tenderly kissing the tear-stained baby cheek, she stole quietly down to find Mrs. Trevor standing in the dark on the lawn.

"Kitten, come here."

"I am here, Mrs. Trevor," she said coming closer.

"Hold my hands tight—tighter. Oh Kitten, Kitten!" a cry of pain wailed out in the usually bright tones.

"He will come soon, Mrs. Trevor," was the soothing reply. "Never fear. Listen! there are horses' feet." But the horseman rode rapidly by.

The night wind came and went. The autumn leaves fell and blew in the watcher's face—no stars smiling in the cloudy heavens, no gracious moon to lighten the weary blackness.

"Come to the gate, Kittie. I hear something."

Hand in hand they stumbled down through the dreary shadows.

There was a sharp footfall, and then a voice called. "Mrs. Trevor!" as some one hurried through the gate.

"Oh, Mr. Douglas," gasped Edith, "where is he, tell me, Mr. Douglas. Do you know?"

"Yes." Kitten scarcely knew the hoarse voice for Philip's low melodious one.

"Come in, Mrs. Trevor," he continued, in the same tone. He led her gently away, and down the road in the direction of the quarry came glimmering lights through the darkness.

Kitten watched them like one dreaming as they came nearer, nearer. With a strange, awful fear creeping in dull pain over her heart, she discerned several figures, bearing some heavy burden.

As she shrunk into the shadow of a lilac, she heard Tom say, huskily:

"Gerard, it will break your sister's heart."

Still nearer came the sad procession, and close by Kitten the lifeless body of Henry Trevor was borne by, and into the house. Then there was one long, loud cry of direst agony. The door closed, and Kitten, like one half deranged, caught wildly at the bushes and swayed backward and forward moaning.

"Oh, Daisy! Oh, the children! Oh, Daisy."

She had not strength to move away, but stood in the cold October night, uttering broken prayers, until Philip found her, and said, earnestly,

"Kitten, don't, poor child. Be brave. We want all our courage. Think of her, and the children."

"Mr. Trevor?" gasped the trembling girl.

"Is dead," was the solemn answer. "The old story, Kitten. Guy tempted him. He drank and was thrown from the carriage. Come in now. I must go for Aunt. Arthur has gone for Miss Baxter."

He left her at the door and hurried away. Oh what a night followed. Mrs. Trevor fell from one faint into another. Kind friends were in constant attendance, and Mr. Douglass watched through the slow torturing hours by the gifted man who had left home so buoyantly in the morning, and who was now sleeping the last long sleep—the man whom one loving hopeful woman and one true, tried friend had guarded so well, and who had deemed their work almost accomplished when the cruel cup was given by the hand of Guy Irving. Handsome, fascinating Guy—Edith's brother.

Finding nothing for her to do, Kitten stole away up to the nursery. It was just as cheerful, just as cozy as the day when Myrtle brought the little ones home from the quarry pond. The pictures on the wall, the tiny chest, the chairs cushioned by a thoughtful mother, and the five little cots with their five owners fast asleep, little thinking in their sunny dreams of the blight on their joy, of the awful agony of the gentle spirit whose aim it had been to make a home in deed and truth for them all, but first for the one who was gone. Daisy turned restlessly, and Kitten put down the lamp and smoothed her white forehead, dropping meanwhile bitter tears as she stooped over the sleeping child.

"Oh, my Daisy! All of you my pets," she moaned. "Guy! Guy! it was cruel, cruel."

She leaned her head down on the pillow, and pressing her face to Daisy's soft cheek, cried to think of their sorrow when they woke in the morning.

The grey dawn was breaking over the land and the night fled, leaving still the shadows of trouble, when Miss Baxter came into the nursery with the baby in her arms. Kitten was on the floor fast asleep. Overcome with grief, and weariness she slid away from Daisy, and lay with her face hidden in her arms.

"Miss Airlie, Miss Airile, wake up, will you," called Miss Baxter, in a low voice, as she pushed the sleeping girl.

"I'm coming. I'm coming, Mrs. Trevor. I hear horse's footfalls on the hill," murmured Kitten.

"It's I with baby, Miss Airlie. Get up, do; see he wants to go to you," she said, stroking the chubby child with a tenderness that lit up her hard, homely face.

"Oh, Miss Baxter, it isn't true. Wasn't I only having a bad dream?" asked the young girl, starting up.

"All true as gospel. See—take him; he wants to go."

Kitten staggered to a chair and took the child, who chirped and squirmed at the well-known face, then nestled in her arms, twining his fat fingers around her cold ones.

"Bless them. Bless the dear hearts. God help them all," said Miss Baxter, as she went quietly round and kissed each little sleeper, even Tessie, with a new softness on her stern face, that caused Kitten to watch her with kindness and think how true it is that sorrow can sweeten and draw out the holiest feelings of our hard human hearts. After Miss Baxter left the nursery, Kitten woke Rose and bade her dress quickly.

"How is Mrs. Trevor?" asked the maid.

"I don't know, Rose. I forgot to ask Miss Baxter. Dress as rapidly as you can. I will give you Eddie, then I will go down and see."

She had hardly reached her chair before Tom hurried into the room.

"Give me Eddie, Kitten. Aunt wants him. She is going to take him in to Mrs. Trevor."

"Oh Tom, how is she?"

"Conscious, but rigid as a stone. Come Eddie." He held out his hands to take the little fellow, and the baby-hater of other days went rapidly and softly away, with Eddie dimpling and smiling in his arms.

"What's my Dowkling Tom here for?" cried Tessie, with her eyes half open.

"Is my pa come, Miss Kitten," and Daisy, in her white night-dress, scrambled from her crib, and pattered in her bare feet across the carpet to Kitten's side.

"Yes, Daisy," she said, slowly, taking her up on her knee.

"My pa is home. Me made a funny dream last night. Pa and me went for a nice drive on a cloud. I 'spose pa came to kiss Daisy last night?"

"No, dear."

"Pa was berry tired, I spose—too tired to kiss Daisy."

"Oh, Daisy, you're a goosie. Don't you know pa loves me bestest of all," cried Tessie, hopping down on the floor and beginning to dance the "Highland Fling," a favorite amusement of hers in the morning before dressing.

"Now, Tessie, what a big story. Papa loves us all the same. You know he does," said Chickie, from under the blankets.

"Fiddle," burst out Tessie, twirling round on her bare heel. "Pa says I'm his jumping-jack."

"Rose, is the bath ready. I'm going in first. Mother said I was to help father feed the hens," called Percy from the next room.

"Come, Harry, you be my partner for a reel," said energetic Tessie, dragging her half-awake little brother out of his warm bed, and making him hop whether he would or no.

Kitten looked on mournfully, and hadn't the heart to stop them. Their merriment would be sadly dashed soon enough.

The children laughed, bathed and spattered in their bath, and by-and-by were ready for breakfast.

"Stay here with Rose just a minute or two," said Kitten, as the fresh faces were beaming to be off to see their parents. "Your mamma is sick this morning, and you must be quiet when you leave this room. I will go and see her; then I will come and tell you how she is."

She hurried away to meet Mr. Douglass coming out of the parlor. His face was white and worn, as if this trouble had wounded him deeply.

"Mr. Douglass, what *shall* I do with the children? I cannot, *cannot* tell them."

"Poor little things! Where are they?"

"In the nursery. There they come now!"

There was a murmur in the upper hall, and Percy was heard saying,

"I guess he will be waiting. I had better go. You girls stop. Miss Kitten won't say a word."

"I wonder who's visiting. Grandma, p'raps," said Chickie, running toward the best room, the door of which was slightly ajar.

"Is he still in the parlor?" anxiously enquired Kitten, for Mr. Douglass was standing in deep thought, not heeding the prattle above.

"Henry?—Kitten—No. We took him to the guest chamber. Why?"

"Come," cried Kitten. "The children are all there." She flew up the stairs and across the hall. Mr. Douglass, in consternation, followed her, but it was useless. The door was thrown widely open, and all were clustered around the bed on which lay the lifeless body of their father.

Tessie had drawn the covering from the cold face. None of them had ever seen death—none knew it.

"Papa came to sleep here because ma was sick," said Tessie, softly. Don't speak loud. I'll give him a kiss for some gloves. Kitten and Philip

reached the door just as the wee maiden, with a merry laugh, pressed her warm, soft lips on the ice cold face.

She started back screaming with fright, and ran into Mr. Douglass's arms, sobbing and trembling.

"Come, children," he said, firmly, "come away."

"Tessie is bad," said Daisy, gently. "Poor pa is berry tired," and she climbed upon the bed, but Kitten caught her, and bearing her away, she took her back to the nursery.

Frightened by Tessie's moans, and the awful stillness of that cold figure, and the mingling of the woe the presence of death brings, the others were easily persuaded to accompany Philip to where Daisy was. There, with gentle words and soothing caresses, he told them the bitter truth.

Not until Henry Trevor was carried to the cemetery by the Wa-wa did Kitten learn the particulars of his death; then Tom told her, simply as he had heard it.

While in Rakin, Guy had used all his influence to induce his sister's husband to drink but one glass of wine. The tempted man yielded, and it seemed to awaken his slumbering appetite. He drank deeply, until Guy, alarmed by the coming night, drew him away. He was partially intoxicated himself, and chose the wrong road. After driving for many miles out of his way, he reached Heathfield by the quarry road, just as the train came shrieking down to the village. The horse shied, the carriage upset. Guy escaped unhurt, and Henry Trevor was killed instantly.

"And they sent for you," asked Kitten.

"Yes, Arthur and Gerard were going home from the Fletchers just after the accident. Arthur ran back for me, but it was too late."

"It was your horse that passed while we were in the garden," said Kitten shivering at the remembrance of the sad watching by the gate. "Oh, Tom, ain't you glad Myrtle did not marry Guy?"

"Yes. I always suspected that he drank, but was not certain."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A trying winter followed the sadness of October, for a dreadful fever raged in the village, and broke out in the Trevor nursery. The widowed mother was roused from her trouble, her lonely aching sorrow, to attend to her children. Owing to the most watchful care, the constant attendance of "Dowkling Tom," and naturally robust constitutions, the young people were ready by-and-by for their play—all but Daisy. She never recovered from the stroke of her father's death, but faded day by day. While Percy, Chickie, Tessie and Harry gambolled merrily in the snow, she drooped in the nursery.

"Come and take a little walk, Daisy, dear," said Kitten one day.

"No," shaking her head. "Me no want to walk. Me want to go to Miss Kitten's stars and be with my pa."

"Oh, darling, you will stay with Kitten. She cannot do without her sweet pet."

"Me Jesus' pet. Me tired," said the little one, softly. "Take me up."

So Kitten took her up with a rebellious heart. Why was the dearest one to go? Daisy was Kitten's darling; all her best earthly love was given to this wee treasure. But there came a day when the little tired head rested in earnest, and Daisy was indeed "Jesus' pet," one of the "lambs of the upper fold."

In her grief and loneliness Kitten learned deeper, more serious lessons. As for Mrs. Trevor, her spirit, so crushed and broken by her husband's death, seemed to strengthen after her last loss. Henceforward she laid self aside, and though never again the blithe, girlish matron, she grew into the sweet chastened woman, whose

brave heart made her more tender of the sorrow of others.

Spring once more, and all the country far and near brightened into the beauty which fickle April and sunny May bring. One charming evening, while the air was full of the perfume of apple blossoms, Kitten crossed the way, and went up to the Hall. The grounds were beautiful as ever, and she lingered on the lawn, thinking of old memories, and wishing for Myrtle, who had not yet returned home, but who had spent the winter in Santa Barbara, with her friends the Sharps. On entering, and passing down to the library, Kitten found Philip there, sitting at a table with his head resting in his hand. He looked up, and smiled wearily as he said:

"Another book, Kitten. You will be a blue stocking."

"Oh, no; but I must not be a dunce. I hate blue stockings, and would not be one for the world. Are you ill, Mr. Douglass?" she continued, coming closer to the table, with a kind anxiety in her eyes for the friend who helped her in many ways.

"A slight headache, that is all, Myrtle—Kitten," he replied, in confusion.

"Why don't you rest, and go for a splendid trip?"

"Where would I go?" he asked, not minding much what he said.

"Go for Myrtle. The Sharps are home." The words were out before Kitten thought twice, and she was sorry she had said them, for the old severe look came back to the gentleman's face.

"When is she coming?" asked Kitten, by way of drifting into something more agreeable, and only going farther astray.

"Never, I should say," was the stern reply.

"Never, Mr. Douglass. What do you mean."

"Only this, Kitten. Myrtle is in Canada, and not here yet. Aunt has written to her twice. In return, she writes to say that, if we have no decided objections, she thinks of going to Europe with Mrs. Green. You know her, I think."

"Yes, Violet Green's mother. She is a rich widow, and related to the Longs. But surely Myrtle won't go without coming home. I thought she would come soon. Oh dear!"

"I thought so too. It seems strange for her to avoid us. We naturally thought that this would be her home until—well, until she married."

"I don't think Myrtle will ever be married," burst out impulsive Kittten.

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Why?"

Kitten did not answer, because she could not, and Philip after a silence said:

"Do you know what changed Myrtle so suddenly last year from a happy girl into a calm, quiet woman?"

"Please don't ask me," implored Kitten. "She never told me. I only guessed. I may be wrong." In her excitement Kitten pulled a package of papers near by, and scattered them over the table. From out the centre fell Marion Rayburn's picture.

"Oh, dear! I am so sorry," cried penitent Kitten, for at Tom's request, Myrtle had told her all the story. She expected to see Philip instantly look tragic, tear his hair, or do something wild, but was relieved to see that, on the contrary, he gathered up the papers and coolly handed her the picture.

"It is Tom's sister. They do not resemble each other, do they?"

"No," said Kitten, in wonderment, for Myrtle had led her to believe that the Marion of his younger days was as dear to him as ever..

"She does not look like that now," he said, tranquilly. "I met her last winter in a distant city one evening, at the house of a friend. She has altered

very much, so much, in fact, that I did not speak of seeing her to Tom. He remembers her as an extremely beautiful girl, and it is best to remember people at their best."

"Isn't she pretty now?" asked Kitten, in deeper wonderment, still gazing at the laughing face pictured on the card.

"Yes, in a way; but temper and pride are too plainly written on her face to make it lovable. She married unwisely, and has rather a surly husband. I scarcely think that she is happy."

"Oh, if Myrtle only knew all this," thought Kitten. "I wish she did. I wish I could do something." On the impulse of the moment, in her own rapid, energetic way, she said:

"Oh, Mr. Douglass, if you went and told Myrtle how we all wanted her, perhaps she would not go," and Kitten's face grew eloquent.

"I hardly think so. I want to consider Myrtle's happiness in every way."

"May be she would be happier here than in roaming away from the Canada she loves best."

"I wish I thought she would," was his quiet reply. Kitten was in a box. Here she knew these two were "stupid," as she expressed it. Still they would never understand each other. She couldn't do anything, and yet Myrtle was going away, and everything was going to be miserable. In this extremity, Philip, seeing her bewilderment, said kindly.

"What is it, Kitten?"

"I cannot tell you sir," and she grew as red as a big poppy, and fumbled like a school girl at the corner of her silk apron.

"Do you sincerely think, Kitten Airlie, that if I were to go and ask Myrtle to remain for my own sake that she would?" he asked, slowly, as if the words cost him a great effort.

"I'm certain sure she would," and Kitten fled, forgetful of all the books in creation, conscious only of having told Myrtle's secret.

The next morning Tom Rayburn came into the garden where she was planting seeds, and said,

"Philip is gone, and no one knows where. He left on the early train, and told Martineau to tell Aunt he would write before he returned."

"He has gone, then!" exclaimed Kitten, letting fall her paper of seeds.

"Yes, don't feel so bad," said Tom, gathering them up. "It is likely he has some new business scheme on hand. I know that he spoke of giving Hiram Anderson a start. Philip is always helping some one along. Well, good morning. I hope Tessie is as usual."

Tom went away, and a few days afterwards a letter did come that made Miss Douglass cry for joy, and caused Tom considerable amazement, and Kitten to join Tessie heartily in the Highland fling. All Heathfield wondered, and was in a general hub-bub of excitement. Miss Baxter found ample need for walking and talking when in the city papers appeared the notice

MARRIED.

At ——on— inst. by the Rev. H. Q. Sharp, Philip Douglass, of Heathfield, to Myrtle Theresa, only daughter of the late Ernest Haltaine.

Everybody had something to say, but Kitten kept her own counsels, and forgot to be sorry for having enlightened Mr. Douglass.

That summer, matrimony became the rage in Heathfield. Grace Harris vowed to love, honor and obey the gay, gallant, heartless Guy Irving. They took up their abode in the city, and there they now reside—she cross and peevish—he still the charming man of the world, gifted, sought after, and enabled by his wife's money to hold a high social standing. The Rev. Peter Fletcher, finding Kitten as impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar to his ministerial wooing, took unto himself a peppery damsel from his own congregation. Maud Fletcher, the bright village beauty, preferred a life on the ocean wave, and went out to sea as first mate under

Captain Gerard Irving. Lastly, our frisky friend, Rosalie, resigned the reigns of government in the Hall kitchen, and presided over a hut on the river side, seven hens, a pig, a cow and a husband. Only Tom was left lamenting, for about this period it was wonderful how angelic a very human damsel with brown eyes and lavish coils of nut-brown hair, became. Every grace under the sun seemed to form a halo around her. The whole affair wound up in Tom's falling desperately in love. As he had never felt the pangs before, the disease was infinitely worse. It *was* refreshing, after all, to see Tom in the depths of despair, for Kitten was calm as a summer sea to all lover-like advances, and for several months went on regarding Tom with the old sisterly feeling—nothing more.

At last, after being considerably troubled in spirit, Tom concluded that it was about time to bring his *affaire d'amour* to a close, so judging that appearance went a great way (a sad mistake in Kitten's case), he got measured for a new suit of clothes, and like the hero of the nursery rhyme, set out for "Wisdom Hall," on "Mistress Annie to make a short call."

He found the young lady in a print gown, unromantically pulling strawberries in the back orchard. As fortune would have it, the dear, delightful children, with their mamma, were spending the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, and Kitten, who was to join them after she had finished her task, sat on the grass in the bright summer evening, singing gayly,

"I'll be no submissive wife."

Happily the song was well chosen. Tom, coming over the lawn in his good clothes, took immediate warning, and decided to be matter of fact instead of sentimental.

"I must keep cool and sensible, or there is an end to the matter," he thought. Accordingly he strolled up, saying:

"Strawberries, eh? Lots of them in the back meadow, Kitten."

"So Joe says. What a swell you are, Tom. I guess you've been getting some new clothes. Going to a party?"

"Oh, no. Only wanted to air them. I'm out of debt now, so I can afford to be fashionable."

"Tessie remarked last Sunday that you had a new hat. She is a little witch."

"To be quite honest," went on Tom, who was in no humor to discuss Tessie's peculiarities; "to be quite honest, I like, in some things, to do as others do. Don't you?" He settled himself on the grass and began to clean strawberries diligently.

"Yes, it is right. Tom, you are putting the husks in the wrong place. How sunburnt you are to-day. You have a splendid color."

"Indeed? As I was going to say, one hates to be behind the age."

"Yes, of course. Oh, Tom, while I think of it, will you ask Miss Baxter to call here to-morrow when she is on her way to Greyley? Mrs. Trevor wants to know if it is better to preserve or can strawberries."

"Do them both ways. I'll tell Baxter. About being fashionable—" Tom was bound to have it over, and so went pell-mell into his wooing. "Kitten, say we start opposition to Philip and Myrtle—it wouldn't be a bad idea, would it?" Tom's color grew more charming. Kitten's likewise. "Well, Kitten," after a pause.

"Rose will be waiting for these berries. I must hurry," was the meek reply.

"Bother the berries! Now, Kitten, fair play. If you don't, I'm thinking of moving to Manitoba. Well?"

"Well, perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea."

"Shake hands," said Tom, gaily.

And Kitten held out her berry stained fingers just as Tessie came skipping round the corner, shouting:

"Mr. Douglass wants you to come for a game of croquet." So they went; and Myrtle and Philip played against Tom and Kitten, as in old days.

THE GIFT OF LIFE.

BY MAPLE LEAF.

" What wilt thou give to me, oh, Life ?"
Whisper'd a soul unborn,
" If I stretch out this dead hand, unafraid
To clasp the gift that is therein laid,
Shall I find for a flower, a thorn ?"

" I will give thee Joy," spake the Mystery,
Lifting an unseen hand;
But the spirit shiver'd as if with cold ;
" That which hath never yet grown *old*
In your shadowy earth-land ?"

" I will give thee Youth," spake the Voice again ;
" Oh, soul, such a fair, fair gift !"
But the spirit sighed, " Is it youth that men
Weep over, and tremble to hold again ?
But, alas ! it passeth swift."

" I will give thee Grief," spake the solemn Voice.
And the spirit shrank away ;
" Is it that which is found in sobs and tears,
Till your short earth-life seemeth endless years,
And a night creeps over day ?"

Then, thro' the list'ning silence came
The deep pathetic Voice :
" I will give thee Death," and the unborn cried,
" Nay, let me still in this sleep abide,
For naught is worth my choice."

But, like a solemn-sounding psalm,
Sung by the stars of Heaven,
The grand Voice again answereth :
" Child, fear not all these, even death,
God shall to thee be given."

" I come out of the uncounted years,
And waken into birth,
Majestic Life," the spirit said ;
" A gloom no longer dark and dread,
Now, lo I choose thy earth."

PORT RUSH.

BY FESTINA LENTE, AUTHOR OF "THE HOLY GRAIL," ETC.

Port Rush is a small town in the north of Ireland, some eight miles from the Giant's Causeway. It is built upon a promontory, so that the sea washes it on three sides.

It was the end of April, about six years ago, that I, with my happy little friends, arrived at Port Rush. We were to stay there *all* the summer, and were nearly wild with delight at the thought. We rushed down to the bathing beach, and *there*, upon the sand, lay heaps of beautiful seaweed and little ridges of shells. Far out at sea, some small boats tossed up and down, and at our feet the waves were gently lap, lapping, in ebb and flow.

Our house was in the terrace opposite to the Salmon House. Only the road and some rocks separated us from the ocean; and some two miles out at sea the Skerries lie in bold relief. Hardly anywhere could there be a wider, more beautiful view of the ocean. See how long the crested waves are that roll over and break upon the beach, which lies between the bathing boxes and the "white rocks."

The tide was out, and we walked down over the rocks. To our delight we found many of them completely covered with "Ammonites," and I may state here, that Port Rush is a most interesting place for a student of Geology. Day by day, I used to return from my walks laden with specimens. The inhabitants of Port Rush watched me hammering at the stones with evident contempt. They evidently regarded me in the light of a harmless lunatic, since they rarely saw me without an armful of stones. I had been reading Hugh Miller's works before coming to Port Rush, and I could see much in the formation of the rocks there like those he described in Scotland; and amongst other things, quite accidentally we came upon a raised beach. Anyone who cares to know what that is, will find most interesting descriptions in Hugh Miller's story of his own life, "My School and School-Master," and in his "Sketches of Geology." In this raised beach we found many kinds of shells, and shells which are rarely washed upon the shore now, we found in great profusion on this old beach. Fancy, digging with a spade for shells quite fifty feet above the level of the sea. Some we found in a petrified state; some were eaten into holes; some crushed and broken, and others in perfect preservation.

I had no doubt in my own mind that we had made a grand discovery at Port Rush, still I asked an old Irishman if it was an old beach. But he said, "No," most decidedly. I then put the question, "How did the shells come there?" and his answer, in a tone of contempt, was, "Sure, the say left them there!"

On the beach which is called the gentleman's bathing place, there are huge trees half sunk into the sand; and lying all charred under the sand hills, there appeares to be a forest of these giants. We used to break off pieces of the wood; it is black now, and is charred, and crumbles in the hand, and looks a little like pitch. Some of the poor people dry and burn this wood.

Three very old women kept the bathing boxes at Port Rush. There are no machines, but a number of small

boxes just high enough for you to stand up in. You can take possession of one of these for a penny. The sea looked so very tempting that, notwithstanding the season was so early, I determined to bathe. But the three old women vowed I should not do so, as no one had bathed that year, and they could not answer for the safety of the beach; perhaps the rough winter seas had swept the sand away, and had made great hollows. I replied with the convincing argument that I could swim. So, with the stipulation that I should not go beyond a certain rock they pointed out, I was allowed to go. All the old women accompanied me down the rocks, and imagine me walking barefoot over a whole season's growth of small barnacles. My feet were very soon cut and bleeding. The children on the beach, who were watching for me, gave me a hearty cheer, and I made a splendid header into the water. Unfortunately, I was in the surf, and the waves treated me very rudely; they rolled me over, and knocked me down everytime I got upon my feet. I gave it up as hopeless, and clambered up the rocks again. "Och," said one old woman, "*ye're* nothing of a swimmer."

Certainly not, in the surf.

My foot was cut badly, and the kind old people insisted upon dressing it for me. They took me into their tiny hut, which was built of slabs of rough stone and of turf—and which was so low that a little boy scrambled over the roof as a short cut to the beach, while I was inside the hut. They gave me an old rickety chair to sit upon, and one old woman proceeded to wash my wounded toe in fresh water. While I was watching the operation, a rustle above me attracted my attention, and to my horror I saw several fowls roosting comfortably under the rafter. The hut was very dirty; it had only earth for a floor, and the air was burdened with an overpowering smell from the peat fire.

Very soon more strangers arrived at Port Rush, and we could no longer build a sand house, and find it just as we left it every day. Other little children built houses, and played in our favorite places, so that we determined to seek nooks too far for the resort of nursemaids with their small charges. There had been a heavy sea rolling in for several days. The oldest inhabitants told us they had never seen waves so high before. It seemed to me as though I could never get the awful sound of the sea out of my ears. The wind was high, and the rain fell heavily at intervals; so that no one dared go out. So we just stayed indoors, drawn to the windows by the irresistible attraction of those mighty waves. This I bore until inaction became positive suffering. Then I dressed in waterproof coat, pinned and belted as snugly as possible, tied on my hat with a necktie pulled tightly over the crown, and then tied under the chin; and thus equipped sallied forth. The wind blew my breath away, still I scrambled on, and climbed up the headland, and sat down on the summit, holding fast to some rocks. What a sight, what a noise! With vast upheaval the very ocean seemed throbbing with furious sobs, the waves made sullen roaring, heaped themselves together and broke upon the rocks, splashing me, distant as I was, with the foam.

The next day Sarah and Annie begged to come with me, and we walked along the beach where the trees lie in the sand; we watched the waves, and then climbed up the rocks to a place where we could see much more clearly. So grand was the sight, so overpowering, that Annie could not bear it. She put her head in my lap, and complained of giddiness.

A few days afterwards we wandered along the sand beach, picking up shells and sea weeds, until we came to the White Rocks. These rocks are most wonderful to look at—they appear to be made of round flint stones, fitted

into one another as neatly as if a human hand had carefully fashioned them; they are embedded, or, as it were, cemented in a kind of chalk. The perpetual beating of the rough Atlantic has worn one rock into a most perfect archway, and it stands alone, just as if it were the entrance gate to further marvels; for, passing that, we come to caves so long and deep that one cares not to explore them. Imagine the bubble and swell of the sea, as it washes into these caves. I believe there is nothing that so aptly represents it as Mendelssohn's overture, which he calls "Fingal's Cave," or "Hebriden,"—the subject being suggested to him when visiting the Hebrides—in that you have the monotone, the refrain of the waves, and the gurgle and murmur, even the wild breaking of them upon the stones.

We found that the tide had come in so high that we could not get back along the beach. There was nothing for it but to climb, and this we did with much difficulty, as the sand banks were so slippery. Up and down the sand hills, round and round we wandered—and never to our weary eyes approaching any nearer to Port Rush. The fatigues of that journey will always dwell in my memory. But we arrived safely at last.

In June, the sand hills become covered with wild rose-bushes, and the perfume of the roses scents the air. We used to go to pick them; and if the day happened to be warm, I used to find a comfortable couch on the scant grass, on a hill, and fall into a kind of doze. The children would come and talk to me, and I would answer them, but I was half asleep all the time.

When we had bathed, and had raced along the sand until we were quite warm, we found it very amusing to spend an hour in watching other bathers.

See, one bathing box opens, and three people daintily pick their way down the rough rocks. No. 1, is very pretty, and her suit of white and blue, most enchanting. No. 2 is old, infirm, and very plump. No. 3 is the prettiest wee witch of a girl, not six years old, with a merry laugh, and sunshiny face, and with long hair curling over her pretty little sailor costume.

A plunge and No. 1 is swimming. No. 2 dips solemnly, and climbs up the rocks again. No. 3 claps her hands and runs away on to the sand. Mamma on the rocks cries, "Dotty, go to Auntie to be dipped." Dotty dips one little foot into a ripple and laughs again. Auntie comes up from a prolonged dive, and makes it a business to catch No. 3, succeeds, and taking her hands, bobs her up and down. "Dip her, duck her under," from enraged mamma. Dotty laughs up in Auntie's face; weak-minded Auntie has *not* the heart to vex her pet, and swims away again. Dotty runs back to the shallow water, where she paddles to her heart's content. Enraged mamma scolds Auntie. Auntie approaches—oh! pretty wee Dotty!—bobs her up and down, makes a great effort, and submerges her. Dotty comes up gasping, is handed up to mamma, and the last we see of her is a merry face peeping over nurse's shoulder, and we hear the ring of her laugh ere she is shut up in the boxes.

The boxes open again, and a very amusing party comes upon the scene. Three little girls scamper down the rocks and jump into the sea, not deeper than up to their ancles though. Ah, what fun they are having. Then sister appears upon the scene, dives into deep water, and swims and floats with perfect ease. Next comes mother; look out, young ones! Mother, who has a ponderous figure, jumps yards into the air and alights in deep water with the snort and heavy splash of a hippopotamus. She comes up much refreshed, and bids sister dip the naughty little girls, while nurse brings her a relay of

very little ones, who just get one dip, and are handed back to her again. Sister calls. The children giggle; then ensues a chase. The elegant sister pursues, at first walking, then at a run. The children run up on the sands, and prance and giggle; but here sister's greater length of limb gives her an advantage, and when the ringleader is caught the others follow meekly. Sister has *some* malice in her heart, one by one she dips them up and down; here comes a wave; bob, bob, bob, one little curly head goes under, then another. Satisfied at last, sister takes her own pleasure, and after much diving and swimming, begins to float. Ah sister, beware, rocking so easily up and down on the swell of the waves, with head away from shore, where three little victims plot revenge. They will brave deep water or drowning to get it. They come quietly behind sister, take her head, and bob it under once, twice, thrice. Sister gets up, half suffocated, to take her revenge, but the little mischiefs were scattered up the rocks safely into their boxes.

There is a pretty little church at Port Rush, and in it a very sweet organ. I had permission to play on the instrument, and used to rise at five every morning in order to avail myself of the opportunity. Two difficulties always faced me: firstly, I had to rouse the pretty little schoolmistress from her slumbers, in order to get the key of the organ; secondly, I had to walk up and down Port Rush until I was tired, to find little boys who, for the modest sum of three pence an hour, would blow the organ for me. Oftentimes I could not succeed, but when I did, ah, that was a happy hour for me, the rolling monotone of the sea outside, and my vivid imagination striving to throw off some of its fancies on the swell of the organ in the quiet church. From six to seven in the morning, my favorite amusement was to walk round the headlands, following the boat, in which a man and boy used to go out to pick up the lobster pots, or creels. Having a very steady head and sure foot, I have climbed down precipitious rocks, in order to gain a better view; indeed, I remember being shown some rocks and being told they were inaccessible, down which I had scrambled before Port Rush was awake in the morning. When I began my walk oftentimes there was a haze upon the water, which would suddenly rise, and every swell of ocean, every ripple, green and blue, was glinted with gold —the earth, the sea, glittering and golden, bathed in sunshine.

But sunset at Port Rush! Who can imagine such glorious hues without seeing them—what painter could portray them?

I remember that on one occasion, as we stood upon the headlands watching the magnificent sunset, an Irish lady with us, who sang with the exquisite sweetness and pathos of her nation, suddenly, as it were spontaneously, sang those lines of Moore's to one of his Irish melodies—sang it so beautifully that it brought tears to our eyes:

"How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

"And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think t'would lead to some bright isle of rest."

THE TRACK OF HER FEET.

BY EROL GERVASE.

(Concluded.)

Summer, autumn and a part of the winter had passed. His letters and remittances had continued to arrive regularly, but he had not once hinted at his own return as probable.

I could not help feeling glad of this. Unnatural as it seemed that husband and wife should continue to live apart, the peculiar circumstances of the case seemed here to make it rather to be desired than otherwise. If he returned there might be fresh trouble. Towards the close of the winter he wrote to say that he was making preparations to go to Scotland, to visit an uncle who was unmarried and very wealthy, and who had written asking him to come, and stating that if upon a personal acquaintance he liked his nephew it was not impossible that eventually he might remember him in his will. At the time appointed, Mr. Monteith sailed, and in due time apprised us by letter of his arrival.

All this time, although he had not stated it in so many words, we had reason to believe that he was abstaining. His letters were those of a man in full possession of his senses, and the self-upbraiding enquiries which he continually made as to the state of the child and of Mary herself, shewed that he was deeply remorseful for his sin. Then, too, people from the neighborhood had been away, and had either seen or heard of him, and their report had confirmed our belief.

Meantime there had been some little improvement in the condition of the suffering child. He was now able to walk a little, and his general health was better. As the weather became warmer, we were able to have him out of doors for hours every day, and the fresh air of our mountain home and the change of scene were always grateful to him.

He would never be strong, and he would always be deformed. The opinion of the doctors from town whom we had consulted had corroborated that of Dr. Lane, our own physician; but he might, and with care probably would, live to youth or manhood. A great loss had befallen us about this time. Our old friend Dr. Lane had died, and we had been obliged to take in the services of a comparative stranger, who had succeeded to his practice in the neighborhood. He seemed a skilful man, however, and we were growing somewhat accustomed to him. Still we had not that perfect confidence in him that long years had inspired in the care of Dr. Lane, and, unlike the latter, he was not a man of a religious character.

He had been in attendance on the child for some time, when we received intelligence from Scotland that Mr. Monteith had been seriously ill, but was then better, and scarcely a month afterwards, as we were preparing to sit down to tea one evening, Mr. Monteith himself walked in.

He was very much changed. At first I scarcely recognised him. He walked feebly, leaning upon a stick, and had not a vestige of color, and scarcely of animation, in his face; and before, his expression had been remarkably lively and vivacious. His fair, silky hair, too was, actually streaked with grey.

His illness must have been a serious one to have changed him thus.

Mary was sitting with the child by her, about to give him his food, when her husband entered. She sprang to her feet, and, with an involuntary cry, caught up the child in her arms and placed him closely to her heart. The action and the look of terror and the cry were not lost upon Mr. Monteith. His face, already pale, took a more ashy tint, and I saw him tremble violently as he tried in vain to speak. Mary saw it too, and recovered herself with a fresh effort.

The child, frightened at the entrance of a stranger, or at his mother's passionate embrace, had begun to sob aloud, and Mary turned to soothe him first, and then with a mute, appealing look put out her hand to her husband. I left the room. My heart was too full of conflicting emotion to stay.

Mr. Monteith remained with us. Indeed his health was too seriously impaired to admit of his removal for the present. He had returned to Canada thus soon against the express orders of his physicians and the wishes of his uncle, the fatigue of the voyage being considered quite too much for him in his weak state. And so it had proved, for his strength seemed utterly exhausted. But I was unspeakably thankful to see that in his weakness he still steadily abstained from stimulants, although he had been ordered them by the Edinburgh doctor.

As a rule, our little invalid was shy of strangers. It surprised us, then, and touched us all inexpressibly, when he made friends with his father. He went to him after the first day, without a fear, and would suffer him to take him in his arms and carry him about, and talk to him and amuse him in a thousand ways. Mr. Monteith was scarcely able to do this, but he seemed to idolize the child, and to be insensible to fatigue for himself, if he could but amuse or interest him. And how could Mary, how could any of us, steel our hearts against him when we witnessed his devotion, and knew that he was suffering day and night from a ceaseless remorse for the consequences of his guilty act?

He did not gain strength, and his cough continued to trouble him. At length we persuaded him to consult Dr. La Londe, little Gerald's physician. The doctor had been to the house several times since Mr. Monteith's return, but the latter had always hitherto refused to see him, or to allow Mary to speak to him about her husband's health. He consented, however, at last with great reluctance.

I will do him justice now. I believe that he was then struggling desperately with his besetting sin, and that, knowing what the doctor's advice was likely to be, he was willing almost to sink rather than follow it. I, too, was fearful, tremblingly fearful, and so was Mary.

"But I cannot let him die before my eyes," she said, "and oh, mother, in spite of everything he is my husband, and I love him yet."

So Dr. La Londe was called in.

It was as we all anticipated. Stimulants were ordered.

The patient's life, so the doctor unhesitatingly pronounced, depended upon their free use. Oh, when the great day of reckoning comes, will those who, in the name of science and of humanity, hold out the cup of destruction to their struggling fellow mortals, be themselves called to account! Far more merciful to let the body of the drunkard succumb to temporary weakness, perhaps even to death, than to proffer to him that which, once tasted, cannot be effectually resisted, and which for him will at the last, "bite like a serpent."

Regularly now Mr. Monteith began again to take his tumbler or two of ale at dinner, and his morning and nightly glass of wine; and soon his physician pointed to his improved appearance with a self-congratulatory smile as the result

of following the treatment prescribed for him.

It was astonishing, indeed, to observe how he seemed to gain in health and spirits with the renewed use of the stimulants he had so long abandoned. I knew, indeed, that there was no real strength being imparted, that the nerves were being excited and a certain amount of physical recuperation was being induced, but that the gain in point of actual bone and muscle, as well as in mental power, was comparatively insignificant; and yet to look at him the advocate of moderate drinking would have had it all his own way. He was now able to take long walks and drives with Mary and the child, and to relieve Mary of much of the fatigue of nursing Gerald. I think, at times, she felt almost jealous of the child's fondness for his father, and yet it was a bond between the three. The little fellow could scarcely bear to have his father out of his sight, and even when in acute pain, would turn to him with never varying affection.

The lake at the foot of the mountain was a favorite resort in the numerous excursions which they all made during the summer, and as the air from the water was thought to be invigorating for the child, Mr. Monteith, who was an expert rower, had a boat placed at the lake that he might have it ready for use when desired.

It was now autumn, and the foliage of the woods and trees on every side was unrivalled in its gorgeous beauty, while the soft breath of the Indian summer filled the heart with a sense of languorous, intense delight. On the morrow little Gerald would be four years old.

To celebrate the occasion, it had been arranged that we should all spend the day at the Lake, taking our dinner with us, and making a little pic-nic for his entertainment.

We had left it for the child to choose where it should go, naming over the various places within a reasonable distance, and he had unhesitatingly pronounced in favor of the Lake.

"And papa will take us in the boat," he had said, stretching out his hands and waving them rapidly as he had a habit of doing when he was very much pleased at anything. At his special request I, "grandmamma," was to make one of the party.

We were to set out early to catch the sunniest part of the day, for the autumn evenings were chilly. All was in readiness; the baskets and hampers placed, and Mary, with the child in her arms, seated in the carriage, when I remembered that something had been forgotten, and ran back to the house to fetch it.

I went to the cupboard. I had left it locked. I distinctly remembered turning the key and trying the door to see that it was secure, though I had not thought it necessary to remove the key from the lock. There was no one in the house. Peter was coming with us, and the maid servant had gone home some days before on a visit to her friends.

The circumstance of the cupboard's being unlocked was a trifling one, and would not in itself have disturbed me, as Mary often went there, and she might easily have done so now without my knowing it. But I had left in it that morning a dozen bottles of wine, and two of them were now gone.

The wine had arrived for Mr. Monteith's use, and, as he was in the habit of doing, he had handed it over to me for safe keeping, and I had placed it just as it was in the cupboard. Who had tampered with it? Who but one person would in any probability be tempted to do so?

A horrible fear took possession of my mind. What if the old craving had suddenly returned with irresistible force upon him, and the moderate allowance prescribed had but increased the raging thirst for more! What if again he had succumbed to this ruling temp-

tation of his life! It was all too probable.

I went back to the carriage, feeling deadly sick. What was I to do? What could I do, but watch him incessantly?

The beauty of the time, the scene, was gone for me. The thousand tranquillizing and elevating influences of the air, the scenery through which we were passing, the shifting lights and shadows of the gorgeously painted foliage on the mountain slopes and summit, the songs of the late-lingering birds, the musical murmurous sounds that the faint wind evokes from among the trees, the purple hazy sky—all, all in which my soul would at another time have delighted, were lost to me now, or noticed only in a spirit of anxious and melancholy preoccupation. My mind was absorbed with one distressing subject.

Mary seemed in unusually cheerful spirits and even rallied me with a faint return of her old girlish playfulness upon my serious and preoccupied air.

She had been weeping silently in the early morning, for each anniversary of the birth of her child brought with it now sad thoughts of what he might have been, but for the blight that had fallen upon his young life; but I knew that she had spent some time in secret prayer before she had left her chamber, and her countenance, when she had joined us at breakfast, had reflected more of the peace of resignation than I had yet seen upon it. It had seemed, indeed, as if a degree of cheerfulness was likely to replace the subdued and melancholy manner which since her child's misfortune had become habitual to her, even when trying her best to appear cheerful. I was watching Mr. Monteith narrowly. I suppose any one whose attention was less painfully on the alert than mine would not have suspected him of any unusual indulgence. His manner was kind and attentive, and he conversed with his usual animation as we drove along.

But I fancied—alas, was it fancy?—that I detected a certain nervousness and suppressed excitement which he was endeavoring to conceal.

We selected a lovely spot on the lake shore, and spread the cloth for our rustic meal, Peter kindling our fire and waiting upon us, that is, Mary and me, while we prepared dinner; Mr. Monteith the meanwhile amusing and playing with little Gerald.

The child was impatient for the row that had been promised him. The lake was like a mirror, so calm and bright, with only the gentlest of breezes rippling its blue expanse.

It has been affirmed by scientists that these placid waters flow now over what was once the bed of a seething volcano. How gloriously calm they seemed that autumn day, how dreamlike in their still beauty.

But I was resolved that Gerald should not go upon them upon any pretext. I said nothing before him, nor to Mr. Monteith just then, but when I was alone with Mary, I told her what I had discovered before leaving the house.

It was enough. She turned deadly pale, and the old look of trembling horror came into her face.

"What must we do?" she said. "Oh, mother, what must we do?" and involuntarily she started up to run to her child, who was laughing merrily at some sally of his father's, full in our sight.

I laid my hand upon her arm.

"Stop," I said. "Don't you see that there is no cause for alarm as yet? only we must watch him narrowly, and upon no account must we permit him to take the child upon the water."

Presently Mr. Monteith brought Gerald to his mother.

"Here," he said, laughingly, "Take your boy; I'll be back directly."

He spread a thick shawl upon a grassy knoll, and seated the child carefully upon it. "I want to see that the

boat is all right," he explained, and was hurrying away; but Mary followed him.

"Arthur," I heard her say, "I have a favor to ask of you." And then she drew her arm through his, and they walked on together.

She came back after some time, alone. Her face wore a look of rigid determination, mingled with anxiety.

"I cannot prevail upon him," she whispered. "He is bent upon going; but," and her lips closed as if they were iron, "I will prevent it, if he should kill me for it."

When Mr. Monteith returned there was a perceptible change in his manner and appearance. His face, too, had a settled look upon it, as if his mind was made up, and he was determined that nothing should change it. I felt convinced that he had been stimulating his mistaken resolution by drinking with considerable freeness.

We sat down to dinner with a cloud upon every face, excepting only that of our unconscious little one.

When dinner was over the struggle began. "Now for the boat," Mr. Monteith announced, with an attempt at ease. "Come, Mary; Grandmamma, come," and he caught up Gerald in his arms before we could prevent him.

Mary sprang forward, "Arthur," she said with concentrated passion in her voice, "I have told you before that nothing on earth shall induce me to let Gerald go upon the water to-day. Give him to me," and she attempted to take the child from his father's arms.

I do not think that naturally Mr. Monteith had a violent temper, but when under the influence of drink it became so, even upon slight provocation. I saw that the demon was roused within him now as Mary spoke. He held the child with a grasp of iron, as he shook her from him.

"And I," he said, in loud and angry tones, "am equally determined that he shall. I have promised him a row, and he shall have it, as I am a living man."

Without another word he bounded forward, ran with the speed of lightning to the water's edge, sprang into the boat with the child in his arms, and pushed off from the shore.

Mary sank upon the ground in wild despair. I myself stood terror stricken.

"Run," I said to Peter, when I could speak. "Run for your life. Get a boat anywhere—I will give any price for it—and follow them." He sprang away, and in a few moments was out of our sight.

Meanwhile, with eyes strained to agony, we watched the lake and the little frail bark, freighted with the mother's dearest treasure, moving swiftly over its calm surface farther and farther away from us.

Mr. Monteith appeared to have soothed the alarm which Gerald had felt at the beginning of the scene between his parents, and to have restored the child's confidence in himself.

His voice had reached us in sobs and cries at first. Now we could hear it distinctly in childish laughter.

He was sitting on the cushions at his father's feet, and evidently content and happy. We watched them still floating onward, away and away.

Great God! What was that?

A cry of childish terror, shrill and sharp, and in another moment the boat rocking on the waves empty of its occupants.

* * * * * *

They brought them home in the flush of the autumn sunset. Not more perfect was the peace upon the lovely face of the dead child than that upon the father's. Yes, the murderer of his son—for murderer I hold him to this day—had taken in death the expression of a seraph. I marvel still when I think of the beauty of his dead face; and I had never held it beautiful in life.

Had any peace come to him in that parting moment when his child was

perishing by his own act, and when his own sinful soul was passing away to the bar of its judge? Had any prayer for mercy penetrated to the throne of mercy? We dare not say.

> "As a man lives so shall he die,
> As a man dies so shall he be
> All through the years of eternity."

This we know; and yet, when I think of the peace of that dead face, hope staggers through despair for him.

Mary never saw him again, and never saw her child after he was brought home. A brain fever deprived her of consciousness for weeks, and the first snow flakes had fallen upon the one grave that held the destroyer and his victim, before her reason returned.

Did it return then, when, as she struggled unwillingly back to life from what been the very threshold of death, her mind utterly refused to take in a single ray of spiritual comfort.

In the madness of her despair she was ready, with Job's wife, to curse God and die.

Up and down, up and down, till exhausted nature sank utterly, she paced the track that her feet had worn when the sorrow that seemed then unbearable—that seemed slight now in comparison with this—had made rest a thing impossible.

I could do nothing for her. I could but leave her to her God, and pray for her with all the strength of my soul.

At length, after many years, peace came. Oh, shall I ever forget the thankfulness that filled my heart when God in His great mercy comforted her soul; when He who had passed through it all, and infinitely more, whose sorrows ours in their bitterest degree can never approach, brought her to see the love in the judgment of His hand; when the light of His love had again shone into her obdurately darkened soul; when the heart of stone had melted beneath His touch; when lying low in the dust of penitence she could hear faith's whisper: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth;" and hearing it could apply it by faith to her own soul.

It is years now since she passed away, entering, as I believe, into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

Reader, I have called this story the track of her feet.

Surely the path she trod was sharp and terrible, but it led straight up to the land of everlasting life!

And for him whose indulgence in strong drink was made the instrument of her chastisement, perhaps of his own soul's destruction, there are many such whom we meet in our walk through life, whom we will be ever meeting so long as man shall continue to hold out the cup of destruction to his fellow-man.

Let us pray, let us strive together for the day to come when temptation shall be forever removed from the path of the drunkard.

DESOLATION.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ASHLEY ARNE.

In the month of June, 1832, the certainty that that dreaded scourge the Asiatic Cholera had broken out with violence in Quebec set at rest the question as to whether the broad Atlantic would or would not prove a barrier to its westward march. The sanguine lost all hope, and the timid abandoned themselves to despair.

With a heroism never surpassed on the ensanguined battle field, several of the most eminent physicians of New York left behind them all that makes life precious, and hastened to the pestilence stricken city, that they might meet the enemy in full career and study his peculiarities, and thus prepare themselves for a hand-to-hand struggle with him at their own homes or in their respective fields of practice. I do not claim to rank myself with these men, nor do I pretend to their heroism, for I had been taught from my childhood that the post of duty was the post of safety. I was therefore readily induced by the same motives to take the same step, and make my way to the Cholera Hospitals in Quebec. My professional knowledge instructed me that fatigue ranked next after fear and want as a predisposing cause of the complaint, and knowing that it behoved no man to incur needless peril, I determined to give myself one day's rest after my arrival before entering the hospitals, and as the next day happened to be Sunday, I resolved to attend some place of divine worship. The friend at whose house I made my headquarters directed me to a small church in the immediate vicinity, and thither I accordingly went. I soon perceived that the officiating minister was *not* one who would tear a passion to tatters to split the ears of the groundlings; far from drowsy sinners being aroused, it appeared to me it could be no easy task for vigilant saints to keep awake under his sleepy ministrations. On returning to my friend's house, I was asked how I liked the preacher. My reply was severe enough:

"I take him to be one of the drones of the hive—a mere cumberer of the earth, occupying the place better men ought to fill."

"Did not the sermon please you? He usually gives a good one."

"The sermon *was* good—I cannot gainsay it—but who could withstand that dreary, lifeless monotone?"

Early the next day I found my way to one of the cholera hospitals. The scenes that there met my eye I will not describe—to any but professional readers they would be too revolting. Having volunteered my services, I was put in charge of certain female wards. After spending some hours in hard work, I was just leaving the hospital to obtain refreshment, when I met at the door a carter vociferously clamoring for some one to receive a patient he had just brought. I advanced to the van, and looking in, saw a young girl about ten or eleven years old, writhing in agony; and, turning to the driver, I said,

"Bring her in; I will receive her."

With an oath, he replied, "I am hired by the corporation to drive the van, not

to handle the patients," adding, insolently, "There is not money enough in your purse to hire me to touch her."

"You inhuman brute!" was my only reply, and with difficulty climbing into the van, I took the child in my arms, and endeavored to emerge with her from the hearse-like vehicle. This I found by no means an easy task, but I scorned to apply for aid to the carman, who stood aloof looking on. While struggling with the difficulties of my position, I saw in the doorway of the hospital the Revd.—— the *drone* I had listened to the night before. "Too lifeless to preach, *action* is not to be looked for in *him*—no aid from that quarter." But while this thought was passing in my mind, he had promptly advanced, saying, "Poor child! give her to me." Amazed as I was, I instantly complied, for I had got myself into a position whence, with her in my arms, I could neither advance nor recede. Taking her tenderly in his arms, he looked over his shoulder and said, "To your ward, I suppose, sir?" I assented, and before I had well alighted he had carried her in and laid her on a bed.

"Come," said I to myself, "if this man has not the gift of speech, he has, at any rate, a *heart* to *feel*, to *love* and to *dare;* therefore not altogether a drone."

Feeling conscience-stricken, I accosted him in the ward:

"These are sad scenes, sir."

"Sad, indeed," was the reply, "but incomparably the saddest thing to contemplate is the hardness of heart which these horrors seem to foster, if not to generate."

The same sleepy drone that had struck me the night before, and the same forcible and just sentiments. Strange combination! While I was engaged in administering to my patient he resumed,

"That man who told you there was not money enough in your purse to hire him to touch that child, has perhaps one of his own at this moment entreating for the aid he refused her."

"God help us all!" was my reply.

"I hope he will; but we must not on that account neglect to help one another."

The reverend gentleman left me, and when I had given my directions about the child, I proceeded to carry out my intentions of seeking food, for I had formed a fixed resolution that *nothing* should induce me to neglect that all important protection.

Within a fortnight I had become familiar with the various phases of the course of that fatal disease. Some died within two hours of their first warning, some lingered two or three days, others, passing safely through the cholera proper, sunk at the end of two or three weeks of that peculiar form of typhus which formed no unusual sequel to it. Some violent cases were tortured with cramp from the outset to the close, while others (*at least* equally fatal) never had a cramp at all, but after a more or less protracted course, fell into the stage of collapse. I had become familiar with all this before the special subject of my tale was admitted. On the 13th July, Mrs. Masterton was brought to my ward by her husband. The warrant for her admittance was signed by the Boarding Officer of the Port,—evidence that she had been attacked before setting foot on shore. She was one of those comely English matrons that at fifty look younger than our countrywomen do at thirty. Her husband, David Masterton, was (physically considered) one of the best specimens of the small farmers or yeomanry of that island. His jolly, hearty look, his broad chest and muscular legs, his unpatched corduroys and thick-soled boots, pointed him out at a glance as a well-to-do, hard-working farmer. Having seen her housed and put under my care, he took a tender and loving leave of his wife, promising to return the next day, so soon as he had landed their effects and found lodgings.

He returned on the 14th, according to his promise, and on leaving the ward, signed to me to follow him. Outside the ward he begged me not to tell his wife about David, as he thought it would fret her to death.

"My good fellow, I have no duties to perform in the male ward, so I should have known nothing about 'David,' and consequently could not have told her if you had not told me. I suppose David is your son?"

"Yes, sir, my eldest, and I am afraid terrible bad."

I did not see the old man again until the 17th, though I believe he had been daily to see his wife. He had just been informed that the general rule that males should not on any pretext be admitted to the female wards would for the future be stringently enforced, and was taking leave of her.

"Dear David, you won't go on until I am well enough to go with you? You won't leave me David?"

"Never, dear Betty, will I leave you till I leave this world."

His tones struck me, and following him outside the door I accosted him:

"Mr. Masterton, how is David?"

"He is buried sir, and George is terrible bad."

On the 10th, I went at night to make certain entries in the register, and while looking for the proper name I chanced to light on "George Masterton," with the fatal entry "dead" on the appropriate column.

On the 19th, I found the old man watching for me outside the hospital.

"Oh, sir, how is my wife?"

"She is much better, Mr. Masterton. I feel assured we shall save her."

"Poor Betty! Oh what shall I say to her when she comes out, and all her boys gone?"

"All?" said I, in astonishment, for he had told me with pride the day he brought his wife in that she had blessed him with five of the best boys in all Dorsetshire.

"Oh, David is dead! and George is dead! and I have just taken in James far worse than either of the others were, and if the rest are taken down, they will die too; they *all* die that are taken in there. Oh, if they had been under your care they would have recovered."

"My good friend, my patients die as well as my neighbors'," said I,"

"Oh, but you have saved *her*!"

"Recollect, her case was a mild one, and you told me they were terribly bad!"

"Oh, what shall I say to her? They were such loving boys. They never had an angry word with one another, nor ever gave me a moment's grief."

While I was assuring him that his son was under the care of the most skilful and attentive of all the hospital staff, he suddenly dropped with the cry "Oh, Lord!" and it was evident his was a marked spasmodic case. He was at once taken in and put in a bed beside his son James. I returned to my own ward, and when I came to Mrs. Masterton's bed, I asked her age.

"I am fifty, sir."

"What family have you?"

"God has blessed me with five of the best boys in all Dorset. They never gave me a pang but that of childbirth; their father is as proud of them as I am of him. It is cruel hard that none of them are allowed to come and see me—but *you* will tell me if any of them are taken ill, won't you?"

I have a weakness with respect to lying—I don't like it—so I told her she must enquire of the nurses, as my duties never took me into the male ward. I knew that a dozen or two lies per diem more or less would make but little difference in the sum total of their account in that line. The next day I went to see how poor Masterton fared, and put the superfluous question to him, for at a glance I knew but too well. He was blue, shrivelled, cold, pulseless—he answered

me in that faint whisper that marks the disease.

"I have no pain now, sir; the cramps are all gone. Do you think Thomas will recover?"

He pointed to a man in the bed beside him.

"I thought you told me his name was James," said I, evading a necessarily unfavorable answer.

"James is gone, sir; there is none now but Joe."

I may as well here mention that I have since searched the diet roll and that of admissions in vain for "Joseph Masterton." I could find no other trace of him but that a coffin or shell was furnished to him on the 22nd. Before leaving the old man, he charged me to tell his wife he sent her his love and dying blessing, and that "her baby," James (aged 18,) had never ceased to bless her while he had breath.

For weeks I may, without exaggeration, say not an hour had passed but I had witnessed the death of some fellow-creature, and time and again I recalled those striking lines of Shakespeare: "What is the newest grief? That of an hour's age doth trip the speaker, each minute teems a new one," but this wholesale sweep produced an impression on my mind that thirty years have failed to efface. This was indeed *Desolation*. About this time complaints had been made that patients *non*-choleric were retained in the hospitals, occupying the beds to the exclusion of that class for whose special relief *these* hospitals were opened, and the superintendent made a tour of inspection for the purpose of weeding out all such cases. I was aware that Mrs. Masterton would be one of the discharged, and took occasion to obtain from her the leading facts of her case. My notes form the basis of this sad tale.

She had left England with every relative she knew of in the world—her husband and five stalwart sons, from twenty-seven, the eldest, to eighteen, the youngest. They had brought with them an ample supply of beds and bedding, a large stock of good, substantial clothing, some choice implements of husbandry, and a thousand pounds in gold, worth about $5,000. What a prospect was before them! A united, healthy, hard working family, without encumbrances or bad habits of any kind, what might they not have attained to in our fruitful, free America.

I have before alluded to the lying capabilities of our nurses. In very truth we were compelled to employ such as we could get. The women (with very few exceptions) were obtained from off the street, or out of the jail, and stained with every infamy that degrades the sex. Of the men, the most lenient judgment that can be pronounced, is that they were drunkards and thieves. So long as we could control *brutality*, and obtain obedience to our professional orders, we were obliged to wink at all other delinquencies.

As I had foreseen, Mrs. Masterton's name was struck from the hospital roll by the superintendent, and one of these wretched subordinates came and notified me of the fact, and that she had *no clothes*. (In order to check the dissemination of the contagion, a rule had been made that the clothing worn by cholera patients on their admission should be burned). I told the man that of course she must retain the hospital clothing she was wearing.

"No, sir, *she shan't*—*I* am responsible for the hospital clothing, and she shall *not* take one stitch of it."

The superintendent was at hand,—I called him and laid the case before him. In the calmest tone possible he said,

"Do you mean to strip that woman before you turn her out?"

"Why, doctor, *I* am responsible for the hospital clothing, and as *you* have discharged her, I must do my duty."

"Yes, I *have* discharged her—I have

done my duty, and *you* must do yours. You say it is your duty to look after the hospital clothing. No doubt you consider that if you do your duty, you are secure of your place, and the Health Commissioners will support you. Therefore, *strip her naked and turn her into the street.* Still, it is worth taking into account what view the tribunals of the country, and a jury of your countrymen, may take of the matter—and if you should think it advisable to act in that way, *I swear by the living God I will leave no stone unturned to ensure your being hanged for murder.*" The whole was said in a low tone of voice, but the adjuration and threats were uttered with such distinctness, that not only every word, but I may say every letter was felt. The superintendent was not a man to be trifled with, and the caitiff I knew was thoroughly cowed. Now then that Mrs. Masterton was shortly to be expelled (though not naked) it was necessary that her awful bereavement should be made known to her, and the delusion with which the nurses had veiled her eyes be dispelled. How was this to be done? Who could perform that heartrending duty? That man whom I had termed a *drone,* that *cumberer of the earth,* rose instantly to my mind. During these weeks of incessant labor I had been the daily and hourly witness of his labors. In how many cases have I failed not merely to avert death, but even to alleviate suffering, but could I point to a single case where his office had been utterly unavailing? Not one. How many, not scores but hundreds, had I seen soothed by that voice, that I had found so wearisome? Deeply humiliated had I felt myself for the unjust estimate I had formed of this man. In my first dilemma he had come forward unasked to my assistance, when I was embarrassed with the little girl in my arms. Now I must go and solicit his good offices. When made master of the case, he said to me:

"These tidings are awful! They may be fatal, or produce some other disastrous effect. Had not *you* better tell them to her?'

"Reverend sir," I replied, "I could not do it if my salvation depended on it—I should choke before my tale were half told; but I will be present in the ward, ready to afford any professional aid that may be required."

"Come," was his only answer. I went into the ward with him, and pretended to occupy myself in a distant quarter, while he placed her on the side of a bed, and sat down immediately opposite her on the adjoining bed. I heard his "dreary monotone," and waited for some sign indicating the necessity of my help. Ten minutes passed, but not a word broke from her lips. I had taken a position to escape her observation, and consequently could not *see* how she was receiving the stroke. I had prepared myself as to how I should act in all the events I thought likely to occur. If she should have convulsions, what remedial measures to employ; if fatal fainting should be imminent, what stimulants should be had recourse to; if her wailings should be so clamorous as to threaten the safety of my other patients, whither and how I should remove her. I had considered her case as a physician thinks of a human patient. I had thought of her in no other light. Not so my reverend friend—he had taken another view. I began at last to grow impatient—nothing but his "humdrum monotone" to be heard. I must move round to the other side of the room that I might *see* her. He had told his tale—I saw that in her deadly white lips as I passed her, and at that moment she broke her silence. There was not a tear in her eye nor a quiver on her lip as she gave utterance to the thought of her heart, and said,

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

How effete in my eyes at that moment seemed my opium and my camphor, my

hartshorn and my ether. What could *they* have done towards producing a calm like this? What wonderful medicine had he had recourse to? Surely the "true Balm of Gilead" had been poured on her gaping wounds.

Of this man's Master, it was said, "He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the street." He had then *one* point of resemblance to his Master. He certainly was no Boanerges (son of thunder), but might well be called Barnabus (son of consolation).

Since that day I have sat by many a death-bed, and wiped the dews of death from many a brow. Many a time have my ears been tortured by the groans of agony; I have been the recipient of many an expiring sigh, but Mrs. Masterton's case has always stood prominent and unique in its pure, unmixed sadness and sublimity.

No trace could ever be found of any of her effects. Of all with which this world had enriched her, she had in less than a month been stripped—a good husband, loving children, worldly wealth and worldly gear. All, all gone. She had retained but one thing only, that which my reverend friend had perceived when he had taken a different view of her case than any that I had thought of. He perceived she had retained her Christian faith, and viewed her not merely as a woman but as a Christian.

Young Folks.

I FORGOT.

BY M.

It was a lovely June morning, and a flood of sunlight found its way into the kitchen and into the very eyes of Mrs. Jones, the owner of the kitchen, who was just then busy over a batch of cakes for the midsummer pic-nic. Susie, her eldest child, was beside her, looking on with the delight which every child feels at seeing the operation of cake-making in full force. The sun, as I said, was very bright, and as it shone straight into Mrs. Jones's eyes, was rather disagreeable; so, turning to Susie, she said:

"Try, Susie, if you can close the blind for me," and Susie did try, but all to no purpose, for she was rather short for her nine years.

"Well, never mind dear, go and find Mary—she is in the orchard—and ask her to come." Away went Susie, but without any hat, so she had to be recalled and made to put it on. "I forgot, mamma," was her excuse, "but I won't keep you long now," and once more she started off for Mary.

Why did not Mrs. Jones shut the blind herself? you say. Well, dear readers, just get started with your own cake-making, get all weighed, mixed, turned on to your paste board, and you busy rolling, and cutting. I think you will not wish to take your hands out of the mixture any more than she did; anyway Mrs. Jones did not, and preferred waiting till it could be done for her.

The minutes passed—there was plenty of time for Mary to come twenty times over, yet she did not make her appearance, and when the rolling, kneading and cutting was finished, and only the baking to be done, Mrs. Jones was no longer dependent upon others, but closed the blind for herself. Shortly after, Susie, Mary and the baby made their appearance. "Oh, mamma, what lovely cakes," exclaimed Susie, gazing in admiration upon a dish full of luscious morsels. "Yes, dear, they look pretty good, but I have no doubt they would have been even better if the blind had been closed," and mamma looked as serious as she could at Susie's puzzled face.

"Oh, mamma, *I forgot* all about it."

"That is what you always say, Susie, yet you never seem to think that it is your own fault that you forget. However, run away upstairs with baby and Mary, and your cake will be sent to you."

Away went Susie with the baby and servant, brightly enough at first, but after a while a strangely sad feeling seemed to come over her. "I wonder why mamma didn't scold the way Janie's mamma does, or talk nice the way she always does so often when *I forget?* Perhaps she is tired of telling me! Oh, dear, I'll ask Mary," and forthwith Mary was questioned. Now, forgetting was a very venial sin in Mary's eyes, and one she committed frequently, so she merely said: "Oh, Missis doesn't mind, she ain't cross, you know."

"No, I know she isn't, but, Mary, would an open blind spoil cakes?"

"Spoil cakes? Why, child, are you crazy?" and Mary jumped baby high in the air, and as he crowed his delight, she sang,

"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man
That I will do sir, fast as I can.
Cut it, and prick it, and mark it with B
And toss it up high for baby and me."

Just then mother came in, with a plate of the most delicious looking brown cakes.

"These are for you and Mary," said mamma, quietly, "but do not begin to eat them till I take baby away." She left the room quickly, and a strange smile passed over her face, as glancing back she noticed the joyous pantomime of both Susie and Mary.

"I wonder," she thought, "if my little scheme will do them good or not."

"Oh, Mary! don't they look nice," said Susie. "Let's play shop, you and I; you keep shop and I'll come and buy, and then I'll keep shop and you'll buy from me."

Mary was nothing loth. Though nursemaid to Mrs. Jones, she was but sixteen, and as much a child in some things as Susie. Great were their preparations for the amateur shop-keeping, and such merry peals of laughter reached Mrs. Jones while packing up the remaining cakes to send away by Sam the out-door man, that she stole back softly to see what was going on.

They were certainly bent upon enjoying themselves, those two, and as the cakes were still untouched, mamma went away as quietly as she had come; rather hurried over the rest of the packing, and dismissing Sam, sat down to put baby to sleep.

Let us look back upon Susie and Mary. After a good of talk it had been decided that a bazaar would be "ever so much nicer," than a shop, so the nursery table was placed before one of the windows, and every thing they could think of which would look at all pretty was pressed into the service, and hung up or laid on the table, in as near imitation as possible to the last bazaar they had attended, Meanwhile, first one talked, then the other, often (I must say) both together, paying little heed as to whether they received an answer or not. "There now! Oh, Mary, isn't that nice? See, that fan of mamma's must be very dear, and we will say the Queen gave it."

"But it is all broken."

"Never mind, so it is; but we needn't see that unless we like." (Ah, wise little Susie) "Oh, let's say the Queen used it first, to make it better you know—and she broke it."

"Oh, yes, yes, and we will make mamma come and buy it."

"Now here is Bobby's toy horse; turn it so, because the tail is all gone."

"Oh, my, this won't stay up."

"That tumbler is a beautiful vase, that has come, oh, miles and miles across the sea—it must be very, very dear. I think we will ask $100 for it." This turned their thoughts to the providing of money, and for a while they were quietly engaged in cutting dollar bills from an old newspaper.

"Why, Robert, you are home earlier than usual to-day," said Mrs. Jones to her husband, who just then entered the cosy little sitting room where she was watching her sleeping babe.

"Yes, the men are in the 'home lot,' now, so I came home for a while. But where is Susie?"

"In the nursery, playing with Mary—they are having good times I think, judging from the amount of laughter."

A little tap at the door, and soon Susie's curly head was seen. She tried hard to look demure as she sailed into the room in all the glories of long dress, bonnet and veil, parasol and kid gloves of Mrs. Jones—but the effort was beyond her; smiles chased each other over her dimpled face, and when her father, pretending ignorance, rose quickly from his chair, bowed low and begged her to be seated, she could no longer keep to smiles, but a clear, ring-

ing, childish laugh filled the little parlor.

"Susie, Susie, you will waken baby," and Susie tried hard to say, quietly, "We have a bazaar upstairs, and won't you come to it?"

"Madam, I shall attend your bazaar with great pleasure," said the incorrigible papa, with another low bow, and Susie tripped off delighted.

"Robert, do not eat any of Susie's cakes," said mamma, laughing ever so little. "I merely forgot what I was about when making that particular dish full.'

"Ah, I see."

No more was said, and both proceeded to the nursery, where papa and mamma soon purchased all on the fancy table—but, strange to say, no amount of coaxing could induce them to spend so much as even one dollar on a cake, though they had been made, as Mary gravely asserted, by "Lord Duffering hisself."

At length all was bought, and then papa, in a fit of lordly generosity, bought all the stock of the refreshment table, for the modest sum of $5000, and made it a present to Susie and Mary.

"We will eat them now, then," and Susie handed the plate to Mary, who helped herself, as did also Susie. But what can be the matter; Mary bites off a piece, but no sooner tastes it than the blood rushes quickly to her face, and she hastily leaves the room, soon to return however, still with the cake in her hand. Susie had been a little longer, but she now tasted her present, and quickly followed Mary's example.

"Oh, mamma, she exclaimed, on returning" "Why, what horrid cakes—oh they are so salt!" And both girls shivered at the recollection of what they had attempted to eat.

"Are they; well I must have forgotten which jar held the sugar, and so put in salt by mistake."

"But, mamma, are they all alike."

"All these are, and the others are sent away for the pic-nic. Never mind, you have lost your cakes, it is true, but you forget so often yourself that you must not wonder if I do the same sometimes."

"I just guessed missus was up to something," said Mary, who, by the way, had not guessed at all. "And I suppose we shall have her forgetting all the time now, till you and me gets over it."

"Let's try our very best," said wise Susie.

"Did you put the salt in purposely," was Mr. Jones' question, as they descended the stairs—and his wife's reply was rather a strange one. "You see, dear, Susie's example is telling on me, and I should not be surprised if I forget a great many more things."

Mr. Jones looked puzzled for a moment, then he understood matters, and went off to his work, saying gaily, "Does my example also teach forgetfulness?"

"No, sir, I could not forget you, even if I would," which speech was so agreeable to Mr. Jones, that he rewarded her with a kiss.

Mamma's forgetfulness increased sadly after that day. Susie had intended "trying hard," as she said "never to forget," but someway she always forgot to put her good resolution into effect, so what could poor mamma do but follow the naughty example of her little daughter. To a grown person there would have appeared an immense amount of remembrance in Mrs. Jones's forgetfulnes, for it only affected Susie and Mary, and that, too, in ways that, though incouvenient, certainly were not hurtful to either.

Months passed over. June had given way to her sister months, till at length brown October was fast disappearing, and the Jones's were preparing for a visit of six weeks to the old homestead. That Susie and Mary, too, had improved under the good treatment of Mrs. Jones was undeniable, and as they were perfectly aware of the cause of that

lady's forgetfulness, they would often hasten to repair some forgotten duty, lest, as Mary would say, "Missus might disremember too." But neither were perfect yet—a stronger lesson was wanted, and Susie was about to have it.

Where is the child who does not love animals of all kinds, and kittens in particular? Susie did, at any rate, and Lady Blanche, a frolicsome kitten of about three months old, was her special favorite. Being the only child, one might say, for baby was but ten months old, Susie had to play very much alone, and one great source of amusement was to drive Lady Blanche as a horse, with thin twine harness, and twine reins. A comical sight it was, to be sure, to see the "milk white steed" taking the reins in her mouth, prancing along gaily for awhile, then, with a whisk of the bushy tail, rolling over and over to the injury of harness, pasteboard carriage and load of valuables. Susie, however, was a patient Jehu; she would pick all up, pet and reharness her wayward steed and once more all would go smoothly, till a *runaway* would stop further play for that day. An old box with a cover, which stood in the shed, was the stable, and there Lady Blanche was carefully put whenever a runaway did not terminate the play too suddenly—that is, she was put in for a little while, till wanted for another game. But unfortunately this last day, before leaving for the six week's pleasure, Susie was wild with excitement, and many a thing which she ought to have done was forgotten by her, among the rest poor little Kittie, who, having been wonderfully docile, had been rewarded by careful stabling in the old box, and a saucer of milk for hay and oats.

What a grand time it was at grandpapa's for two whole weeks—everything was so delightfully new and strange to Susie, and the greatest pleasure of all was a cousin of about her own age. These two never quarrelled, and many a happy game they had together, till one day grandpapa sought to surprise them with the present of a couple of kittens.

"Oh, grandpapa, how good of you," exclaimed Julia, but poor little Susie stood pale, motionless, her eyes filled with tears, her very lips quivering.

Mamma, who was in the room, looked at her little girl, who threw herself into her arms, sobbing out, "I forgot, I forgot."

"Forgot what, dear?" said mamma, trying vainly to soothe the excited child.

"My Kitty, my poor little Kitty," and it was some time before they could understand the cause of her grief.

"It will be too late, I know, to find pussy alive; still, I will write to John Adams to look for her," said papa, and Susie was a little comforted, though her trip was spoiled from that day.

Do you wish to know what John Adams found in the old box in the woodshed? A white kitten, that had once been fat and vigorous, now lying limp—starved to death because its mistress "forgot."

I shall not say more, dear children. Susie never said "I forgot," after the tragical death of poor Lady Blanche; and I do hope that any forgetful ones who may happen to read my simple story, will likewise expunge from their vocabulary those useless words "I forgot."

OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

(American Tract Society.)

In the afternoon, Mr. Murdock superintended pie-making—the making of mock mince pies. Freddy chopped the dried-apples and pounded the crackers; and Dan, after Mr. Murdock had mixed the crust in much the manner that he mixed the cake, rolled it out and cut it to fit the plates, put in the imitation mince-meat, scalloped the edges, and filled the oven and watched the baking.

"Wash up the tins, Daniel," said Mr. Murdock. "Here's a rag, and you'll find water in that pail."

Dan was tempted to tell Mr. Murdock that now he went too far. He felt for one indignant moment like risking his place for the sake of freeing his mind.

Then he turned and stared Mr. Murdock in the face, which he had refrained from doing all day. There he saw a look waiting and watching for him to speak the very words he had so nearly spoken. The look helped him to keep silence. Mr. Murdock should not quarrel with him except in his eager little imagination. Not one remark should he get out of him to fit an answer he had ready.

With as much dignity as he could command, Dan stooped and lifted the pail of water, unfurled the rags as proudly as if they were flags of a nation, held his head straight and smiled serenely; and whistling the merriest airs, scrubbed the dough from the pans as if they conferred an honor in allowing him to do it, never missing a good opportunity to fire off a joke at Freddy.

Mr. Murdock slid away, and did not return for a long time. By-and-by Freddy went away too.

Left to himself, and at leisure, Dan sat down in the seat Freddy had vacated for a few quiet reflections, which, as usual, were aided by low whistling.

The result of his thinking was that he decided once more, beyond change of decision this time, that he must keep his place until he could get a better, and that in order to keep it he must bear impositions with good grace.

Mr. Murdock was certainly a severe trial to his pride, patience, and amiability; and every day he realized more and more how much he had sacrificed in exchanging the school-life, which just suited his taste, for one of drudgery. But obstacles, trials, and sacrifices were good for growth, especially for Christian growth.

There Dan blushed a little, and began unconsciously to whistle another tune than "The Oysterman." His lips followed his thoughts; and Mr. Barber was much surprised when "The Oysterman" broke off in the middle of a bar, and a hymn tune came through the crack of the shed-door instead.

> "Am I a soldier of the cross,
> A follower of the Lamb,
> And shall I fear—"

was what Dan whistled. "Shall I fear," he thought, "a little mortification and imposition and overwork, when I'm doing the thing that it is as clear as day I ought to do?"

The Communion-Sunday was near, when Dan had made up his mind to own His cause. Thinking of that, he was ashamed that any duty done for Christ's sake could seem hard to him.

He found the guests already at the house when he got home to tea. Big Mr. Alabaster was tumbling around the parlor like an elephant, playing games with Mamie and Joey. It had cleared off enough for Mamie to come in water-

proof and rubbers, so Joey's heart was not broken, as it had made up its mind to be if Mamie disappointed him.

"The ridiculousness of that man exceeds anything I ever saw," said cousin Louisa to Dan, shooting a glance at Mr. Alabaster through the parlor-door, as she set a vase of geranium-leaves, with one scarlet blossom in the centre, on the supper-table in honor of him.

Either the rainy weather, or the strain on muscles that were unused to kitchen work, gave Dan a stiff neck that evening. They had lively games in the parlor after supper—the business men, Dan and Mr. Alabaster, entering into them as heartily as the small children.

Mamie demanded "Needle's Eye" so often, that it became the chief game of the evening, and it kept Dan bobbing and bending at a very monotonous rate.

Once when he bent he failed to unbend with his usual ease. The next time he met with a stiffness of neck that threatened to keep him bending. The next time after that he concluded to accept a crooked position, and he hobbled over to the lounge, doubled in a heap, and making hideous faces from under his arm for the benefit of the party. His mother insisted on doing up his neck in flannel and liniment, and the games went on with no help from him but applause the rest of the evening.

Tommy Cady came early for Mamie, and soon after her departure Joey was put to bed. Before Mr. Alabaster said "Good-night," he sat down by Dan, and with his arm over his chair, plunged into conversation.

"Given up studying, I hear," said he. "No fondness for books, eh?"

"Oh, not any, sir!" said Dan, answering a keen look from Mr. Alabaster's eyes with one quite as keen from his own.

"Decided taste for business; that's the trouble, is it?" said Mr. Alabaster. "Well, a man should follow his natural bent if he wants to succeed in life."

"Correct, sir!" said Dan.

"Pleasant little fellow, Mr. Murdock!" said Mr. Alabaster. "Makes things pretty easy for you down there in Muddy Lane, doesn't he?"

"All play and no work," said Dan.

"But I'm sorry you don't like study," said Mr. Alabaster.

"Perhaps I might cultivate a taste for it," said Dan.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Alabaster, as if he doubted. After which he bade them good-evening and went home.

Chapter XXV.

The next morning Dan would have arisen and gone about his business; but to that his neck did not agree. It refused to move individually. It would only turn with the turning of his entire body. From the time that he raised it from the pillow he was obliged to consider it tenderly each moment. A cautious descent did he make from the bedstead to the floor. Gently and coaxingly he urged on his garments; and when his toilet enabled him to go downstairs he had to look after such small matters as his walking, talking, eating, and drinking. Every unguarded motion acted as a wrench on the weakest spot of his weak member.

The ludicrous character of his malady made it less a trial than a joke. More particularly did he consider it a joke when he found that it would give him a day's vacation. Jack was sent to carry the news to Mr. Murdock, and returned to announce that Mr. Murdock had received the news with a smile, and kindly hinted that Dan might take his leisure to recover in.

"He thinks he can carry on the business a while," said Jack. "He's sorry you're sick, but then he'll try and bear up without you a day or so. He was uncommonly civil about it."

"In that smile lies danger," said Dan, reflectively. "I'm afraid of it."

His neck was stiff as stiff could be, so there was no chance for getting worse in that direction; but bad symptoms began to appear elsewhere. He grew feverish, and had pains here

and there. Then he fell to grumbling, for pains seldom trespassed on his robust constitution, and he had not learned how to accommodate them.

He had been ill four days when Joey came home with a startling piece of news in his possession. All the way home he had considered whether or not to tell it to the family; and his mind was still wavering between the opinions that it was gossip to be concealed in the depths of his bosom, and a family matter which, as a loyal member of the family, he was in honor bound to communicate. Whatever benefit was to be taken from the doubt Joey took in teasing the family with hints at his secret.

He found Dan lying on his back on the lounge, with his head hanging over the edge toward the carpet, and his feet roaming over the wall-paper.

"How do you feel, my boy?" he enquired.

"Happy as can be," answered Dan, hurling his feet to the floor and following with his body.

"O, Dan!" said his mother, flying in from the kitchen, "you will certainly be a very sick boy if you don't compose yourself. Get up on the lounge, that's a dear, and let me fix you comfortably."

"Comfort is not for me," said Dan. "Trials beset me. Tribulations strew my pathway. Leave me. Let me suffer alone."

"There!" said his mother, as he dragged several tremendous groans up from his chest in rapid succession, "you wont have a lung left, Dan. Keep still! And get up on the lounge this minute!"

So he hopped up, and meekly stretched his full length on the lounge.

"Take this pillow," said she, pushing one under his head; "and put down your arms while I smooth the shawl over you. Now, don't stir till I say you may!"

"Agreed," said Dan. "May I breathe, please? Or would you prefer not? Anything to oblige."

Before she could answer, Joey threw out a hint.

"Trials!" he said. "Tribulations! I guess so!"

Looking in Joey's direction, they observed the state of unnatural excitement he was in. He had not removed his hat. It was pushed far back on his head, however, giving a fine view of his front hair, which stood out in many a wild direction. His eyes were wide stretched, as if they had been seeing great things, and the end of his tongue fairly wagged in his open mouth under the burden of news it could tell if it would.

"Let's have it, Joe!" said Dan. "What's the latest?"

"Better ask some one who tells all he knows," said Joey, loftily. "You won't get it out of me."

"It's my misfortune, not my fault," said Dan, "to have a brother who can keep a secret. There was a time in the good old days—but no matter; that belongs to the past."

"Guess you wouldn't want to know it," said Joey. "Guess you'd wish I hadn't told you. Guess it's hard luck for you, Dan Sheppard."

"For me!" said Dan. "It concerns me, does it? Just whisper in my ear the name of the other party it concerns, little brother. Come!"

"Needn't be beckoning your finger to me," said Joey. "Needn't be smiling and winking to me."

"If you won't do it for love, will you do it for business?" said Dan, diving in his pantaloons' pocket for a bribe.

Joey's heart warmed within him as he saw a whole fish-line rise inch by inch from Dan's pocket; and he began to regard his secret as a family matter which he had no right to conceal.

"There, sir," said Dan, "is my best fish-line; and how it came in this pocket is more than I can tell."

"Where's the hook?" demanded Joey, who was not to be bought too cheaply.

"Upstairs," said Dan. "I'll throw in the hook and say nothing about it. Go ahead."

"Got a first-rate lead pencil?" inquired Joey.

"If I have, I'll keep it," said Dan.

"That fish-line is all you'll get for your secret. Now tell or not, as you please."

"I heard," said Joey, in tones mysterious and low, "I heard—that you—that you." But here he felt a sudden smiting of conscience, and quickly decided that his secret was not a family matter to be revealed. "Oh, I cannot tell it!" said he. "It's gossip."

"Joey, come here," said his mamma, into whose mind a suspicion had just come.

Joey stood before her, his heels planted firmly in the carpet, his arms folded bravely on his chest, and a story which he meant to tell against temptation travelling swiftly from his brain to his tongue.

"I am not tempting you to do wrong," said his mamma. "I shall not ask you anything you oughtn't to tell. If what you have heard concerns Dan and Mr. Murdock, repeat it to me."

Then Joey repeated it.

Chapter XXVI.

There was a little boy in town named Jimmy Benson, who had been left homeless and penniless by the sudden death of his father. He was a small fellow, not strong enough to bear much work, nor old enough to earn much wages. Somebody asked Mr. Murdock's charity for him; but as Mr. Murdock's purse was one that disliked being disturbed, he let it rest quietly in his pocket while he thought the matter over.

The charity committee went away after he had said he would think of it, with no hope that his thinking would amount to good works; and they were much surprised when, in a few days, he offered to take Jimmy under his own roof, there to minister to his bodily necessities.

He and Jimmy had had a meeting on a street-corner, where he had inquired his age, measured his stature with his eyes, made some rough calculations as to the undeveloped abilities of his muscle, ascertained from general observations how much meekness he had in his nature, and concluded he was just the orphan-boy to adopt.

This meeting had taken place three days before Dan fell ill; and there had lain more danger in the smile with which Mr. Murdock received the news of his illness than Dan dreamed.

For three days he had had Jimmy on his mind. For three days he had been perplexed with many thoughts concerning him. He could not help considering what a saving of cash it would be to have Jimmy in Dan's place, what an advantage to the homeless boy, and altogether what a cheap and accommodating arrangement.

He had put Dan through every trial his mind could invent; but fire-making and candy-making, sweeping and dish-washing, had failed to call forth an impertinent remark for which he could discharge him.

Now Dan's illness seemed to him nothing short of a providential opportunity to slip Jimmy in his place; and he did not lose time in securing the child and informing the committee of his charity. He acknowledged that he should try to make Jimmy useful in some little ways about the store; and he whispered around that he had had Mr. Sheppard's boy on trial, but that really he wouldn't do, wouldn't do!

This was the news that Joey told. It had taken longer to reach them than it generally took news to travel in their small village.

Dan did not make a remark; but he rose from the lounge, walked into the cold hall, and put on his overcoat.

"Come here, you silly boy," said his mother.

"I'll settle him in about two minutes," said Dan, taking his cap.

But his mother did not allow him to get beyond the front-door, though coaxing and authority had to do their best.

Mr. Sheppard went to inquire into the matter, and came back with only the satisfaction of having freed his mind to Mr. Murdock, who insisted

that there had been no binding agreement with Dan; that Dan had always felt above his business; that he had a good home and needed no help; and that all his duty was to poor, homeless little Jimmy.

It was a dark day at the parsonage. Every one tried not be blue, but every one except cousin Louisa failed.

Dan roamed about the rooms—for he was no longer able to lie still—whistling unconcernedly, and making such flippant remarks as occurred to him, but inwardly raging.

His anger was natural enough at first, but it grew all that day by nursing. It grew by night-time into an ugly thought, which took up a nook in his mind, and settled and brooded there.

He awoke the next morning with that thought for a companion. He lay looking towards the ceiling, with his hands under his head, revolving and revolving it. It was this: that God is too great and high and far away to take care of the little things that happen to little people every day.

Dan considered it a reasonable thought, but he knew he did not get it from the Bible. He remembered that the sparrows cannot fall without God's notice, and then his thoughts grew uglier still, into this: that God was careless of his particular small affairs.

He could not help thinking how easy it would have been for such a great and powerful Being to have prevented his illness, or to have kept Jimmy Benson from standing ready to fill his vacancy. His trouble could not have come without just such a combination of circumstances; and what a small interference of God's power would have prevented it. It seemed the clearest kind of conclusion that God had not thought the matter worth His interference. Dan did not presume to blame God. He only thought falsely of him.

And yet he was well acquainted with His traits of character. He had learned them in the catechism, the Bible, at church, at Sunday-school, and at home. He had accepted a faith in them when he accepted a faith in God's perfection. One of the loveliest traits of God—the one dearest to human thought, he knew—was God's fatherly care over the little interests of human souls. He had been taught that God has a plan for each life, and that every event he sends is a planned event with its own mission; that all things—even the least things—work together for the good of the souls that are His. It would have been a great triumph for Dan if in the outset of his Christian career he could have trusted in the loving kindness of his disappointment. He saw only its dark beginning: but with eyes of faith he could have seen its brighter ending.

Chapter XXVII.

As soon as Dan was well enough to take a long walk, he started on an expedition in search of new employment. He meant to canvass the town, and if work was to be found, to find it.

He entered the first place of business on his route, which was a corner grocery.

"How d'ye do?" called the proprietor from the back end of the store, where he was engaged in removing a plug from a barrel. "I'm glad to see you 'round. You've had quite a turn of sickness."

"Quite a turn, Mr. Henderson," said Dan, taking a perch on a sugar keg. "And how are you? Overworked, I hope, so that you want a good stout man of fourteen to help you through the winter."

"About your height and heft, eh?" said Mr. Henderson. "Well, Dan, between you and me, I don't know a man that would suit me better than just the description you'd answer to. But you know times are hard."

"That's my trouble exactly," said Dan.

"I've got more help now than custom," said Mr. Henderson. "That was a pretty little trick Murdock served you! but it's no more than you might have expected."

"So I hear," said Dan. "'Twas a

bad thing for Murdock's trade, losing me. Custom doubles when I'm behind the counter. Better try me, Mr. Henderson. I'll patronize your sugar barrels, and engage to reduce them at double the present rates."

"I'd pay you for keeping up my spirits, if I could afford it," said Mr. Henderson, clapping him on the back. "I'd hire you to cure my dyspepsia. My mother used to say, 'The more laugh the less dyspepsia.' It's a bad time of the year to get work, Dan. Trade's dull, and there are lots of hands to work cheap. Maybe in the spring I might make a place for you."

So it was wherever Dan went: trade dull; too many clerks, too little custom. Everybody was glad to see him, for the merry boy was in bonds of fellowship with the whole town. Everybody would have been glad to help him if it had been possible.

At dusk, he went to Mr. Alabaster's, last of all, because, for some reason, he had more hope of him than of any one else. He nodded to the right and left as he walked down the store, and it seemed to him as if the clerks swarmed along the counters.

"The truth of the matter is," said Mr. Alabaster, after they had talked a few minutes, "I ought to send off a fourth of my clerks for my own profit. There isn't enough trade to keep them busy. It's the dullest time of the year, and the dullest kind of a year.

"I should like to help you, Dan," said he. "That is cold comfort when a man feels that he is in a desperate case. But you'll let me say it for the relief of my own feelings, won't you?"

He smiled one of his great warming smiles; and Dan, looking up out of the gloom which at this late hour of the day had settled on his spirits, smiled too.

"Cheer up, my boy," said Mr. Alabaster. "You've got the face of a tombstone."

"Just reflect," continued Mr. Alabaster, as Dan rose to go, "that the only way to success is through failures." He gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder, which set his blood and his spirits in healthier circulation as he went out.

It was a chilly evening, and quite dark. Dan was no farther than the second corner when his spirits fell again.

"All very well for a fine old gentleman like him, with his pockets well stuffed, to preach about keeping up your spirits," thought Dan. "Put me in his place, and I could preach too. Let him try my luck once, and see how well he'll preach contentment." Dan kicked a convenient lamp-post.

"Hard luck," thought he, "to get upset just as I was fixed for the winter—all on account of that sickness. Mr. Murdock wouldn't have dared do it if I'd been well and at the store. I don't know what I had to go and get sick for. Mother's got the blues, and father too. Here I am hanging round doing nothing, but eat more than I pay for." Another lamp-post was ready for a kick at this stage of his reflections.

He saw the glimmer of a light in Muddy lane, and it occurred to him to visit the scene of his late disasters. He had not far to go, and when there he looked in at the window.

Freddy stood on tiptoe behind the counter, with his hand deep in a candy jar. He was alone in the store; but in a moment Mr. Murdock came softly round the desk and up the aisle behind the counter.

Freddy had just laid the tip end of his finger on the tip end of a big pink-and-yellow stick, when he heard the soft steps coming. It did not take him long to get his hand out and wheel about to run. But neither did it take his father long to step up the aisle and catch him.

Dan roared over the joke, and forgot he had ever had any woes. He opened the store door and thrust in his head.

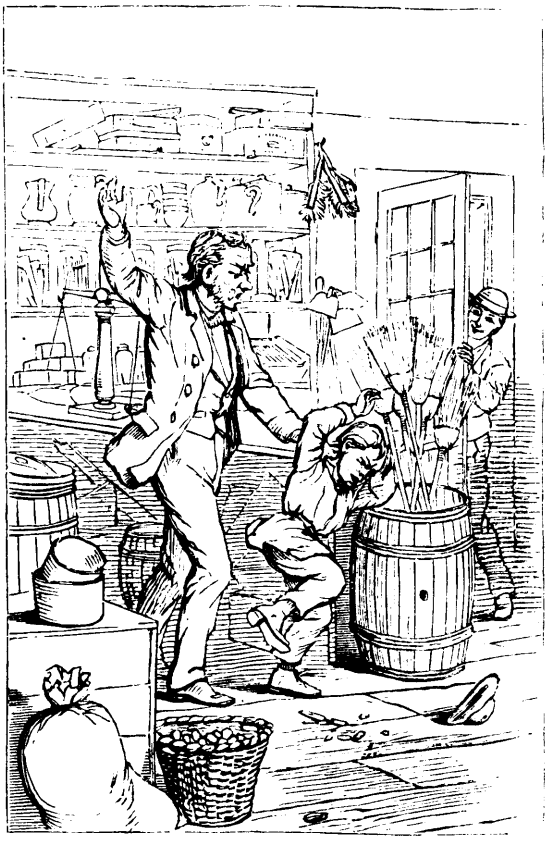
"Give it to him, pa," he said. "Don't spare the rod and spoil the child. Lay it on. Take another stick, Freddy?"

The slaps were falling fast and the screams rising faster; but father and

son both paused an instant to look darkly at the intruder. Words did not come to them till Dan was beyond their reach.

Cousin Louisa was watching for him to-night.

Nobody knew that she had any day dreams; but she kept a few, and her favorite was one in which Dan figured as the hero. She desired, hoped, and intended to enter some day an imposing church edifice over which Dan presided as pastor; to take her seat in the middle aisle, where she could get a full view of his face, and to hear words of true eloquence fall from his mouth. No flowery eloquence! Dan Sheppard had the gift of common sense, and he should preach as he talked—to the point, without nonsense. Of course he was to be a city pastor, raised far above the reach of poverty.



She had never been able to bear the change in Dan's life with even an outward show of submission. She resented the necessity of his going into business and giving up study; and, as usual, freely expressed her opinion.

When Joey brought his news to her in the kitchen, she received it better than mamma and Dan had received it in the sitting-room. She had faith to believe that something good was going to come of it. She felt as if Mr. Murdock's meanness had moved a stumbling-block out of their way, though what reasonable ground there was for feeling so she could not have stated. All her thoughts turned toward Mr. Alabaster. He had certainly taken a wonderful fancy to the family, and she had always hoped it would amount to something substantial. No one would have worked harder than cousin Louisa to gain the object of her wishes; but the provoking part of it was, that there was no way in which she could work.

While papa and mamma were anxiously waiting that evening to hear of Dan's success, cousin Louisa was as anxiously waiting to hear of his failure; and when he came in and told of the failure, hers was the one glad heart in the room.

She had had thoughts of humbling all her pride—which was much—and interviewing Mr. Alabaster in Dan's behalf, but had never been able to get her courage up to the point of doing it. Besides, she said to herself that Mr. Alabaster was not a man who carried his eyes in the back of his head. He was keen to see and quick to help when he chose to see and help; and if he had resolved to be blind in this case she could hardly ex-

pect any words of hers to open his eyes.

Cousin Louisa thought this way and that way; and more than once brought on neuralgia by racking her brain for means by which she could help on her object. But in the course of time she had an idea.

Chapter XXVIII.

Mr. Sheppard wrote to various friends in various places about Dan, but the same cry came from them all—trade dull, too many clerks, too little custom.

So one morning Dan gathered together the books whose society he had been missing and longing for, and went to school. He had thought he would be perfectly happy if he ever set out for school with those books under his arm again; but there were certain obstacles in the way at present. He was to appear among the boys in the light of a failure. His return to school would publish his downfall in business; for the boys had all heard him say he had renounced study, and would know that he only came back to it because the business world had shut its doors against him. Besides, he was still so full of his disappointments, so sore over his losses and failures, that he was not in a mood for enjoying even the life he loved best. For all this time his ugly thought had been growing; and although he omitted no prayer, no Bible reading, nor outward religious duty, he could feel how it had grown between his soul and God.

He rather expected a little impudence from some of the boys this morning, and resolved to put a stop to the first symptoms. His face was so full of determination that at recess none dared; but at noon, as they went out, Freddy Murdock, speaking from the silliness of his soul, said, good-naturedly.

"Come along down and help make candy this afternoon, will you, Dan? That boy that cut you out hasn't a cent's worth of fun in him."

"Cut me out!" thundered Dan, snatching Freddy by the collar and elevating him till his toes in vain strove to touch the ground. Be careful how you speak, my boy!" After a shaking that nearly scared the child's senses away, he dropped him and let him run.

(To be continued).

A SERMON TO GIRLS.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO WRITE FOR THE PAPERS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

More girls than the uninitiated suppose are possessed of literary tastes, and an honorable ambition to enter upon the paths of authorship. This talk is intended for them, by way of advice and suggestion. We are a nation of readers, and in a fair way to become a nation of writers too. The mails are burdened, and every newspaper office is besieged by bundles of manuscript, the supply that is trying to meet the demand which certainly exists. To a well-taught girl, on whom nature has bestowed a vocabulary, who has had access to books and to intelligent society, and whose foundational common sense is crowned with a wreath of sentiment or dashed with a veining of delicate fancy, it seems the easiest thing in the world to write. Step by step, by imperceptible gradations, it becomes the most desirable and then the most obligatory. Conscious of talent, shall she hide it in the folded napkin of obscurity? Sensible that she carries about with her fire and flame that may shine as beacons, is she to screen them under the bushel of modest silence?

She has had her little triumphs. She has bravely sent to this or that village paper her daintily written rhymes, signed Stella or Rosebud, and they have been duly printed with admiring comment from the editor's pen. Her friends, too, rejoice to hear everything which she writes, and she has not learned to feel distrust of their appreciation. Yet, poor thing! the indiscriminate praise of sincerely sympathetic criticism has been the seed-corn of keen pain and disappointment in many a bright girl's experience. To the people who have never tried to write anything more pretentious than a letter of business or friendship, and these, perhaps, seldom, it is always rather surprising that others can write upon topics. Many good talkers are hampered by the pen, and they envy those who are not. There are still plenty of neighborhoods where a hint that you are a poetess insures you an extra lump of sugar in your tea, and imparts a delicious flavor of compliment to the half-hesitating request you receive for a stanza in Jennie's pretty autograph album.

Not for fame only, that shining will-o'-the-wisp which allures the ardent soul of the youthful student, but for money, many girls desire to write. This is a praise-worthy motive, since it is a perfectly legitimate and honorable thing to earn money honestly. No white hand is soiled by straightforward and energetic toiling for bread, and it is quite as proper from a moral point of view that Sophia should accumulate golden gains, if she have the opportunity, as the same would be for her cousin John. Unfortunately, there is hardly a field in which the gains to the toiling many are so small as compared with the cost and the effort, as in the field of literature. Here and there one makes a fortune. The majority make little. As a dependence, no profession open to women offers less in the way of stability than writing does. Hard, unremitting labor, which taxes every power of mind and body, is the price

which the toiler must pay, if he or she is resolved to win and hold a dignified and remunerative place in the world of letters.

With what hopes and what delicately veiled fears the young aspirant bent on following in the wake of Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Browning, and the gifted ones whose names we cherish, writes her first story, and sends it away, dropping it at dusk into the letter-box, saying nothing about it at home—keeping it to herself, a sweet, sacred mystery! I feel a great tenderness for these sheets of paper, so neatly covered with the regular chirography of girlhood. They were written afternoons, when the work was done, in little white-draped rooms, with leaf-shadows dancing on the floor, and robin-preludes blending with the melody of the pure thoughts. How crude they are, how little original, how simply and unsuspectingly they echo the books the writer best loves to read, but which she little knows. Often they possess genuine merit, and there is in them the promise of good work, if the author will submit patiently to the discipline of hope deferred, to the kind severity of impartial criticism, and to the earnest study by which style is cultivated and acquired. Easy reading is not always easy writing, and spontaneity too often ends in a fatal facility. To hard work and great perseverance only belong the rewards.

Editors are, as a rule, very amiable people. So far from having a spite against new contributors, new contributors with something fresh to say are always welcome to them. They are, however, fenced in by limitations, which are conveniently described by the one word "available." The consideration with them is a mercantile one, and they expend no more sentiment in accepting or in declining the most mellifluous poem, than in the purchase of a pound of sugar or a barrel of potatoes. Therefore, do not go to them with your wares, forgetful that they are, to them, only wares and nothing more. It is no business of theirs, and you ought not to embarrass them by saying, for example, that you are in poverty. Newspapers are not charities contrived to aid genius in distress. They cannot help it, though you have changed your last dollar to pay the postage on your letter, or the car-fare to their office. Your womanly desire to assist your parents in their old age, or to educate a brother for the ministry, is by no means to weigh with them in their judgment of your manuscript. Neither can you claim any peculiar courtesy by right of your sex. "Is there no place here for a lady to sit down!" indignantly asked a young woman who had entered the office of a New York daily at the most hurried hour of the day. Ladies frequently act as though they expected to be treated with exceptional and chivalrous politeness, when they undertake an artistic, a literary, or a business career. The fact is that they have no right to any special regard based on the notion that they are women. They are wise to divest themselves of the thought that they are the objects in any way of the admiration or the instinctive gallantry of gentlemen, when they compete with them in any sort of work. A fair field and no favor is what they ought to ask; and the higher education now open to women, should make them too lofty in their self-respect to claim anything by right of their feebleness, their grace or their good looks.

Having said all this, it is right to observe that there are a great many papers and books in the country, and you, as well as others, it may be, are called to assist in the making of them. Millions of words are wanted by the types, and a word fitly spoken is as good to-day as it was when Solomon reigned in Jerusalem. If you have anything to say, say it as brightly, as forcibly, and, above all as briefly as you can, and send it, with your address

plainly written, and stamps for its return, to the editor of your choice. If he sends it back with thanks, and your faith fails not, buy more stamps and send it elsewhere. But do not make the mistake of thinking that there is anything personal in the rejection which is almost certain to overtake your first venture. Pluck, practice and persistence are three P's of which every young writer needs plenty. Remember that the article which you have written in the fragments of your time, must enter into competition with many of its own kind not only, but with the work of many skilled and well-trained hands. To authorship, as to all other arts, trades and professions, a loyal apprenticeship must usually be served, and Literature is an exacting mistress. Untold mischief has been done by some popular novels, in which beautiful heroines, with hair trailing on the floor as they walk, achieve distinction and wealth before they are twenty. Experience counts for more than dimples and complexion in book-making.

Write legibly, on clean white paper, with ink of a decided color. Write on one side of the paper only. Take care of such things as grammar and spelling, and cultivate style by the reverent study of the best models. Have an object in your writing,—to make homes happier, to lift up the downcast, in some way to make the world better.—*S. S. Times.*

READY FOR EUROPE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A good many of you will go to Europe some day or other. Just now, perhaps, you don't think or care much about it; but by-and-by, when you are older, and hear people who have been there talk of their doings and seeings, the desire to go will strengthen, and you will wish it very much indeed.

I want, therefore, to talk about this journey which some of you are to take, and the way in which to get the greatest good and pleasure out of it. This is not to make any one discontented who cannot go. That would be a pity, indeed. But nobody knows beforehand what their chances are going to be; and as business, or sickness, or unforseen changes of various kinds may bring the opportunity to any of you when it is least looked for, it will not be lost time to get ready to take advantage of it should it come. Then, if it never comes, you will at least have had the improvement of getting ready, which in itself is a very good thing.

First, then, let us decide what it is that makes it worth while to go at all. To be amused, to buy pretty things, and have what you girls call "a good time," is not enough. Good times and shopping and amusement are to be had in America; it would scarcely pay to cross the Atlantic in search of them, though they are nice things to catch at by the way. A great many do go with no other wish or idea in their minds; but something higher there must be, or the wise would not follow their example.

To begin with, then: there are better chances for study in certain branches than we can have at home. The most famous masters for music and painting live in Europe, and languages can be acquired there more readily and perfectly than

with us. To pick up French or German by the ear as a little child does, is indeed learning made easy. It is thus that children on the Continent are taught. It is nothing uncommon to find a girl of eighteen who speaks and thinks equally well in four or five tongues. She has had a French nurse, and a German and an Italian; or has gone to school in the different countries; and as people about her are using the languages continually, her chance for practice is perpetual, and a good accent comes without trouble. Each little Russian boy, when admitted to the Government schools, is required to speak French and German; and Russian parents often carry their families to spend a year or two in France and Germany, so that they may absorb languages, as it were, without knowing that there is any difficulty in the matter.

But apart from actual study,—for some of you will not have time for that, —there is great and constant instruction to be gained by what you see. We read in books about wonderful things, such as cathedrals, temples, Alpine scenery, Raphael's Madonnas; but, however hard we try, we cannot distinctly picture them until we see. One hour spent in a real cathedral teaches more of the true meaning and glory of architecture than weeks spent over books. One glance at a snow-peak sets an image in our brain which never could have been there without that glance. I once heard a lady say that she was sure she knew just how Mont Blanc must look because it was just twice and a half as high as Mount Washington, and she could easily imagine two and a half Mount Washingtons piled on top of one another, and covered with snow! But when she came to see the actual Mont Blanc, she found that none of her imaginary pilings-up had in the least prepared her for the look of the real thing.

Then, it is not only certain great objects which are made real to us by seeing them, but also everything, however small, which we have learned about or been told of. We read Hume and Gibbon, and that this or that happened in such a year or such a reign, but it is all dim and fabulous, and must be, so long as it is merely a statement on a printed page. One visit to the Tower or the Forum makes a sudden change. The fabulous becomes distinct. It is like sunlight flashing into a dusky corner. And the best of all is, that the sunlight stays; and facts never go off again into the vague distance where they were before, but remain near and clear forever to your mind.

I want to warn you of one disagreeable thing sure to happen, which is, that the minute you visit any of these celebrated places, a sharp and mortifying sense of ignorance will take possession of you. "Dear me, who *was* Guy, Earl of Warwick?" you will ask yourself. "And Lady Jane Grey's father,— I can't recollect his name at all,—and why was it that they cut off her head?" Then the guide will lead the way into a dark cell, and tell you it was Sir Walter Raleigh's bed-chamber during his long imprisonment, and you will conjure up a vague recollection of the great Sir Walter, as a young man, flinging his cloak down before the Queen, and will long to know more, except that the party is moving on, and you are ashamed to ask. Or, if it is in Rome that you happen to be sight-seeing, you will trip down the long steps which lead into the great Forum, and look at the beautiful groups of columns and the broken arches, and all at once it will come to you with a shock that you know nothing at all about the Forum; that up to this time it has only been a name in your memory. In a general way, you have gathered that it was the place where the Roman Senators and people met to discuss public matters, but it doesn't look in the least as you had expected it would; and besides, you hear of other Forums, many others, in different parts of the

city, and instead of enjoying intelligently, you stand bewildered and confused, and listen helplessly while some one reads a few bold pages of Murray's guide-book; and the guide explains what he doesn't know, in Italian which you don't understand. You long to go straight home, hunt up the proper books, study the subject well, and then come back and see the Forum again. But, alas! the books are in the home book-case in America, and the Roman Circulating Library seems to have nothing in it but novels; and even if it had, what time could you find to read where there is so much to be seen and done? All that is left is for you to put the matter aside, with a dull, unsatisfied feeling, and resolve to find out about it when you can; but before that time comes, the full fresh interest will have worn off. And, oh! what a pity it was that you could not have been prepared before you went there!

Every traveller feels this want at times, even the best-educated ones, for no education is so complete as to prepare its owner on all points and against all surprises. What the ill-educated ones lose cannot be calculated! It is like voyaging with one eye blinded and the other half shut. You see, hear, feel only a little piece of things, impressions enter your brain only part way, and what with the puzzle and vexation at your own ignorance and the sting of a missed opportunity, you go about with so much annoyance in your mind that you but half enjoy the delightful chance which perhaps will never be yours to enjoy again.

So, dear girls, take my advice, and while you have libraries and leisure, and people ready to explain things, and a mind free to receive the explanations, get yourselves ready to profit by what may come. You will be very glad afterward. Every subject carefully looked into, every bit of history tucked away into its proper place in your memory, every little interesting fact, every cell made ready for the reception of mental honey, will prove, when the right moment comes, a thing to be thankful for. Each scrap of French, or Italian, or German will find its place; each hard word which seems so dry now, will be useful then; every fragment of scientific knowledge—nothing will be lost or valueless, and the most casual and unlikely thing may turn out to be a friend at need and a friend indeed.

If you go in Rome to see the mosaic works belonging to the Government, you will find that the great pictures which you have admired on the walls of St. Peter's are made up of an immense number of small bits of stone and marble, chosen for their color, and fitted, each into exactly its prepared place. The mosaic workers who make the pictures would never think of beginning till the bits of marble were all ready, polished and sorted out. It would be awkward indeed to stop in the middle of the work, because there was no blue left with which to finish the Madonna's eye, or to leave a hole in the Saint's robe for the lack of half-a-dozen little red stones.

I want you to imitate their carefulness, and get ready these precious small bits of knowledge before the time comes to work them into the beautiful whole. Then, when the great chance arrives, your material will be ready, and fitting one with another, a valuable thing will grow of them, which will be yours for life. But don't let the pattern be spoiled for lack of a tiny scrap of this or that which you have not had the forethought to prepare in time.

And just one thing more. Let your minds grow as fast as they will, but let your souls grow too. Don't go about regarding the nations of the earth in general as "queer foreigners," who must be undervalued and scorned because their ways are not like our own. To us our own ways seem best, but there is good everywhere, and things are not necessarily ridiculous because they differ

from those which we are accustomed to. And then, though you musn't think I want to preach, God has made all men of one family, and in spite of varieties of complexion, tastes and habits, all have the same needs, the same human nature, the same death to die, the same Everlasting Father, and so all, in a sense, are brothers and sisters to each other. This thought going along with you, charity, patience, and kindliness will go, too; blessed fellow-travellers these, and good helpers on the road. Your mind will widen, your sympathies grow big, and all the world will become wonderful and delightful.—*St. Nicholas.*

JOHNNY.

A TRUE STORY.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"Now, Johnny, do you really think you can take care of little Dick all night, and give him his breakfast in the morning?"

"Poh! Yes'm. I guess I'm ten years old! And Dicky don't eat much but bread and milk."

"But are you sure you won't be afraid to be left in the house all alone, you two little boys? What if somebody should come and knock?"

"Why, then, they could go away again, for I wouldn't wake up. What are you smiling for, mother? To think you've got a boy that's smart enough to keep house?"

"Well, yes, it makes me very happy to see my Johnny so ready to please his father and mother."

Then she hesitated a moment, turned to her husband, and said:

"If we only knew just how sick Aunt Eunice is! Perhaps, after all, it is only a bad cold, and we might wait till to-morrow."

"Oh, it must be something more than that, or there wouldn't have been an 'Immediate' on the letter," said he decidedly.

"Yes, yes, I suppose you're right," said Mrs. Upjohn; and her face grew pale as she put on her bonnet before the glass. "Then the sooner we start the better. Have you charged Johnny about locking up the house?"

"Yes; and Johnny, my son, you must spend the evening in the kitchen, it won't do to have a fire in the sitting-room. And don't put a stick of wood in the stove after seven o'clock. Can you remember?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'd better both go to bed by eight," said Mrs. Upjohn.

"O, mother, mayn't *I* sit up till nine? I want to copy off my *compersition*?"

"Well, yes, if Dicky is willing, and it isn't too cold in the kitchen. There, father's gone now to harness. You'll find your supper of baked apples and milk covered over on the table; and something nice beside,—I won't say what."

"And are we goin' to sleep in the down-stairs room? O goody!" cried Dick, crushing his mother's bonnet with a parting hug.

"Good bye till to-morrow morning, my precious children; Johnny, don't forget what father said about the fires!"

It wasn't likely Johnny would forget. He was one of those slow-brained, faithful little fellows, who can't learn a spelling-lesson, but are pretty much at home with everything but books. If it had been Dicky now, even at John's age!

"Why we never could leave Dicky in charge of anything," said his father; "you might as well set a squirrel to watch a weasel."

To be sure the child was only five years old.

He began to call for his supper the moment the buggy drove off, though it was not four o'clock.

"'Cause there's seed-cakes. I saw 'em. And then I guess I better go see Jimmy Fisher; he's spectin' me."

"Dicky Upjohn, you stop talking," said John firmly. "You're not going farther than the oilnut tree this day; and I shan't let you do that if you don't behave!"

The new tone of authority rather awed and surprised little Dick.

"Look here, Johnny, if I don't do anything naughty, will you let me work your new steam-engine?"

"Yes."

"And gi' me lots o' string to play hoss with?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll be orful good!" said Master Dick, revolving in his wicked little brain the chances of getting at the raisin box without being seen. "Guess I could find the squinch preserves, too. Mamma's willin' I should have 'em when I don't feel well, and I've *most* got the ear-ache."

At precisely seven o'clock Johnny put a large stick of wood in the kitchen stove, and as little brother had been very obedient, he lighted the alcohol lamp in his steam-engine, and set the pretty machine puffing across the floor like a thing alive. Dicky having eaten two suppers, and finished off with raisins and preserves, was in a very quiet mood, and threw himself on all fours to watch "how that thing did run."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Johnny, with an air of wisdom that was not lost upon his listener, "I know how this engine is put together, as well as father does; and I'll bet you I could make one, if I only had the tools, and knew how to use 'em!"

"S'pose you could, honest?"

"Yes, to be sure. There, Dicky, the clock is striking eight. Now you'll have to go to bed."

Dicky's forehead began to pucker, and his elbows to jerk.

"Then you must go, too, Johnny Upjohn."

"Oh, but I want to fix up my compersition, so I can play Saturday. Come now, if you'll go to bed first, I'll give you all my fire-crackers."

Dicky's brows smoothed.

"And the pin-wheels, too? Fire-crackers ain't much."

"Ye-es, and the pin-wheels, too; only you'll have to go as quick as 'scat,' or I'll take it all back."

Dicky went; but as for lying still, that wasn't in the bargain. "Water! water!" called he, when fairly settled down; "I shall *dry to death*, Johnny!"

Johnny had seated himself at his work, and copied off in staring letters about three lines:

"APPLES.

"Apples is the most frout always yoused. Apples is said to grow in almost eny country.'

His arm ached already.

"There," said he, carrying Dicky a mug of water. "And you just lie still, sir. If you speak again, it will cost you a pin-wheel."

Then he went on with great labor:

"In some climates it is so warm it is said they have been discovered by the crab-apple, they was some——got the seed from the crab-apple and planted it."

"John-nee!" cried Dicky again. "You may take *one* pin-wheel! I've got to speak, cause it *unsleeps* me not to have you come to bed. Just *one* pin-wheel. So there!"

"Behave!" said Johnny. "I'll be there in just sixteen minutes, if you don't speak again."

"Some takes the apples and makes cider of them. Old cider is yoused for vinegar.

"JOHN T. UPJOHN."

This ended the "compersition;" but in John's haste to keep his word and get to bed in just sixteen minutes, he made a mistake and wrote on the back of it "Potatoes."

He smiled to see Dicky sound asleep already; then knelt down and prayed "Now I lay me," with a very solemn feeling.

"I think God *will* be sure to take care of me to-night, so I can take care of Dicky," thought he, creeping into bed. "He must know father and mother have gone off, and Dicky isn't much more 'n a baby." And with that he fell asleep, holding little brother by the hand.

About midnight he was wakened by the smell of smoke. If he had not been downstairs and if he had not felt even in sleep, the care of the house, I daresay he would not have waked. "What's this? Why, what is it?" thought he, raising himself on his elbow and sniffing.

The bedroom opened out of the sitting-room, and the kitchen was just beyond. That was where the smoke must come from, for it was the only room that had fire in it.

Johnny rose softly, and went into the kitchen. It was on fire!

Probably some coals had fallen out of the stove-door when the last stick was put in, and had been smouldering on the floor ever since. Now the floor, the sink, the drop-table and the sitting-room door were in flames.

What should be done?

Johnny reflected. He couldn't write a very deep "compersition," but he was just the boy to have his wits about him when they were needed.

"The first thing is to get Dicky out of the house," thought he. "The flames are spreading to the bedroom." In a twinkling he had him in his arms, rolled him in a shawl, and set him on the front door-stone. "Don't cry, Dicky Dilver," said he, locking him out, "I'll come after you if you'll be good."

Then leaving the little fellow sobbing in utter bewilderment, Johnny rushed back, and dipped water from the barrel to put out the flames.

It was a hard fight for a small boy. He could not help wondering at himself to feel how strong he was. Pailful after pailful he dashed on; and when the barrel gave out he turned to the pump in the sink. Ah, but the sink-door was ablaze! As fast as the fire was quenched in one place, it broke out in another; but Johnny mastered it after awhile.

"O, if it hadn't been for my nose," thought the brave little fellow, wading across the floor; "if it *hadn't* been for my nose! Wonder if the fire's struck through to the cellar?" It had not; but there seemed to be a smoky smell down there; and our hero dashed water upon the ceiling, never minding that it ran back and wet him all over.

Quite satisfied at last that all was right, he went to the front door and let in howling little Dick.

"What'd you put me out for? Say, what'd you put me out for?"

"So I could put out the fire, you little good-for-nothing fellow," replied Johnny, kissing him tenderly.

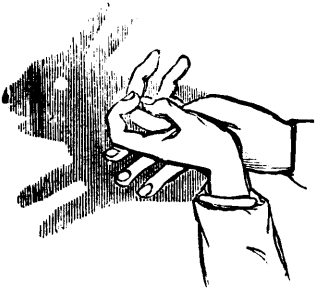
"What if you'd burnt up, and I'd burnt up too, sir? I guess 'twould have been the last time mother'd have left *us* to keep house!"—*Selected.*

HAND SHADOWS.

In the evening, when shadows can be cast on the wall, nothing pleases little children more than hand shadows. The shadow of a fox's head, made by simply clasping one hand over the other, has been so often illustrated we will only refer to it. If the second and third fingers, of the clasped hand, are

The Negro.

kept moving towards each other, it will look as if the fox was eating. It is so difficult to give verbal directions for producing hand pictures, we will give two illustrations to our young readers. One a human head, the other a rabbit; try and copy the position of the hands



The Rabbit.

given, and thus cast the shadows of these objects on the wall or paper of the room.

An ingenious boy or girl can form other objects by frequent practice.

We need scarcely say that the shadow artist must stand *between* the lamp and the wall.—*Home Games.*

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

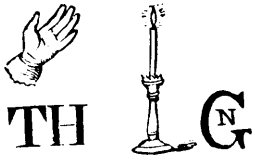
BY E. H. N.

I am a scourge, and often pale
The cheek of rosiest red,
I am a blight on what I am,
When severed is my head.

Replace my head, and take two-thirds
My body as it stands,
And see a term in frequent use
Among our household bands.

Now take my whole, strike out the last
Of that same household word,
And see a king—a mighty king,
Of whom you oft have heard.

My whole once more: transposed, I seem
A simple thing to be,
And yet how many owe to-day
Their growing wealth to me!



No. 1.--Elementary.

No. 2.—A Poser.

No. 3.—Receptacle for the dead.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

HIEROGLYPHIC PROVERB IN OCTOBER NUMBER—Too many cooks spoil the broth.

TRANSLATION OF FLORAL LOVE LETTER IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

MY LOVE,—Your pensive beauty, your simplicity, amiability, truth and your sweet humility, have awakened in me the first emotion of love.

What wonder! You please all without distinction. You are a belle, a beauty, but your qualities surpass your beauty, your purity equals your loveliness, your presence softens my pain. Oh, give me some encouragement to cure my sadness. Let me hope that my pure and ardent love may gain your affection, Oh, lady, deign to smile. Say but "I partake your sentiments." Oh, give me a token of your preference. Overcome your reserve, and let pure love gain the victory.

Grant me an appointed meeting with promptitude. Night and day you occupy my thoughts. The color of my fate depends upon your coldness or your returned love. In a marriage with me, I cannot offer you the pride of riches or fantastic extravagance. To thee I make no pretension, but rural happiness and conjugal love shall dispel *ennui* and promote content.

Should, however, your answer be: "I declare against you,—should my anxious and trembling uncertainty become extinguished hope,—yet shall I live for thee, yet shall memory, with unchangeable affection, recall your delicate beauty, your winning grace, your ingenuous simplicity.

Oh, my always lovely love, bid me not flee away. Doom me not to solitude, to despondency; bid me hope.

Thine forever,

I am your Captive.

The Home.

THOUGHTS ON NURSING AS A PROFESSION FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

FROM "GOOD WORDS."

Of all the employments open to gentlewomen there is none more suitable to them than nursing, and although many people have grave objections to women entering the medical profession, who would object to women making *nursing* a profession? It is closely allied with the medical profession, equally honorable, useful, and, if properly taken up, scientific.

In some forms of disease, the requisite minuteness and completeness of observation can only be attained by a more or less constant presence in the sick chamber. Is it not evident, then, that Nature has assigned to woman this share in the task, and that, in performing it, her place can be in no way inferior to that of those to whom the other portion of the work is given?

Miss Nightingale says, "Sickness is everywhere. Death is everywhere. But hardly anywhere is the training necessary to teach women to relieve sickness, to delay death. We consider a long education and discipline necessary to train our medical man; we consider hardly any training at all necessary for our nurse, although how often does our medical man himself tell us, 'I can do nothing for you unless your nurse will carry out what I say!' Of how many a rich patient I have said, 'Would that I could send him (or her) into hospital.' Few know, except medical men in the largest practice, how many rich lives, as well as poor ones, are lost for want of nursing, even among those who can command every want under the sun that money can purchase."

The generality of people think that any woman can nurse, and trust for help, when their need comes, to the untaught, love-prompted care of wife, sister, or daughter. How many lives are yearly lost by that trust it would be cruel to compute; and for each life lost we may count another almost equally sacrificed; broken down by the combination of severe labor and trying emotions—labor of course threefold harder to the untrained laborer,—emotion from which the professional nurse would be almost as free as the physician, a freedom which will improve, not impair, the goodness of the nursing.

What you want in the sick-room, to quote a well-known medical authority, "is a calm, steady discipline, existing but unfelt; the patient, cool control which a stranger is far more likely to exercise than a relation; and the experience of illness to note changes, and call for aid at needed times, as well as to recognize symptoms and correctly report them." The latter capacity it is simply impossible that any but a trained nurse should possess in any high degree.

The patient whose wife, sisters, or daughters, unwearied by the fatigue of nursing, bring with them into the sick

room fresh minds, a fresh moral atmosphere, and that cheerfulness which is impossible when spirit and body alike are over-taxed, really gets the best that it is their power to give.

Over and over again have I heard from wives and mothers, the terrible confession, "If I had known all that I do now, my dear ones would not have died." That is, they died of untrained nursing, and the untrained nurse, their wife or mother, knows it!

Sometimes the jealous affection of those who fancy that nursing is one of the natural instincts of womanhood, and that ignorance of nursing is a reproach, has had disastrous consequences.

I will give an instance of this, which was told me by the medical man in charge of the case.

A little girl, the only child of a lady, became very ill. The doctor called in to attend her said that "she must have an experienced nurse from London at once," and telegraphed to an institution with which he was acquainted to send them one. The nurse arrived, was put in charge of the patient, and day by day a marked improvement was perceptible, until one evening the doctor cheerfully announced, "he could now say there were fair grounds for hoping the child might recover."

Before leaving, he ordered leeches to be applied, directing the nurse how much blood was to be taken from the patient, and the great care required that at a certain stage the bleeding should be stopped.

The nurse promised to obey his directions, applied the leeches, and on their removal the warm linseed poultice ordered. This done, the mother—who had never left the room—insisted that the nurse should leave her patient and go to bed. The nurse refused to do so until the poultice was removed and the bleeding stopped. Upon which the mother indignantly asked "whether she supposed that *she* wasn't capable of doing such a thing as that for her child?" adding that she "insisted upon the nurse's leaving the room," which accordingly the nurse did.

Early on the following morning the doctor entered the child's room, expecting to find a marked improvement towards recovery.

He found the child dying!

The nurse was not in the room, and when he asked for her, the mother replied, "Nurse can't tell you anything about the child, for I sent her to bed, and have nursed Elsie myself." Upon hearing this, the doctor turned down the bed-clothes, and finding everything saturated with blood exclaimed, "Didn't you know, then, how to remove a poultice, and stop leach bites from bleeding?"

"Of course I did," she replied, "but the child fell into such a sweet sleep after nurse left the room that I was afraid to disturb her—for you know, Dr. ——, how much you have wished she should have a good night's rest."

The doctor couldn't tell her she had killed her child. He sent for the nurse and gave her a severe reprimand for neglect of duty, adding, "that her work there and the life of her patient were alike at an end."

If this nurse had fully understood the responsibility of her position, she would not have deserted her post at the bidding of any one but the medical man under whose orders she was to act. Had she received a professional training—so high that none but a thoroughly well-educated woman could have passed through it—then I think there is little doubt that no one would have dreamt of interfering with her duties, any more than they would interfere with the prescription of the medical man in attendance.

Training, then—an education in the duties of her profession as complete in regard to those duties as the training of men in their vocations—is the only thing that can qualify a woman to take charge of the lives of the sick; can

make her truly and honestly a professional nurse.

The idea that "any woman can nurse" is as silly as that other, by which most families employing a governess have suffered at one time or another, that all women who have "had an education" can teach.

It is not so long ago, as already to be forgotten, the anxiety felt by the whole nation for the health and recovery of the Prince of Wales; but did any of the thousands realize, who watched for the daily bulletins of his health, that, humanly speaking, he must have died, had it not been for the unwearied and devoted attention of skilled medical attendants? Ever at the bedside to watch and note the slightest change in the disease, and prompt in administering the right remedies at the very instant they were required, the disease was fought and conquered. But what private person, however rich, can hope that any one would watch by his bedside with the skill of the physician and nurse combined?

The poor in one respect are better off than the rich, for their worst cases are sent to the hospitals, where, in addition to thoroughly trained hospital nurses, they have the advantage of medically trained "dressers" always at hand to note all the various forms that disease presents.

Few have yet realized that, in addition to the technical and moral training and discipline which must be acquired in a well-organized hospital, a greater amount of theoretical knowledge is absolutely indispensable for a nurse who goes out to "private cases," and that, for this vocation, a higher education and a higher grade of women are required. In addition to the ordinary hospital training—even though that be the best of its kind—it is essential that the private nurse should have received almost a medical education, if she is to act in any sense as *aide* to the medical man, whose patient she has been put in charge of. For she is in a very different position from the hospital sister or nurse. The latter has a staff of medical men to appeal to, at a moment's notice. Her patients are visited by the house-surgeon or physician at least three times in every twenty-four hours, in addition to the morning visit of the medical *chef* or "professor" of her ward. In private nursing, the nurse is *alone*, and has to act more or less on her own responsibility, rarely seeing the doctor above once in the twenty-four hours. Who, that has ever watched the progress of disease (more particularly in a certain class of fevers) does not know the many changes that may occur in even twelve hours? With a well-trained and skilful nurse at hand, no change could ever pass unnoticed, and her professional knowledge would enable her to know the right remedy to apply at the right moment, and in all probability life would be saved, which otherwise would have been lost. Nor is it possible to over-estimate the use of such a trained body of women, in time of war.

In my fever-lazareth before Metz,* the medical *chef* had not time to visit carefully all the men, but twice in the day he would come, and each time ask me to point out the cases that seemed to need particular care and attention. On leaving, he would say, "Remember, Sister, that the lives of these men depend more upon your nursing and care than upon anything I can do for them. If you observe such and such symptoms, you must change the medicine immediately. If you find any man's pulse going down rapidly, you may give . . . . at your own discretion. *You* will see changes in the disease which no one who is not

* In this hospital the loss was only three per cent., while in others the mortality was enormous. One cause that contributed to this was that the *chef* was the only medical man who followed the so-called English method of unlimited fresh air and feeding.

watching by the bedside ever could see." Any difficulty I could always mention to him at his visit, and however hurried he might be he would always explain and instruct me what to do, so far as time allowed. I often wondered whether such hurried instructions would have been of the slightest use, had I not been "trained" more than any of the Sisters in our station. And yet I daily felt how much more useful I could have been had I known more, and how great my ignorance really was. I learnt *then* how much a nurse requires to know when she must act on her own responsibility in every emergency that may arise.

If nurses could be as carefully and scientifically trained for their future work as medical men are for their vocation, it would be impossible to over-estimate the advantages to the world at large of such a body of women among us.

To quote one of the medical authorities of the day, "With a class of trained women, ever at the bedside, skilled in observing with the utmost accuracy, and without disturbance to the patient, all those delicate variations which disease presents, medical knowledge itself might be expected to enter upon a new development—new subjects and methods of observation could hardly fail to develop themselves."

How is it, then, that among the thousands of well-educated and intelligent English gentlewomen, so few can be found to offer themselves for this work? Every one knows, however, how few employments there are open to gentlewomen. An officer or clergyman can bring his sons up to earn their own living in the world, with the hope of their leading useful lives to the community at large, perhaps of rising to honor and renown. But what provision can he make for his daughters? As children, they have probably received a far less thorough and expensive education than the sons, on the assumption that it will be of no use to them when they are grown up. The father dies, and with him probably all the little means the family possessed. Untrained and half-educated, his daughters must go out into the world to earn their own living as they best can. And the only way open to them is to become companions or governesses.

This is neither the time nor place to speak of the heart-breaking disappointments that fall to the lot of most who are looking out for a situation. We are all acquainted with the long columns in the papers, filled with advertisements of "Governesses," and we all know how few of those who advertise their ability to teach others have ever been properly taught themselves, or have ever been taught how to teach, and the dignity of such a profession for those properly qualified.

To make nursing equal, as a profession, to the medical, a more comprehensive education and training is necessary than is required for a hospital nurse or sister; and such an education and training would be necessary as would secure to its members the social position and material rewards that belong and are generally given to those who combine a scientific education with a useful calling. The professor of the theory and practice of medicine at Montreal (Dr. Howard) says, "Such an art would imply, in my view, a liberal preliminary education at least equal to that now required of the medical student, assigning, however, a first place to natural science, and a lower one to the classics. And second, a professional education extending over three full years, aud embracing the following scheme of subjects:—Anatomy, physiology, chemistry, materia medica, pharmacy, dietetics, hygiene, and clinical instruction in nursing the sick and wounded, in dressing wounds and applying splints, &c.; such nurses to receive a diploma upon examination, entitling them to practice the art of

nursing. Such a body of trained nurses would supply the greatest want we have as physicians, and would open up a career of usefulness and honorable employment to our sisters, who would then be not only the helpmates, but the *complementa* of the medical profession."

Other members of the medical profession have said the same, although few, perhaps, have written as fully on the subject as the author of "Thoughts on Health." He confidently anticipates the time when every gentleman of limited income, who is seeking to provide a profession for his sons, will strive quite as earnestly "to establish" his daughters, not in the ordinary sense of the word—by marriage—but by providing them with such an education and training, that they may look forward with quiet confidence "to having a home of their own." When these women married, they would marry simply because they felt that love and esteem which all wives should feel for their husbands, and not because they were alone in the world, and wanted a home, dreading sickness or age coming upon them unprepared.

In the last place, the interests of charity would be promoted; for no restraint would be placed on the benevolent efforts of those ladies or sisters of religious communities who prefer to act as nurses without being paid, and to spend their lives, so far as they can, in doing good. For why should their number or zeal be diminished?

But every one must acknowledge that those things which rest for their doing on charity alone are seldom thoroughly well done. To how large an extent medical men give their labor gratuitously to the poor, long after their doing so has ceased to be of any possible advantage to themselves, is partly known to all. Must not the sick poor be benefited in like way by the presence among them of a large number of kind-hearted ladies, filled with a professional zeal for good nursing for its own sake, and as being that whereon their own renown and prosperity depend? Would they be more apt to turn a deaf ear to the call of suffering than their male *confrères* have proved themselves to be? Their position would give them an influence with the sick poor, that the half-educated nurse or midwife who now tends them cannot hope to acquire; nor do I think it would be possible to overrate the services of such an educated body of nurses among us, in the *prevention* of disease alone.

Are there none among those who may have read these "Thoughts on Nursing," able and willing to train themselves for this profession? The demand for even the most ordinary of half-trained, half-educated women, is far greater than the supply.

We hear of ladies undertaking work that could be better done by others. Why will they not give themselves to this work, and give the time, money, and brains necessary to prepare themselves fitly for the most honorable of all careers open to women?

If the judgment, tact, discretion, and good breeding supposed to characterize a gentlewoman were supplemented by the thoroughness and endurance born of routine, and the mechanical habits of study which it is proposed they should adopt, *then* we should have a class of nurses, second to none in the world; and "nursing" will indeed have become a "profession," in the highest sense of the word.

FLORENCE S. LEES.

FOLDING SCREENS.

A useful as well as ornamental addition to either drawing-room or library is a folding screen, though it is one not often met with in America. Our never-failing carpenter must make the frame-work, unless some member of our family possesses a box of tools and a taste for carpentering. The wood used must be well seasoned, and the frame of each panel be of exactly the same size so that when folded the edges may be all quite even. Three panels, each five feet two inches high and twenty-two inches across, is the usual size for a drawing-room, and four panels, six feet high and two feet across, for a library or dining-room. Each panel consists of five pieces—two long sides and three cross-pieces, at top, middle, and bottom. The lowest cross-piece should be about two and a half inches wide, the sides and top and middle cross-pieces two inches. The thickness should not exceed three-quarters of an inch, otherwise the screen will be too heavy.

There are many varieties in these screens, all of which can be made at home. We will first try our hand at a scrap screen, or one ornamented with colored or uncolored "scraps" from magazines, etc., as the process only requires extreme neatness and care, and not very much artistic taste. Our first outlay must be for some unbleached cotton, the cheaper the better. It will take about eleven yards for the smaller and seventeen for the larger screen, allowing for both sides of the panels and for the overlapping at top and bottom. The knots generally found in this common sheeting must be carefully picked out, and then the cotton soaked in hot water to shrink it. Before it is quite dry, nail it with small tacks around the top of one panel, pulling it very tight; then do the same at bottom and sides, and complete the other side in the same way. The cotton must be brought round the edge of the panel so that the tacks are on the outside edges, and none on the front of the frame-work. Now get about five cents' worth of common white size, cut it into little pieces, put it in a jar with a very little water, stand it on the range to melt, and stir it occasionally with a stick. If you have not lost all your patience by the time it has melted, brush it over the cotton thinly with a good-sized painter's brush. This you will have to do before the fire, keeping the size hot, until both sides of every panel are covered. It will soon dry, and is then ready for papering. If our screen is to be covered with colored pictures, which are much more effective, we must buy at a paper-hanger's what they call "lining paper," white. It is sold in pieces of twelve yards' length.

Lay one of the panels on a table and measure off the length and breadth of paper required; it must fit it exactly, but not fold over the edges like the cotton. Each side must be in one piece, of course, so as to show no joins, and six strips will be needed for the three-leaved screen.

Lay one of the strips on a panel and brush it thickly and evenly over with good smooth flour-and-water paste. You must be careful to leave no spaces or knots of paste, but do it thoroughly; then two persons must take hold of each corner, one at top and one at bottom, turn it over so as to bring the pasted side toward the cotton, and lay it evenly in place. When this is accomplished, dab it over with a clean cloth, pressing it gently and rubbing out any creases or air bubbles before the paste has time to dry. Cover both sides of all the panels,

and when they are dry, size them just as before. If the cotton has been well stretched and the paper well pasted, the surface of the panels will be quite smooth and as tight as a drum.

Common flour-and-water paste well boiled, or boiled arrowroot, is used for pasting on the pictures, but, of course, before beginning our screen, we must have a huge collection of all sorts and sizes to choose from. Chromos and colored illustrations sent out with newspapers, and sheets of birds, flowers, etc., to be bought at all stationers', are sufficiently good for the purpose, though many screens are valued at from $250 to $400, from being covered with very expensive pictures. Screens such as the ordinary one we are making sell at bazaars for $50.

In arranging the pictures on the screen, much depends upon individual taste. One way—the simplest—is to put on large and small pictures without cutting them out, in rather regular order, —large ones in the centre and the four corners, and small ones grouped between,—and then to cut out flowers and place them around each picture for a frame. This requires colored paper as a background. Another is to cut out most of the pictures and arrange them in a confused way, any absurdity of composition being allowable. But the most artistic, and the way I should advise —though the most difficult to arrange well, is to have each panel represent a distinct subject, such as Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter for a four-leaved screen; Christmas, Midsummer or May day, and Harvest-home for a three-leaved.

All the subjects must blend well and run into each other, with no distinct outlines, so that they appear as one picture. To insure the best arrangement of any of the styles, it is well to pin the pictures on the screen, changing them about until the desired effect is produced. Great attention must be paid to perspective, the lower third of the panel forming the foreground, the middle portion the middle ground, and the top the background. Figures, trees, houses, etc., must be arranged on a decreasing scale of size from bottom to top. The massive tops of trees can cut off portions of the view, and so throw back what comes above them. In this way a really beautiful picture can be made. The pictures, figures, trees, etc., are cut out with very sharp scissors, and it being sometimes impossible to make them fit into each other exactly, the spaces which are left are filled in with a touch or two of water-color paints. Half an inch is left between the pictures and the edge of the screen, as that margin is required for a beading or other ornamental finish to the screen.

In arranging the subject "Winter," such pictures should be selected as contain skating, sleighing, or other winter amusements, snow scenes, holly, robins, firesides, women in red cloaks, mistletoe, old people, and anything marking the end of the year and of life. In arranging them, the centre may be a pond, with skaters in red petticoats and woollen comforters, on each side sleighs dashing to and fro, boys on sleds, little girls with bundles of fagots; the top, or background may be a more distant view of snow-covered farms and houses, trees laden with icicles, holly bushes sprinkled with red berries; the foreground, or bottom, may have a blacksmith's shop on one side, with the open door giving glimpses of the red fire, and a sleigh drawn up before it, waiting for some doctoring of the horses' hoofs. Great care must be paid to the perspective, as I said before, and also to the light and shade; that is, the sunlight must come from one side or the other, and *not* both, and shadows must fall correspondingly. By taking part of one picture and part of another, and filling in here and there with water-colors, something really pretty may be made. Of course no sky appears anywhere except at the top.

It is now ready for varnishing. Some screens are not varnished at all, and the colors certainly look softer when left as they are, but smoke and dirt injure them in time. There are various ways of finishing the edges, but leather in pinked-out strips put on with ornamental nails, gold beadings about half an inch wide, or a beading of wood japanned black outside and gold beading within are all effective. Three pairs of hinges must be put to each leaf of the screen, and our work is done.

A simple and much more beautiful screen may be made by any one able to paint, as follows: The frame-work is the same, and the cotton, except that it should be finer and of a deeper color. Nothing further is needed but sepia and a brush or two. Each panel shows a careless sepia-drawn picture of waving grain, tall calla lilies or irises, common teasel, or meadow-sweet. The effect is charming.

Artists of course, make more exquisite creations still on real canvas with oil-paints. If the doors and cabinets in the room are painted, the screen should correspond.

Japanese screens can be made by using the Japanese crape or paper pictures to be bought for ten cents or so in New York or Boston, and imitations of the Japanese lacquer-work screens can be made by painting, on paper put on over the cotton sheeting, large raised figures in gold and colors—landscapes, pagodas, and bridges copied from Japanese pictures—then filling in with black Japan varnish. Shellac or any prepared pigment is used for raising the figures, the paint being laid on over it.

Screens can be made in the same way of embroidered Chinese satins, or antique gold and silver embroidered silks, or any of the beautiful Japanese silks that can now be bought at upholsterers'. Very pretty ones are made of cretonne-work, or Broderie Perse, as it is sometimes called. This is very easily done, though the more taste one has, the better the result, as in everything else. The sprays of flowers, trees, birds, and insects are cut out from cretonne, and pasted on black cotton-backed satin or ecru linen. The outline and veins are embroidered in silks exactly matching in color the various parts of the cretonne, in long, loose, irregular feather stitches. Some cretonnes need more care than others which are more highly finished, but the work can be turned to good account in many ways besides screen-making—curtain-borders, table-covers, cushions, &c., and as hangings for the walls of boudoirs, alternating with stripes of silk or chintz.—*Mrs. Julian Hawthorne, in Harper's Bazar.*

GOVERNMENT IN THE NURSERY.

Do not expect from a child any great amount of moral goodness. The popular idea that children are "innocent," while it may be true in so far as it refers to evil *knowledge*, is totally false in so far as it refers to evil *impulses*, as half an hour's observation in the nursery will prove to any one. Boys when left to themselves, as at a public school, treat each other far more brutally than men do; and were they left to themselves at an earlier age their brutality would be still more conspicuous.

Not only is it unwise to set up a high standard for juvenile good conduct, but it is even unwise to use very urgent incitements to such good conduct. Already most people recognize the detri-

mental results of intellectual precocity; but there remains to be recognized the truth that there is a *moral precocity* which is also detrimental. Our higher moral faculties, like our higher intellectual ones, are comparatively complex. By consequence they are both comparatively late in their evolution. And with the one as with the other, a very early activity produced by stimulation will be at the expense of the future character. Hence the not uncommon fact that those who during childhood were instanced as models of juvenile goodness, by-and-by undergo some disastrous and seemingly inexplicable change, and end by being not above but below par; while relatively exemplary men are often the issue of a childhood by no means so promising.

Be content, therefore, with moderate measures and moderate results. Constantly bear in mind the fact that a higher morality, like a higher intelligence, must be reached by a slow growth; and you will then have more patience with those imperfections of nature which your child hourly displays. You will be less prone to that constant scolding, and threatening, and forbidding, by which many parents induce a chronic domestic irritation, in the foolish hope that they will thus make their children what they should be.

This comparatively liberal form of domestic government, which does not seek despotically to regulate all the details of a child's conduct, necessarily results from the system for which we have been contending. Satisfy yourself with seeing that your child always suffers the natural consequences of his actions, and you will avoid that excess of control in which so many parents err. Leave him wherever you can to the discipline of experience, and you will so save him from that hothouse virtue which over-regulation produces in yielding natures, or that demoralizing antagonism which it produces in independent ones.

By aiming in all cases to administer the natural reactions to your child's actions, you will put an advantageous check upon your own temper. By pausing in each case of transgression to consider what is the natural consequence, and how that natural consequence may best be brought home to the transgressor, some little time is necessarily obtained for the mastery of yourself; the mere blind anger first aroused in you settles down into a less vehement feeling, and one not so likely to mislead you.

Do not, however, seek to behave as an utterly passionless instrument. Remember that besides the natural consequences of your child's conduct, which the working of things tends to bring round on him, your own approbation or disapprobation is also a natural consequence, and one of the ordained agencies for guiding him. The error which we have been combating is that of *substituting* parental displeasure and its artificial penalties, for the penalties which nature has established. But while it should not be *substituted* for these natural penalties, it by no means follows that it should not, in some form, *accompany* them. The *secondary* kind of punishment should not usurp the place of the *primary* kind; but, in moderation it may rightly supplement the primary kind. Such amount of disapproval, or sorrow, or indignation, as you feel, should be expressed in words or manner or otherwise; subject, of course, to the approval of your judgment. On the one hand, anxiously avoid that weak impulsiveness, so general among mothers, which scolds and forgives almost in the same breath. On the other hand, do not unduly continue to show estrangement of feeling, lest you accustom your child to do without your friendship, and so lose your influence over him. The moral reactions called forth from you by your child's actions, you should as much as possible assimilate to those which you conceive would

be called forth from a parent of perfect nature.

Be sparing of commands. Command only in those cases in which other means are inapplicable, or have failed. "In frequent orders the parents' advantage is more considered than the child's," says Richter. As in primitive societies a breach of law is punished, not so much because it is intrinsically wrong as because it is a disregard of the king's authority—a rebellion against him; so in many families, the penalty visited on a transgressor proceeds less from reprobation of the offence than from anger at the disobedience. Listen to the ordinary speeches—"How *dare* you disobey me!" "I tell you I'll *make* you do it, sir." "I'll soon teach you who is *master*"—and then consider what the words, the tone, and the manner imply. A determination to subjugate is much more conspicuous in them than an anxiety for the child's welfare. For the time being the attitude of mind differs but little from that of the despot bent on punishing a recalcitrant subject. The right-feeling parent, however, like the philanthropic legislator, will not rejoice in coercion, but will rejoice in dispensing with coercion. He will do without law in all cases where other modes of regulating conduct can be successfully employed; and he will regret the having recourse to law when it is necessary. As Richter remarks—"The best rule in politics is said to be '*pas trop gouverner*:' it is also true in education." And in spontaneous conformity with this maxim, parents whose lust of dominion is restrained by a true sense of duty, will aim to make their children control themselves wherever it is possible, and will fall back upon absolutism only as a last resort.

But whenever you *do* command, command with decision and consistency. If the case is one which really cannot be otherwise dealt with, then issue your fiat, and having issued it, never afterwards swerve from it. Consider well beforehand what you are going to do; weigh all the consequences; think whether your firmness of purpose will be sufficient; and then, if you finally make the law, enforce it uniformly at whatever cost. Let your penalties be like the penalties inflicted by inanimate nature—inevitable. The hot cinder burns a child the first time he seizes it; it burns him the second time; it burns him the third time; it burns him every time; and he very soon learns not to touch the hot cinder. If you are equally consistent—if the consequences which you tell your child will follow certain acts, follow with like uniformity, he will soon come to respect your laws as he does those of Nature. And this respect once established will prevent endless domestic evils. Of errors in education one of the worst is that of inconsistency. As in a community, crimes multiply when there is no certain administration of justice; so in a family, an immense increase of transgressions results from a hesitating or irregular infliction of penalties. A weak mother, who perpetually threatens and rarely performs—who makes rules in haste and repents of them at leisure—who treats the same offence now with severity and now with leniency, according as the passing humor dictates, is laying up miseries both for herself and her children. Better even a barbarous form of domestic government carried out consistently, than a humane one inconsistently carried out. Again we say, avoid coercive measures whenever it is possible to do so; but when you find despotism really necessary, be despotic in good earnest.

Bear constantly in mind the truth that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a *self-governing* being; not to produce a being to be *governed by others*. Were your children fated to pass their lives as slaves, you could not too much accustom them to slavery during their childhood; but as they are

by-and-by to be free men, with no one to control their daily conduct, you cannot too much accustom them to self-control while they are still under your eye. Aim to diminish the amount of parental government as fast as you can substitute for it in your child's mind that self-government arising from a foresight of results. In infancy a considerable amount of absolutism is necessary. A three-year old urchin playing with an open razor, cannot be allowed to learn by this discipline of consequences; for the consequences may, in such a case, be too serious. But as intelligence increases, the number of instances calling for peremptory interference may be, and should be diminished, with the view of gradually ending them as maturity is approached. All periods of transition are dangerous; and the most dangerous is the transition from the restraint of the family circle to the non-restraint of the world. Hence the importance of pursuing the policy we advocate; which, alike by cultivating a child's faculty of self-restraint, by continually increasing the degree in which it is left to its self-constraint, and by so bringing it, step by step, to a state of unaided self-restraint, obliterates the ordinary sudden and hazardous change from externally governed youth to internally-governed maturity.

Do not regret the exhibition of considerable self-will on the part of your children. It is the correlative of that diminished coerciveness so conspicuous in modern education. The greater tendency to assert freedom of action on the one side, corresponds to the smaller tendency to tyrannize on the other. They both indicate an approach to the system of discipline we contend for, under which children will be more and more led to rule themselves by the experience of natural consequences; and they are both the accompaniments of our more advanced social state.

Lastly, always remember that to educate rightly is not a simple and easy thing, but a complex and extremely difficult thing: the hardest task which devolves upon adult life. The rough and ready style of domestic government is indeed practicable by the meanest and most uncultivated intellects. Slaps and sharp words are penalties that suggest themselves alike to the least reclaimed barbarian and the most stolid peasant. Even brutes can use this method of discipline; as you may see in the growl and half-bite with which a bitch will check a too-exigeant puppy. But if you would carry out with success a rational and civilized system, you must be prepared for considerable mental exertion—for some study, some ingenuity, some patience, some self-control. You will have habitually to trace the consequences of conduct—to consider what are the results which in adult life follow certain kinds of acts; and then you will have to devise methods by which parallel results shall be entailed on the parallel acts of your children. You will daily be called upon to analyze the motives of juvenile conduct: you must distinguish between acts that are really good and those which, though externally simulating them, proceed from inferior impulses; while you must be ever on your guard against the cruel mistake not unfrequently made, of translating neutral acts into transgressions, or ascribing worse feelings than were entertained. You must more or less modify your method to suit the disposition of each child; and must be prepared to make further modifications as each child's disposition enters on a new phase. Your faith will often be taxed to maintain the requisite perseverance in a course which seems to produce little or no effect. Especially if you are dealing with children who have been wrongly treated, you must be prepared for a lengthened trial of patience before succeeding with better methods; seeing that that which is not easy, even where a right state of feeling

has been established from the beginning, becomes doubly difficult when a wrong state of feeling has to be set right. Not only will you have constantly to analyze the motives of your children, but you will have to analyze your own motives—to discriminate between those internal suggestions springing from a true parental solicitude, and those which spring from your own selfishness, from your love of ease, from your lust of dominion. And then, more trying still, you will have not only to detect, but to curb these baser impulses. In brief, you will have to carry on your higher education at the same time that you are educating your children. Intellectually you must cultivate to good purpose that most complex of subjects—human nature and its laws, as exhibited in your children, in yourself, and in the world. Morally, you must keep in constant exercise your higher feelings, and restrain your lower. It is a truth yet remaining to be recognized, that the last stage in the mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of the parental duties. And when this truth is recognized, it will be seen how admirable is the ordination in virtue of which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline which they would else elude.—*By Herbert Spencer, in "Education, Moral, Intellectual and Physical."*

DECORATIONS IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

In these later years a good deal of thought is being given to decorations of various kinds, and the humblest home can, if it will, boast of something in this line. Indeed, during the past few summers I have been much struck in my wanderings, especially in the Provinces, with the universality of this beautifying principle. Go where you will there, *except in schoolhouses*, you will find the inevitable pot-plants, and pretty muslin curtains; no matter how frequently said curtains have to be cleansed to preserve their original whiteness—there they are, ever present.

Here is a poor hovel, perhaps, which can boast of only one window, still there is the piece of muslin or lace which, although but two feet square, yet veils the half of it, and behind, peeping up in exquisite beauty, is some fragile plant, luxuriant and rich, lending its sweet perfume and bright coloring to beguile some sad moments for somebody. This fact is a notable and prominent feature of the old cities of our English cousins, and one which some of us might do well to imitate. A stranger visiting there notices this among the very first things which present themselves, and is insensibly led to kindly and gentle thoughts of the people and their homes.

At so trifling an expense can this be enjoyed among us, that one is really to blame for letting the golden opportunity slip by for impressing the rising generation with the numberless lessons thus conveyed unconsciously, and which may be so significant in the formation of character. But the mother or the big sister has charge of the home decorations, we will say, and thus the little ones are early taught that beauty

and grace are indispensable to the perfecting of the home. Now, if this is the case, how will it be when, leaving the dear mother and the sweet home behind, the young voyager sails into the port of school, where bare walls, forbidding blackboards, and immense windows, innocent of any veiling, greet his vision.

Children *can* draw comparisons, and children *do* draw comparisons, and all the young, energetic vote will be for the pretty home with its neat walls and pictures. To be sure he is not educated up to the knowledge of the exquisite touches of a Bierstadt or a Brown; but the little stained pine frame round a penny picture, if you will, is a large advance in his mind over a plain white-washed surface, which only makes his eyes ache if he but look at it.

Au contraire suppose our candidate for scholastic honors comes from some den where cleanliness is at a discount, and dingy, dirty surroundings are all he is conversant with. This same schoolroom, bare and uninviting, awes him; and his impression of it might well be compared to that made on the mind of a criminal as he enters for a term of years his prison-home. He will be glad when he is out of it, and can run as fast as his little feet will carry him to his mother's side; to shrug his shoulders, with a sigh of relief, at the comfort (?) she may have to offer him!

Why can we not work an improvement in this line? There is no one who cannot do something, no matter how little, towards conquering the severity of plain surfaces. I believe the *ultimatum* has not yet been reached in the matter of schoolroom building. We can boast of elegant edifices, whose style of architecture is well-nigh faultless; but the walls of the rooms might, it seems to me, be shorn of the sharp right angles and unbroken lines which everywhere meet the eye. Some modification might be made; some slight piece of carving decorate the corners, etc.

But it is the object of this article more especially to treat of the thousand and one *little* things which the teacher herself has it in her power to do. Plants, of course, are a great accessory, and are a power in her hands for developing ideas of color, form, and vegetable life, besides serving the much nobler purpose of directing the thoughts in higher channels.

Our climate, too, furnishes us with such an endless variety of brilliant autumn foliage, that one can draw exhaustless supplies of bright leaves of every hue and shape; and a very little taste can make of them a wonderful show. No matter what it is—if nothing more than a bunch tied together and put into a vase—anything to relieve the monotony and give the little wandering eyes something pretty to rest upon.

There is nothing more attractive or easier to do, than to *build pictures on the wall*. We cannot *buy* pictures in any number (if I were asked why, I have an answer all ready!) but limited means cannot prevent our accumulating of Nature's own colorings, and arranging them to suit ourselves, irrespective of teachings from celebrated painters. During our trips in summer, our feet are led in various localities where great variety presents itself. In one place the pretty "life everlasting," which needs only to be dried with its dainty head downwards to preserve it straight upon its stem; in another "bittersweet," with its scarlet cup set so firmly in its orange saucer; in a third, the feathery "clematis"; somewhere else, the puffy "thistle," which, gathered and prepared at the right season, makes a very beautiful and permanent ornament. Then we can pluck a large variety of "grasses," whose nodding heads are never weary; "grains," ripe and graceful; and, more beautitul than all, the delicate "ferns," of which there are so many species.

Let us get some branches of evergreen, such as "spruce," "hemlock,"

or "savin"—they keep their color so well; and as we use them while they are fresh and sappy, we are not troubled with their drying and falling. Upon this bare wall, which is so distasteful, we will drive two shingle nails six or eight inches apart, and round these two nails we will wind some string tightly, tying it securely. Behind this string let us tuck a large branch of our gathered green—making it of any desired shape—a star, a diamond, or an oval, etc., as our taste may dictate. Our string is sufficiently strong to hold a large quantity of this, so we need not be chary of it; we can tuck in various pieces in various directions.

When this foundation is to our liking—and the contrast of deep color is charming with the dazzling white of the wall—we may proceed to decorate it in any and every way. Our bright leaves will make it very lively, the "grasses" will relieve it of any idea of stiffness, our "thistles" and "life everlasting" will enliven its dark appearance, and the little branches of scarlet and orange berries almost make our mouth water; while a fern-leaf here and there puts on the finishing touch.

If you should press your leaves in bunches or sprays, rather than as single leaves, you will find it a great advantage when you come to use them. Blackberry vines are exceedingly graceful and pretty, especially after they take on their rich, red-brown coloring, and we must not forget the fragrant checkerberry, with its dark, shining leaves. Now our room begins to assume the "home" look we love so well. But we can go farther than this; on rock and tree trunk, and on every knoll in the spicy woods, where is health in every footstep, we find the velvety "moss," so unpretentious, yet how beautiful! Its colors are of every hue of green, while its tiny branches, with their delicate cups, are like a miniature forest. Dishes of this on your window-sill are exquisitely pretty, and you can put in slips of various things which will thrive amid its moisture, for of course it is to be kept new and bright by frequent sprinkling. These form a very pretty variety in your decorations, and are a marked contrast to your leafy "pictures." As Christmas approaches, the inevitable wreath and cross may be added at the windows, or in some favorable position on the wall, and, if you have a picture or two, small, green branches look very warm and inviting over the top and on the cord.

Thus, at no expense save only of a little time, your bare walls are more beautiful than if frescoed by the highest art, and are infinitely more pleasing to the children, for you can let their little fingers enter into the arrangement and their little feet run to do your bidding. They will regard with a degree of fondness the results of your conjoined labors, and will never be weary of looking upon the bright colors and pretty forms; they are, to them, literally, *pictures on the walls.*

In summing up advantages, let us not forget that, while paints and oils are detrimental to health, *our* plan of beautifying is adding to the rich bound of health in our veins; for while we are accumulating our stock for future use, we are, at the same time, drinking in of God's free, pure air, and lending to flagging footsteps celerity and vigor; while the rosy hue upon cheek and brow consequent upon our mission, is worth more to us than the richest painting that ever decorated a wall.

By all means let us use the materials so profusely lavished on every side, which, though silent, plead so eloquently to be appropriated, and in their use we shall be raising the standard of æsthetic taste among the little ones with whom we have so entirely to deal, and find a blessing indirectly upon ourselves.—*New England Journal of Education.*

KNOWLEDGE WANTED.

"Six women in every ten are confessed invalids, and three out of the other four are complaining," is a statement recently made by a physician of large practice. That these figures are slightly exaggerated there can be no doubt; but that women as a rule, are not healthy, is a wretchedly-indisputable fact. It is only recently that attention has been called to the necessity of a physiological education for girls; and so while many of our young ladies, our married women, our mothers, are accomplished pianists, linguists, and, in many cases, housekeepers, only a very small number are in possession of even the rudimental principles of physiology. How food nourishes the body, what the composition of blood, how the different organs are situated, they know as little as the babe on its mother's breast. After a long experience they find out perhaps that mince-pie and lobster-salad do not produce pleasant results, eaten at midnight, and they will tell you, may be, that they have a weak stomach or a miserable digestion, with no more idea of the process of digestion or assimilation of food than the parrot who calls "Pretty Poll," because it has been taught to do so.

Now my grievance is not that women do not understand these things; this is sad enough, Heaven knows; but that physicians, who have mastered all this knowledge of the human anatomy, do not begin at the foundation and find out the causes that produce the weakness and ill-health they are summoned to attend to.

"But they do," says one who reads the above. A few do touch the hard-pan of every case they are called to, and like gentlemen and scholars, as well as doctors, speak the truth, and the whole truth, to their patients. The largest number do not, however, and for this remissness they should be called to a special account by the intelligent public.

Can there be anything more ridiculous, anything more wicked, than for a physician to prescribe pellets and alteratives for a case of tight-lacing? Can there be anything more outrageous than a smart cathartic for "dizziness" and "a bad feeling in the head," induced, as the physician well knows, by waltzing, late suppers, and general dissipation! Can there be anything more reprehensible, more indicative of ignorance, than local treatment for ordinary troubles, which, the doctor knows as well as he knows the alphabet, are simply the results of carelessness, over-exertion, or ignorance of cause and effect on the part of his patient?

One evening I happened in the dressing-room of an intelligent and deservedly-popular actress. With a face as white as death, she turned to me and said, "If I only could have something to stop this dreadful pain. How I shall ever get through with my part to-night, Heaven only knows."

I found upon enquiry that she was under the care of an eminent physician and suffering from a complication of troubles that would be a disgrace to the mother of a dozen of children. With some curiosity and a great deal of interest, I sat and watched the toilet-process. The elegant French corsets fitted the bust and covered the tender stomach like a new glove, a couple of sizes too small. Nature had given this woman a beautiful figure, beautiful on account of its symmetrical robustness; but here were corsets that did not meet by four inches in the back, and which

I saw her pull till they came tight together. Five minutes after that she dispatched the call-boy for some brandy, and, as she sipped it, declared her intention of sending for the physician the first thing in the morning.

"Does your doctor know about these things?" I asked pointing to the corsets.

"What things?" she enquired, innocently.

"Your corsets. Does he know that you are in the constant habit of displacing every vital organ?"

"What ever do you mean? It isn't likely a physician would enquire about a lady's dress! Why, how ridiculous!"

Now if that woman had commenced the next day to dress according to the rules of health, I do not believe that in four weeks from that time she would have had any need of a physician. Relief would have been instant and a cure certain. But what was the use for me to preach? I was only a woman, and she employed one of the *best* doctors in New York, a man who never once asked how she dressed or what she ate or drank, and by this lady's confession it took about a third of her salary to pay her doctor's bill, the remaining two-thirds going for board and wardrobe. Was there, I ask to know, either fairness or decency in this man's treatment of the poor ignorant creature consigned to his care?

"These things are very delicate matters to meddle with," said a student with whom I was conversing. "My preceptor believes just as you do, but the result of plain speaking with him has invariably been the serving of his walking-papers and the employment of another physician." If true, this is indeed a sad state of affairs, and does furnish a slight excuse for the prevailing state of things. "Physicians must get a living, and if folks will be fools, why, it is none of their business," is the plausible assertion of some medical men. True, physicians must get a living; but in this, as well as in everything else, "truth is mighty and must prevail." I believe the physician who will speak the most truth in the most agreeable and sympathetic manner, is the man who will not only do the most good in the world, but will have the most practice, the best success, and the widest reputation. Where the indelicacy of enquiry comes in, is more than I can tell, for I should think a modest woman would infinitely prefer to have a physician examine the soles of her shoes and the size of her corsets than submit to other examinations made necessary by her carelessness or ignorance. I do not wish to be understood as underrating the necessity of certain careful and scientific treatment; but I do believe that such cases could be reduced at least eighty per cent., if physicians would be as honest as they are intelligent. If women will not see to these things, I do wish that the husbands and fathers would take hold of them; and above all, do I wish that those men who go out into the world as professed healers of the sick, would emulate more the Great Physician, and see to it that they teach as well as prescribe, instruct as well as heal. These things we have a right to expect from those who have had the advantages of superior education.—*Eleanor Kirk, in Science of Health.*

HOME-MADE FURNITURE.

Many a housekeeper has a room that is not used often enough to warrant the expense of furnishing.

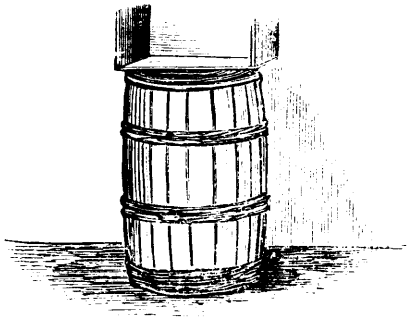


FIG. 1.—FRAME OF WASH-STAND.

She would fit it up for a visitor—or it may be a boarder, but for the question of furniture; such rooms can be fitted with all the essentials, except the bedstead, at a very small cost, and young people who go to house-keeping on small means may, by the exercise of a

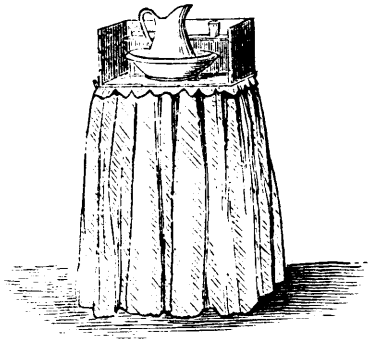


FIG. 2.—WASH-STAND COMPLETE.

little skill, make their modest sum set apart for their outfit, go much further than if it were all expended at the cabinet-maker's. We have now and then published hints in this direction, and we give here two more useful articles which any one of ordinary tact may make. The first is a wash stand; the engravings show it undressed and dressed. The frame-work is a barrel and a box. Nail the hoops upon the barrel so that it may not get rickety; the box should be large enough for its edges to project beyond the swell of the barrel, all around,—about 20 by 24 inches is a convenient size; the box is without top, and has one side removed; all the other parts should be firmly nailed; it is then nailed securely to the barrel, as in fig 1. It is then to be draped, as in fig. 2, with such material as may be at hand; if new stuff is to be bought,

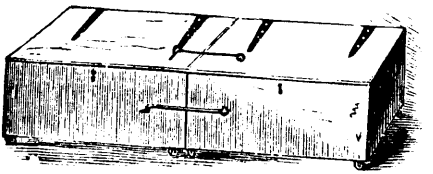


FIG 3,—THE BOXES.

an inexpensive light chintz will answer; this should be tacked on in plaits, to give a full appearance; or some light blue or pink paper muslin may be used, and some open material, like curtain lace, or even mosquito netting, tacked

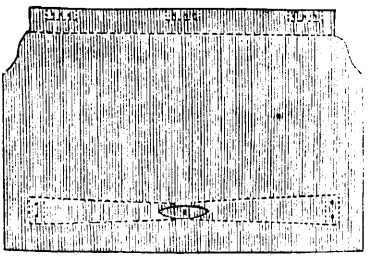


FIG. 4.—TABLE AND BACK OF LOUNGE.

over it in folds; an old dress may come

into play for the drapery, or other material that may be at hand. The box portion, if it is to be used much had better be covered with enamelled cloth at least for the inside of this part, which can be wiped off as occasion requires, or the box may be covered with the

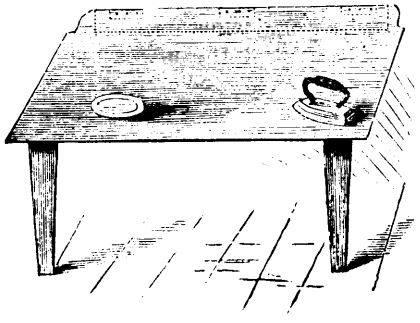


FIG. 5.—THE TABLE IN USE.

same material as the rest, and some simple tidy thrown over it to catch the spatters . . . . The second article combines in one a bed, a lounge, two ottomans, a table, and two chests, and will be very useful to those who have to make the most of a little room. The starting point is two good, strong, well-made boxes, the size of which will depend upon the use to be made of the affair. If to be used for a bed, they must be wider than if for a sofa alone, probably 2 feet is the least possible width, and 30 inches is still better; the length of the two together should be at least 6 feet. These boxes should be provided with well-hinged lids, with casters, by which they may be readily moved, and three hooks, one at top, back, and front, by which the two boxes may be securely fastened together, as shown, in fig. 3. The back to this sofa is arranged "a double debt to pay." It is hinged at the top to a cleat, and has legs to support it when used as a table (fig. 5), and when not so used the legs are folded under, as shown by the dotted lines in fig. 4, and the whole hangs nearly down to the floor, to serve as a back to the lounge. These are the foundation; for a covering, the back is provided with a quilted chintz cover, which is fastened in place by means of rings which hook over brass-headed nails in the cleat. The boxes are draped separately with the chintz in folds, and covered with a thin hair mattress, made in two parts, and covered with chintz, with a wide fluted ruffle all around the edge. Two large pillows, with ruffled cases of the same material, make the affair complete, as shown in fig. 6, and a very comfortable lounge it is. If used as a bed, the bedding may be kept in one of the boxes, while the

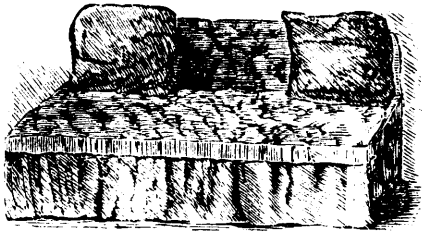


FIG. 6.—THE LOUNGE AS FINISHED.

other will come in play as a stow-away-place for various articles. When the table is to be used, the lounge part is rolled away, and it is found very convenient to have this part separable into two, as the halves are more readily put out of the way than the whole would be. —*American Agriculturist.*

PUDDINGS.

Without pretending to make a skilful cook by book, we believe that any intelligent beginner may compound a good pudding by attending to the following simple rules and plain directions :—Attention is all that is required, and a little manual dexterity in turning the pudding out of the mould or cloth. Let the several ingredients be each fresh and good of its kind, as one bad article, particularly eggs, will taint the whole composition. Have the moulds and pudding-cloths carefully washed when used, the cloth with wood ashes, and dried in the open air. Lay them aside sweet and thoroughly dry. Puddings ought to be put into plenty of boiling water, which must be kept upon a quick boil; or baked, in general, in a sharp but not scorching oven. A pudding in which there is *much bread* must be tied loosely, to allow room for swelling. A *batter pudding* ought to be tied up firmly. Moulds should be quite full, well buttered, and covered with a fold or two of paper floured and buttered. Eggs for puddings must be used in greater quantity when of small size. The yolks and whites, if the pudding is wanted particularly light and nice, should be strained after being *separately* well beaten. A little salt is necessary for all potato, bean, or pea puddings, and all puddings in which there is suet or meat, as it improves the flavour. The several ingredients, after being well stirred together, should in general have a little time to stand, that the flavors may blend. A frequent fault of boiled puddings, which are often solid bodies, is being underdone. Baked puddings are as often scorched. Puddings may be steamed with advantage, placing the mould or basin in the steamer, or three-parts dipped in a pot of boiling water, which must be kept boiling, and filled as the water wastes. When the pudding-cloths are to be used, dip them in hot water, and dredge them with flour; the moulds must be buttered. Plain moulds or basins are easily managed. When a pudding begins to set in the oven, stir it up in the dish, to prevent the fruit, &c., from settling down to the bottom; and, if boiled, turn over the cloth in the pot for the same reason, and also to prevent it from sticking to the bottom, on which a plate may be laid as a preventive. The time of boiling must be according to size and solidity. Large puddings are sometimes *tethered* to the ring of a twelve or fifteen-pound weight, to keep them below water in the pot. When the pudding is taken out of the pot, dip it quickly into cold water. Set it in a basin of its size. It will then more readily separate from the cloth without breaking. Have the oven *very* clean for all uses, cleaning it regularly before lighting the fire. Take care that the juice of pies does not boil over, or the liquid contents of puddings; and remember that sugar, butter, and suet become liquids in boiling. It is from their excess that puddings often break. Be, therefore, rather sparing of sugar; for if you have much syrup you must have more eggs and flour, which make puddings heavy. It is often the quantity of sugar which makes tapioca and arrowroot, boiled plain, troublesome to keep in shape when moulded. Rice or other grain puddings must not be allowed to boil in the oven before setting, or the ingredients will separate and never *set;* so never put them into a very hot oven. As a rule, we may assume that such flavoring ingredients as lemon-grate and juice, vanilla, and

cocoa-nut, are more admired in modern puddings than cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg. Care must be taken to mix batter puddings smoothly. Let the dried flour be gradually mixed with a little of the milk, as in making mustard or starch, and afterwards, in nice cookery, strain the latter through a coarse sieve. Puddings are lighter boiled than baked. Raisins, prunes, and damsons for puddings must be carefully stoned; or sultanas may be used in place of other raisins. Currants must be picked and plunged in hot water, rubbed in a floured cloth, and plumped and dried before the fire; almonds must be blanched and sliced; and in mixing grated bread, pounded biscuit, &c., with milk, pour the milk on them hot, and cover the vessel for an hour, which is both better and easier than boiling. Suet must be quite fresh and free of fibres. Mutton suet for puddings is lighter than that of beef: but marrow, when it can be obtained, is richer than either. A baked pudding for company has often a paste border or a garnishing of blanched and sliced almonds about it, but these borders are merely matters of ornament; if moulded, puddings may also be garnished in various ways, as with bits of currant jelly. The best seasoning for plain batter puddings are conserve of Seville orange, lemon-rind, or orange-flower water. The sweetness and flavor of puddings must, in most cases, be determined by individual taste. Sugar can be added at table.

Very good puddings can be made without eggs; but they must have as little milk as will mix, and must boil three or four hours. A spoonful of yeast will answer instead of eggs. Or snow is an excellent substitute for eggs, either in puddings or pancakes. Two large spoonfuls will supply the place of one egg, and the article it is used in will be equally good. This is a useful piece of information, especially as snow often falls at the season when eggs are dearest. The snow may be taken up before it is wanted, and will not lose in virtue, though the sooner it is used the better.

"Batter puddings," says Dr. Kitchener, "must be quite smooth and free from lumps. To insure this, first mix the flour with a little milk, add the remainder by degrees, and then the other ingredients. If it is a plain pudding, put it through a hair-sieve—this will take out all lumps effectually. Batter puddings should be tied up tight; if boiled in a mould, butter it first; if baked, also butter the pan. Be sure the water boils before you put in the pudding, set your stewpan on a trivet over the fire, and keep it steadily boiling all the time. If set upon the fire the pudding often burns.

"Be scrupulously careful that your pudding-cloth is perfectly sweet and clean; wash it without any soap, then rinse it thoroughly in clean water after. Immediately before you use it, dip it in boiling water, squeeze it dry, and dredge it with flour. If your fire is very fierce, mind and stir the puddings every now and then to keep them from sticking to the bottom of the saucepan. If in a mould, this care is not so much required; but keep plenty of water in the saucepan. When puddings are boiled in a cloth, it should be just dipped in a basin of cold water before you untie the pudding-cloth.

"Currants, previous to putting them into the pudding, should be plumped. This is done by pouring some boiling water upon them. Wash them well, and then lay them on a sieve or cloth before the fire; pick them clean from the stones. This not only makes them look better, but cleanses them from all dirt. Raisins, figs, dried cherries, candied orange and lemon-peel, citron, and preserves of all kinds, fresh fruits, gooseberries, currants, plums, damsons, &c., are added to batter and suet puddings, or inclosed in the crust ordered for apple dumplings, and make all the

various puddings called by those names.

"Plum puddings, when boiled, if hung up in a cool place in the cloth they are boiled in, will keep good some months. When wanted, take them out of the cloth, and put them into a clean cloth, and as soon as warmed through they are ready."

According to Soyer, every sort of pudding, if sweet or savory, is better dressed in a basin than a cloth. If boiled in a basin, the paste receives all the nutriment of the materials, which, if boiled in a cloth, are dissolved out by the water, when by neglect it ceases boiling. To cause puddings to turn out well, the inside of the basin should be thoroughly larded or rubbed with butter.

In preparing meat puddings, "the first and most important point is never to use any meat that is tainted; for in puddings, above all other dishes, it is least possible to disguise it by the confined process which the ingredients undergo. The gradual heating of the meat, which alone would accelerate decomposition, will cause the smallest piece of tainted meat to contaminate the rest. Be particular also that the suet and fat are not rancid, always remembering the grand principle that everything which gratifies the palate nourishes."

A pudding-cloth, however coarse, should never be washed with soap; it should just be dried as quickly as possible, and kept dry and free from dust, and stowed away in a drawer or cupboard free from smell.

PUDDINGS IN HASTE.—Take a cupful each of finely-shred suet, finely-grated bread-crumbs, and picked and washed currants. Mix these ingredients with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of sliced peel, and a pinch of salt. When the dry ingredients are well mixed, make them up into a light paste, with two well-beaten eggs and half a cupful of milk. Wring some small cloths out of boiling water, flour them well, and tie in each one a small tea-cupful of the mixture. Plunge them into boiling water, and let them boil quickly. Turn them out on a hot dish, sprinkle white sugar thickly over them, and serve. Time to boil, twenty minutes. Sufficient for three or four persons.

PARIS PUDDING—Put a pint of new milk into a saucepan with three small tablespoonfuls of ground rice; stir it over the fire until it thickens, and when it is nearly cold, mix with it the yolks of four, and the whites of two eggs, together with three ounces of finely-shred beef suet, three ounces of chopped apples, weighed after they are peeled and cored, two tablespoonfuls of chopped raisins, two tablespoonfuls of powdered rusks or finely-grated bread-crumbs, and a tablespoonful of good jam. Blanch and pound twelve sweet almonds and two bitter ones, mix with them a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, four ounces of minced candied peel, a grated nutmeg, and two or three drops of vanilla essence. Add the flavorings to the rest of the ingredients, and beat all together for some minutes. Pour the mixture into a well-oiled mould, which it will quite fill, cover it with a sheet of oiled paper, tie it in a cloth, put into boiling water, and keep it boiling until it is done enough.

POTATO PUDDING.—Mash a pound of boiled potatoes, dry and floury, and make a batter by mixing with them an ounce of clarified butter, three well-beaten eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of milk, together with a little salt and pepper. Butter a baking-dish rather thickly, pour half the batter into it, and lay upon this three-quarters of a pound of underdressed beef or mutton, cut into neat slices, and quite free from fat,

skin, and gristle. Pour the rest of the batter over the meat, and bake the pudding in a moderate oven. Serve very hot, and send good brown sauce to table in a tureen. Time to bake, one hour. Sufficient for two or three persons.

PLUM PUDDING ECONOMICAL.—Shred a quarter of a pound of beef suet very finely; mix with it three-quarters of a pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of raisins stoned and chopped, half a pound of currants, half a pound of moist sugar, the peel of a lemon finely shred, and half a nutmeg grated. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly, and stir in with them six well-beaten eggs and as much milk as is required to make a stiff paste. Put the pudding into a floured cloth, and tie it up, not too tightly, but leaving room for it to swell. Put it into a pan of boiling water, and keep it boiling quickly for five hours. Do not turn it out of the cloth until just before it is to be served. Send sweet sauce to table in a tureen. If preferred, three eggs only may be used, and three heaped teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Sufficient for five or six persons.

PRUNE PUDDING.—Wash and stone a pound of prunes. Blanch the kernels, and simmer them with three-quarters of a pint of water, and a table-spoonful of sugar, till they are quite soft. Line a mould with pieces of the crumb of bread which have been soaked in clarified butter. Pour in the stewed prunes gently, so as not to displace the bread, and add a tablespoonful of marmalade. Cover the fruit with a layer of bread, tie a piece of buttered paper over the top, and bake in a moderate oven. Or, stew the fruit, as above, mix with it half an ounce of dissolved isinglass, pour it into a mould, and when it is set, turn out, and serve. Time to bake, one hour. Sufficient for six or eight persons.

PRUNE PUDDING, (another way).—Beat a teacupful of flour to a smooth paste with a little cold milk. Add two well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, and as much milk as will make a rather thick batter. Wash half a pound of prunes, and simmer them in a little water till they are quite soft. Drain off the liquid, take out the stones, sprinkle a little flour over the prunes, and then stir them into the pudding. Dip a cloth into boiling water, wring it well, and dredge a little flour over it. Pour the pudding into it, and tie it securely, but leave a little room for the pudding to swell. Plunge it into boiling water, and keep the pudding boiling until it is done enough. Serve with sweet sauce. Time to boil, two hours. Sufficient for five or six persons.

PRUNE ROLY-POLY PUDDING.—Wash and stone a pound of prunes. Blanch the kernels, and put them into a stew-pan with the fruit, a tablespoonful of moist sugar, and half a pint of water. Boil the prunes to a thick paste. Roll out a piece of pastry, such as is used for boiled pudding, a third of an inch thick. Spread the fruit upon it, moisten the edges, and make it into a roll. Fasten the ends securely. Tie the pudding in a floured cloth, plunge it into boiling water, and boil it quickly till done enough, Time to boil, about two hours and a half. Sufficient for five or six persons.

POTATO PUDDING, SWEET.—Bake half a dozen large potatoes, and when they are done enough break them open and scoop out the contents with a spoon. Beat them lightly, and with a quarter of a pound of the potato flour put three ounces of clarified butter,

half a teaspoonful of finely-minced lemon-rind, a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice, a pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream. Beat the pudding for five or six minutes, then add separately the yolks and well-whisked whites of three eggs. Butter a plain mould, ornament it with dried fruit or slices of candied peel, pour in the pudding, and bake in a well-heated oven, or steam the pudding if preferred. Turn it out before serving, sift sugar thickly over it, and garnish the dish with jam. Time to bake, three-quarters of an hour; to steam, one hour. Sufficient for five or six persons.

BERNESE PUDDING.—Beat up the yolks and whites of two eggs with a quarter of a pint of milk, and add two ounces of very fine bread-crumbs and the same quantity of flour; take a quarter of a pound of suet, finely shred, the same of mixed candied peel, chopped, the rind and juice of a lemon, the quarter of a small nutmeg grated, and equal quantities of sugar and currants. Mix these ingredients for ten minutes, and put them aside for an hour. Stir all round, pour into a buttered pudding-dish, and lay a floured cloth over the top. Place it in boiling water and boil for three hours and a half. Serve with sugar over the top. Sufficient for three or four persons.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Make the foundation of the nest of blancmange, calf's foot jelly, or prepared corn. Rasp the rinds of three lemons and lay it round and on the blancmange like the straw. Take out the contents of four eggs through a small hole, and fill the shells with hot blancmange, or prepared corn; when cold, break off the shells, and lay the egg-shaped blancmange in the nest.

BREAD CUSTARD PUDDING.—Make a custard according to the size of pudding required. A pint of custard will fill a medium-sized dish. Cut slices of thin bread and butter, to suit the dish, and over each layer throw currants, sugar, and finely-cut candied lemon, and a little nutmeg. Pour the custard over by degrees so that the bread may be well saturated, and let it stand an hour before putting it into the oven. Just before it is put in, throw over the last of the custard, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Probable cost, about 1s. Sufficient for five or six people.

CUP PUDDINGS.—Beat four ounces of butter to a cream; mix smoothly with it four ounces of fine flour, four tablespoonfuls of milk, a small pinch of salt, four ounces of picked and dried currants, and four ounces of finely-sifted sugar; beat all well together; butter seven or eight cups or small basins; a little more than half fill them, and bake them in a good oven. Turn them out, and serve with sauce, or a little jam. Time to bake, half an hour. Allow one for each person.

CUP PUDDING. — INVALID COOKERY.—(Another way—a wholesome, easily-digested pudding for an invalid).—Mix a small teaspoonful of flour and a tiny pinch of salt very smoothly with a dessert-spoonful of cold water; pour over it, stirring all the time, a tea cupful of boiling milk, and when it is cold strain it, to insure its being perfectly free from lumps, and add one fresh egg well beaten. Sweeten with a small teaspoonful of sugar, pour it into a buttered basin, and bake it for twenty minutes. Turn out to serve. Sufficient for one person.

PUDDINGS FOR INVALIDS.—In making puddings for invalids it should be

remembered that the simpler and lighter they are the more easily they will be digested. As to sugar, cream, and flavoring, the taste of the patient should be ascertained before they are added. Sick people have generally a great objection to highly-flavored dishes. The following is a light little pudding, and can be quickly prepared :— Beat a teaspoonful of flour to a smooth paste, and pour over it a teacupful of boiling milk, which has been lightly flavored with lemon or cinnamon. Add a pinch of salt and a tea spoonful of sugar, and stir until the latter is dissolved. When the milk is cold, strain it, and stir into it a well-beaten egg. Pour the custard into a buttered basin, and bake in a moderate oven. Turn it out upon a hot plate, and, if approved, serve with a little jam. Time to bake, twenty minutes. Sufficient for one person. The puddings best suited for invalids are such simple articles as rice, sago, or tapioca pudding, boiled bread pudding, the light egg and flour, or "twenty minutes" pudding, as it is sometimes called, and a few others. The usual practice of putting the eggs into baked puddings previous to baking is not the best thing in the world for an invalid. When nutriment, and, at the same time, extreme lightness are to be secured, farinaceous articles, such as sago or bread, should first be cooked thoroughly in the milk, and when perfectly hot should have the egg broken into the pudding, which should then be beaten up well. The egg is thus cooked quite enough. It is hardly necessary to caution invalids against greasy puddings.

Literary Notices.

THOMAS WINGFOLD, CURATE. By George Macdonald, LL.D. (Copp, Clarke & Co., Toronto.)

This story is the record of the awakening of a soul from sleep to doubt, and from doubt to faith. The plot, which is quite sensational in its character, is of very secondary importance, the interest of the book centring in the development of religious thought in the minds of the various personages introduced. George Macdonald, as is well known, takes no pains to be "orthodox" in his religious views; nevertheless, while the reader should be on his guard against imbibing wrong ideas, he may learn much from study of his works. It is of course difficult to make satisfactory extracts from a story of this kind, but we will do what we can to give characteristic passages from the earlier part of the book:

THE MATERIALIST AND THE CURATE.

It was time the curate should take his leave. Bascombe would go out with him and have his last cigar.

"That's a fine old church," said Wingfold, pointing to the dark mass invading the blue—so solid, yet so clear in outline.

"I am glad the mason-work is to your mind," returned Bascombe, almost compassionately. "It must be some satisfaction, perhaps consolation, to you."

Before he had thus concluded the sentence a little scorn had crept into his tone.

"You make some allusion which I do not quite apprehend," said the curate.

"Now, I am going to be honest with you," said Bascombe abruptly, and stopping, he turned square towards his companion, and took the full-flavored Havana from his lips. "I like you," he went on, "for you seem reasonable; and besides, a man ought to speak out what he thinks. So here goes! Tell me honestly—do you believe one word of all that?"

And he in his turn pointed in the direction of the great tower.

The curate was taken by surprise, and made no answer: it was as if he had received a sudden blow in the face. Recovering himself presently, however, he sought room to pass the question without direct encounter.

"How came the thing there?" he said, once more indicating the church tower.

"By faith, no doubt," answered Bascombe, laughing,—"but not your faith; no, nor the faith of any of the last few generations."

"There are more churches built now, ten times over, than in any former period of our history."

"True; but of what sort? All imitation—never an original amongst them all!"

"If they had found out the right way, why change it?"

"Good! But it is rather ominous for the claim of a divine origin to your religion that it should be the only thing that in these days takes the crab's move—backwards. You are indebted to your forefathers for your would-be belief, as well as for their genuine churches. You hardly know what your belief is. There is my aunt—as good a specimen as I know of what you call a Christian!—so accustomed is she to think and speak too after the forms of what you heard my cousin call heathenism, that she never would have discovered, had she been as wide awake as she was sound asleep, that the song I sang was anything but a good Christian ballad."

"Pardon me; I think you are wrong there."

"What! did you never remark how these Christian people, who profess to believe that their great man has conquered death, and all that rubbish—did you never observe the way they look if the least allusion is made to death, or the eternity they say they expect beyond it? Do they not stare as if you had committed a breach of manners? Religion itself the same way: as much as you like about the Church, but don't mention Christ! At the same time, to do them justice, it is only of death in the abstract they decline to hear; they will listen to the news of the death of a great and good man without any such emotion. Look at the poetry of death—I mean the way Christian poets write of it! A dreamless sleep they call it—the bourne from whence, etc.—an endless separation—the night that knows no morning—the sleep that knows no waking. "She is gone, forever!" cries the mother over her daughter. And that is why such things are not to be mentioned, because in their hearts they have no hope, and in their minds no courage to face the facts of existence."

It did not occur to Wingfold that people generally speak from the surfaces, not the depths of their minds, even when those depths are moved. In fact, nothing came into his mind with which to meet what Bascombe said—the real force whereof he could not help feeling—and he answered nothing. His companion followed his apparent yielding with fresh pressure.

"In truth," he said, "I do not believe that *you* believe more than an atom here and there of what you profess. I am confident you have more good sense by a great deal."

"I am sorry to find that you place good sense above good faith, Mr. Bascombe; but I am obliged by our good opinion, which, as I read it, amounts to this—that I am one of the greatest humbugs you have the misfortune to be acquainted with."

"Ha! ha! ha! No, no; I don't say that. I know so well how to make allowance for the prejudices a man has inherited from foolish ancestors, and which have been instilled into him, as well, with his earliest nourishment, both bodily and mentally. But—come now—I do love open dealing—I am myself open as the day—did you not take to the Church as a profession, in which you might eat a piece of bread—as somebody says in your own blessed Bible—dry enough bread it may be, for the old lady is not over-generous to her younger children—still a gentlemanly sort of livelihood?"

Wingfold held his peace. It was incontestably with such a view that he had signed the articles and sought holy orders—and that without a single question as to truth or reality in either act.

"Your silence is honesty, Mr. Wingfold, and I honor you for it," said Bascombe. "It is an easy thing for a man in another profession to speak his mind, but silence such as yours, casting a shadow backwards over your past, requires courage; I honor you, sir."

As he spoke, he laid his hand on Wingfold's shoulder with the grasp of an athlete.

"Can the sherry have anything to do with it?" thought the curate. The fellow was, or seemed to be, years younger than himself! It was an assurance unimaginable—yet there it stood—six feet of it good! He glanced at the church-tower. It had not vanished in mist! It still made its own strong, clear mark on the eternal blue!

"I must not allow you to mistake my silence, Mr. Bascombe," he answered the same moment. "It is not easy to reply to such demands all at once. It is not easy to say in times like these, and at a moment's notice, what or how much a man believes. But whatever my answer might be had I time to consider it, my silence must at least not be interpreted to mean that I do *not* believe as my profession indicates. That, at all events, would be untrue."

"Then I am to understand, Mr. Wingfold, that you neither believe nor disbelieve the tenets of the church whose bread you eat?" said Bascombe, with the air of a reprover of sin.

"I decline to place myself between the horns of any such dilemma," returned Wingfold, who was now more than a little annoyed at his persistency in forcing his way within the precincts of another's personality.

"It is but one more proof—more than was necessary—to convince me that the whole system is a lie—a lie of the worst sort, seeing it may prevail even to the self-deception of a man otherwise remarkable for honesty and directness. Good-night, Mr. Wingfold."

With lifted hats, but no hand-shaking, the men parted.

THE CURATE IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Wingfold walked slowly away, with his eyes on the ground gliding from under his footsteps. It was only eleven o'clock, but this the oldest part of the town seemed already asleep. They had not met a single person on their way, and hardly seen a lighted window. But he felt unwilling to go home, which at first he was fain to attribute to his having drunk a little more wine than was good for him, whence this feverishness and restlessness so strange to his experience. In the churchyard, on the other side of which his lodging lay, he turned aside from the flagged path and sat down upon a gravestone, where he was hardly seated ere he began to discover that it was something else than the wine which had made him feel so uncomfortable. What an objectionable young fellow that Bascombe was!—presuming and arrogant to a degree rare, he hoped, even in a profession for which insolence was a qualification. What rendered it worse was that his good-nature—and indeed every one of his gifts, which were all of the popular order—was subservient to an assumption not only self-satisfied but obtrusive! And yet—and yet—the objectionable character of his self-constituted judge being clear as the moon to the mind of the curate, was there not something in what he had said? This much remained undeniable at least, that when the very existence of the Church was denounced as a humbug in the hearing of one who ate her bread, and was her pledged servant, his very honesty had kept that man from speaking a word in her behalf! Something must be wrong somewhere: was it in him or in the Church? In him assuredly, whether in her or not. For had he not been unable to utter the simple assertion that he did believe the things which, as the mouth-piece of the Church, he had been speaking in the name of the truth every Sunday—would again speak the day after to-morrow? And now the point was—*why* could he not say he believed them? He had never consciously questioned them; he did not question them now; and yet, when a forward, overbearing young infidel of a lawyer put it to him—plump—as if he were in the witness-box, or rather indeed in the dock—did he believe a word of what the Church had set him to teach?—a strange something—was it honesty?—if so, how dishonest had he not hitherto been!—was it diffidence?—if so, how presumptuous his position in that church!—this nondescript something seemed to raise a "viewless obstruction" in his throat, and, having thus

rendered him the first moment incapable of speaking out like a man, had taught him the next—had it?—to quibble, "like a priest," the lawyer-fellow would doubtless have said! He must go home and study Paley—or perhaps Butler's Analogy—he owed the Church something, and ought to be able to strike a blow for her. Or would not Leighton be better? Or a more modern writer—say Neander, or Coleridge, or perhaps Dr. Liddon? There were thousands able to fit him out for the silencing of such foolish men as this Bascombe of the shirt-front!

Wingfold found himself filled with contempt, but the next moment was not sure whether this Bascombe or one Wingfold were the more legitimate object of it. One thing was undeniable—his friends *had* put him into the priest's office, and he had yielded to go that he might eat a piece of bread. He had no love for it except by fits, when the beauty of an anthem, or the composition of a collect, awoke in him a faint consenting admiration or a weak responsive sympathy. Did he not, indeed, sometimes despise himself, and that pretty heartily, for earning his bread by work which any pious old woman could do better than he? True, he attended to his duties; not merely "did church," but his endeavor also that all things should be done decently and in order. All the same it remained a fact that if Barrister Bascombe were to stand up and assert in full congregation—as no doubt he was perfectly prepared to do—that there was no God anywhere in the universe, the Rev. Thos. Wingfold could not, on the Church's part, prove to anybody that there was;—dared not, indeed, so certain would he be of discomfiture, advance a single argument on his side of the question. Was it even *his* side of the question? Could he say he believed there was a God? Or was not this all he knew—that there was a Church of England, which paid him for reading public prayers to a God in whom the congregation—and himself—were supposed by some to believe, by others, Bascombe, for instance, not?

These reflections were not pleasant, especially with Sunday so near. For what if there were hundreds, yes thousands of books, triumphantly settling every question which an over-seething and ill-instructed brain might by any chance suggest,—what could it boot?—how was a poor finite mortal, with much the ordinary faculty and capacity, and but a very small stock already stored, to set about reading, studying, understanding, mastering, appropriating the contents of those thousands of volumes necessary to the arming of him who, without pretending himself the mighty champion to seek the dragon in his den, might yet hope not to let the loathly worm swallow him, armor and all, at one gulp in the highway? Add to this that—thought of all most dismayful!—he had himself to convince first, the worst dragon of all to kill, for bare honesty's sake, in his own field; while, all the time he was arming and fighting—like the waves of the flowing tide in a sou'wester, Sunday came in upon Sunday, roaring on his flat, defenceless shore, Sunday behind Sunday rose towering in awful perspective, away to the verge of an infinite horizon—Sunday after Sunday of dishonesty and sham—yes, hypocrisy, far worse than any idolatry. To begin now, and in such circumstances, to study the evidences of Christianity, were about as reasonable as to send a man, whose children were crying for their dinner off to China to make his fortune!

He laughed the idea to scorn, discovered that a gravestone in a November midnight was a cold chair for study, rose, stretched himself disconsolately, almost despairingly, looked long at the persistent solidity of the dark church and the waving line of its age-slackened ridge, which, like a mountain range, shot up suddenly in the tower and ceased—then turning away left the houses of the dead crowded all about the house of the resurrection. At the farther gate he turned yet again, and gazed another moment at the tower. Towards the sky it towered, and led his gaze upward. There still soared, yet rested, the same quiet night with its delicate heaps of transparent blue, the cool-glowing moon, its steelly stars, and its something he did not understand. He went home a little quieter of heart, as if he had heard from afar something sweet and strange.

PREPARING FOR SUNDAY.

He had always scorned lying, until one day, when still a boy at school, he suddenly found that he had told a lie, after which he hated it—yet now, if he was to believe—ah! whom? did not the positive fellow and his own conscience say the same thing?—his profession, his very life was a lie! the very bread he ate grew on the rank fields of falsehood! No, no; it was absurd! it could not be! What had he done to find himself damned to such a depth? Yet the thing must be looked to. He bathed himself without remorse and never even shivered, though the water in his tub was bitterly cold, dressed with more haste than precision, hurried over his breakfast, neglected his newspaper, and took down a volume of early church history. But he could not read: the thing was hopeless—utterly. With the wolves of doubt, and the jackals of shame howling at his heels, how could he start for a thousand-mile race! For God's sake give him a weapon to turn and face them with! Evidence! all of it that was to be had was but such as one man received, another man refused; and the popular acceptance was worth no more in respect of Christianity than of Mohammedanism, for how many had given the subject at all better consideration than himself? And there was Sunday with its wolves and jackals, and but a hedge between! He did not so much mind reading the prayers: he was not accountable for what was in them, although it was bad enough to stand up and read them. Happy thing he was not a dissenter, for then he would have had to pretend to pray from his own soul, which would have been too horrible! But there was the sermon! That at least was supposed to contain, or to be presented as containing, his own sentiments. Now what were his sentiments? For the life of

him he could not tell. Had he *any* sentiments, any opinions, any beliefs, any unbeliefs? He had plenty of sermons, old, yellow, respectable sermons, not lithographed, neither composed by mind nor copied out by hand unknown, but in the neat writing of his old D. D. uncle, so legible that he never felt it necessary to read them over beforehand—just saw that he had the right one. A hundred and fifty-seven such sermons, the odd one for the year that began on a Sunday, of unquestionable orthodoxy, had his kind old uncle left him in his will, with the feeling probably that he was not only setting him up in sermons for life but giving him a fair start as well in the race of which a stall in some high cathedral was the goal. For his own part he had never made a sermon,—at least never one he had judged worth preaching to a congregation. He had rather a high idea, he thought, of preaching, and these sermons of his uncle he considered really excellent. Some of them, however, were altogether doctrinal, some very polemical; of such he must now beware. He would see of what kind was the next in order; he would read it and make sure it contained nothing he was not, in some degree at least, prepared to hold his face to and defend—if he could not absolutely swear he believed it purely true.

He did as resolved. The first he took up was in defence of the Athanasian creed! That would not do. He tried another. That was upon the inspiration of the Scriptures. He glanced through it—found Moses on a level with St. Paul, and Jonah with St. John, and doubted greatly. There might be a sense—but—! No, he would not meddle with it He tried a third; that was on the authority of the Church. It would not do. He had read each of all these sermons at least once to a congregation, with perfect composure and following indifference if not peace of mind, but now he could not come on one with which he was even in sympathy—not to say one of which he was certain that it was more true than false. At last he took up the odd one—that which could come into use but once in a week of years—and this was the sermon Bascombe heard and commented upon. Having read it over, and found nothing to compromise him with his conscience, which was like an irritable man trying to find his way in a windy wood by means of a broken lantern, he laid all the rest aside and felt a little relieved.

THE CURATE DETECTED.

One Tuesday morning in the spring, the curate received by the local post the following letter, dated from The Park Gate:

"Respected Sir: An obligation on my part which you have no doubt forgotten gives me courage to address you on a matter which seems to me of no small consequence concerning yourself. You do not know me, and the name at the end of my letter will have for you not a single association. The matter itself must be its own excuse.

"I sat in a free seat at the Abbey church last Sunday morning. I had not listened long to the sermon ere I began to fancy I foresaw what was coming, and in a few minutes more I seemed to recognize it as one of Jeremy Taylor's. When I came home I found that the best portions of one of his sermons had, in the one you read, been wrought up with other material."

"If, sir, I imagined you to be one of such as would willingly have that regarded as their own which was better than they could produce, and would with contentment receive any resulting congratulatons, I should feel that I was only doing you a wrong if I gave you a hint which might aid you in avoiding detection; for the sooner the truth concerning such a one was known, and the judgment of society brought to bear upon it, the better for him, whether the result were justification or the contrary. But I have read that in your countenance and demeanor which convinces me that, however custom and the presence of worldly elements in the community to which you belong may have influenced your judgment, you require only to be set thinking of a matter, to follow your conscience with regard to whatever you may find involved in it.—I have the honor to be respected sir, your obedient servant and well-wisher, Joseph Polwarth."

Wingfold sat staring at the letter, slightly stunned. The feeling which first grew recognizable in the chaos it had caused was vexation at having so committed himself; the next, annoyance with his dead old uncle for having led him into such a scrape. There in the good doctor's own handwriting lay the sermon, looking nowise different from the rest! Had he forgotten his marks of quotation? Or to that sermon did he always have a few words of extempore introduction? For himself he was as ignorant of Jeremy Taylor as of Zoroaster. It could not be that that was his uncle's mode of making his sermons? Was it possible they could all be pieces of literary mosaic? It was very annoying. If the fact came to be known, it would certainly be said that he had attempted to pass off Jeremy Taylor's for his own—as if he would have the impudence to make such an attempt, and with such a well-known writer, But what difference did it make whether the writer was well or ill known? None except as to the relative probabilities of escape and discovery! And should the accusation be brought against him, how was he to answer it? By burdening the reputation of his departed uncle with the odium of the fault? Was it worse in his uncle to use Jeremy Taylor than in himself to use his uncle? Or would his remonstrants accept the translocation of blame? Would the church-going or chapel-going inhabitants of Glaston remain mute when it came to be discovered that since his appointment he had not once preached a sermon of his own? How was it that knowing all about it in the background of his mind, he had never come to think of it before? It was true that, admirer of his uncle as he was, he had never imagined himself reaping any laurels from the credit of his sermons; it was equally true, however, that he had not told a single person of the hidden cistern whence he drew his large discourse. But what could it matter to any man, so long as a good sermon was preach-

ed, where it came from? He did not occupy the pulpit in virtue of his personality, but of his office, and it was not a place for the display of originality, but for dispensing the bread of life. From the stores of other people? Yes, certainly—other people's bread was better, and no one the worse for his taking it. "For me, I have none," he said to himself. Why then should that letter have made him uncomfortable? What had he to be ashamed of? Why should he object to being found out? What did he want to conceal? Did not everybody know that very few clergymen really made their own sermons? Was it not absurd, this mute agreement that although all men knew to the contrary, it must appear to be taken for granted that a man's sermons were of his own mental production? Still more absurd as well as cruel was the way in which they sacrificed to the known falsehood by the contempt they poured upon any fellow the moment they were able to say of productions which never could have been his, that they were by this man or that man, or bought at this shop or that shop in Great Queen Street or Bookseller's Row. After that he was an enduring object for the pointed finger of a mild scorn. It was nothing but the old Spartan game of steal as you will and enjoy as you can: you are nothing the worse, but woe to you if you are caught in the act! There *was* something contemptible about the whole thing. He was a greater humbug than he had believed himself, for upon this humbug which he now found himself despising he had himself been acting diligently! It dawned upon him that, while there was nothing wrong in preaching his uncle's sermons, there was evil in yielding to cast any veil, even the most transparent, over the fact that the sermons were not his own.

THE CURATE AND HIS MENTOR.

The little man led the way into a tolerably large room, with down-sloping ceiling on both sides, lighted by a small window in the gable, near the fireplace, and a dormer window as well. The low walls, up to the slope were filled with books; books lay on the table, on the bed, on chairs, and in corners everywhere.

"Aha!" said Wingfold, as he entered and cast his eyes around, "there is no room for surprise that you should have found me out so easily, Mr. Polwarth! Here you have a legion of detectives for such rascals."

The little man turned, and for a moment looked at him with a doubtful and somewhat pained expression, as if he had not been prepared for such an entrance on a solemn question; but a moment's reading of the curate's honest face, which by this time had a good deal more print upon it than would have been found there six months agone, sufficed; the cloud melted into a smile, and he said cordially,

"It is very kind of you, sir, to take my presumption in such good part. Pray sit down, sir. You will find that chair a comfortable one."

"Presumption!" echoed Wingfold. "The presumption was all on my part, and the kindness on yours. But you must first hear my explanation, such as it is. It makes the matter hardly a jot the better, only a man would not willingly look worse, or better either, than he is, and besides, we must understand each other if we would be friends. However unlikely it may seem to you, Mr. Polwarth, I really do share the common weakness of wanting to be taken exactly for what I am, neither more nor less."

"It is a noble weakness, and far enough from common, I am sorry to think," returned Polwarth.

The curate then told the gate-keeper of his uncle's legacy, and his own ignorance of Jeremy Taylor.

"But," he concluded, "since you set me thinking about it, my judgment has capsized itself, and it now seems to me worse to use my uncle's sermons than to have used the bishop's, which any one might discover to be what they are."

"I see no harm in either," said Polwarth "provided it only be aboveboard. I believe some clergymen think the only evil lies in detection. I doubt if they ever escape it, and believe the amount of successful deception in that kind to be very small indeed. Many in a congregation can tell, by a kind of instinct, whether a man be preaching his own sermons or not. But the worst evil appears to me to lie in the tacit understanding that a sermon must *seem* to be a man's own, although all in the congregation know, and the would-be preacher knows that they know, that it is none of his."

"Then you mean, Mr. Polwarth, that I should solemnly acquaint my congregation next Sunday with the fact that the sermon I am about to read to them is one of many left me by my worthy uncle, Jonah Driftwood, D.D., who on his deathbed expressed the hope that I should support their teaching by my example, for, having gone over them some ten or fifteen times in the course of his incumbency, and bettered each every time until he could do no more for it, he did not think, save by my example, I could carry further the enforcement of the truths they contained: shall I tell them all that?"

Polwarth laughed, but with a certain seriousness in his merriment, which, however, took nothing from its genuineness,—indeed seemed rather to add thereto.

"It would hardly be needful to enter so fully into particulars," he said. "It would be enough to let them know that you wished it understood between them and you that you did not profess to teach them anything of yourself, but merely to bring to bear upon them the teaching of others. It would raise complaints and objections, doubtless; but for that you must be prepared if you would do anything right."

Wingfold was silent, thoughtful, saying to himself, "How straight an honest bow can shoot!—But this involves something awful. To stand up in that pulpit and speak about myself! I who, even if I had any opinions, could never see reasons for presenting them to other people!

It's my office, is it—not me? Then I wish my Office would write his own sermons. He can read the prayers well enough!"

All his life, a little heave of pent-up humor would now and then shake his burden into a more comfortable position upon his bending shoulders. He gave a forlorn laugh.

"But," resumed the small man, "Have you never preached a sermon of your own thinking—I don't mean of your own making—one that came out of the commentaries, which are, I am told, the mines whither some of our most noted preachers go to dig for their first inspirations—but one that came out of your own heart—your delight in something you had found out, or something you felt much?"

"No," answered Wingfold; "I have nothing, never had anything worth giving to another; and it would seem to me very unreasonable to subject a helpless congregation to the blundering attempts of such a fellow to put into the forms of reasonable speech things he really knows nothing about."

"You must know about some things which it might do them good to be reminded of—even if they know them already," said Polwarth. "I cannot imagine that a man who looks things in the face as you do the moment they confront you, has not lived at all, has never met with anything in his history which has taught him something other people need to be taught. I profess myself a believer in preaching, and consider that in so far as the Church of England has ceased to be a preaching church—and I don't call nine-tenths of what goes by the name of it *preaching*—she has forgotten a mighty part of her high calling. Of course a man to whom no message has been personally given has no right to take the place of a prophet, and cannot, save by more or less of simulation; but there is room for teachers as well as prophets, and the more need of teachers that the prophets are so few; and a man may right honestly be a clergyman who teaches the people, though he may possess none of the gifts of prophecy."

"I do not now see well how you are leading me," said Wingfold, considerably astonished at both the aptness and fluency with which a man in his host's position was able to express himself. "Pray, what do you mean by *prophecy?*"

"I mean what I take to be the sense in which St. Paul uses the word—I mean the highest kind of preaching. But I will come to the point practically: a man, I say, who does not feel in his soul that he has something to tell his people should straightway turn his energy to the providing of such food for them as he finds feeds himself. In other words, if he has nothing new in his own treasure, let him bring something old out of another man's. If his soul is unfed, he can hardly be expected to find food for other people, and has no business in any pulpit, but ought to betake himself to some other employment—whatever he may have been predestined to—I mean, made fit for."

"Then do you intend that a man *should* make up his sermons from the books he reads?"

"Yes, if he cannot do better. But then I would have him read—not with his sermon in his eye, but with his people in his heart. Men in business and professions have so little time for reading or thinking—and idle people have still less—that their means of grace, as the theologians say, are confined to discipline without nourishment, whence their religion, if they have any, is often from mere atrophy but a skeleton; and the office of preaching is, first of all, to wake them up lest their sleep turn to death; next, to make them hungry, and lastly to supply that hunger; and for all these things the pastor has to take thought. If he feed not the flock of God, then is he an hireling, and no shepherd."

WHAT TO DO.

"But," said Wingfold,—"only pray do not think I am opposing you; I am in the straits you have left so far behind—how am I to know that I should not merely have wrought myself up to the believing of that which I should like to be true?"

"Leave that question, my dear sir, until you know what that really is which you want to believe. I do not imagine that you have yet more than the merest glimmer of the nature of that concerning which you, for the very reason that you know not what it is, most rationally doubt. Is a man to refuse to withdraw his curtains lest some flash in his own eyes should deceive him with a vision of morning while yet it is night? The truth to the soul is as light to the eyes: you may be deceived, and mistake something else for light, but you can never fail to know the light when it really comes."

"What, then, would you have of me? What am I to *do*?" said Wingfold, who, having found his master, was docile as a child, but had not laid firm enough hold upon what he had last said.

"I repeat," said Polwarth, "that the community whose servant you are was not founded to promulgate or defend the doctrine of the existence of a Deity, but to perpetuate the assertion of a man that he was the son and only revealer of the Father of men, a fact, if it be a fact, which precludes the question of the existence of a God, because it includes the answer to it. Your business, therefore, even as one who finds himself in your unfortunate position as a clergyman, is to make yourself acquainted with that man; he will be to you nobody save in revealing, through knowledge of his inmost heart, the Father to you. Take, then, your New Testament as if you had never seen it before, and read—to find out. If in him you fail to meet God, then go to your consciousness of the race, your metaphysics, your Plato, your Spinosa. Till then, this point remains: there was a man who said he knew him, and that if you would give heed to him, you too should know him. The record left of him is indeed scanty, yet enough to disclose what manner of man he was—his principles, his ways of looking at things, his thoughts of his Father, and his brethren and the relations between them, of man's business in life, his destiny, and his hopes."

THE CURATE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

At length, one day, as he was working with a harmony, comparing certain passages between themselves, and as variedly given in the gospels, he fell into a half-thinking, half-dreaming mood, in which his eyes, for some time unconsciously, rested on the verse: 'Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.' It mingled itself with his brooding, and by and by, though yet he was brooding rather than meditating, the form of Jesus had gathered, in the stillness of his mental quiescence, so much of reality that at length he found himself thinking of him as of a true-hearted man, mightily in earnest to help his fellows, who could not get them to mind what he told them.

"Ah!" said the curate to himself, "if I had but seen him, would not I have minded him! would not I have haunted his steps, with question upon question, until I got the truth!"

Again the more definite thought vanished in the seething chaos of reverie which endured unbroken for a time until again suddenly rose from memory to consciousness and attention the words "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "here am I bothering over words, and questions about this and that, as if I were testing his fitness for a post I had to offer him, and he all the time claiming my obedience! I cannot even, on the spur of the moment at least, tell one thing he wants me to do; and as to doing anything because he told me—not once did I ever! But then how am I to obey him until I am sure of his right to command? I just want to know whether I am to call him Lord or not. No, that won't do either, for he says, Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right? And do I not know—have I ever even doubted that what he said we ought to do, was the right thing to do? Yet here have I, all these years, been calling myself a Christian, ministering, forsooth, in the temple of Christ, as if he were a heathen divinity, who cared for songs and prayers and sacrifices, and cannot honestly say I ever once in my life did a thing because he said so, although the record is full of his earnest, even pleading words! I have *not* been an honest man, and how should a dishonest man be a judge over that man who said he was the Christ of God? Would it be any wonder if the things he uttered should be too high and noble to be by such a man recognized as truth?"

With this, yet another saying dawned upon him: "*If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.*"

He went into his closet, and shut to the door; came out again and went straight to visit a certain grievous old woman.

The next open result was, that, on the following Sunday, a man went up into the pulpit who, for the first time in his life, believed he had something to say to his fellow-sinners. It was not now the sacred spoil of the best of gleaning or catering that he bore thither with him, but the message given him by a light in his own inward parts, discovering therein the darkness and the wrong.

He opened no sermon case, nor read words from any book, save, with trembling voice, these:

"*Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?*"

CHESS.

THE NOTATION.

To the uninitiated the columns of capital letters and figures in the answer to a chess problem, or the larger ones of a chess game, have a mysterious and very difficult appearance. It is hoped that after the following lucid though dry-looking explanation from the *Champion Hand-book of Chess*, every reader of this page will understand the notation fully. If he does not understand it at the first reading he should go over it again, for unless it is mastered, he may throw aside all hopes of attaining any proficiency in the higher branches of Chess, or be able to follow the simplest written games.

In the English system of notation, the various squares of the board take their denomination from the several pieces, as follows :—The square occupied by the King at the commencement of the game is called the King's square ; the square immediately in front of the King is called the King's "second square ;" the one in front of that the King's "third square ;" and so on, until his *eighth* square is reached at the further extremity of the board. Similarly the square originally occupied by the Queen is termed the Queen's square ; the square immediately in front of the Queen, Queen's "second ;" and so on, to Queen's eighth. Again, the pieces on the King's side are designated the King's pieces : thus we have the King's Bishop, King's Knight, and King's Rook—so called in contradistinction to the three pieces on the Queen's side, viz., the Queen's Bishop, Queen's Knight, and Queen's Rook, which, in turn, give their names to the squares they occupy, and those in front of them—*e.g.*, the square on which the King's Bishop stands is the King's Bishop's square ; the one immediately in front of it, King's Bishop's second, &c. Similarly we have King's Knight's square, King's Knight's second, King's Knight's third ;—King's Rook's square, King's Rook's second, King's Rook's third ; and on the other side, Queen's Bishop's square, Queen's Bishop's second, third, fourth, fifth, &c. ;—Queen's Knight's square, Queen's Knight's second, third, fourth, fifth, &c. The Pawns are similarly described, each Pawn bearing the name of the piece on whose file it stands ; thus, the Pawn in front of the King is called the King's Pawn, the one in front of the King's Bishop, the King's Bishop's Pawn ; that in front of the Queen's Knight, the Queen's Knight's Pawn and so on. There is, however, one striking anomaly in the English system of notation to which it is necessary to call the student's attention, as it is often extremely embarrassing to the beginner. As each of the two players reckons the squares from his own side, it follows that each square bears two distinct denominations, varying with the end of the board from which it is viewed. Thus White King's eighth is Black King's square ; White King's seventh is Black King's second ; White King's sixth is Black King's third, &c., and *vice versa*. In the other files, each square similarly has two different denominations, as will be seen at a glance from the accompanying diagram :—

FROM BLACK'S SIDE.

Q.R.8.	Q.Kt 8.	Q.B.8.	Q.8.	K.8.	K.B.8.	K.Kt.8.	K.R.8.
Q.R.7.	Q.Kt 7.	Q.B.7.	Q.7.	K.7.	K.B.7.	K.Kt.7.	K.R.7.
Q.R.6.	Q.Kt.6.	Q.B 6.	Q.6.	K.6.	K.B.6.	K.Kt.6.	K.R.6.
Q.R.5.	Q Kt.5.	Q.B.5.	Q.5.	K.5.	K.B.5.	K.Kt.5.	K.R.5.
Q.R.4.	Q.Kt 4.	Q.B.4.	Q.4.	K 4.	K.B.4.	K Kt.4.	K.R.4.
Q.R.3.	Q.Kt.3.	Q.B.3.	Q.3.	K 3.	K.B.3.	K.Kt.3.	K.R.3.
Q.R.2.	Q.Kt.2.	Q.B.2.	Q.2.	K.2.	K.B.2.	K.Kt.2.	K.R.2.
Q.R.sq.	Q.Kt.sq	Q.B.sq.	Q.sq.	K.sq.	K.B.sq.	K.Kt.sq	K R.sq.

FROM WHITE'S SIDE.

ABBREVIATIONS.

The subjoined abbreviations are usually employed :—

K .....King.
Q.....Queen.
R.....Rook.
B.....Bishop.
Kt .....Knight.
K R.....King's Rook.
Q R.....Queen's Rook.
K B.....King's Bishop.
K Kt.....King's Knight.
Q B .....Queen's Bishop.
Q Kt.....Queen's Knight.
P.....Pawn.
Ch.....Check.
Dis ch.....Discover-check.
Doub ch .....Double-check.
En pass.....En passant.
Sq .....Square.

THE PROBLEMS.

We regret that we have not as yet received any solutions to the problems in last number but hope for better things in future. The following are the proper solutions :

No. 1.

WHITE	BLACK
1 B to Q 2	1 Aught
2 Mates	

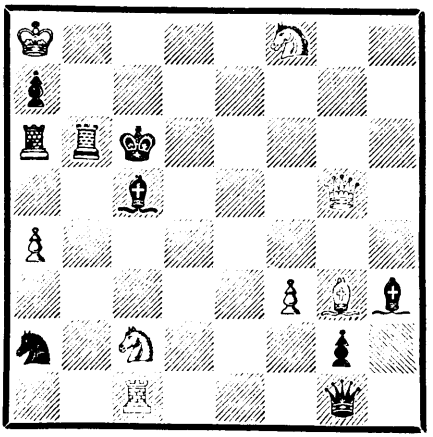
No. 2

1 Q to K B 7	1 K takes P
2 B to R 4	2 K takes B
3 Q mates	

We give our readers this month another problem for solution, also from the *Westminister Papers*.

No. 3.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Notice.

THE BRYANT MEMORIAL.

On November 3rd, 1874, the eightieth anniversary of the birthday of William Cullen Bryant, a committee of friends and admirers waited on the octogenarian editor and poet, presented a written testimonial of respect, and received an appropriate reply. This committee had been organized for the purpose of presenting Mr. Bryant with some tribute of respect, and a commemorative vase of original design and choice workmanship had been decided on. It was impossible to obtain even the designs before Time's relentless hand brought on the eightieth birthday, and therefore the committee simply noticed their intention in the address, and immediately after their visit took active measures to fulfil their promise.

Designs were asked for from the whole craft of silversmiths, and amongst the number received, that of Mr. James H. Whitehouse, of the house of Tiffany & Co., New York, was accepted, the work completed in about a year's time, and the vase put on exhibition at the Centennial, where it now remains as a specimen of United States art. We have not room for a full description of this vase, and must be content with enumerating a few of its principal features.

It is made of silver and is entirely covered with a fretwork of apple-branches and their blossoms; beneath this and forming the finer lines of the fret, are the primrose and amaranth. On the body of the vase thus enriched are six medallions, of which the portrait bust forming our *frontispiece* this month is chief. One represents Poetry contemplating Nature, and another, Bryant as "The Journalist," in which occupation the waste paper basket is given its due prominence. He is also pictured as the "Translator of Homer," as being "Dedicated to Poetry" by his father, of whom in after years he writes,

> "For he is in his grave, who taught my youth
> The art of verse, and in the bud of life
> Offered me to the muse."

In another medallion he is represented as "The Student of Nature."

Mr. Samuel Osgood, in *Harper's Monthly*, gives the following interesting description of the *repoussé* system of silver beating followed in the manufacture of the vase:—

"The *repoussé* style begins its task by working the surface from within outward by means of snarling-irons, which have two horns very much like those of an anvil, and, like an anvil, they rest upon a block. One of these horns is made to touch the proper point on the inner surface of the vase, and the blow is given not directly upon this horn, but upon that opposite, which, when struck with skill, sends its vibrations to the other horn, which is in contact with the metal. By these vibrations the surface is raised to the due elevation so gradually and yet so vigorously as to secure the result without breaking or weakening the metal. When the bowl is thus shaped from within to the requisite form for the intended projections, it is filled with a composition of pitch and other ingredients; and then the workman changes his course, and begins his more difficult task of working the projecting

surface into due form from the outside. In this way all this exquisite flower-work was produced, and every blossom and leaf, every ear of corn, lily, and primrose, was wrought by the eye and hand of the artist, and each thing bears the mark of his mind and his touch. The work requires generally several repetitions of the process, and the bowl is emptied and filled again. The medallions were made in the same way, instead of being cast from the wax, which is much the easiest way, but does not leave the same fine lines and vital expression."

But no matter how beautiful or appropriate the testimonial, it has but little interest in this case, when compared to the man for whom it was made. His father was Peter Bryant, a physician of Cunnington, Hampshire, Mass., where his son, the subject of this brief notice, was born. The father took extreme care of the moral, religious and physical education of his children, and was rewarded by seeing them at a very early age show a development which to others was a matter of wonder. William Cullen contributed to the "Poet's Corner" of the *County Journal* before he was ten years of age, and his friends had printed for him two considerable poems, entitled "The Embargo" and "The Spanish Revolution," when he was but fourteen. These passed to a second edition, in which it was found necessary to print a certificate of the author's age to relieve the mind of the sceptical public on the question. He was in his nineteenth year when he wrote his "Thanatopsis," a poem full of beauty, in which he describes nature's charms as only a lover of nature can, and in the following lines, gives some advice which would better befit him at the close than at the beginning of his long and honorable life:—

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature."

He entered at Williams College, where he took a high rank, and was admitted to the Bar in 1815. Here again his abilities gave him a first place amongst his associates; but ten years later he removed to New York, where he engaged in the more congenial pursuit of an editor of the New York *Review*. In the following year he became connected with the *Evening Post*, and in a few years had complete control of its editorial columns, which he still retains.

An edition of his poems was published at Cambridge in 1821, and an edition complete up to that time in 1832. A copy of the latter fell into the hands of Washington Irving, then in England, who caused another edition to be published there, since which time Bryant's poems have been, probably, thought more of across the Atlantic than at home.

Mr. Bryant has several times visited Europe, and on one occasion extended his journey to Egypt and Syria. An interesting volume commemorates his wanderings in the old land, as well as others in his own, of which he has seen very much more than most of his countrymen. Even now, at his present advanced age, he is actively engaged in the management of his paper, and is brought prominently to the foreground on occasions such as the present Centennial, when the nation is to be represented in the realms of eloquence or poetry; and he exhibits a vigor which always remains a matter of surprise, but which he ascribes to a good early training, and a habit of not touching intoxicating beverages.

EMPRESS AND EARL;

OR, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—"THANKS, YOUR MAJESTY! I MIGHT HAVE HAD IT BEFORE! *NOW* I THINK I HAVE *EARNED* IT!"

—*Punch.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

—:o:—

FARMER SMITH'S OPINION OF THE DOMINION MONTHLY.

DEAR MESSRS. PUBLISHERS:—I am much obliged to the Publisher's Department for a hint about topics of conversation. I used to think that I was a very sociable kind of man, but somehow it was impossible for me to talk at home when I returned from work. I am a farmer. I got my supper, and then used to ask some questions about the new cow, or ask how it was the pigs got into the corn, and my wife says that I used to scold continually,—but that must be a mistake—tell the children not to bother me, and go to sleep in the chair by the mantel-piece for an hour or two, wake up and read one of your papers for a few minutes, and then go to bed.

Now I will ask you, Messrs. Publishers, what I had to talk about? Freddy, my eldest son, was always thinking about his particular crochet for the time, although he is a very good boy on the farm. Sarah didn't care a snap then for anything, I used to think, but beaux and dresses. My wife always had enough to occupy her; and I could'nt direct all my words to the helps.

Under these circumstances, your article came like a light in the dark. When I read it I made up my mind that we should have family talks. Well, after a good deal of thinking the matter over and over, I took the last number of your Magazine to begin on. I got Jennie, my second daughter, to read "Partridge Shooting and Romance." Jennie is a very good reader, and although I say it myself, a first-class scholar for one in her condition, but she wasn't interested a bit in the story, and drawled it out as if it were a task. I almost thought that the whole idea was a failure. But this sort of thing didn't last long, for as soon as she got to the meeting between Adele and the young man with the name she never could pronounce—if you want us to read your stories aloud you must get easy names; not Smith or Jones, of course, but novel names, Jennie says. Well, as I was saying when she got to the love part she began to read quicker, and we all got interested in it, and the first thing I knew ma left her work, and took her knitting and sat down by the table; and little Eddie managed to get on my knee someway, and when we got to the end ma said how happy we all ought to be with such a comfortable, nice, quiet home; and she hoped that nothing would ever happen her girls like that. Then the girls (the little minx's) said that they liked home too well ever to leave it—they always used to be grumbling and all that sort of thing. I never felt so comfortable for a long time as I did that night.

Well, the next night we read about the "Recollets and the Jesuits," and I found that Freddy had read a great deal about them in the WITNESS, and was anxious to tell all he knew, and I tell you the mother was proud of her boy then. We didn't think there was anything in him you know, because he was so quiet, and I am rather inclined to believe that he is a little lazy anyway, but he surprised us that night.

The next night and the next I was busy, but the one after read the "Old Maid's Reflections," but it didn't interest anyone very much, and the boys began calling the girls old maids and all that sort of thing before I was half through. "The Spray of Wild Roses" came next, and "Nina's" adventure interested the little ones very much, although it took them sometime to understand that "Nina" was a pony and not a little girl.

The next day was Sunday. That used to be the longest in the year, but this day we took some of the Bible stories, and you cannot believe how quickly the time passed, and we were all sorry that it went so quickly; and ma said, with a smile, that she must fix that clock next night. She used always to say before that it went too slow.

But when we got to the "Young Folks," what fun there was. I tell you if Popinjay had been in our house when she wouldn't own up that

she broke the watch, she would have had a terrible time of it; and if anyone does anything of that kind in our house now they say "Popinjay is around here somewhere." I know you have had enough of this, but I wanted to tell you that this idea of the whole family getting together and talking and reading is a first-class thing.

But I forgot about the drawing lesson. Some of the children got some oiled paper, and put it over the dog's head in the magazine, and copied the picture through it. I don't think that is right, do you? And there was the prize story with all the S's, and the puzzle. We tried to read the story as fast as we could, and I tell you those that lisped had a hard time of it. Tommy, who can't read, yet tried to speak it after his ma, and it was amusing to hear him say: "'Thad, thilent, thorrowful, that Tharah Thimth.' Ith that our Tharah, Pa?"

I really believe that the flying-machine was the best of all. It took a long time to get it going all right, though, and it was pretty hard to work even then, but Freddy managed to set it going after a while. I haven't a chess-board, so I don't know anything about the problem, but if this sort of thing continues, I intend to get one and invite my brother William—a great chess-player—around to teach me the game.

The children are obliged to you for your suggestion; the mother is, too, and you know I am. We all send you our thanks, and if you ever come this way and call on us, we will show you how we do business.

I didn't think this letter was anything like as long as it is till I read it to the children, and they told me to ask you to print it. I know that it isn't good enough for that, but if you correct the mistakes you can do what you like with it, and I may write to you some time again.

I am,

Your benefited servant,

JAMES SMITH.

THE
PUBLISHERS
DESIRE
THE
FRIENDS
AND
SUBSCRIBERS
OF
THE
"DOMINION MONTHLY"
TO
READ
THE
PROSPECTUS
ENCLOSED
IN
THIS
NUMBER
OF
THE
MAGAZINE,

AND
DO
WHAT
THEY
CAN
TO
EXTEND
THE
CIRCULATION
AND
USEFULNESS
OF
THIS,
THEIR
MONTHLY
VISITOR.
CHRISTMAS
IS
CLOSE
AT
HAND.

PROTECT YOUR BUILDINGS, which may be done with one-fourth the usual expense, by using our

PATENT SLATE PAINT

(Fifteen Years Established.)

MIXED READY FOR USE.

Fire-Proof, Water-Proof, Durable, Economical and Ornamental.

A roof may be covered with a very cheap shingle, and by application of this slate be made to last from 20 to 25 years. Old roofs can be patched and coated, looking much better and lasting longer than new shingles without the slate, for

ONE-THIRD THE COST OF RE-SHINGLING.

The expense of slating new shingles is only about the cost of simply laying them. The paint is FIRE-PROOF against sparks or flying embers, as may be easily tested by any one.

IT STOPS EVERY LEAK,

and for tin or iron has no equal, as it expands by heat, contracts by cold, and NEVER CRACKS nor scales. Roofs covered with Tar Sheathing Felt can be made water-tight at a small expense, and preserved for many years. This Slate Paint is

EXTREMELY CHEAP,

Two gallons will cover a hundred square feet of shingle roof, while on tin, iron, felt, matched boards, or any smooth surface, from two quarts to one gallon are required to 100 square feet of surface, and although the paint has a heavy body it is easily applied with a brush.

NO TAR IS USED IN THIS COMPOSITION,

therefore, it neither cracks in Winter, nor runs in Summer.

On decayed shingles, it fills up the holes and pores, and gives a new substantial roof that will last for years. CURLED OR WARPED shingles it brings to their places, and keeps them there. It fills up all holes in felt roofs, stops the leaks—and although a slow dryer, rain does not affect it a few hours after applying. As nearly all paints that are black contain TAR, be sure you obtain our genuine article, which (for shingle roofs) is

CHOCOLATE COLOR,

when first applied, changing in about a month to a uniform slate color, and is, to all intents and purposes SLATE. On

TIN ROOFS

our red color is usually preferred, as one coat is equal to five of ordinary paint. For

BRICK WALLS

our BRIGHT RED is the only reliable Slate Paint ever introduced that will effectually prevent dampness from penetrating and discoloring the plaster.

These paints are also largely used on out-houses and fences, or as a priming coat on fine buildings. Our only colors are CHOCOLATE, RED, BRIGHT RED, and ORANGE.

NEW YORK CASH PRICE LIST:

5 Gallons,	can and box		$ 5 50
10 "	keg		9 50
20 "	half barrel		16 00
40 "	one barrel		30 00

We have in stock, of our own manufacture, roofing materials, etc., at the following low prices:

1000 rolls extra Rubber Roofing, at 3 cents per square foot. (Or we will furnish Rubber Roofing, Nails, Caps, and Slate Paint for an entire new roof, at 4½ cents per square foot.)

2000 rolls 2-ply Tarred Roofing Felt, at 1¾ cents per square foot.

3000 rolls 3-ply Tarred Roofing Felt, at 2½ cents per square foot.

200 rolls Tarred Sheathing, at ½ cent per square foot.

5000 gallons fine Enamel Paint, mixed ready for use, on inside or outside work, at $2 per gallon, all shades.

1000 Bbls.	Slate Flour	per bbl.	$3 00
1000 "	Soapstone Flour	"	3 00
1000 "	Grafton Mineral	"	3 00
1000 "	Metallic Paint, dry	"	3 00

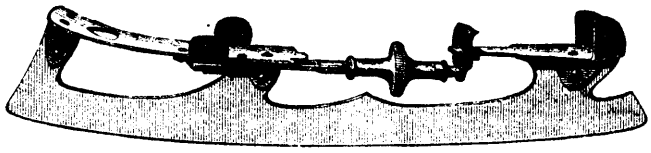
Special prices per ton or car-load lots.

All orders must be accompanied with the money, or subject to 30 days draft on well nown parties.

N. Y. SLATE PAINT COMPANY,

102 & 104 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

SEE THE EUREKA CLUB



It is put on and taken off the foot in a moment by *a simple turn* of the round nut shown in above drawing. The clamps at both heel and toe are fastened by the one simple movement, and so perfect is the plan, that the fastenings adjust themselves to any size or shaped boot. There is no need of boys and girls having cold fingers, cramped feet, or loose skates, so long as they can get a pair of "Eureka Club Skates," which may be had by sending $10 in new subscriptions for the WITNESS publications to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL.

THE PRIZES.

1. To the person sending the largest amount of money on or before 15th January as payment in advance for our publications..... $50
2. To the person sending in the second largest amount..... 40
3. To do do third do 30
4. To do do fourth do 20
5. To do do fifth do 15
6. To do do sixth do 10
7. To do do seventh do 5
8. To do do eighth do 5
9. To do do ninth do 5
10. To do do tenth do 5
11. To do do eleventh do 5
12. To do do twelfth do 5

All subscription lists sent in for these prizes must be marked

"IN COMPETITION,"

or they cannot be recognized in the count for prizes.

READ ON.

Every competitor who sends in NEW subscriptions to the amount of $10, deducting no commissions therefrom, will, almost immediately on the receipt of the amount, receive a

PAIR OF EUREKA CLUB SKATES,

so that every competitor will be sure of a good prize. On all amounts sent in for subscriptions above $10, or on the whole amount, if the skates are not desired he may receive a cash commission. A circular specifying the

CASH COMMISSIONS

on our publications will be sent to all competitors on receipt of the first letter from each *bona fide* worker.

DIRECTIONS.

Mark all letters for prizes "in competition." Write the names and addresses of subscribers and amounts distinctly, so that every subscriber will be sure to get his paper promptly.

Send in the subscriptions at least one a week, so that each new subscriber who receives his paper may recommend it to others.

Always state distinctly whether the subscriptions are new or renewal, and what paper they are intended for, WITNESS, DOMINION MONTHLY or MESSENGER.

Go to work at once, canvas thoroughly, calling on every one who wants such papers as you have to show, gain your skates for the first ice, and then follow on for the $50 prize.

Remember that subscriptions for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY and MESSENGER count the prizes as well as those for the WITNESS.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GIRLS AND BOYS,

the skate you will get when you send in your $10 subscriptions, is not a common skate, but the "Eureka Club Skate."

It is held to be the best and really the only perfect Self-fastening Skate manufactured. It differs a little from other self-fastening skates as it *never leaves the skater and goes alone.* Always ready for any size of boot. No setting of clamps: no pieces to lose. Impossible to jump it off your boot. Put on and take off in a moment without the least trouble.

When you complete your $10, send the length of your boot sole, from heel to toe, in paper, and a pair of Eureka Club Skates to fit you will be sent almost immediately.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

From the impossibility of sending skates by parcel post to the United States, we cannot promise our friends there, who send us $10 in new subscriptions, the *Eureka Club Skate,* but are making arrangements to provide them with the best kind of skates obtainable in New York.