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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

SEPT.

1875.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

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New Dominion Monthly.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

FROM A CONTEMPORANEOUS REPORT.

BY JOHN READE.

Through the kindness of a literary friend, I obtained, some time ago, the loan of an old and curious book, of which the following is the somewhat lengthy title:—

“England’s Black Tribunall, set forth in the Triall of K. Charles I. at the Pretended Court of Justice at Westminster Hall, Jan. 22. Together with his Majesties speech, immediately before he was murdered on a scaffold erected at Whitehall Gate, Tuesday, Jan. 30, 1648. Also the Dying Speeches of the Nobility and Gentry, as were inhumanly put to Death for their Loyalty to their Sovereign Lord the King, from 1642 to 1658. London. Printed for J. Playford, 1660.”

As this book is entitled to consideration for more reasons than its age, and as it is undoubtedly rare, a brief account of it may not be without interest to the readers of THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY. The date of its appearance, the year of the Restoration, suggests at once that Mr. J. Playford was a wise man in his generation, and, no doubt, his book had

many eager purchasers. It is divided into two parts, the first of which has to do with the trial and execution of the King; the second part, containing the “Dying Speeches of the Nobility and Gentry,” bears marks of being an after-thought, as, though it is paged in succession to the first part, its title is somewhat different (apart, of course, from the absence of the King’s name), and the publisher’s name is omitted. Between these two parts occurs an “Elegie on the Sufferings and Death of K. Charles I.,” which is as bad poetry as could be desired, but is valuable as containing a reference to the *Eikon Basilike*, which, after all, may not have been fabricated by naughty Bishop Gawden. This, however, is probably past finding out.

The “Black Tribunall” has doubtless been ransacked by the dry-as-dust tribe, but although we recollect having seen it quoted from more than once, we have not at hand the means of ascertaining by what writers of English history it has been made use of. The account of the King’s trial and execution is substantially

the same as that which is found in Hallam's "Constitutional History" and Guizot's "English Revolution." We are informed that his Majesty's last words were "taken in shorthand, on the scaffold, by three several gentlemen, who were very exquisite in that art;" and, certainly, throughout the volume there is a note of rude fidelity and an absence of ornament which contrast very saliently with the sensational picturesqueness and bold exaggeration of some modern "gentlemen of the press." "Nor had his Majesty any copy," we are told " (being surprised and hastened by those who attended him on the scaffold), save only a few heads on a little scrip of paper, which, after his death, the soldiers took from the Bishop of London, to whom he gave it; therefore the reader must be content with this copy, which was by them, upon joint comparing of their copies, published, some few words being altered, to make the sense perfect."

"The Act of the Commons of England assembled in Parliament" for the King's trial, is given in full, with the names, "Thomas, Lord Fairfax, General; Oliver Cromwell, Lieutenant-General," &c., attached to it. The description of the Court is very minute: "The Lord President (Bradshaw) in a crimson velvet chair, fixed in the midst of the Court, placed himself, having a desk with a crimson velvet cushion before him." A crimson velvet chair was also set for the King. The charge was read by "the Clerk of the Court, who sat on one side of the table covered with a rich Turkey carpet," whatever that may indicate. The charge is very long and specific. "It is observed that, the time the charge was reading, the King sat down in his chair, looking sometimes on the Court, sometimes up to the galleries, and having arisen again and turning about to behold the guards and spectators, sat down,

looking very sternly, with a countenance not at all moved till these words, viz.: *Charles Stuart to be a tyrant and traitor, &c.*, were read, at which he laughed, as he sate, in the face of the Court." The behavior of the King all through the trial is described with similar almost painful exactness. "The silver head of his staff fell off, the which he wondered at, and seeing none to take it up, he stooped for it himself, and put it in his pocket." As he was withdrawn at the end of the not very satisfactory proceedings of the first day (Saturday, Jan. 20), he looked "with a very austere countenance upon the Court without stirring of his hat, and replied, 'Well, Sir!' when the Lord President commanded the guard to take him away."

"On Jan. 21, being Sunday, the Commissioners kept a fast at Whitehall. There preached Mr. Spigge; his text was, 'He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Next, Mr. Foxley; his text, 'Judge not, lest you be judged.' Last was Mr. Peters; his text was, 'I will bind their kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of iron.'"

On the following day the Commissioners resumed their judicial labors. We are told that "upon the King coming in a shout was made," which was not heard with favor by the Court. The King again disputes the authority of his judges, and it is evident there can no longer be any compromise between the authority claimed by the Commons of England and the "divine right" of England's hereditary King. The arguments on both sides are well known. In this respect there is nothing new in this book. On the 27th January the sentence was pronounced: that "the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer and publique enemy, shall be put to death by the severing of his head from his body." The

scene that ensued, as detailed here, is affecting. It would seem that the sentence took the King by surprise, and that, for a time, he lost that dignified self-command which was habitual to him. After the pronouncing of the sentence, he said: "Will you hear me a word, sir?"

President—"Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence."

King—"No, sir?"

President—"No, sir, by your favor, sir. Guard, withdraw your prisoner."

King—"I may speak after the sentence—by your favor, sir, I may speak after the sentence ever. By your favor, hold! The sentence, sir—I say, sir, I do—I am not suffered for to speak. Expect what justice other people will have."

After the sentence, the King being hurried from the bar (which accounts, no doubt, for the obvious confusion of his last words), as he passed down the stairs "the common soldiers, laying aside all reverence to sovereignty, scoffed at him, casting the smোক of their stinking tobacco (no smell was more offensive to him) in his face, and flinging their foul pipes at his feet."

The meeting between the King and his children is touching in its simplicity. The effect on the King of the well-known words of the little Duke of Gloucester, "I will be torn in pieces first," is quaintly told: "which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the King rejoice exceedingly." There is nothing new in the account of the execution. The King alludes to Strafford: "An unjust sentence that I suffered for to take effect is punished now by an unjust sentence upon me." He does not mention any name, but in a note Strafford is designated as the person referred to. The "Remember," uttered after giving his "George" to Dr. Juxon, is explained

in another note: "It is thought for to give it to the Prince."

In a letter written to Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.), from the Isle of Wight, dated November 29, 1648, occur these words: "Subjects have learned that victories over their princes are but triumphs over themselves, and so will be more unwilling to hearken to changes hereafter"—which words, before ten years, had something like fulfilment in the restoration for a time to the throne of England of what Macaulay does not scruple to call the "race accursed of God and man." The following is not bad advice from a Stuart to a Stuart: "If God give you success, use it humbly and far from revenge. If He restore you to your right upon hard conditions, *whatever you promise, keep.*" It is well known what, in the long run, came to be regarded by the British people as worse than *punica fides* was to the Romans.

The words "This is the head of a traitor," generally attributed to the executioner, are not found in the "Black Tribunal," in whose account it is simply said that "he held it up and shewed it to the people; which done, it was, with the body, put into a coffin covered with black velvet for that purpose, and conveyed into his lodgings there"—that is, in prison. Thence the body was taken to St. James's, "laid there a fortnight to be seen by the people," and thence taken to Windsor. The Duke of Lenox, the Marquis of Hertford, the Marquis of Dorchester and the Earl of Linsey, "having obtained an order from Parliament for the decent interment of their royal master, provided the expense thereof not exceeding five hundred pounds," and having in vain sought permission that the interment should be "by the form in the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England," "betook themselves to the search of a convenient place for

the burial of the corpse, the which, after some painstaking therein, they discover a vault in the middle of the quire, wherein, as is probably conjectured, lyeth the body of King Henry the Eighth and his beloved wife, the Lady Jane Seamor, both in coffins of lead. In this vault—there being room for one more—they resolved to inter the body of the King, the which was accordingly brought to the place, borne by the officers of the garrison, the four corners of the velvet pall borne up by the aforesaid four cords; the pious Bishop of London following next, and other persons of quality, the body was committed to the earth with sighs and tears—especially of the reverend Bishop to be denied to do the last duty and service to his dear and royal master. The velvet pall, being cast into the vault, was laid over the body upon the coffin, with these words set:

“KING CHARLS, 1648.”

It has to be borne in mind throughout that the legal year began on the 25th of March, not, as now (since 1752), on the 1st of January. This sets the date of Charles' death in 1648, instead of 1649, as we are accustomed to fix it. The second part of “England's Black Tribunal,” is, perhaps, more interesting than the first, as it deals with characters of which, with some conspicuous exceptions, grave history takes hardly any notice. The number of the sufferers is twenty-one. Of these, the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud and five others were executed before; the rest, among whom were the Earls of Derby, Holland and Cambridge, and Lord Arthur Capel, after the King. What strikes one as remarkable, is the extreme cheerfulness and even gaiety with which some of these unfortunate gentlemen met their fate. Courageous resignation is intelligible, but exultation and fervor of joy, showing itself in kissing the block

and the axe, are things rather deep for a person whose neck is safe. Such phenomena are, however, by no means unusual. Condemned criminals of the ordinary type, including those who have committed murders of all degrees of heinousness, are often, to all appearance, at least, the happiest of men. Whether their happiness be real, or whether, by some strange provision of nature, their minds are benumbed into apathy or excited into ecstasy during their terrible ordeal is a question for psychologists. Religion, no doubt, is often successful in rousing the penitent to a due sense of his own guilt and of God's mercy, and the difference between the power of divine love which would pardon the greatest crime, and that which would condone the most venial fault, may be theologically infinitesimal, but we naturally shrink from placing much confidence in that saintship which has its origin in the cell and its canonization on the scaffold.

Whatever were his previous faults or crimes, no martyr ever behaved with more dignity on receiving his crown than the Earl of Strafford in submitting to the fulfilment of his sentence; and his words appear so honest and straightforward that one does not willingly pronounce him a hypocrite. His reference to the King, in which he prays “that he may find mercy when he stands most in need of it,” was, no doubt, bitterly recalled by Charles when he did stand in need of mercy. The “God save the King” with which the executioner shewed his head to the people, appears, in the light of subsequent events, grimly ironical.

Immediately following the account of the execution of Strafford is a piece of execrable rhyming, addressed to the citizens of London, and called a “Satyric Elegie,” the unfortunate hero being Master Nathaniel Tom-

kings, who was executed July 5th, 1643. The two last lines may serve as a specimen :—

“From your black doom we this conclusion draw,

You live: no Gospel, Tomkins had no law.”

Some of those whose last days are here described were not the King's friends, but parliamentarians who had betrayed their trust. Sir Alexander Carew, Bart., was beheaded for treasonable correspondence with the enemy; Sir John Hotham for betraying Hull.

From his position, the most important of all the victims of the Parliament was Dr. William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. His speech on the scaffold is half a sermon, beginning in due homiletic form with a text. Two prayers of his are given, one long, offered after his address; the other, just before his execution. In the latter he prayed God to “bless this kingdom with peace and with plenty, and with brotherly love and with charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Christ's sake, if it be thy will.” *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* Is this the proud prelate who seemed to take delight in slitting noses and lopping off ears, as if these useful and ornamental appendages to the human head were too great luxuries for non-conforming Roundheads?

The Earls of Cambridge and Holland, and Lord Arthur Capel, were all executed on the same day, March 9th, 1649. There is nothing remarkable in any of their speeches. Lord Holland said that he had “endeavoured to do those actions that became an honest man and a good Englishman, and a good Christian,” while, at the same time, he acknowledged that he was a great sinner. His conversation with his chaplain, Mr. Bolton, is long and not without interest.

The following is an extract from

the prayer offered on the scaffold by Col. John Morris, executed August 23rd, 1649 :—

“Welcome, blessed hour, the period of my pilgrimage, the term of my bondage, the end of my cares, the close of my sins, the bound of my travels, the goal of my race, and the haven of my hopes. I have fought a long fight in much weakness, I have finished my course, though in great faintness, and the crown of my joy is that through the strength of thy grace, I have both kept the true faith and have fought for my King's, the Lord's anointed, cause, without any wavering, for which and in which I die. I do willingly resign my flesh, I despise the world, and I defy the devil, who hath no part nor share in me.”

One of the most interesting of all these sad obituaries is that of James, Earl of Derby, executed at Bolton on the 15th of October, 1651, for corresponding with the absent and unacknowledged King. He was much beloved by the common people; so much so, that, at the hour appointed for his death, the scaffold, for want of workmen, was not ready. “Shall the good Earl of Derby die?” was the general pathetic exclamation in the streets. “On his way to the scaffold the people prayed and wept and cried aloud,” and, while he was delivering his address the excitement was so intense that “the soldiers fell into a tumult, riding up and down the streets, cutting and slashing the people, some being killed and many wounded. His Lordship, looking on this sad spectacle, said thus: ‘Gentlemen, it troubles me more than my own death that others are hurt and, I fear, die for me.’” The panic interrupted his speech and he could not finish it, but the manuscript was preserved. “The executioner,” we are told, “did his work at one blow, all the people weeping and crying

and giving all expressions of grief and lamentation." A piece of paper with these lines was thrown into his coffin :—

"Bounty, wit, courage, all in one lie dead :
A Stanley's hand, Vere's heart, and Cecil's
head."

Some of the other speeches recorded in the "Black Tribunall" are interesting enough in their way, but the extracts which have been given will convey a general notion of their style and matter. Two or three are very tedious, and calculated, one would think, to lessen the sympathy by wearying the patience of the audience. The briefest and most to the point is that of the piously resolved Hugh Grove, of Chisenbury, in the parish of Enford, Wiltshire, Esquire, beheaded May 16th, 1655, in the castle of Exon. The latest execution is that of Sir H. Slingsby, and of "the reverend Dr. John Hewyt, D.D.," who were beheaded on the same scaffold, June 8th, 1858, shortly before the Protector's death. Both these men suffered for anticipating what was so near at hand through the sinuous diplomacy of General Monk. Among the charges against Dr.

Hewyt was that of kissing the King's hand, which criminal act he attempted to disprove by an *alibi*. "His Highness was pleased to tell me I was like a flaming torch in the midst of a sheaf of corn,"—words quite characteristic of His Highness and, perhaps, not altogether inapplicable to "Dr. John Hewyt, D.D."

We take leave of this melancholy little book with a feeling of thankfulness that those gloomy days and, we trust, their bitter memories, have passed away forever. Still they were days of manly earnestness, and the men who figured in them, whether of the chivalry of loyalty or the chivalry of civil and religious liberty, were most of them brave and true-hearted.

On a blank page, the complement of the title-page of the second part, is a piece of rather venerable manuscript, which is subscribed by a name in cipher and the date 1696. It is a receipt for dyeing wool. The letters resemble German Script, somewhat. "His hand and pen" (some old Jacobite farmer's, perhaps), where are they now?

MEGANTIC MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY ARCHIBALD M'KILLOP.

[A portion of the County of Megantic, Quebec, was settled more than forty years ago, by a colony of Highlanders from the Island of Arran. Their descendants are found all over the Dominion, and many in the United States; but the larger number remained within the bounds of the original colony. Of those who were heads of families among the original immigrants, only one couple now remain.]

Old Megantic's banks and braes,
Lovely lakes and balmy bowers,
Where in childhood's happy days
We have culled the fairest flowers.
See that mountain's towering head—
See this vale, so green and low ;
Mountains rise and valleys spread,
Just as forty years ago !

Here the silvery streamlets pour
Down the dewy dell at morn ;
There the mountain torrents roar
Laughs the loudest laugh to scorn.
Here, when young, I loved to roam,
Nature's wildest charms to know ;
Here our fathers found a home,
More than forty years ago !

Where the hills of Arran swell,
High above Lochranza's shore,
Few there are that live to tell
Of the friends they saw no more,
When from Scotia's favored strand,
Still unstained by conquering foe—
Sailed that hopeful, hardy band,
More than forty years ago !

Dark and dense the wild woods lay,
Gaily green for leagues around,
Here the savage beasts of prey
Undisturbed asylum found ;
Then with pioneering toils
Stalwart arms, with many a blow,
Felled the woods, and burnt the piles,
More than forty years ago !

Now the ploughman guides his steeds
Where the great old woods have been,—
See our gardens, orchards, meads—
Oh, what changes have we seen !
Ordered by unerring law,
Seasons come and seasons go ;
Gone the rarest sights we saw,
More than forty years ago !

Megantic More Than Forty Years Ago.

Gone the camps and camping ground—
 Old log meeting-house, and all ;
 Gone, the schools assembled round
 Fires that blazed against the wall.
 Gone the barns and houses, too,
 Roofed with bark in many a row ;
 "Frames" and "shingles" known to few,
 More than forty years ago !

Now we build our palace piles,
 Some of wood and some of stone ;
 Roofed in strange fantastic styles—
Bark forgotten and unknown.
 Gone the simple ways of life,
 Early years were wont to know ;
 Less of law, and less of strife,
 More than forty years ago !

Less of schools, where learning's naught ;
 Less of councils, less of courts,
 Less academies that rot ;
 Less of base and false reports,
 Less of arrogance and pride,
 Less of vain and pompous show ;
 Less the churches to divide,
 More than forty years ago !

Gone the fathers—they are dead,
 Gone their kind, endearing ways,
 Worn the Bibles that they read,
 Mute their earnest songs of praise.
 Gone, a generation gone,
 All forgotten, lying low,
 Men whose noblest deeds were done
 More than forty years ago !

We who live in Canada,
 Now the New Dominion styled,
 Still remember when we saw
 Inverness a desert wild ;
 And Megantic all around,
 With the parishes below,
 But an Indian hunting-ground,
 More than forty years ago !

I am older, so are you,
 Growing older day by day,
 Surely we are dying too—
 Ah, how soon to pass away !
 But Megantic shall remain,
 Mountains rise and rivers flow,
 Who shall then in sweeter strain
 Sing of forty years ago ?

HARRY STANHOPE.

BY ELIZABETH DYSART.

CHAPTER V.

Time flew by, all too swiftly, and the boys became men. Then there came a day that brought sorrow and mourning to the old homestead by the river. The husband and father was ill. For a few days, the physician and wife did all in their power—then came the verdict: "There is no hope, Mrs. Stanhope."

Harry was away—no one knew where—and Tom McCrea kindly volunteered to find him. Going to the nearest town, he began a search of the saloons, feeling pretty sure he would be in some of them. At last he found him, in the midst of a group, engaged in a game of cards. They were all men, apparently, belonging to the higher grades of society, and all pretty drunk—but one. He was a middle-aged man, tall and slight, with flashing black eyes and closely curling black hair, thickly sprinkled with gray. He had a commanding look and unmistakably the air of a gentleman. He seemed entirely sober, although he drank as often as the others. Tom knew enough of gambling to see, in the few moments he stood watching them, that this man was gaining, while the others were losing heavily—particularly Harry.

He walked up to him and, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, said, "Come Harry, I want you to ride home with me. It is getting late you know."

Harry looked over his shoulder, not at all surprised at seeing Tom there, and said,

"Don't bother about me; I'm not

ready yet. You go on by yourself."

"But they want you at home."

"No they don't. The old man turned me out the other day, and told me to earn my own bread and butter—and brandy. I am doing it too, by Jove!"

"Harry, you must come with me, your father is very ill—perhaps dying."

"Ill, is he? not a bit of it! Old man's hearty as a buck—always was; you can't come that dodge on me, Tom McCrea."

Here Mr. Leslie, the middle-aged man, who seemed sober, spoke.

"How long since you left home, Stanhope?"

"A month—a week ago—no, guess it was yesterday—hanged if I know."

"And your father was well when you left?"

"Well enough to turn me out."

"He is not likely to die out so suddenly," Leslie continued, coolly; "so make yourself easy. Shall I see you to the door?" and he bowed politely to Tom.

Tom seized Harry's arm.

"Harry Stanhope," he said, "the doctors say your father cannot live more than twenty-four hours. Will you let him die without a chance to make your peace with him? Or will you come with me now? A few hours more and it may be too late."

Tom's tone, more than his words, roused him, and he stumbled to his feet, and began looking helplessly round for his hat. Tom found it for him, and they were soon driving rapidly towards the old homestead.

The cool night air, together with the sad news, as soon as he was able to comprehend it, sobered Harry, so that by the time their journey was ended he was quite himself.

In an upper room, where the dim light and perfect stillness told of trouble, lay Mr. Stanhope. His wife sat by his side, and Paul, with his face buried in his hands, crouched at the foot of the bed. The blow had come so suddenly that it was very hard to bear. Only a week since he was well and strong—now he was dying.

"Wife," he said, feebly, "I am very sorry about my will. I made it long ago, willing this place to Paul, and the Wood farm and all my ready money to Harry. That gives Harry more than half, and in a shape that he can dispose of it at once. If I had only known how he was going to turn out!"

"Pray don't distress yourself about it now, dear. I daresay it will all come right in the end."

"Poor boy!" he whispered, "I would like to see him once more."

The grating of wheels on the gravel below caught Paul's ear, and he went softly from the room and down to meet Harry.

"O Paul!" he cried, almost in a frenzy, "Tom says father is dying. Tell me it isn't true!"

"I wish I could," said Paul, very gently. "He is anxious to see you, and you must calm yourself before you go up."

A half hour later Harry stole softly into the room and knelt at his father's bedside.

"My boy, can you forgive your father for his harshness to you?"

"O father, don't! Can you forgive me for giving you cause to be severe?"

The dying man laid his hand tenderly on the bowed head of his son.

A shade passed over his face, and his wife came closer to him.

"Harry, lad, kiss me. Paul—wife"—the words died on his lips.

For another hour they watched beside him. Not a word was spoken—only now and then a low moan or a half stifled sob told that they were no indifferent watchers. Then the end came—so quietly, so peacefully, that they scarce knew it until Dr. Warner, who had come in unperceived, said, "He is at rest."

The sorrow fell heavily on Mrs. Stanhope's heart, for she loved her husband very fondly. But in the midst of her grief she remembered how she had asked the life of her son, and how her request had been granted her, and brought to her a great trouble. So now she bent meekly to the rod, and said from her aching heart, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

CHAPTER VI.

Arm in arm the two brothers, Paul and Harry Stanhope, were walking slowly towards their home from the railway station. Harry had come down by the evening express, and Paul met him at the station. They had been walking in perfect silence for some time, when Harry said, suddenly:

"Paul, I've met my fate!"

"Met your fate! What do you mean, lad?"

"I have seen the woman I shall try to win for my wife. What else should I mean? But I forgot that you have no interest in such things as love and matrimony."

His bantering tone jarred against Paul. It was little more than a month since they were left fatherless, and the shadow Death had left in their home lay gloomily over Paul's heart; so he made no reply.

"Why don't you show some interest in this sudden spasm of my heart,

old fellow? You might, at least, ask a question about her."

"Who is she?" asked Paul, drily.

"Paul, she is a perfect angel! Her name is Leith. Her mother called her Agnes, and sometimes Nannie. I was struck with her face as I saw it in the train, and when I saw them preparing to leave it at Prescott Junction, I got off too. I managed to make myself useful to them, as they were alone—she and her mother, and had some difficulty about their baggage. Her mother is a widow, and she is her only daughter. I saw them safe on the Ottawa train. They have gone to visit some friends at the capital. And Paul, the curious part of it is, she—Mrs. Leith—is a sister of Mr. Forrester who used to teach our school. Don't you remember him?"

Paul had been busy with his own thoughts and had let Harry talk on, as he often did, without listening to what he was saying; but the mentioning of Mr. Forrester's name roused him, and he asked, almost eagerly,

"What is she like—this Mrs. Leith?"

"Not at all like Mr. Forrester; a fine-looking woman, though, for her age. But that girl, Paul; I never saw such a perfect beauty in my life."

"Dark or light?" asked Paul; not because he felt any interest in the young lady, but because he liked to see the new light all over Harry's handsome face, as he talked.

"I suppose you would call her dark. Her hair is a dead black, worn short, and curling in heavy masses round a forehead as white as marble. Her eyes are a soft, liquid brown; one moment running over with merriment, the next so full of soul that it melts your heart to look into them. The color is constantly coming and going in her cheeks—but I think the

chief charm of the face is the mouth. Such a rosebud of a mouth—with the cunningest little dimple near it."

"You have certainly remembered her well; but, Harry, I would dismiss her from my thoughts if I were you. Very likely you will never see her again."

"I took care of that. Mrs. Leith was enquiring if I knew of some pretty, healthy locality where they could spend the summer. I recommended Elton with all my heart—told her it was unsurpassed for beauty, &c., &c. But she asked me such a curious question."

He stopped, and Paul looked up. Harry laughed—a constrained laugh, as he went on.

"She asked me if there was much drinking done in Elton. She said she had a little boy about twelve years old, and she would not like him exposed to temptation."

"What did you say?" asked Paul, quietly.

"Said I didn't know—thought not more than in any other country village."

A look of pain spread itself over Paul's face, but they were going up the gravel walk towards the house, and he did not speak.

When they reached the portico, Harry said, in a low, troubled tone,

"I saw Leslie to-day!"

Paul turned as if he had had a blow.

"I had hoped you would never meet that villain again."

"So had I. I believe he is my worst enemy. I never should have got on that last spree but for him, and then he fleeced me most unmercifully."

He opened the door as he spoke, so preventing any further conversation. Harry had kept sober ever since his father's death, and Paul was very sanguine of a complete reformation for him; but the heavy shadow of

grief hung over their home, and the gloom and quiet were beginning to be irksome to Harry. Paul saw this, and was very glad when, one evening Harry came in, his face all aglow, as he said, eagerly,

"They have come, Paul,—Mrs. Leith and her daughter, you know; she has leased the 'White Cottage.'"

"I am very glad for your sake, Harry; but don't let your heart go too easy, boy."

"It is too late to give advice. The look and smile she bestowed upon me, when I met her in the street just now, finished me."

Harry was in earnest—there could be no doubt of that.

There was a look on Paul's face curiously made up of anxiety and love for his brother, as, laying his hand on his shoulder, he said,

"Success to your wooing, then; and may you *both* be happy."

The slightly accented word caught Harry's attention, and he met Paul's eyes very frankly as he said,

"If I can only win her, she will be my salvation, Paul."

"I—don't—know," said Paul, slowly. "I think no man reverences women more than I do; but, be she ever so pure and lovely, she is mortal still. Don't expect too much of her."

"If you could only know how I love her even now, you would see for yourself that she could do whatever she pleased with me."

"Harry, I beg of you, do not put yourself so completely in the power of any woman—or man either. Your ready yielding has always been your greatest—almost your only fault. I wish you could be convinced that your only safety lies in your dependence on your God. If you will commit yourself to His keeping, you are safe; otherwise, I can never feel that you are."

Harry sat buried in thought a few

moments; then he rose impatiently, and said,

"Paul, I am not at all like you—I cannot see things as you do."

"I know our dispositions are unlike, but this wonderful plan of salvation is adapted to all. You might not receive it just exactly as I do; but if you seek, you certainly will find the strength you need to help you resist temptation."

"Don't worry about me, brother mine; I daresay I shall come out all right." It was very rarely that Paul said as much in the way of admonition to Harry as he did now, and his heart ached at the carelessness with which he listened to it.

The White Cottage was a dainty little house, half buried in shrubbery and roses. Within there were evidences of taste and refinement, and altogether it looked like a *home*. Agnes Leith was flitting through the rooms like a bird, and singing snatches of old songs in a voice which, although an artist might find faulty, was music very sweet to her fond mother's ear. Suddenly she stopped before a window.

"Mamma," she cried, "see! there is that handsome Mr. Stanhope passing."

"No, dear, I think you are mistaken. Mr. Stanhope is not so tall as that by several inches. I should think this man was above six feet in height."

"I'm sure I never noticed Mr. Stanhope's size," said Nannie, with a pout on her pretty red lips; "but I am quite positive that was his face, only he was looking dreadfully grave. No, mamma, you were right after all. Here he comes back again, and Mr. Stanhope is with him, and he really is a good deal shorter than that giant. But, mamma, do come and see how very much alike they look. That must be the brother he spoke of."

Just at that moment Harry was saying:

"Paul, do come in. It would pay you just to catch a glimpse of her face. One does not see such beauty as hers twice in a lifetime."

"Then, I had better not expose myself to her fascinations, since you and the fates have decreed that I am to be a bachelor."

Harry laughed lightly, but they were now past the gate, so going in was out of the question for this time.

"How old is this young lady?" Paul asked.

"I never thought about her age, but I should say she was not more than fifteen or sixteen."

A new face always creates a sensation in a village church, especially if it be a beautiful one, and many a glance of curiosity and admiration strayed toward the pew where Agnes Leith sat, all unconscious of the eyes fixed upon her. Paul was in his place in the choir, and it was during the singing of the second hymn that he first saw her. He never forgot that moment. He was a very fine tenor singer, and Agnes, who was passionately fond of music, was listening to his voice with all her soul in her eyes, almost unconscious that she was looking at him, until she met his glance. She turned away instantly, but he felt that one look through every fibre of his being.

It was a very unusual thing for Paul Stanhope to allow his attention to be taken from the service by anything; but on that Sabbath he could not have told the text or any part of the sermon. All through the service he watched that marvellously beautiful face—watched the light and shade pass over it, while she was giving her undivided attention to the earnest words of the venerable old man who occupied the pulpit. Not until he was walking home by his mother's side did he think of Harry. It was with a keen pang he remembered that Harry loved this girl, half child, half wo-

man, who was so richly endowed with the dangerous gift of beauty.

He spent the whole afternoon fighting with that obstinate thing, a human heart; but he succeeded in so far conquering his feeling for Agnes Leith that neither she nor Harry suspected it had been. When she came to know him she enjoyed hearing him talk, for he was a good conversationalist—enjoyed still more his singing; but he seldom went to the White Cottage, where Harry was such a constant visitor, and to her he was only Harry's brother.

Soon after Mrs. Leith came to Elton another new face appeared in church—a pale, sad face, with a sweet tremulous mouth, and deep blue eyes that had a wistful, sorrowful look lurking in their depths. The owner of the face was Miss Sherwood—a music teacher. The organist was absent that day, and she was asked to take the vacant place. Under her skilful fingers the old organ gave such music as it never had been known to give since it had a place in that church; and the pale, sad face won its way to more than one motherly heart. Before the week was over, she had engaged a large class.

Agnes Leith fancied her from the first time she saw her; and finding she was not very comfortable in her boarding place, persuaded her mother to offer her a home with them.

"She is a real lady, mamma," she said, "and I would so like to have her with us. Besides, I think she must have had a good deal of trouble and I do believe, mamma, I could coax her to be happy."

"I daresay you could, dear," said the fond mother, with whom this last argument had a good deal of weight. "We will ask her to come and see."

Miss Sherwood was only too glad to accept the kind invitation; and

Mrs. Leith was very glad to see the roses coming back to the pale cheeks, and smiles to the lips that looked as if long unaccustomed to them.

That summer went by like a pleasant dream to Agnes Leith. The long, sunny days were crowded with happiness. All her life long she had been shielded by one of the tenderest of mothers, and now there came to her the awakening from the child to the woman. Day by day, Harry Stanhope's image grew more and more distinct in her heart; but even the mother she loved so well, never suspected it was more than a passing fancy. Nannie knew full well the power she held over Harry; and, although there were times when she questioned if she loved him with all the capabilities of her nature, still his presence was her sunshine, and she gave herself up to the enjoyment of it.

And Harry—had he kept his good resolution to keep himself from

yielding to temptation, for her sake? Let us see.

In the reading room of an Ottawa Hotel, a group of four or five men were gathered together, discussing politics. There were some warm admirers of John Sandfield McDonald, who contended that the new Government just formed at Toronto would never have the strength and stability of the old one. Others were firm in the belief that Edward Blake was a more able statesman than his predecessor, and would soon prove it to the country.

"Stanhope, what do you say?" said a dashing young fellow, turning to Harry, who had not yet spoke.

"Don't care a rushlight which party has the power. It is only a fight for power, at best—neither party cares what becomes of the commonwealth."

"I think you are wrong there," said a grave, sensible-looking old gentleman. "There are good and conscientious men on both sides."

(To be continued).

THE VICE-REGAL TOUR.

BY B. ATHOL.

"Perhaps, if you went over to Colthorpe, Nathan, you might hear of something. There might be some building going on there."

"I don't know," said Nathan, slowly; "t'aint likely. I'd have heerd of it if there was. Strange there seems to be so little doing in my line."

"Oh well, don't be low about it," replied Mary, encouragingly; "things never keep long one way."

"It's you and the youngsters I'm thinking of. We did so well last summer, I thought you'd be able to go to your father's this fall, but if things keep on this way I'm sure I I don't see—nobody wants any team-in' done, and there's them two horses eatin' their heads off in the stable, and hay at such a price; I'd let them run if I had a place. But there's no use frettin.' I'll take a turn down town. I may hear of a job either here or at Colthorpe."

Nathan went out to the stable, looked sadly at his idle favorites, Sam and Billy, making no response to the low whinny of welcome with which they always greeted him; then at the hay in the loft, calculating how long it might be expected to last, wondering, too, if he would have to sell the horses after all and turn to some other work. Then he walked through the garden, gazing abstractedly at cabbages, beets, corn and tomatoes, but taking little comfort in their flourishing appearance or in the long even rows of potatoes, upon which no single bug was visible, a circumstance which was probably owing to the fact that for three weeks back Nathan had done little else be-

sides fight that rapacious insect. The garden was too well kept this summer.

Outside of the gate he glanced reproachfully up at the sign, "Nathan Wright, teamster," which stood high above the fence, as if the poor sign had somehow failed in its duty of attracting customers.

Nathan turned his face townwards in a somewhat desponding frame. But relief was nearer at hand than he supposed. Going past the market and post-office, his experienced eye quickly detected some unusual commotion in the town. Groups of three and four are collected along the street, eagerly talking and apparently explaining some important matter.

From one of these groups, which is composed of the Mayor and a number of councillors, a voice calls Nathan across the street:

"You're just the man we want, Wright. You see we're thinking of decorating the town a little, and we want to see about getting in the—"

"Now, Johnston," exclaims another, "don't be in such a hurry. We'll have a meeting to arrange the whole thing. This thing has got to be done with some kind of method. You're apt to get flustered, Johnston."

Mr. Johnston remarked that at his time of life it generally took something to fluster a man. He had been too long in office to need a meeting before he would venture to move. Meetings were not such novelties to him. And then the bland voice of the Mayor dropped like oil upon the troubled waters, and settled everything by appointing a meeting in

the evening, but, in the meantime, engaging Nathan to bring in the evergreens, cedars, and so forth, or assist in any manner necessary. But as more teams than one were engaged, the councillors put the whole matter in his hands, and Nathan took a contract, as some humorously observed, to bring in the cedar swamp, which lay about four miles from the town. The same evening, while the fathers of the council chamber were consulting as to the entertainment of the expected guests in very varying moods, now glaring at one another from beneath knitted brows, now beaming graciously as some proposal met with general acceptance, Nathan and Mary, though always good subjects, felt more than usually loyal in rejoicing over their good fortune, and spent three hours in planning decorations for their own cottage, should there be any chance of the party passing that way. The proceedings of the next five days may be easily imagined by those who have come through a similar experience, but no pen could give a faithful description of them.

Wagons loaded with evergreens and cedars pour in from every road leading to the town, where for the time all business seems to be suspended, the loyal citizens having thrown up their every-day occupations and off their coats, and set to work with a sprightliness and zeal for which no one has hitherto given them credit. Trees were planted along the edge of all the sidewalks, and arches erected at the principal parts of the streets,—the mammoth one in the centre of the town, probably—to give the representatives of royalty some idea of the triumphal arch in Vienna.

Everything is surmounted, interspersed and hung with motjoes of every variety and design, and though I say it, some of the sentences are very neatly and gracefully worded.

As the work progresses, so does the general excitement. Some of the more ardent spirits, in the fervor of their loyalty, quite forget themselves, and earn a reputation which their native town will never be disposed to let die. Friends and enemies work energetically side by side—indeed more than one animosity of long standing is brought to a felicitous end on this occasion. One case, in particular, where the parties had not spoken for years, attracted the attention of the inhabitants for weeks after. The particulars were not exactly known, but it was believed that when Mr. Wilson was planting an evergreen before the door of his boot and shoe shop, forgetting whom he was speaking to, he asked Mr. Hall “just to pass that spade to deepen the hole;” and Mr. Hall, on the impulse of the moment, also forgot the relation in which he stood to Mr. Wilson, and not only handed him the spade, but assisted in placing the tree. However it came about, it was in planting that tree, and one thing is certain, that with the root of the evergreen they buried, once for all, the hatchet. At last, all the preparations are completed. The town is brilliant with flags and mottoes, and redolent of cedar. “Very spicy every way,” as Nathan Wright said. And before passing from the decorations we must not omit Nathan’s, which for originality, at least, is deserving of special notice. Nathan discovered that in all probability the Vice-regal party would pass his cottage in their drive through the town; gratitude if nothing else urged him to make some small display of his sentiments on this occasion. In great haste he rushed home to consult with Mary, who had, as he said, “a wonderful head for a woman.” And Mary’s ingenuity did not desert her. It was decided; as arches were the order of the day, to erect one over the gate. Then Mary’s skilful fingers formed

the letters for a motto, to be nailed on the fence. On the eventful day, Nathan rose with the lark in order to have plenty of time to arrange it.

The motto was placed on the fence, a high one, and whitewashed, the latter forming a very good background for the green letters just below the sign, and when finished read :

“Nathan Wright, teamster, welcomes Lord and Lady Dufferin.”

Nathan and Mary congratulated themselves that the town could show nothing better or more to the point than that, which was perfectly true, and they felt well rewarded for their pains when they saw so many people pausing to admire their arch and motto. A few hours before we expect the train, which bears our illustrious guests, the whole town is out, arrayed in its best holiday attire. The Mayor and councillors have donned their good black suits, some of them adorned with small breastknobs of gaily colored ribbon, the design of which we do not understand ; others with a geranium leaf and rosebud. All the companies are out in full parade dress, looking, to use the familiar expression, “as though they had just stepped out of a bandbox.” Indeed, so well does every person look, what with their own personal display and the stylish turnouts which are making their appearance for the first time, there is sometimes a difficulty in recognizing old acquaintances.

For a time, the town is breathless with expectation, and those of us who have not gone to the station to receive our guests, endeavor to kill the time by taking a last survey of our decorations, until the shriek of the engine puts an end to our suspense.

Then a few furious blasts from the band strike our expectant ear. But before anything appears in view, four of our fellow-citizens—though we can scarcely believe they are ; it seems the height of presumption to say it—

mounted on prancing steeds, gallop madly up the street, instantly scattering the crowd to the right and left. These four gentlemen act as marshals. They are dressed in black, and wear wide scarlet sashes, fastened at one side with a rosette and ends, cocked hats, which we learn have seen service in the revolution, and one of them, like the Minstrel Boy, has girded on his father’s sword, that weapon having also seen service, to which fact we are in a position to testify ourselves. In all the history of our town, ever since its earliest existence, there has been no occasion of greater or less importance, in which that sword has failed to bear a conspicuous part.

After clearing the way, the marshals ride back, and resume their places in advance of the procession, which is now moving slowly up the street, headed by the band. Then come all our companies, marching along with a firm military tread, although looking somewhat conscious, and no wonder, considering the admiring eyes upon them. We are proud of our men, and justly too. Are they not the bone and sinew of the country ? We may be partial, but we think this the best display of the kind we ever saw. It is rather late in the afternoon, the sun has fallen a little behind the buildings, leaving the carriage-way shady, between its two rows of evergreen, while its rays still gild the tops of the high arches, the dark green of which is relieved by bright flags.

As the Vice-regal party draws near a silence, almost perfect, falls on the crowd, broken only by a strain from the band, which by this time is far down another street ; and amidst bows and smiles, the fluttering of flags and handkerchiefs, and tossing of bouquets, the Vice-regal carriage passes by.

The Mayor, thrice happy man,

seated opposite their Excellencies, is waving a hand now to the right, now to the left, doing the honors of the town very gracefully, and drawing attention to such decorations and mottoes as he thinks particularly deserving of notice.

Once indeed he forgets himself on the impulse of the moment and, in imitation of Lord Dufferin, he bows graciously to the citizens on the sidewalk who have been the means of raising him to his present enviable position; unfortunately, too, exactly in the face of Councillor Johnston, who returns the courtesy with a never-to-be-forgotten scowl.

"They want none of *his* bows."

We could almost count the number of votes that untimely salutation will cost him at the beginning of another year.

Then follows a long train of townspeople. Every person is here. Some very quiet home-staying individuals who have never before been known to break loose in this manner, are to be seen driving recklessly through the crowd, brilliant with gay colors and laughter, with the fastest horse and most fanciful carriage the livery stables can afford. Truly we are not ourselves at all to-day. The procession as far as concerns vehicles is brought to a close by Nathan Wright, who by the judicious administration of a few extra oats has got Sam and Billy into such a state of friskiness that they caper and dance from one side of the road to the other, disdaining to touch the very earth with their feet. They are greeted with appreciative cheers, the crowd flying before them; but Nathan, who is a veritable jehu, sits erect, holding a tight rein, and glancing neither to the right nor left, his eyes fixed straight on the preceding carriages.

So the procession passes away from us and is conducted by the marshals

with their fiery sashes and gleaming swords to different points of interest in the town.

The first pause is made at the school, where a couple of addresses are to be read.

The first, by the Mayor on behalf of the town, is, we think, a very scholarly piece of composition, and one which has cost a great deal of thoughtful preparation. After a suitable reply, the school children read theirs, and the town is struck with astonishment to hear the sentiments to which they give utterance. Well may the Mayor hang his head in confusion as the first two or three sentences fall on his ear. His speech sinks into the most wretched insignificance when compared with the glowing eloquence of the children. After welcoming our illustrious guests in very choice language they proceed in

"Words of learned length and thundering sound"

to make some reference to their native land, its government, but particularly its educational system, and express their untold gratitude that their lots have been placed in such a favored corner of the globe as this Canada of ours. They make affecting allusions to the faithful and untiring efforts of their dear teachers and their own earnest desire to profit by those advantages which are so freely placed within the reach of all. They also mention the aspirations which swell their youthful breasts and urge them to press forward, making Excelsior their motto, and seize upon the highest honors of this land, which await him who by industry and perseverance shall be first in the race of life. And then with a quotation from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," in which they express their determination to be heroes in the strife, the address is brought to a close. Certainly as far

as intellectual attainments are concerned the children have sustained the honor of the town.

But the sinking sun reminds that with this flow of soul the moments have been flying. A luncheon, to which a select few have been invited, is hastily partaken of. Then another drive through the cedar-scented streets, another shriek of the engine, and the day to which we have been looking forward for weeks, is over. One by one the citizens return from the station to their homes. But though the great event is past, it is some days before we resume our ordinary appearance, and the memory of the occasion dwells in every mind.

Everyone has some individual experience to relate in connection with it, from the Mayor down to Mary Wright, who never grows tired of telling how graciously Lord and Lady Dufferin bowed and smiled to her, when she was standing under the arch, holding the baby in his best white dress upon the gate; "she knew there was no better motto than theirs in town."

And Nathan, who has been hired to draw bricks for a building in a neighboring town, the foundation stone of which was laid with great ceremony the day before, wishes every summer would bring a vice-regal tour.

THE SECOND CONCESSION OF DEER.

CANADIAN SONGS, NO. 6.

BY W. W. SMITH.

John Tompkins lived in a house of logs
On the Second Concession of Deer ;
The front was logs, all straight and sound ;
The gable was logs, all tight and round ;
The roof was logs, so firmly bound ;
And the floor was logs all down to the ground—
The warmest house in Deer !

And John, to my mind, was a log himself,
On the Second Concession of Deer ;
None of your birch, with a bark of buff,
Or basswood, weak and watery stuff,
But he was hickory, true and tough,
And only his outside bark was rough ;
The finest old man in Deer !

The Second Concession of Deer.

But John had lived too long, it seems,
 On the Second Concession of Deer ;—
 For his daughters took up the governing rein,
 With a fine brick house on his old domain,
 All papered, and painted with satinwood stain,
 Carpeted stairs and best "ingrain"—
 The grandest house in Deer !

Poor John, it was sad to see him now,
 On the Second Concession of Deer !
 When he came in from his weary work,
 To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk,
 Or out of the "company's" way to lurk,
 And ply in the "shanty" his knife and fork—
 The times had turned in Deer !

But John was hickory to the last,
 On the Second Concession of Deer ;
 And out on the river end of his lot
 He laid up the logs in a cozy spot,
 And self and wife took up with a cot,
 And the great brick house might swim or not,
 He was done with the pride of Deer !

But the great house could not go at all,
 On the Second Concession of Deer ;
 'Twas "mother" no more, to wash or bake,
 Nor "father" the gallants' steeds to take ;
 From the kitchen no more came pie or cake,
 And even their butter they'd first to make !
 There were lessons to learn in Deer !

And the lesson they learned a year or more,
 On the Second Concession of Deer ;—
 Then the girls got back the brave old pair,
 And gave the mother her easy chair ;
 She told them how, and they did their share,
 And John the honors once more did wear
 Of his own domain in Deer !

M. Y. SON'S WIFE.

BY E. T. BARTLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

They found the whole party ready to take their seats, and only waiting for their arrival.

"You must have been walking very early, Miss Macdonald," said Alfred, as he placed chairs for Ada and Bessie and seated himself between them; "are you always such an early riser?"

"Yes, I generally get up about half-past five, but at home I have too many morning duties to be able to indulge in a walk before breakfast, and so appreciate it all the more now."

"I hope it has given you a good appetite then; allow me to help you to a piece of this fowl, and let me see you do justice to it."

"I have no doubt I shall, for I feel dreadfully hungry, which is I suppose very unromantic, but for which you must blame the morning air. I have always sympathized with the heroines of books which I have read, who were addicted to morning strolls; but I should pity them much if, afterwards, they did not feel themselves at liberty to partake of a hearty breakfast."

Alfred laughed, saying that he entirely agreed with her.

After breakfast it was proposed by some one that they should drive to Point Lake, the nearest of a chain of lakes which dotted the surrounding country, and about ten miles distant from the Grove, taking lunch with them, and returning home for a late dinner; and as all the party were quite in the mood for a country excursion, and thought the plan a good

one, it was decided that they should do so. The gentlemen hastened to get fishing lines, &c., in order, and the ladies to their rooms to get ready for the drive. Alice begged her mother to go with the party, offering to remain at home, and superintend the rearranging which was necessary after the unusual bustle of yesterday.

"Then I shall remain with you," said Bessie, "and give my assistance;" but none of them would hear of her being deprived of the day's pleasure, and Alfred Lester was particularly pressing that she should join them. Half an hour afterwards a merry party set off for the Lake; Margaret Lester, who was a good horsewoman, riding with Mr. Harcourt, and the others occupying the carriages. Bessie shook off more serious thoughts, and there were none of the party in more cheerful spirits than herself, as she laughed and talked with Alfred, who had contrived that she should occupy the seat beside him during the drive, and who constituted himself her companion during the greater part of the day, somewhat to the indignation of the Osbornes, who felt themselves rather neglected. James Lester attempted not to disguise his preference for Ada's society, and immediately after luncheon they set off together, on a voyage of discovery, as Ada laughingly affirmed, as she took his offered arm, nor thought how significant were the words until afterwards, when, during their walk, she made the discovery (if discovery it were) that James Lester loved her, and wished to make her his wife, and that she herself was nothing loath to promise all he asked.

Henry Osborne devoted himself to Margaret, and Alfred had the bad taste to bestow most of his society on that "plain little thing," Bessie Macdonald; consequently the Misses Osborne found themselves in an unwonted position, being obliged to content themselves for the time, with the society of the seniors of the party, which being beauties, and in their own neighborhood, belles of no small standing, was rather trying.

Alfred Lester and Henry Osborne, with Margaret and Bessie, had been seated on the rocks, which stretched for a considerable distance into the water, earnestly engaged in attempting to allure the fishy tribe beneath its surface, on whose destruction they were intent. Bessie, though a novice in the art, had become quite enthusiastic in its pursuit, vainly trying to get a "bite," while one and another of her companions had now and again landed the trophies of success. When at length she did actually feel something nibbling at the end of her line, she rose quickly, quite excited in her haste to pull it in.

"Stay, Miss Bessie, let me help you; do not be in a hurry," exclaimed Alfred Lester, as he quickly drew in his own line; but before he had finished speaking, Bessie, who in her excitement, forgot the slippery nature of the rocks on which she stood, missed her footing, and was presently, to the horror of her companions, struggling in the water.

Without a moment's hesitation Alfred plunged in after her, and had not much difficulty in supporting her with his arm, as he swam to the shore. It would have required a stretch of imagination to suppose that Bessie's life was endangered while two young men, both good swimmers, were in her immediate vicinity; nevertheless she received no small shock to her nervous system, at so unlooked-for a termination of her fishing exploits,

and experienced all the horror of being so suddenly submerged, considerably beyond her depth, in the watery element; but soon recovering her spirits, she joined with Margaret in laughing at the adventure. The latter was delighted at the incident, declaring that it was as good as a novel, Bessie being the heroine, and Alfred the gallant knight who, at the risk of his own life, had succeeded in rescuing the beloved of his heart from a watery grave.

Her brother, notwithstanding the sorry figure which he cut in his drenched garments, seemed to regard the occurrence from the same cheerful point of view as herself, perhaps because it gave him the opportunity of bestowing more tender attention on the young lady whom it had been his privilege to rescue.

Bessie laughed at his solicitude, and when he for about the sixth time, reiterated his enquiries, if she were not cold? if she were sure she was not hurt? &c., &c., replied—"Now, Mr. Lester, you are making the most of my adventure; the only danger I am likely to run, is that of taking cold, and as I never take that commonplace disease very badly, I fear I shall not be able to excite any anxiety in my friends, on its account."

"Now, Bessie," exclaimed Margaret, dropping the Miss, which had been the previous mode of address between them, "you know you are a heroine, and must be content to be petted and spoiled by this big brother of mine. Oh! Alf, you do look comical; I shall never be able to help laughing every time I think of you in your present situation."

"I don't feel very like a heroine," said Bessie, ruefully regarding her dripping skirts, which clung in anything but graceful folds around her ankles, "and I suspect I am more the subject of your merriment than Mr. Lester."

"Honor bright, Bessie, Alf looks the most absurd, though I confess you *do* look a 'leetle' comical," returned Margaret, hurrying forward with Henry, to let the others know what had occurred, that they might have the carriage in readiness to convey the immersed ones home as quickly as possible.

CHAPTER V.

Why is it that the clear blue of sky and river seems clearer, the leafy luxuriance of tree and shrub more luxuriant, and the majesty of the everlasting hills more majestic, on Sundays than on other days?

Would that it might be explained by the fact that our minds being so much in communion with the source of all beauty, are made more keenly alive to that around us, and seeing with clearer vision the hand of a Divine Creator in the wonders of loveliness which meet us on every hand, we are able, from the fulness of our hearts, to exclaim, with gratitude and lowly pride, "My Father made them all."

But this can scarcely be the reason, for we know that those who know nothing of this soul-communion, and have never been brought into filial relations with this Divine Being, having possibly no desire to enter into such relations, are by no means insensible to the peculiar loveliness of a lovely Sunday.

Bessie was pondering the question, as she wended her way to church, on the morning of her first Sunday at Ferney Grove, and had been so long occupied with her own thoughts that her companions, Margaret and Alfred Lester, began at length to rally her on her silence.

"Well, Miss Macdonald," exclaimed the former, noticing the slight contraction of Bessie's eyebrows—a habit which they had when their owner was particularly thoughtful—

"what is the conclusion at which you have arrived, on the momentous subject which has so long engrossed your consideration? I hope you don't feel out of spirits this morning, for Alf and I are particularly lively." Catching her brother's arm in proof of her statement, she skipped on a step or two in advance, dragging him reluctantly with her.

Bessie was meditating an evasive reply, but was saved the necessity by the opening of the gate leading to the manse, and the exit of Mrs. Olney and Edward, who, turning, perceived and waited their approach.

My heroine had an unaccountable feeling of gladness this morning, which even the prospect of a two miles walk, *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Carstairs, could not wholly dispel, and when Edward, after dutifully introducing Bessie and companions to Mrs. Olney, chose to attach himself to her side, she submitted with a good grace, and trudged complacently along, resolving not to distress herself in a search for topics, but allow Mr. Carstairs to lead to such as he saw fit, a task which he took on himself as a matter of course, all unconscious of his companion's resolve.

Notwithstanding their conversation proved more lively, and less catechetical than on a previous occasion, Bessie was glad when they reached the chapel, for she had not yet quite recovered from the stiffness consequent on her unexpected bath two days previous, and found the walk which she had undertaken against the sage counsel of uncle and aunt too much for her strength. The luxurious appointments of her uncle's pew were particularly grateful to the sense of weariness which promised rather a listless participation in the exercises of the day.

I shall be certain to fall asleep during the service, thought Bessie, as she leaned wearily against the soft

cushions, which her uncle and his co-worshippers considered one of the unmistakable signs of his respectability; regarding with dreamy wonder, the curiosity with which the ever lively Margaret was inspecting the appointments of the chapel and its occupants, and descanting thereon, in semi-whispered remarks, to her brother. Those of the party from Ferney Grove who had chosen an easier mode of conveyance, entered just as Edward rose to give the opening hymn:—

“Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

“The sorrows of the mind,
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

“Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But favorites of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.”

It is doubtful if the words which Bessie listlessly joined in singing, penetrated further than the lips which breathed the syllables, nor did the subsequent devotional exercise, arrest more than a wandering attention; but when Edward turned over the leaves of the Bible, preparatory to giving out the text, she experienced a slight degree of curiosity as to what it should be, and waited like the rest, Bible in hand, for the book, chapter and verse with which ministers are wont deliberately to commence the, to them, most important duty of the day, the sermon. Edward however, departed on this occasion, from the usual course, and without previous introduction, merely pronounced the words on which his remarks were to be based, thus arresting the attention of his listeners more readily than a stereotyped form would have been likely to do.

“Blessed is the man, to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.”

The very manner in which the words were pronounced, calmly, deliberately, but also feelingly, and with a joyful ring in the tones which seemed to convey to the mind of the listener the conviction that the speaker felt himself, indeed, to be one of the men “Blessed beyond measure,” to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, charmed the interest of the indifferent, and, among the number, Bessie, whose dark and earnest eyes scarce left the face of the speaker, as he eloquently enlarged on the blessedness spoken of in the text, and held forth Christ as the Sin-bearer, to whom God had once for all imputed the iniquity of the sinner, and who having suffered the punishment which was due to sin, all those who accepted Him as their substitute, were “justified from all things.”

The sermon was remarkable perhaps for nothing but its earnestness, and had Bessie's opinion of it been expressed it would probably have been almost in the same words in which she heard an old Scotchwoman in the porch deliver her sentiments on the subject to the partner of her joys and sorrows, “Eh! man, but the callant felt every word he said.”

Bessie's feet had been trembling for months past on the boundary line between acceptance and rejection of the Saviour whose claims on her heart and life had been so simply, but so earnestly, advanced; now she resolved to delay no longer, but even choose this day whom she would serve—a resolution which even in the making of it afforded her so much joy, that she felt as if she could almost have pronounced aloud the words in which her life-long vow was registered, “Whatsoever others do, as for me I will serve the Lord.”

It seemed as if a heavy burden had

rolled from her shoulders, and as she drove home beside her uncle a great peace fell on her spirit, which, though often, alas, dispelled by earthly cares, and hopes, and fears, and joys, she never afterwards lost, and, I trust, ever shall retain till it is made perfect in the land where her heart shall never stray from Him who "keepeth them in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him." Truly

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

The following days of Bessie's visit, though characterized by nothing particularly lively or exciting, were passed by her in a peaceful gladness, which clothed in roseate hues the most trivial incidents of life, and caused those around her to comment on the greater animation of face and manner which they could not but perceive.

They did not "take knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus," for they did not suspect such a thing; and knowing nothing experimentally of such companionship, attributed the change to her feeling more at home among them. Bessie was too reserved to allow the undercurrent of her thoughts to be perceived by strangers, and even in her letter home only commented on the incidents of a Sunday ever memorable in her experience in the simple words, "On Sunday Mr. Carstairs preached, and I liked him very much." Then followed the text, and this was all the dear ones at home knew as yet of the healing efficacy in Bessie's experience of the troubled waters which the Angel of God had been disturbing so long, and from which her soul had come forth at length cured of its disease.

Bessie's morning walk, which she continued regularly, now proved a season of sweet and peaceful communion with her unseen Father, the

light of whose countenance now irradiated her path, filling her heart with all the delightful confidence and trusting faith of a "babe in Christ," and animating her whole being with an intense desire to consecrate herself in some special manner to His service.

She did not long, however, enjoy the solitude which she found so refreshing before entering on the busy pleasures of the day, for soon Alfred Lester began to join her, and one and another of the party were seized with a fit of early rising, and swelled the number of the morning walkers.

Mr. Harcourt attributed all this to Bessie's example, and as early rising was in his opinion one of the cardinal virtues in young people, smiled approvingly on her and her converts, as with healthy color and vigorous appetite they returned in time for their seven o'clock breakfast.

CHAPTER VI.

Boating, fishing, driving, and picnicing, in which their party was sometimes enlarged by the addition of different friends from Lyncheborough and its neighborhood, among whom Edward might occasionally be found, occupied most of the hours of the day.

The close of the week brought the young couple from their tour, for a two days' stay at Ferny Grove, before proceeding to their home at Blantyre, whither their brother and sisters Osborne were expected to accompany them.

All the young people were anxious to discover how Ella would look as a married woman of ten days' standing, and Bessie, whose interest in "brides" was characterized by a girlish wonder, which, in the case of her cousin, was enhanced by admiration of her beauty and love of her

sweet and gentle manners, was quite excited with expectation on the morning of the day which was to welcome her return, and busied herself in arranging and beautifying the room which had been the scene of the youthful day-dreams which seemed to be so happily realized, and which she was now to occupy in a new character.

Ella came; sweet and lovely as ever; and happy, oh so happy, as everyone could see. Her husband, fonder and more devoted than ever, followed her footsteps with a proud sense of possession, which won Bessie's regard and approval, for she had her own views and opinions on matters matrimonial, as who has not? and her cousin's husband came very near the ideal she had formed as to what marital devotion should be. Then the doubts which in most young people, at some time or other, are sure to intrude as to the desirability of an attachment, so genuine in the bright and halcyon days of early marriage, but which even their short experience has taught them is too often, alas, like the morning cloud and early dew, dispelled by the scorching sun of trial and disappointment in the world and each other, would destroy for a time her pleasure, in the prospect which now seemed so happy, and compel her to recall all Ella's attractions and unassuming virtues, to dissipate the fears of her husband's constancy.

Bessie thought she should want her husband to love her, not less, but even more, as the years of their union multiplied; and felt that she should never wish to enter on such a union did she know that this should not be the issue. Thinking thus, she heaved a momentary sigh as she thought how unlikely it was that she should ever inspire such an affection; nor did she try to persuade herself that she "didn't care," but resolved to try

and not think about such things at all, but intrust all her future to the care of Him with whose wisdom she might calmly and safely leave it, and in the meantime devote herself to His service by the faithful performance of the duties which might now fall to her lot.

Ella was pressing in her invitation to Bessie to come with Ada and spend a short time with her in her new home, before her return to Therswall; which Bessie promised to do did she receive permission from home.

On the Tuesday of the following week they took their departure, and comparative quiet fell on Ferny Grove. The Lesters also began to speak of leaving. James had already been two Sundays absent from his charge, and his flock were now expecting his return. Alfred had received several hints that his services were urgently required at home, to which he lent an unwilling comprehension; but their visit must draw to a close, and, however reluctantly, they must bid adieu, for the time, to Ferny Grove and its inmates.

On the day previous to the one fixed for their departure, James Lester had an interview with Mr. Harcourt, the result of which was the acknowledgment and parental sanction of his engagement to Ada, on whose finger now glistened the token of her fealty.

When Bessie issued forth the next morning for her accustomed stroll, she perceived the happy betrothed a few yards in advance, indulging for the time in a last lovers' walk, and no doubt weaving together bright visions of the happy future to which they were looking forward.

Not wishing to intrude on them at such a time, Bessie quickly turned her steps in another direction, but also leading to the margin of the river, her favorite resort. Hearing footsteps behind, she turned to find

Alfred Lester hastily endeavoring to overtake her, and politely waited his approach. She fancied something of excitement in his manner when he joined her, which she attributed to his regret at leaving the pleasant precincts of the Grove, and returning to the somewhat uncongenial work to which his life had been devoted.

"You are sorry, I think, Mr. Lester, at leaving Ferney Grove, are you not?" she inquired, simply.

"Yes, indeed, Bessie—will you let me call you Bessie? I feel much regret in leaving Ferney Grove at present."

"You may call me Bessie, and welcome," returned she, laughing. "I don't wonder you wish to be spared the pronunciation of that lengthened cognomen, Miss Macdonald, every time you address me. But why need you be so sorry at leaving? The distance is short between this and your home, and you might easily come often."

"I cannot easily leave home, for my father is getting old, and the burden of responsibility now rests on my shoulders. Besides"—

"Besides you feel disinclined to begin work after so much indulgence in idleness. Is not that what you were going to say?"

"No. I feel that if I be but successful in obtaining the fulfilment of something I very much desire, I shall go home with more than former energy to the toilsome work which calls for my attention. I was about to remark a little ago that Ferney Grove possessed attractions for me now which it is not likely to do always."

The words and tone sounded suspicious, and Bessie's wondering eyes sought the face of the speaker, her thoughts flying instantaneously to Alice, to whom alone the lover-like words must surely apply. But she had never observed any attentions on

his part towards her younger cousin, and, moreover, Alfred Lester was surely not at present a marrying man, or one likely to commit the folly of falling in love. She had always regarded him as a thoroughly practical fellow, and had she thought of marriage in connection with him, would have chosen for him a helpmeet in every respect different from her cousin Alice.

She could sooner have fancied him bowing down at the shrine of the sparkling Ada, but then he knew well that she was already appropriated by his brother.

"He can't have meant anything like that," she had just concluded, as Alfred replied to her inquiring glance, by pointing to his brother, who, with his betrothed, were seated on a ledge of rock, at some distance from them. "They are so happy, are they not?"

"Yes, indeed, I think they are."

"The wish to which I referred just now is, that I may soon be as happy as they."

"Perhaps you will some day, but you are not in a hurry, are you?" said Bessie, her mouth twitching with a smile of mischief.

"Don't smile, Miss Macdonald, the subject is to me, I assure you, a serious one."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Lester; if you wish my sympathy, you must cease to speak in enigmas."

He seized her hands impetuously, at the same time breathing in her ear words of such significant meaning as most effectually solved the enigma for her; words, to which, being too astonished to utter a syllable, she could for a few moments offer no reply. Truth to tell, she did not know what to say. She knew that she did by no means intend to marry Mr. Lester, but for words to express her sentiments she was utterly at a loss.

Here was an unexpected dilemma. A proposal of marriage—on a fortnight's acquaintance—to her—Bessie Macdonald. What train of circumstances could have led to such an unexpected possibility?

Mistaking her silence for consent, Alfred warmly pressed the hands, which he still retained, recalling Bessie to the immediate necessity of saying something.

"Oh! Mr. Lester," she hurriedly exclaimed; "You mistake. You are very kind, very kind indeed, to think so highly of me—but—but I cannot do as you wish. I like you very much, and shall always esteem you highly; but I don't love you." Bessie breathed the last words as if she were almost ashamed at the suggestion they conveyed, that she might possibly some day love somebody, to whom in the same circumstances she should give a different reply.

"I did not altogether expect a more favorable reply; but, Bessie, you will take time to consider? and by and

by, you may become accustomed to a thought which is too strange and unexpected to be agreeable."

"No, Mr. Lester, please don't ask me; I know that my feeling will always be the same; don't speak or think of this again, and let us always be warm friends, though nothing more."

Easy to advise—difficult to follow.

Bessie returned to the house somewhat sobered, it is true, and with a disagreeable consciousness of having inflicted pain on one whom she respected and esteemed; but heaved a sigh of relief as she thought, "It is all over and he will soon forget it. I daresay he would never have thought of such a thing, if he had not just happened to be idle, and at a loss for occupation. I have heard that, in these circumstances, gentlemen are almost certain to fall in love."

As for her rejected suitor, he returned home with a sore spot in his heart, which was not so easily healed as Bessie imagined.

(To be continued).

REMINISCENCES OF A MISSIONARY PASTOR AND COLLECTOR.

NUMBER THREE

The agony of separation was past at length, and the London coach rolled along the street, lined with loving and weeping friends, as we waved the handkerchief and bade them a last adieu. Three weeks we remained in the great metropolis preparing for our voyage, and sailed for the New World on April 14th, 1837. It was before the days of steamships, with their comforts and appliances, and therefore it was nine weeks before we safely landed in Montreal. Rev. Messrs. Dunkerly and Nall, with their families, were our fellow voyagers and missionaries. The passage, though tedious, was pleasant, for we enjoyed the advantages of Christian intercourse and the means of grace. The Lord was with us on the water, and our belief was that He would be with us amid all the uncertainties of our unknown future. We spent a few hours at Quebec, visited the Plains of Abraham and thought of the heroism of the gallant Wolfe, as we gazed upon his monument, thanking God as he sunk into the arms of death in the hour of victory. Then away to the ship, and in two days more completed our voyage under the shadow of the Royal Mount, and amid the cheery salutations of Christian friends. Among these there was one more prominent, with whom we were not unacquainted, the Rev. Henry Wilkes. With a face radiant with smiles of welcome, and a hearty grasp of friendship, he pointed us to the carriage he had kindly brought for our conveyance to our lodgings.

Such was our greeting on our first visit to our great commercial metropolis, a welcome which has often been repeated on subsequent visits to Montreal. I preached in the old Congregational and Presbyterian Churches on the following Sabbath, for Drs. Wilkes and Taylor, both of whom yet remain, crowned with honor and usefulness, to the present time. Subsequently, before leaving the city, I preached at the American Presbyterian Church, then under the pastorate of the Rev. C. Perkins.

We made no further tarrying on our western journey until we reached Toronto. Then we found that a service had been appointed for Thursday evening, the day of our arrival, and I consented to remain and preach on the following Sabbath. It was but a small congregation. We met in a room over the market, a small wooden building, whose site was very near that of the present City Hall. Guelph was my appointed sphere of labor before leaving England; but on reaching Brantford we found that the Rev. H. Denny was preaching there. I said to Dr. Wilkes, who had joined me, "Perhaps that brother is doing good there, and, if so, I have no right to disturb him."

The Doctor said, "I only wish you would go to London."

I replied, "Then to London I go."

So we spent the next Sabbath at London, on the Thames. It was then but a small place of some six or eight hundred people. Its streets were full of stumps, with a few sidewalks in front of some of the leading stores, and the rest of the town fully justified the name it had received of *dirty*

London. There was no resident minister, and but three churches of poor pretensions. Rev. Benj. Cronyn, pastor of the Episcopal Church, and the Rev. William Proudfoot of the Presbyterian, both lived some two miles in the country, and the third, a Methodist E. Church, had only an occasional supply. Here, and in Westminster street, we preached two sermons in each place, and invited any friends who were desirous of receiving a Congregational minister to attend a meeting at the Seminary in London, the following afternoon, at four o'clock. Besides ourselves, there were four persons present, but so pressing were the entreaties of the two ladies, that I resolved there to pitch my tent, and the husband of one of them was the first person converted under my ministry in Canada. In a few weeks, a church of seventeen persons was organized, and then in two months afterwards a good sum was subscribed for the erection of a church building. But the country became unsettled. Many were dissatisfied with the Government party, called the Family Compact. A rising was expected. The malcontents flew to arms; some perished by the sword, some in prison, and some on the gallows. It was a serious time, and sadly interfered with the work of God and the prosperity of the country. The rampant party sought to override all others. Innocent men, on mere suspicion, were thrown into prison and incarcerated for months; and even we ourselves, just out from England and with hearts brimful of loyalty to Queen Victoria, were regarded with distrust, and six soldiers were billeted upon us for six months. But soon Sir F. Bond Head was recalled, Lord Durham was sent out, a full enquiry was instituted by the British Government, and we began to breathe freely. Then followed the Durham Report, and Lord Elgin

as Governor of British North America, the downfall of the Family Compact, and the restored confidence and satisfaction which underlie the foundations of a country's prosperity. Soon our congregations were regathered, and the little church we had organized was again to the front, and with the assistance of some good friends at a distance, our church building was completed, and our work prosecuted in peace. But to discriminate is just. I met with kindness and received many attentions from gentlemen politically connected with the previous dominant party. Among these honored names I may mention Rev. Dr. Cronyn, afterwards Bishop of Huron, Judge Wilson, Hon. Mr. Goodhue, &c. &c., Dr. Cronyn was a kindhearted Christian minister, and a faithful servant of Christ. Affable and friendly, he had no clerical airs, and was ever busy in his Master's work. On one occasion I had the honor of preaching in his pulpit. He was away in Britain on church business, and had secured the services of a young minister during his absence. It was in the summer of 1838. This gentleman, like many others, thought it not good for man to be alone. He therefore entered into marriage relations, and went with his bride on their wedding tour. During his absence the wife of the principal builder was taken sick, and I was requested to visit her. Her sickness was unto death, and the family wished me to bury her in the churchyard and to preach the funeral sermon in the Episcopal church. I told the church officials that I should be sorry to get them into any trouble, as I was not Episcopally ordained and was called in England a dissenter. After considerable negotiation, they asked, "Are you willing to preach the sermon if we take the responsibility?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am willing to preach anywhere; I only demur on your account."

So the affair was arranged. It took place on the assize Sunday. The service was at three p.m. I met the corpse at the gate of the churchyard, reading the commencement of the burial service from the prayer-book. The church was filled; a large number of lawyers and barristers with the Judge were present. I conducted the service in my usual form, and then proceeded with the corpse to the grave, where we read the conclusion of the burial service. In a few days, the curate returned, and as he handed the horse in at the livery stable, he eagerly enquired, "Any sick people, any deaths?" The sexton, who was passing by, replied,

"Yes, Mrs. M. is dead, and the Rev. Mr. C. buried her and preached the funeral sermon in the church." Then with emotion followed, "Why, what will the Bishop say?" But shortly he consoled himself with the expression,

"Well, Mr. C. is an educated man, and we must make the best we can of it."

On Dr. Cronyn's return he met me with his usual courtesy and affability, and shortly after we were thrown into closer relations, for Dr. James Thomson, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, had arrived, and he heartily co-operated in the formation of the London Auxiliary of that noble institution.

The first President was the Hon. Mr. Goodhue, who took an active part in the objects contemplated. With much zeal and self-denial he planned with me a series of meetings at the leading places in the vicinity of London, and he kindly drove me, with his span of beautiful ponies, night after night, in the formation of branch Bible Societies. This was in the fall of 1839.

At this time my field for preaching the Gospel grew wider and wider. Settlements were very sparse and far between. In addition to my regular Sabbath appointments, morning and evening in London, I had a third every afternoon in Westminster street. Then as I found it difficult to say no, I acceded to one invitation after another until I had appointments stretching from the North street and the region of country where St. Mary's now stands, to Port Stanley, more than fifty miles, and then from the Governor's road and Putnamville, through Carradoc, Adelaide, Warwick and Bozanquet, more than sixty miles in the other direction. Through these now important townships, I had a series of week-day appointments, which I filled once a month. Of course I had but little time for preparation, and I found the truth of the adage, "overdoing is undoing;" but I brought over to Canada the sermons of a seven years' pastorate in England, and this in connection with the paucity of ministers and the cravings of the people, led me to a course which I would not recommend to others.

The first time I tried to reach the neighborhood where St. Mary's now stands I got lost in the woods. My appointment was at twelve noon. I had preached at one of my usual appointments the previous evening in Nissouri. The next morning I enquired of my host the road.

"Well," said he, "there is the short road just past my house, and the long one is to proceed four miles further along the Governor's road, which is four miles longer."

I begged him to show me the short road, which was about ten miles. It was near nine o'clock on a fine morning in the month of May.

"Now, sir," he said, "let me beg of you that, however deep the mud-holes or other difficulties, you by no

means allow yourself to leave the track made by the ox-carts."

Thus admonished, I left the clearing, and very soon my poor little mare was up to her middle in mud; and the road looking more inviting on my right hand, I left the track, to find it no more that day, and I was lost in the thick gloom of the forest. I wandered on and on, not knowing whither, when, about 7 p. m., I threw the reins upon the neck of the mare, and in half an hour she took me out near my friend's house I had left ten hours before. The friends, disappointed in not seeing me, came to London to enquire why I did not fulfil the appointment. On explaining the reason, they begged me to give them another, and they engaged to meet me at my friend's house in Nissouri. I did so, and this time was successful. The service was in a large log house, filled with people from miles around. Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, &c., received me with tears of joy. I baptized that evening about a dozen children. The house in which I preached was situated on the hill, beneath which was a cedar swamp, where the wolves were making such a howling that my voice at times could scarcely be heard in preaching. The next morning some of these good friends came and said to me:

"Now, sir, we would like to make you some compensation for your kindness in coming to preach to us. We have no money, but when at your place we saw you had no stable for your pony. With your permission, we will go over, cut down some trees, and put you up a frame, and inclose it if you will procure some lumber. Thus I shortly afterward had a convenient little barn, which I found very useful. In those days we had to take anything the people found it convenient to give. There was but little money in circulation, and the

first ministers in Canada had to take butter, flour, hay, wheat, and even potatoes and pumpkins, for the support of the gospel.

About this time was organized the Congregational Home Missionary Society of Canada, which, I suppose, must be regarded as auxiliary to the Colonial Missionary Society. The field was large, stretching along from Quebec in the east to Windsor in the west, and at that time we had only about twelve brethren in connection with the parent society. We needed helpers, and help was offered which we believed we could utilize for the good of souls and the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ, though it did not come up to the standard of the Colonial Mission. In this way some good earnest ministers were provided for our mission stations, and a larger aggregate of usefulness was accomplished. In this connection I mention the names of Denny, Wheeler, &c.—men who endured hardships as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. To this organization there succeeded the Congregational College of British North America, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Lillie, from which many other valuable agents were sent forth to labor in connection with this Home Mission, so that within a few years it numbered more than a dozen leading stations, occupied by devoted brethren, who ministered the word in twenty-eight townships, and at thirty-nine localities. It was in connection with this society that the Canada Indian Mission was inaugurated, which is prosecuting its work with circumstances of interest and success. In 1854 the societies were consolidated under the caption of the "Canada Congregational Missionary Society."

Among the interesting instances of conversion, I may mention the son of Christian parents, members of one of the large Congregational churches in

Manchester, England. Wild and impetuous, he could not brook parental restraint, and left for the new world. One Sabbath evening this young man was seen in our new church in London. He listened to the Word with marked attention; the prayers, the instructions and admonitions of former days welled up in his remembrance, and the seed sown in the old country brought forth fruit in the new. How delighted were those Christian parents to learn of the conversion of their wayward son, who, instead of bringing their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, threw a radiance upon the dark valley, as they exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servants depart in peace, for our eyes have beheld thy salvation."

Another son of English parents, naturally flighty and fond of change, entered the army, and was sent out to Canada in the early troubles of 1837. His regiment was ordered to London. In our little sanctuary he found the Saviour, and became a good soldier of Jesus Christ. In a few years he bought his discharge, married a daughter of one of my deacons, and up to the present time has lived a life of Christian usefulness. Some years ago, at his request, I paid a visit to his friends in England, who listened with tears of joy and gladness to the intelligence I could communicate of their lost son.

Another incident relates to a gentleman who was the leading official of the church of which I was a member in England. He had been prosperous in his business, but at length a reverse overtook him. He speculated in some coal mines, which proved ruinous. In the midst of his troubles he lost his wife, and afterward married her youngest sister. He could not brook his altered position, and emigrated to Canada. When I came to this country no intelligence

had been received from him, and his friends could not imagine what had become of him. Some time after my arrival in Canada, I went one Sabbath afternoon to preach a funeral sermon about three miles from home. When I took my text, I observed a countenance with which I had been familiar fixed earnestly on me. As I proceeded he manifested much feeling, but still I could not recall his name. The service over, he came to me, and said :

"Mr. C., is that you?"

His name, with his voice, instantly came to my recollection, and I said :

"Mr. B., is that you? Why, where have you been? Your friends cannot imagine what had become of you."

He told me he was living about ten miles from London, in the bush. He had never heard a sermon since he had been in Canada, and I found that he and his family were in deep poverty. Indeed, such were his circumstances, that he was carrying some cakes of sugar in a bag to sell the next day. I took him to my home, bought his sugar, and drove him back to his log cabin. He had squatted on land which did not belong to him. Seven children had been born to him in those woods, and he had usually spent his Sabbaths in reading a copy of the church book, a copy taken by himself before leaving England. I made that one of my preaching stations, baptized his seven children, and he became an honored and useful member of society. His children are walking in the way everlasting. The old gentleman has recently gone to his rest, at the good old age of 87, one of the wealthiest of the farmers in Westminster, with his sons settled around the old homestead on farms of their own.

NUMBER FOUR.

One Sabbath evening, after the opening of our new church in London, I observed a tall athletic Scotchman in the congregation. He listened with intense earnestness, while the silent tear trickled down his cheeks. As I came down from the pulpit, he seized my hand and said, "Oh, sir, will you come where I live, and preach that sermon?" "Yes, my friend, now tell me where you live." He said, "I live in Warwick, forty miles from here, and there are no roads." "Well," I said, "you found a road to come here, and I think, that where you found a road, I can. Now you go home and make arrangements for three services next week. Meet me at the town line between Adelaide and Warwick, on the Egremont road, at 3 p.m. on the Tuesday, and you shall have the sermon of this evening, and another on each of the two succeeding days." Such was the introduction of the Gospel in a fine region of country, then a state of transit, difficult to clear up, and especially by a population unaccustomed to the bush, suffering great privations, living in the spring upon leeks, or anything in the woods that possessed the merest prospect of preserving life, and where it was regarded as a high day with them when there was a pumpkin pie upon the table. But it is now a township inferior to none in the country, where, in addition to others, there are now, and in the immediate vicinity, five Congregational churches, which have sent some valuable ministers into the ministry. I spent from Monday to Friday every month in this township and neighborhood, and, after the lapse of a few months, we organized a church of thirty members. It was in the week before Christmas, when preparatory sermons were preached

in different localities. During the week some eight inches of snow may have fallen, but when we commenced the Sabbath morning service the snow came down in real earnest. A congregation of some sixty persons had assembled at 11 a.m.; it was a long service, including sermon, church organization, communion, and business meeting for the election of deacons, &c., and then the setting them apart to their work, so that it was 4 p.m. at the close of the services. There was a heavy fall of snow, and it was midwinter. Many of the people had come miles to the service. It was growing dark, and impossible to find their way through the thick woods, therefore they were billeted among the families residing in that vicinity. Seventeen persons occupied the same room with myself. I had left my horse with a friend at Amiens, who begged me to drive his span of fine horses in the sleigh and leave them on my return. Some friends besought me to take the Bozanquet road on my return, so that I might help their wives and children to their homes in the sleigh. I consented, on the condition that the men would go before, and make a track for the horses. To this they willingly agreed, and so the next morning we were on our homeward way before 8 o'clock. Some half dozen men went before the sleigh, and we ploughed our way through, with a mountain of snow before us, and made the six miles at 12, noon. Here we staid for dinner and rest until 2 p.m., when the deacon said:

"You had better take my son, Martin, with you, or you will miss your way."

So, with Martin for our guide, we started for the Egremont road, seven miles distant, through the woods, covered with three feet of snow. The snow still kept descending, and the horses ploughed through it, and into

the still deeper mud-holes, until at length they stuck fast in a mud-hole, and refused to pull another step. My pilot was a boy about fourteen years old.

"Come, Martin," I said, "let us unhitch, and I will take the black horse, you take the other, and let us make for the Egremont road," which I knew to be about a mile distant. The boy was timid and fearful, for the night was dark and the wolves were howling in the distance. I said :

"Now let us mount, and you follow me."

It was then nearly 7 p.m. I struck through the woods in the right direction, and got through in about an hour, opposite to a house where we claimed hospitality. The owner said he could not take us in, for his barn floor was covered with grain, and the horses could not stay out in the snow. With undaunted resolution we pushed along two miles further, and at 10 p.m. pulled up at the house of a Mr. MacIntyre, who also told us he could not take us in, as his barn was also filled with grain. Martin began to cry, as he said his feet were frost-bitten. So I bade him go in and get warm. MacIntyre inquired of the boy who I was, and when he found I was the minister, he came out and said, "Oh, sir, come in; excuse me, but you shall go no further to-night. My son shall take your horses to my neighbor, half a mile further on"—and thus ended the most trying day I had ever experienced; for with one of the best span of horses in the London District I had made but 16 miles in 14 hours. I had made preaching appointments for my return journey, which of course I could not reach, and on Wednesday evening found myself in the bosom of my family, thankful that it was no worse with me.

Sometime after I was again lost in

the woods. I was in this same township of Warwick. I had preached in the afternoon where the village of Watford now stands, and I had an appointment at four p.m., near the site of the present village of Warwick, with no clearing through the woods. I had a talkative Scotchman with me, who professed to be well acquainted with the road. We entered the woods about two p.m., and had six miles to go to the appointment. It was cloudy, a mist was descending, and we could not see the sun. In the excitement of conversation my friend lost the road, and we wandered on and on, until the sun was setting, when I said to him, "Let us lie down, with one ear close to the ground, and very likely at this hour we may hear the sound of an axe." The desired sound was soon heard, and I sent my friend in the direction the sound came. We were successful in threading our way out of the woods, at the log cabin of an Irish Roman Catholic. He and his wife welcomed us into their shanty, treated us with genuine hospitality, and even permitted us to have our usual worship of reading the Scripture and prayer; nor would they accept any gratuity at our hands. I had an interview with the old gentleman many years afterward as I was passing that way. He had lost his wife, but appeared well and hearty himself, and was very comfortable in his home as a well-to-do farmer.

On the south-west of London, in the township of Southwold, about 1830, an earnest Christian brother settled from the town of Frome, England. He was a man of fair ability and indomitable energy. He had a fine family of children. There was no gospel ministry in the neighborhood, so he opened his house, and there, and afterward in the school-house, he gathered a congregation and organ-

ized a church. The political troubles of 1837 separated the minister and his people. He unfortunately did not distinguish between dissatisfaction with the ruling power and disloyalty to the Queen, so the little flock became disunited and disorganized. As the country became settled and the passions of men subsided, I felt it my duty to visit these friends and gather together the divided parts. During the winter a large number of young people were brought to a decision in religion, and in May following the church was reopened. After two sermons and a baptismal service a church meeting was held, when the old minister was unanimously invited to the pastorate and a large subscription was secured for the erection of a House of Worship.

The next morning I met the newly-elected pastor, who was returning from supplying my pulpit in London. I said to him :

"Well, my brother, I have good news for you. We had a blessed Sabbath. There were between five and six hundred dollars subscribed for a new church, and you are unanimously invited to the pastorate."

Amid expressions of gratitude to God, the tears rolled down his cheeks, as with many prayers and hearty thanksgivings to Almighty God for His goodness and His grace, we separated for our respective homes. A few months afterwards we opened the new church, and ordained that brother to the pastorate. The text upon which the charge to the minister was founded was, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again with thanksgiving, bearing his sheaves with him," was considered singularly applicable. That good brother is now gone to his rest. He was a rough but a choice jewel. His children are walking in the good old paths the father trod, while some of his grand-

children are now in the ministry, and others of them are at college, preparing for service in the gospel of Christ. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

The Temperance Reformation in London commenced in 1839.

I was returning from my appointments in the township of Warwick, when, by a singular coincidence, I met with John Dougall, Esq., of the *Montreal Witness*, with whom I had some previous acquaintance. He intimated his desire, after my sermon, to speak to the people on the subject of temperance. And a very interesting and powerful address he gave us. His arguments were not only interesting, but overpowering, and a small society was formed then and there. I had some short time previously taken the Total Abstinence pledge in Toronto, when the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Superintendent of Common Schools, also proclaimed himself on the same side. We journeyed together to London, held a temperance meeting in the Congregational Church, formed a society, when the election of president fell upon myself. And it was high time that such a movement was made, for, in addition to *dirty*, it was called now *drunken* London.

The arrival of the military soon brought an increase of population, but it also brought an increase of immorality, and especially of intemperance. Distilleries and drinking places had fearfully multiplied, and the whole place seemed to be maddened with drink. Several of the best citizens threw themselves into the breach, and efforts were put forth to arrest its progress, both among the military and civilians.

The Rev. Mr. Cronyn took an active part in the movement among the military, and I am glad to bear testimony to his earnest oratory, as I took part with him in movements which were eminently successful in increasing the number of pledged

teetotalers. Indeed, in the course of a few years, the progress had been so marked, and the enthusiasm so general, that about four-fifths of the population became pledged. The trade of the whiskey dealer seemed gone; and the neglected article was advertised in the streets at a York shilling (12½ cents) a gallon; several victims of strong drink were reclaimed, and became useful and honored members of society—one a brother of the Rev. Dr. Legg, an honored missionary of the London Missionary Society in China—a man of a good mind and canny eloquence, had long been lost to his family and society. The temperance pledge restored him and his family to a happiness to which they had long been strangers, and his ringing cheery voice was often heard in our large public gatherings, which filled the largest places we could secure for our meetings.

One morning I received a note from one of our leading barristers, inviting me to call upon him. On doing so, he said, "I am glad to see you, for I want to take the pledge; but please keep it between ourselves, for I should hate to be exposed to the laugh and gibes of my former associates." I replied, "Then you must excuse me for declining to give you the pledge unless you are prepared openly to avow it. You owe this to yourself, to your children, and to your position in the place. And let me assure you that, under God, your *security* is inseparably connected with your public renunciation of it." He paused, laid his head in his hand and his elbow upon the table for a few minutes, and then, raising himself up, said, "Yes, sir, you are right; I have publicly offended; I have five children, and for their sakes I will publicly avow it." This gentleman became one of our best advocates. For some years he accompa-

nied me on temperance tours, and was one of my principal allies in carrying on the cause. On one of these tours, after visiting and speaking at Port Stanley and St. Thomas, we held a meeting at a school-house eight miles east of the latter place. My friend spoke of his own case in very feeling terms—his great sin in connection with his past excesses, and the great happiness he felt in his deliverance from the spell in which he had long been held. I followed upon the general subject; then showed how prevention was better than cure, and urged the pledge upon the younger part of the audience. The next morning a young gentleman of one of the first families of the land, called upon us. He was a young lawyer. He had a brother, a most eloquent member of the Provincial Parliament, who afterwards became one of our judges. It is related of this brother that he was once in the House of Parliament in a state bordering on intemperance. In the course of his speech he overbalanced himself and fell forward. His Irish wit saved him; and with *sang froid* he earnestly looked towards the chair and said, "Mr. Speaker, I implore you on my bended knees not to pass the resolution."

His younger brother, on presenting himself, told a sad history of his life. He was an inebriate. His friends had sent him away from home to this retired spot, in the hope that he would reform. He took the pledge at our hands, and though his previous habits had incapacitated him from following his profession, yet I trust he has since walked in the path of sobriety. In reference to this young man, the Hon. James Harvey Price once called upon me and said, "I want to tell you of C. S., to whom some time ago you gave the pledge. He stayed with me at the Mansion House last night, and was beset by

certain would-be gentlemen to drink with them. On offering him the glass, he said, "Gentlemen, I do beseech you not to urge me. I dare not take it; I would not drink it though you offered me a thousand pounds." A few years after I saw him at his home, happy and cheerful, thanking God for the Total Abstinence Pledge.

In those days we were instrumental in organizing societies between Goderich and Toronto, Goderich and London, Windsor and Toronto, and from Amherstburgh to Simcoe, along the shores of Lake Erie, &c., &c. During one winter I wore down two horses in the temperance movement; and to these services I was incited by Mr. John Dougall, who kindly sent me on one occasion fifty dollars, the only remuneration I ever received in connection with the cause of temperance.

In the course of these temperance tours, we met with but little real opposition. A few rowdies occasionally disturbed our meetings, which

led to their expulsion. In only two places was there any attempt at argumentation, and that was easily disposed of; while in all directions the good cause received an accession, not only of numbers, but of talent and respectability. But the time would fail me to tell of the numbers reclaimed, the families restored to happiness, and even wealth, where before there were all the discord, the wretchedness and want induced by intemperance; the large number of young men prevented from rushing into excesses; yes, and I may add, the wealth, the intelligence and the prosperity of our adopted country, that have accrued from the temperance movement—a movement, let it be handed down to our latest posterity, that was inaugurated in Western Canada, thirty years ago, by John Dougall, the enterprising proprietor of the *Montreal Witness*, which has ever proved itself the palladium of civil and religious liberty, and the steady educator of the family in Christian morality and the saving truths of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

THE PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.

The peopling of the vast North American continent, by immigrants from Europe, has by the immense scale of Nature, the novel difficulties, and great relative cost of labor, developed a remarkable degree of ingenuity. The varieties of climate, of depth of the great waterways, of agricultural production, has caused nearly every European tool and engine to be modified in many ways, usually with improvement. The steam ferries in the North must be able in spring to cut their way safely through the ice; on the Mississippi, the steamboats have to be made drawing as little as three feet of water. Locomotives are built to burn hard coal, soft coal or wood; plows have to be built for the culture of new crops, sugar, cotton and tobacco. Railroads are carried over wider streams and more of them than in Europe, and where bridging is out of the question, mighty ferries take whole trains on board, and travellers are on rails and water at the same time.

This American characteristic ingenuity has its expression at the national capital in a grand marble building, where patents are granted, records made, and the models pertaining thereto retained for exhibition. The main hall is supported by dark blue columns, after a hall recently discovered at Pompeii, and here, besides models, are a few objects of national interest and pride:—The original Declaration of Independence, much faded, but still legible; Franklin's printing-press; and some personal effects of Washington and Lincoln.

The visitor can walk by the glass cases of models, and occupy hours merely in that; yet if he wants to examine one in detail, a custodian permits him to do so, on condition that he leaves the model as he found it. This freedom and confidence is universal in the public institutions at Washington, and is rarely abused. As we walk along the pleasant halls, we get an idea of the inventive genius of the nation; its directions, its characteristics, its strength and weakness. Here are Whitney's scotting, Woodworth's planer, Morse's telegraph, Howe's sewing machine, McCormick's reaper, Goodyear's vulcanized rubber, Blanchard's lathe, Tilghman's sand-blast, and Stearn's duplex telegraph.

These, with many of lesser note, are to be seen hid among hundreds of inventions of little or no value, made and patented with many hopes, sometimes with considerable cost, only to result in disappointment finally. Churns, washers, gas-burners, and brick-machines appear and re-appear by the score, without showing a single real improvement.

Then there are the relics of the whims of fashion, in velocipedes of every form, and machines for making hats, bonnets and corsets long obsolete.

Scattered throughout the building are lamentable evidences that skilful hands may be associated with unwise heads; there are rotary steam-engines founded on a mechanical fallacy, bridges of absurd proportions, top-heavy waggons, feathering paddle-wheels, and impossible air ships.

A small class of inventions are accidental; but as Laplace wittily

said, such accidents happen only to those who deserve them.

Goodyear was an attentive observer and a judicious experimenter or the hardening by chance of some rubber by sulphur, in his laboratory, might still have remained a barren fact.

Priority in time of patenting often brings an inventor a great reward, while several others equally ingenious miss it. So also a number of inventors may successively by modifications and improvements bring an invention to perfection, and the last one gets the prize although he may have done but a tenth of the whole work. Such was Morse's case, and thus great is the difference between completeness and the nearest approach to it.

Nor does the amount of ingenuity displayed in an invention bear any constant relation to value. Many philosophical instruments scarcely return the cost of the patent, while evidencing exquisite thought and skill; and small efforts supplying popular needs are frequently worth fortunes. Thus, Professor Lyman, of Yale, has invented a wave apparatus illustrating the truth that particles in waves rotate on their axis, while rotating in circles as wide as the waves; establishing a beautiful parallel between atomic and astronomical motion between the motions of suns and planets, and the light connecting them together; yet this invention is in extremely limited demand, while such things as the egg-beater, rubber-marking stamp, and coal oil burner, have made men rich.

And so, inventors of delicate physical apparatus, such as that used to register meteorological changes, sel-

dom take out patents, from prudence as often as magnanimity. The least admirable trait observable among these models, is the constant inventing of mere attachments and modifications, while radical changes of process and new principles are scarcely ever attempted. Thus, many printing presses are to be seen involving immensely labored thought in construction, all superseded by the Walter and Bullock presses, which print from a rotating cylinder of type on a continuous roll of paper; and when we see the intricacies and complex devices of these valueless presses, we cannot but regret the misapplication of so much constructive ability, that with radical boldness might have done immensely more. The steam engine of Watt, and the locomotive of Stephenson, involved less constructive powers than many inventions patented every year; and their inestimable value comes solely from the width of their field of application. If necessity is the mother of invention, it is also its child, for as wants increase with the means of satisfying them, the mass of people work as hard and as long as ever, the steam engine, locomotive, and telegraph notwithstanding. Our modern life is more complex than that led in times past, but is it any better? The prominent leaders of society who set the fashions, by inaugurating simpler manners in dress, food and building, may, without sacrifice of an iota of real comfort or good, do humanity as much service as the coming inventors who shall unlose aluminum from every clay bank, make cloth without yarn, and dispense with the still used types of Gutenberg.

Young Folks.

THE TOWN HALL COUSIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF E. R. ST. HILAIRE, BY L. C. KELLY.

Her real name was Salome A——. We never called her anything but our "Town Hall Cousin," because she had been born, brought up, and lived there. Her father was the porter; he had lost his wife early, and Salome, his only daughter, as long as he lived, remained like himself in the service of the civic authorities. It was she who cleaned, warmed and aired the Council chamber and other rooms; everything shone, and the old building from cellar to garret was so clean and neat that it became quite a bye-word whenever a house was well kept to say, "One might think it was the Town Hall." After the death of her father, Salome lived in an attic in a small house he had bought for her out of his savings in Justice street (thus named because the hangman lived in it). She had several relations in the town, most of them very comfortably off, and many in good positions. The faithful Cousin was, so to speak, at everyone's beck and call, and remained so until the day of her death. I think I see her now in her simple costume; her striped blue dress that she herself had spun; her black apron and neck-handkerchief as white as snow; and her little white cap; looking so thoroughly honest, good and contented, that I would fain bring her before my readers as a personification of those good old times when people were not so anxious as they are now to leave the sphere in which God had placed them.

We children imagined that the Cousin always had been and always would be, exactly where she was wanted. Without her, nothing could go right. When a child was born, who but the Cousin received it in her arms, and took care of it until the mother was able, and how many nights were spent by the Cousin in watching

by the sick bed of the many invalids whom she nursed back to health? No one closed the eyes of the dead as tenderly, or put them in their coffins more carefully; and when any of us had the small-pox, scarlet fever, or measles, the Cousin came directly, and shut herself up in our room, to nurse and watch over us day and night; and then she told us such charming stories, that we would willingly have been ill much longer, to be so tended. At baptisms, weddings, family gatherings, the Cousin hardly knew what to do first; she endeavored to arrange that the mistress should have nothing to think of, and that the servant should not be overworked, or the children in the way, so that each might really enjoy the gala day. She never thought of herself in any way; all her money was spent in alms, and given away as soon as earned. When her cousin, who was also a kind of trustee, remarked, "that she was nearly sixty, and could not work much longer for everybody, and that it was time to put aside a little for her old age," the Cousin did not reply, for she was afraid of her respected relative, but one could see in her face she did not intend to follow his sage advice.

"Well, cousin!" he would exclaim, "there is all your money gone again"

"Alas! yes."

Now, a godchild wanted a pair of shoes, another a catechism, another a black coat for his first communion. Then again a poor shoemaker had six children, but no money to buy leather with,—he must be helped. Again, her old friend the weaver was pressed for his rent, and how could he be left in distress? So she lent him money, because she did not need it, by her own account."

As for the lodgers in her own house, affairs were no better there. On the ground floor lived the shoemaker with six children, and who, not having money for leather, had none either for the rent. On the first story lived a poor widow who had been ill for years; her only girl, Elizabeth, nearly blinded herself with sewing, in order to support her mother. Elizabeth was the Cousin's godchild, so she ventured to tell her trustee, begging him not to be offended. "I cannot take Elizabeth's rent, it would weigh too heavily on my conscience; am I not her godmother, and have I not promised God to fill a mother's place to her, and to help her whenever she is in need?" In short, it was impossible to make the Cousin listen to reason on this point, so they were forced to let her do as she liked with her money.

There were two things the Cousin hated with all her heart—these were wine and the city of Paris. Wine she had never been able to taste, and even the smell of it she disliked. When we mischievous children wished to play her a trick we used to put a drop of wine in her glass of water; then she would lift her head so drolly and exclaim: "Ah! wicked children, you have put wine in my glass;" and then we were quite happy. "Wine," she would tell us, "from the deluge down to our own days has done nothing but harm. It is by wine that Satan entices men to drink, and from drunkenness comes disorders, and often murder. How many have been ruined by wine, both now and for ever? And Paris—yes, Paris!" she asserted, "is a hundred times worse than Sodom. It is Paris that has turned the world upside down by killing the king, and invented that terrible guillotine! And have we not here in Mulhouse seen the guillotine put up in one of the squares, whilst the Jacobins in their red caps dined at the Crown Inn? I shudder when I think of it. From Paris came the order to close the churches, and that the Sabbath was no longer to be respected, and that our dead were to be buried without bells or hymns."

And then another subject troubled Cousin sadly. Often in those unbelieving times the men of our family, worthy children of the Revolution, mocked at religion before her, and asked her with a sneer, "What she found so interesting in her old Bible?" Then large tears fell from the Cousin's eyes. She did not answer; but looked with such anguish at the youthful infidels that, child as I was then, I have never

forgotten those looks. I see her yet when one of the mockers went away, standing with clasped hands behind the white earthenware stove, repeating in a low and trembling voice the old canticle—

"O my Jesus, I will not forsake Thee!"

Once on St. John's day, which was also my brother's birthday, my mother was going to put down butter for the winter. It was always a fête day with us young ones, for the Cousin always came to help, and we had cakes and all sorts of good things to eat. Besides, when the liquid butter was poured into the stone jars, we were allowed to take our share in the work, by shaking the jars until the butter congealed.

On this particular day the Cousin was not as punctual as usual, and when she finally arrived, she looked quite bewildered; and when my little brother ran to show her his birth-day gifts, she looked without seeing.

"What is the matter, dear Cousin?" said my mother, affectionately; "you are not ill, I trust?"

"Ah! dear lady," she replied, with a deep sigh, "can you believe that young invalid I have been nursing just sent for me and gave me such a grand present that I am quite overwhelmed."

"But," replied my mother, smiling, "if the present was still grander, I cannot think it such a misfortune."

"But only think, it is a whole calico dress, from one of the best manufacturers in the town? I ask you, dear lady, how is it possible for a person like me to wear a dress of this new stuff, about which all the great ladies of Mulhouse are going wild?"

My mother opened the parcel; it contained a length of beautiful printed calico, a dark ground with white flowers. We all admired what was to us an unheard-of luxury almost in those simple times; and the good Cousin exclaimed with naive surprise—

"What lovely things they make in these days?"

"Yes," said my mother, "it is really very pretty; but still I think you might make a Sunday dress of it."

"Of what are you thinking, dear lady? My Sunday costume is quite new, and will last, I am sure, as long as me. What need have I of another? Oh! I beg of you to give it

back with many thanks to the person who gave it me."

My good mother soothed the Cousin, and finally put the stuff on one side, saying, "it can be put on a shelf out of everyone's way."

And then began the grand butter-melting operation. My mother was away for a few moments, whilst we children were never tired of gazing at the great boiler; and the Cousin was preparing some slices of bread and butter, when in came a poor woman who supplied us with camomile and other herbs. She lived in a neighboring village; and was a widow with five children, and hardly anything to keep them on. She was paler than ever on this day: her eyes were red with crying, and she looked most wretched. In answer to the kind question of the Cousin, she told us with bitter tears that the last storm had unroofed her cottage, and the hail had broken her windows.

"And soon," she added, "the place will come down altogether if it is not mended quickly. I shall never earn the required money, so I and my children must sleep out of doors."

The Cousin listened very thoughtfully. Suddenly she ran for the parcel, and put it in the poor woman's hand, saying to us: "You will not tell of me, children?" And seeing the astonished face of the other, she added,

"Go and sell it to Nathan, he is an honest Jew, who will give you a fair price. Meanwhile I will beg for you, and, with God's help, all the damages shall be repaired. But go now before the mistress returns, and, above all, do not betray me."

Thus saying, the good Cousin seated herself on a low stool near the boiler, and taking a slice of bread and butter in her hand, held it out to my brother, her particular pet, saying: "Here, Hans, this is for thee;" when suddenly her hand dropped, the bread fell on the ground, and her head bent down on her breast.

"What is wrong, Cousin?" cried the terrified Hans; but the Cousin did not answer, but remained motionless. The poor woman flew to her, and took her hand; it was icy cold. We called out loudly for our mother, who took her in her arms, and tried every means to restore her. The doctor came, and endeavoured to bleed her; but all was in vain. The good God had sent His angel for her, and her peaceful soul had returned to Him who had made her.

Our mother closed her eyes. It was the first death we had seen, and it made a profound im-

pression upon us. The Cousin lay in our mother's arms so calmly and quietly—her death has left such blessed recollections that we have felt but little fear of what is so very terrible to most.

"Well, little mother," said the sobbing Hans, "I am sure that the Lord Jesus has given the Cousin a far more beautiful dress than the one she gave the poor woman."

"Yes, my children," said our mother, much moved. "Yes—'Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.'" (Isaiah xxxiv. 17)—and my mother gently kissed the cold brow of her that had gone "to be ever with the Lord."

We all wept bitterly over her coffin. Her cousin had the widow's roof repaired at his own expense; my mother bought back the calico and made hangings for her room; and after, as I grew older, when seated in this room, and my heart was filled with proud and vain-glorious thoughts, or when I murmured against God's will, I seemed to see my dear Cousin's kind and gentle face, and her soft voice saying, "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble."

But not to us alone had the Cousin been such a blessing, but also to her godchild, "the little Elizabeth," who became by degrees "the old Elizabeth," and replaced her in our family,—the latter often told me with tears a tale which moved me greatly.

Elizabeth inhabited, as I have already told you, the first floor of the Cousin's house, and supported her aged mother by the work of her hands. Her mother was a great invalid, and required constant care and attention. One evening when the Cousin had come in very weary, and was seeking refreshment for her soul in her Bible before going to bed, Elizabeth entered the room abruptly.

"Cousin," she said, "I have something important to tell you."

The Cousin removed her glasses, and said, with a kind smile:

"Sit down near me, Elizabeth, and tell me what is on your mind; you look so feverish."

And then Elizabeth related with some confusion, that "Fritz H——, a young and skilful cabinet maker, had asked her to marry him. The worthy Fritz had as much work as he wan-

ted, his friends were quite pleased with the marriage, she had known Fritz as a worthy man for a long time, and had always liked him; but still she hesitated and knew not what to do because—here poor Elizabeth broke down and began to cry.

“Because thou hast a sick mother,” continued the Cousin, quietly,

Elizabeth made a gesture of assent, and sobbed more than ever.

“Is Fritz pious?” asked the Cousin, after a pause, for since his return from working in the country I have not seen him at church.”

“Alas thou knowest well, Cousin, that now-a-days young men hardly ever go, but I can tell you Fritz is a skilful workman, and as industrious as he is honest.”

“Honest and pious are two different things,” replied the Cousin, “and my experience teaches me none will remain long honest who is not pious. But tell me, Elizabeth, if thou hast resolved to marry Fritz, who will take care of thy mother?”

“Ah, it is just that that worries me, Cousin. My mother becomes worse every day, so much so that I can hardly find time to work, and I earn next to nothing.”

“And still thou hast never known want, hast thou? and the grace of God has always helped thee, and will to the end. But when thou hast a husband and children thou will not be able to take care of thy sick mother.”

“But I cannot bear it much longer, Cousin. All day on my feet, bad nights with trouble and worry besides, and there is no hope of her getting better. Now I have a chance of settling comfortably, and Fritz is earning such good wages, his mother thought that it would be better to put mine in the hospital, and she would help us willingly to pay for her.”

Elizabeth had spoken these last words with downcast eyes and crimson cheeks, and in such a trembling voice that it was easy to perceive her conscience rebelled against the idea or the hospital.

Instead of replying, the Cousin put on her glasses, turned over the pages of her Bible, and read the following passage from the Ephesians, (chap. vi., 1, 2, 3): “Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, for this is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee and that thou mayest live long on the earth.”

At this moment, old Anna, the town clerk's cook, came into the room.

“My master,” she said, “wishes you to go and watch with the widow of the Rev. A. M— if you are able. My master saw her this evening, and found her so weak and ill that it is not safe to leave her alone.”

The good Cousin was tired to death, but here was a poor widow, perhaps dying, and abandoned by all. She hastened to close her Bible, took up her work basket, said a kindly good evening to Elizabeth, and hastened as fast as her weary legs would carry her to the widow.

The clergyman's widow was one of the *gentle poor*, “the most to be pitied of all,” often said the Cousin, “because they have been used to so much more than we have.”

She had been left a widow when quite young, and had devoted most of her small means to the education of her only son, William. The latter had been forced by his mother to study theology and to become a clergyman like his father. But, alas! this son, as he grew up, disappointed all her hopes. Weak by nature, and having made an utter shipwreck of his faith, he would have liked any other profession better than that of a clergyman; but the iron will of his mother had forced him to pursue his studies, and in revenge the young man would do nothing. Instead of being a consolation and support to his mother, he became the heaviest of her crosses. “You forced me to study theology,” he wrote from Zurich: “well, I will never put my foot in the pulpit,” and he had kept his word. Once his studies were completed, he had returned to live with, his mother, and having obtained his diploma, he buried his talent. In vain the town clerk, and other members of his family, had endeavored to persuade him to seek employment. Nothing would shake him, he passed day after day in idleness, and ate the hardly earned bread of his mother, that bread which she gained by knitting and spinning, to provide the expenses of her small household; and the son during this time was so hard and insolent that he might have a stone instead of a heart; and now the poor widow, worn out by cares and grief, had been stretched on a bed of sickness for weeks.

“If she is nearly at the end of her troubles,” sighed the good Cousin, on her way to help her. “I cannot grieve; for God in that case will provide something better for her.”

Eight days after Cousin returned, basket in

hand. She had watched over the poor widow until the last. The day of the funeral she put everything in order, and prepared a repast for William. On coming to her own room she found Elizabeth at the door, looking much agitated. The next morning a decisive answer had to be given. She had not been able to make up her mind, and was more undecided and troubled than ever.

"When thou hast finished with thy mother," said the Cousin, "and hast prepared everything for the night, come to me, Elizabeth; I have thought much of thee during these last few days."

That evening, when Elizabeth was seated near her at the little work-table, she took her hand in both hers and spake as follows:

"To-day we have buried the poor widow, may God in his mercy have pardoned her, and grant her a glorious resurrection for the love of Jesus. She has suffered much and sinned much, like us all, alas! but also before she died, God be thanked, recognized her faults and prayed for pardon, and I cannot help thinking, my child, that her death may be blessed to you, and this is why I will confide to thee a secret I have never before revealed.

"Now, Miss Cleve, as she was called, was a very fine-looking girl; the handsomest and cleverest of several sisters. Her father made her his idol, and gratified every wish; she might have been a king's daughter. Thus, Miss Cleve carried her head so high that nobody liked her, and as spoilt children always turn against those who have spoiled them, the person she treated with the most disdain was her old father, who was then afflicted with a cancer in the face which made him most repulsive. At this period Miss Cleve became engaged to young Mr. M——, who was as proud and ambitious as herself. He was, it is said, a great preacher and I am content to believe it, though I never could understand a word of his sermons hardly. And the young clergyman and Miss Cleve were always in the clouds together; they spoke foreign languages, and imagined they were made of finer clay than most; but they took but little heed of the dying father, whose appearance and the air of the sick-room made them ill, they said. I was watching the poor invalid during the last night. He had taken the communion the evening before, and towards midnight he became so feeble that I saw his last moment was near. I was then very young, my Elizabeth, and I had

never seen anyone die. An indescribable fear came over me, I flew from the room and knocked loudly at Miss Cleve's door.

"What is it?" she asked as she suddenly awakened. "Oh, Miss, come down quickly, your father is dying?"

"Really," she answered, ill-temperedly, "thou hast frightened me. I thought some great trouble had happened."

"At this moment, Elizabeth, I heard a faint sigh, but so strange and alarming that I trembled in every limb. I ran down to the father—he had ceased to breathe. What I have just told you, Elizabeth, I have never mentioned to a living soul; but when I saw Miss Cleve become the wife of Mr. M——, and having no blessing, losing her husband so soon, and finding her son so unnatural, ah, then, I often thought of the only 'commandment with a promise.' The poor lady expiated her faults very sadly, but I trust, by God's grace, she found peace at the last."

"Cousin," she said to me that last night, "if my William has no affection for his mother, I have well deserved it by my conduct to my father!"

"I could say nothing to this, but I consoled her by repeating what I said to myself a hundred times, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins!'

"Yes," she continued, "I have obtained mercy; I am not worthy of it, for I have been so proud——" Then, clasping her hands, "Oh my Father," she murmured, "draw me to Thee for pure compassion through my Saviour's merits."

"Then she became more and more feeble; her breathing shorter and shorter; and I saw her fight would soon be over. But suddenly she rose in her bed, and called out twice, 'William, William!' in so piercing a voice that I trembled. I thought he must hear his mother's call, and would come. But he did not; and as the invalid was more agitated, I ran to his room, and knocked loudly at his door.

"What is it?" he exclaimed in a surly tone.

"Get up, quickly, Mr. William, your mother is dying, and wishes to see you."

"Really!" he replied, in the same sharp voice, and in exactly the same terms as his mother had used forty years before, "you frightened me. I thought some great misfortune had happened."

"And then, Elizabeth, my hair almost stood on end, for at the same instant the same miser-

able sigh which forty years before had announced to me the death of Miss Cleve's father, sounded in my ears.*

"Quickly I ran to her room; weeping and trembling I fell on my knees, praying, "My God, enter not into judgment with us." And when I rose and went near the bed, I saw the poor lady with clasped hands and a sad smile on her lips. . . . Yes, she had conquered in her last combat, and God had received her poor soul!"

Here the Cousin stopped, painfully affected by the sad events of the last few days. Elizabeth wept silently in her corner. At last she got up, pressed her Cousin's hand tightly, and said through her tears,

"Thank you, Cousin, good night."

The following morning the sun had risen and had poured its rays for some hours into the Cousin's little room, and still she slept, worn out with the week's watching. When she at last opened her eyes, she saw Elizabeth sitting by her bed; but with so calm and peaceful a face, the Cousin was rejoiced, for she knew what had happened.

"Dear Cousin," said the young girl, with visible emotion, "may God reward you for the good you have done me. You stood at my

*The above coincidence is said to be perfectly true

side like a guardian angel, and showed me the path. This morning early, while you slept so soundly, I went to Mrs. H——, and told her what a sin I would commit were I to abandon my sick mother to be nursed by strangers in a hospital; and that I had resolved, through God's help, to fulfil my duty as a child faithfully to the end, and that I thanked her son heartily for his offer, but I could not accept it."

"God be praised," exclaimed the Cousin; "and what was the mother's answer?"

"That she was sorry I put away my happiness; but from the moment I decided to keep my mother with me there could be no question of marriage with her son."

"And now," added the Cousin, "the mother and son may be worthy—I don't say they are not; but *pious* they certainly are not, or they would not have asked you to thus violate God's law; for it is the blessing of the parents which makes the children's house to stand."

Elizabeth never repented the sacrifice. She watched over her to the last, and the Lord has richly repaid her; not in worldly and perishable goods, but with His grace and peace. She lived and died a Christian.

"And believe me, my children," said the good Cousin very often, "But one thing is needful."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

What woman armies to the battle led?
In troubled times who gave God's prophets bread?

Who told a lie, to please his thirst for gain?
Whose house the holy ark of God received?

Who early of her husband was bereaved?
Who felt a loving father's keenest pain?

In these initial letters find

A precept all our deeds to guide,
That bids us think of others' weal,
And cast all thoughts of self aside.

NOT BREAD ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY NED."

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER. XXIII.

MONEY MAKES HEART-BURNINGS.

"There are no ills but what we make
By giving shapes and names to things,—
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings."

Long after her usual hour for rising, Marion rubbed her swollen eyelids and opened her eyes. Her father's words flashed through her mind, the unsympathizing tone grated all along her nerves.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, turning to the window, "mother will know I have been crying! I must look like a fright."

The blinds were thrown open. She loved pretty things, and the southern sky all around to the west was a very pretty sight: where the sky rested on the hills, it was a soft, glowing pink; above it stretched a bar of light blue, and above the blue floated rose-tinted clouds. She lay still enjoying the picture that she had never seen before, remembering a quotation that Miss Helen had made one day to the effect that one should look at a picture, read a poem, and speak a few reasonable words every day.

The door opened, and her mother entered.

"Oh, you *are* awake; it is eight o'clock."

"I thought it must be late. I was looking at a picture."

"You are a picture yourself. I knew you were hearing what father was saying, but we can't change his mind. Only think how good it is to have father out of debt."

"I am glad of that. I hope he went to sleep sooner than I did."

"Money will make heart-burnings, even the little poor Aunt Dependence left."

"Do you suppose if you had kept on calling me by her name she would have given something to me, mother?" asked Marion.

"Perhaps so, I don't know. She left something to a baby in the house named for her."

"Well it can't be helped now," sighed Ma-

rión. "I'd be Pendie Lindsley to the end of my days for three hundred dollars."

"Perhaps not, though," smiled her mother.

To which Marion paid no attention.

"It isn't just not having it, mother, but father don't *care*."

"He doesn't understand; you mustn't expect people to care for what they can't understand. He can understand about Will wanting to be a minister: he says now he will be able to give him an education, if Will will be economical and earn all he can in the meantime."

"Did he say that?" she asked brightly; then her countenance fell. "I am glad for Will, but—"

"Now, Marion, don't be jealous, child."

"No," said Marion, with quivering lips, "but I can't help being *hurt*. I can't be glad for other people, when I am so sorry for myself."

"Don't think about yourself; think about your breakfast. Hurry up and dress, and I'll tell you something."

"Not about a piano?" Marion started up.

"No, not about a piano. But a piano isn't the only thing in the world," her mother said, going out and closing the door.

She felt no inclination to find out what it was; she lay back again looking at the dissolving bar of blue.

"But it might be a melodeon."

The thought brought her to her feet; she dressed hastily, bathing her eyes and smiling at the dismal face reflected in the glass. "This is waiting cheerfully," she said energetically. "I would pinch myself if it would do any good. I am glad for old Will."

The family breakfast had been cleared away. Marion found her breakfast set out daintily—cold chicken, canned strawberries, and biscuit.

"That does look nice!" she exclaimed.

"Mother, I am as ungrateful as—a pig. I don't deserve even bread and water. Now, mother, tell me," she went on, turning over her

plate, "for it *may* be a melodeon, or an organ," she said to herself.

Mrs. Lindsley's tone was rather doubtful.

"Your father says he will buy you a sewing machine."

"Will he? Well, I want one." The eagerness was somewhat feigned.

"You will like it, won't you?" her mother asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes," speaking quickly. "I will earn a melodeon first. Of course I must take lessons; that will cost something, and then the melodeon and sewing-machine shall buy me a piano. I do believe I will have one, mother, after all. Don't you think it begins to look like it!"

"Why, yes, if you are strong enough to work on a machine."

Marion *was* thinking of Josie Nelson's side ache.

"I can play in church soon, mother; that will be a hundred and fifty. Miss Helen says she will give up to me as soon as I am ready. Miss Helen gives the hundred and fifty to the church, but they will not expect that of me."

"I didn't think you calculated so much on money, Marion."

"Father can understand when the argument is dollars and cents."

Marion merely stated a fact; she did not know how to be sarcastic.

Her mother regarded her sharply, then she said to herself, "The child grows sweeter every day."

Mr. Lindsley's boots were stamping snow from them on the braided mat. Marion's eyes would tell tales; no amount of rubbing could rub the swollen lids into their normal size and hue.

"O Marion! Up, are you? Want to go to town? I have some little business to do, and you can pick out your machine."

Her alacrity was not at all feigned; she set down her coffee-cup and sprang up.

"We can call and see Will," her father said; "he will be glad to hear that next year we will raise unmortgaged crops."

"And tell him we can afford to keep him at school," added Will's mother; "he will study all the better now."

"Yes, the boy shall have a lift. It is a pity that my only son can't be a minister, if he wants to."

"And that his only daughter couldn't have a—sewing-machine," was Marion's mental ad-

dition. But gladness for Will kept all bitterness out of the thought.

"I suppose you would like to have something to remember Aunt Dependence by," continued her father; "what do you want!"

Marion knew.

"Buy a thimble," suggested her father, laughing.

"A plain gold ring," said her mother.

"No," answered Marion hastily. "I don't like plain gold rings."

"A picture, then," from her mother,

"How much will you give me, father?"

"Ten dollars!"

"I'll save it towards my music lessons. I'll put it in the bank; the interest will be better than nothing."

"I'm afraid you'll learn to love money," said her mother uneasily.

"Be ready then in an hour."

With that face! "Yes, sir," she replied, thinking of her thick brown veil.

"I want to see the Superintendent. Our teacher has got to leave right now in the middle of the term. The other trustees say they are busy, and have left the matter to me."

"Josie Nelson! father, Josie Nelson!" cried Marion, all in a flutter. "Oh, how glad she will be!"

"I didn't think of her. I don't see why we shouldn't keep the six hundred in the village. She has a knack at teaching, I remember, and it will save me some trouble."

"Then I'll go over and say you have sent me!"

"Yes, and ask her to be ready for Monday."

How fast the good things were coming! The reaction was so great that Marion could have laughed and danced.

Josie was busy in the kitchen when Julia announced Marion. Marion stood in the hall; she would not go in; she must tell Josie alone. Josie listened in utter bewilderment.

"Will you take it?" asked Marion, after waiting for her to speak.

"I can't say anything. The school-house is in my throat and all the children. I'll talk it over with mother. Six hundred dollars, and home morning, noon, and night. I couldn't have *that* if I had gone to Walnut Grove. How delighted Tom will be! I didn't tell you, did I? Tom says he will not come home Christmas. But won't you come in? If I stay in my skin so long I'll come over bodily and see your father

as soon as he gets back. I got my certificate only last week. Marion, I can't believe it. Scream and wake me up; I know I am dreaming. I was washing the churning things, called from the plough like Cincinnatus, or Coriolanus, or the boy that stood on the burning deck!"

Marion had but one thought in her heart as she went away—Tom was not coming home Christmas. He could not care at all to see her. Had he not meant anything that he had said? To believe that, was the very hardest of all.

On Monday morning Josie took her happy place as teacher of the Sunny Plains school, and on Monday morning, Marion began to learn vest-making.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

"Well done of God to halve the lot,
And give her all the sweetness;
To us the empty room and cot,
To her the Heaven's completeness."

Christmas passed, and the new year opened. Life went on steadily and happily at the Parsonage. Josie succeeded in school, the trustees praised, and parents were satisfied. Josie said she was so happy that if Tom were home she would have nothing more to ask.

Trudie worked on her book in the day, and dreamed of it in the night. Marion kept at her machine till her color left her and appetite failed. Her mother was watching her closely. This scheme would not do; the pain in Marion's side was incessant, and no more long walks could be taken because of the weakness in her back. Mrs. Lindsley hinted more than once that steady work must be given up, but Marion would not yield.

"It's all I can do, mother; don't take *this* away from me."

Another week passed. Marion grew paler; she arose late and languid, and worked wearily.

"Marion," said her mother, when the last of a lot of vests was finished, "you *must* give up for a while, I insist upon it. Your father says he will bring you no more work till next winter."

"Well," assented Marion. "I don't care."

Her mother wished she would care.

One afternoon the last week in February, a while before tea-time, Marion stood at the parlor window looking out into the street. The fire in the air-tight was dying out, Mrs. Lindsley's work-basket was on the sofa, and several articles that she had been hasting for Marion's machine.

Marion liked to see the homely little parlor in disorder; she imagined that confusion covered its plainness. Trudie had been spending several days with her; in her honor the parlor fire had been lighted, and the room occupied as a sitting-room. She had been standing for some time at the window, thinking over the good talks she and Trudie had enjoyed, and about the good time yesterday afternoon at the Parsonage, when Josie had stepped in to tea on her way from school, and the talk in the greenhouse room had been almost as delightful as those Wednesday afternoon talks in the summer. Agnes was fragile still, but she seemed well, and interested in all Helen's doings at home and work in the parish. Marion was one of the friends who knew that in April, when Alf took possession of his farm, Agnes would go, too, as his wife, Con would remain to be little sister to Helen. Helen said Con was the child she had always been longing for. The minister was living a feeble, but happy, old age. The new minister of the stone church in Sunny Plains was Marion's ideal of all that was true and excellent. Trudie said in her extreme admiration of him that he was one of those whose "strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure."

In one of their talks she had said to Marion that if it wasn't so very funny, she would wish he might marry Helen! "They are so fitted to each other; mother says she never saw anything like it. But he says 'Miss Chase,' and she says 'Mr. Drew,' as if they *couldn't* say anything else. Everything comes right for Helen—it always will."

Marion was thinking of that last thought of Trudie's concerning Miss Helen, and watching the six black crows that were taking stately steps in the middle of the muddy street. The water on each side of the road was flowing down towards the brook that was one of the boundary lines of Mr. Lindsley's farm. She raised the window and leaned out; the water in the brook gurgled with a spring-like sound, and the air felt fresh and warm. A new spring was coming, and summer days. Eloise would come, and everything would go on as usual; it would be just like last summer, only Will would be away at school, and Saturday nights would not bring Tom Nelson. How the springs followed one another. This spring she would be nineteen, soon she would be old, and would everything then be as it was now? Would she never have that ideal home, that home of her very own,

with music in it, and a perfect sympathy, and a faith that looked to God for everything? Was it a good thing, and not a good thing for her?

Nineteen seemed very old to Marion.

The willows by the brook away off in the field were turning yellow; she would write to Eloise of this sign of spring, and about the six crows who stepped as if they were afraid of wetting their toes.

The stage was coming, that was another sign of spring; this was the first time this winter that it had passed before the lamps were lighted.

Josie was entering her gate; she looked over and called out: "I have a letter from Tom, he is coming home next week."

At the same moment Alfred Chase was unfastening the gate with Will's wooden bolt. Marion was glad that she had no opportunity to reply.

"Will you come in? Not through the window, though."

"Not now, thank you. Bruin noticed that *in haste* was written on your letter. I thought you might not send to the office to-night, and if you are like Nell, you like your letters fresh. How spring-like this air is! It reminds me that I must go to work."

Marion closed the window as he fastened the gate.

The letter was from Mrs. Raynor, and mailed that morning. The one page of the letter was blurred and written as if the pen were guided by unsteady fingers:

"DEAR MARION:

"Our Eloise has gone to God. She fell asleep last night at midnight, and passed away without waking. She spoke of you in the afternoon, and sent her 'dearest love.' Her dear little face is very sweet this morning. I know it will keep you from grieving for her if you will come and look upon it.

"Your friend,

"E. RAYNOR."

She read it through twice before she could understand that Eloise was dead. She was dead, and spring was coming; rather, she was in the presence of Christ, dear little Eloise. No one could take her out of His safe keeping. It grew darker as she stood there, her eyes were soft with tears, and her heart was soft with love to Him, who, when He had tried His children long enough, took them to Himself.

"Marion, tea is ready," came through the open door.

She felt her way slowly into the light.

"Mother, Eloise is dead," she said clearly, steadying herself against the mantel.

"Eloise! Why how you startle me! How did you hear?"

"Mr. Alf just brought me the letter."

"Her mother said she was very weak in the last letter. Darling little Eloise! Let me see the letter."

Mrs. Lindsley moved nearer the light and opened the letter.

"What will her mother do?" Mrs. Lindsley laid down the letter. "She lived in that child. I have often wondered how a mother could bear losing a child. Poor little Wesie!"

"*Dear* little Wesie," was in Marion's heart, not *poor* little Wesie, when the child loved God and had gone to Him. She tasted her tea, then slipped away into the parlor, leaving her father and mother talking about Eloise.

The stove door stood open, a faint light flickered on the white-washed walls. She pushed the heap of muslin and calico from the sofa, lay down and covered her face with her hands. Her mother's voice in the next room sounded afar off; nothing was near, or real, but God. She was not afraid, she loved Christ more than she loved any one beside; she loved to speak to Him all the thoughts that were in her heart. She began to know how prayer could keep the heart from breaking. She had forgotten that Tom Nelson was coming home. When she remembered it, she remembered it calmly. How could she think of herself when Eloise's mother would not hear her child speak to her again, till she, too, was called to God.

The next day Maron and her mother looked upon the pleasant little face.

"She was painting a text for you, Marion," her mother said; "it is not finished. I lettered it only as far as she was strong enough to work,"

It was painted in her favorite tints—lavender and scarlet "The Lord hath been mindful—"

Marion laid it away to be often looked at and kissed, for the sake of the loving little fingers.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PIANO AT LAST.

"Why all this useless sorrow
For the morrow?
Will not He
Who cares for all
Whate'er befall
Care, too, for thee?"

On the evening of Marion's return from the

city, she stood alone by the kitchen fire. Her restless heart was stilled; her face was calm and bright; and the words she was humming were as hopeful as she was herself.

She was learning the truth that Miss Helen had learned, that Miss Helen loved to live—that it is happier to delight in the Lord than even to have the heart's desires.

Her father was in the porch, stamping the light snow off his boots. Marion looked up as he entered; he had come from the post-office, and it might be— Before she was conscious of the thrill of expectation, he had handed her a letter and passed into the sitting-room. It was from Tom Nelson—at last!

Her fingers tightened over it; would she be glad, or sorry, to read it? Would she wait, or read it now?

The candle decided the matter, for the wick dropped into the melted tallow, flaring out brightly.

It was a long letter, but this is the way it opened:

“DEAR MARION:

“You will see me in a few days, but I wanted to explain first—no, I can't explain yet, it is too foolish to talk about, and if I should tell you, you might say (and justly), ‘Get away Tom Nelson, I have had enough of you!’ So, if you will not be angry, I will not tell you why I have not written till the time when you like me better than anybody. Of course you will, some time, for I have made up my mind to be the best fellow that ever lived—if you will. Perhaps you are angry (as you have reason to be), and will not look at me when I come home, but I am not afraid, for I know you will relent when you see how sorry I am, and know that I care more for you than for Josie, or anybody. I don't know how to write a love letter; do you think you could imagine *this* to be one? I am only Tom Nelson, but I am Tom Nelson who is trying, with God's help, to be His servant and next to that, *your* good friend and— But we will speak of that after Sam gets through college. I am not worth waiting for, Marion, but do think I am if you can; because I think it *began* the day I wanted to sit side of you in Sunday-school—and before that, in the time when all good things *did* begin.”

The candle-wick sputtered and died out; just then her mother called her, and it was bed-time before Marion could finish her letter.

Tom came home for a week, and then went back to hard work. Marion sang all over the house in the early spring days as sweetly and jubilantly as the birds that were building their nests in the apple-tree in the back yard.

One morning in June she was sweeping the stairs, with a red silk handkerchief tied over her braids, sweeping and singing, so intent upon her work that her mother called several times before she gave heed.

“Marion, I wish you would run over to the store; my bread is sour, and there isn't any soda in the house.”

“I'll be through in two minutes,” said Marion. She went to her mother for the money, and hurried off. It might have been half an hour after she left,—Mrs. Lindsley was too busy to notice the clock,—but it was certainly not longer, when Marion opened the kitchen door.

It was Marion, if Marion were as rosy as the sunset, as *sparkling as wine*, and light enough to tread on the clouds.

“Marion! Marion! What *has* happened?” cried her mother, catching a glimpse of her face.

“O mother!” Marion began to laugh, then she burst into tears, and laughed and cried alternately for some minutes.

“If you won't tell me, how *am* I to know?”

“O mother!” uncovering her face, “I've got—” breaking down again, “a *piano*.”

“A piano! The child is out of her mind,” exclaimed her mother in alarm.

“I know it, mother. I *am* out of my mind, and body too, for I must be somebody else!” beginning to speak coherently. “It has come to Mount Pleasant—it got there yesterday. Mrs. Raynor sent it—Eloise asked her.”

“You—don't—*say!*” ejaculated Mrs. Lindsley.

“There, now, you are astonished yourself! I don't know how I ever got home. I read the letter in the office. I'll never read another letter in the post-office. It was recess; Josie called after me; I don't know whether I answered her or not. I haven't read but half of the letter; it's two sheets! I remember the night I wrote the verses for Eloise, and the note she printed. She said it was a secret. Won't Miss Helen be glad?—and Trudie and Josie?”

“Read the letter, and I'll see my way clear.”

Marion read it as unexcitedly as she could, while her mother stood listening, expressing her satisfaction by frequent exclamations.

“Oh, I don't deserve it! I don't deserve it!” cried Marion in her ecstasy; “mother, it is too good. I shall faint away when I see it.”

“I'll give it a thump and bring you to,”

laughed her mother. "Father isn't home, and we will have to wait till to-morrow."

The waiting was not "till to-morrow" however, for before night an express-wagon from Mount Pleasant drove into the yard, the piano was set up between the parlor windows, and the men drove away.

Before Marion touched the keys her mother left the room. Joyful and solemn strains reached her in the kitchen, the familiar music of the doxology :

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The Lord *had* been mindful.

THE END.

THE CARE OF CANARIES.

A pair of canaries I give to your care.
 Don't blind them with sunshine, or starve them with air,
 Or leave them out late in the cold and the damp,
 And then be surprised if they suffer from camp;
 Or open the window in all kind of weathers
 Quite near to their cage till they puff out their feathers.
 The birds that are free fly to bush and to grot,
 If the wind be too cold or the sun is too hot;
 But these pretty captives depend on your aid,
 In winter for warmth, and in summer for shade.
 When they chirrup, and ceaselessly hop to and fro,
 Some want or discomfort they're trying to show;
 When they scrape their bills sharply on perch or at wire
 They're asking for something they greatly desire;
 When they set every feather on end in a twinkling,
 With musical rustle, like water a-sprinkling;
 In rain or in sunshine, with sharp call-like notes,
 They are begging for water to freshen their coats.
 Cage, perches and vessels, keep all very clean,
 For fear of small insects—you know what I mean!—
 They breed in their feathers, and leave them no rest.
 In buying them seed, choose the cleanest and best.
 I feed my canaries (excuse me the hint)
 On hemp and canary, rape, millet and lint.
 I try them with all, till I find out their taste—
 The food they don't care for they scatter and waste.
 About their bright cages I hang a gay bower
 Of shepherd's purse, chickweed, and groundsel in flower.
 At a root of ripe grass they will pick with must zest,
 For seeds and small pebbles, their food to digest.
 But all should be ripe, and well seeded, and brown,
 Few leaves on the groundsel, but plenty of down.
 In summer I hang them out high in the shade
 About our hall-door by a portico made;
 In spring, autumn, winter, a window they share,
 Where the blind is drawn down to the afternoon glare.
 This window, if open beneath them, we close,
 Lest the cramp should seize hold of their poor little toes.
 A bath about noontide on every mild day
 Will keep your small favorites healthy and gay.
 In hot summer sunshine, some calico green,
 As a roof to their cage, makes a very good screen.
 On winter nights, cover from lamplight and cold;
 And they'll sing in all weathers, and live to be old.

—*The Animal World.*

NATHALIE'S TRIAL.

BY MISS J. A. EASTMAN.

"Ple-e-ase, Natty," pleaded little Alice, "I can't walk so fast; my throat feels so badly."

"Oh, bah! come on! You don't walk with your throat."

At this the girls all laughed. Nathalie dearly loved to raise a laugh. Besides, Jess was waiting—Jess, with her ringing voice and great black eyes. Jess was afraid of nobody and nothing. Natty was a bit afraid of Jess, but would have died before she would have owned it. In Jess's company, therefore, she always talked faster and laughed louder than anywhere else.

Another time Nathalie would have waited for her little sister Alice, who stood leaning heavily against a post of the fence, with such sorry blue eyes; but just then she remembered that Jess had said only last night, "Pooh! who wants an infant at one's heels?" So she seized Jess's arm, caught step, and they moved off side by side, the four-buttoned boots, and the four straight, shapely ankles getting over the ground in a fine, sturdy fashion of their own.

"I'll carry your satchel for you, Alice," said Timmy.

Nathalie's long curls and the blue streamers of Jess's hat had just gone out of sight round the corner, and Alice was leaning against the fence-post still. The scholars were all gone; Timmy stayed to lock the schoolhouse. He was poor, and earned his tuition that way. "Thank you; you're very kind;" and Alice gave Timmy a look that made him think, "Dear me, I'd carry her too, if she'd let me;" but he didn't venture to say it.

"I wish I had my sled here; the snow is so deep I didn't bring it to-day."

There had been a storm, and the drifts were shoulder-deep, measuring by Alice. It was hard walking, therefore, and the two came on slowly. But just as they reached the home-gate, and Tim was running in with the satchel, Jess and Nathalie appeared from the opposite direction munching peanuts.

"Heigho!" cried Jess, giving Tim a cool stare with those wide-open eyes of hers. "Al has hired a new boy. Wonder how much she pays him."

It was a cruel taunt. Tim's mother was so poor, you know; she took in washing. Nathalie laughed and Alice said, "Thank you, Tim." The boy took off his cap, and Alice bowed as politely as though Tim had been a prince of the blood. Then he ran off.

"Better hurry up, you've got the washtubs to empty," said Nathalie.

"Oh, Natty!" said Alice.

"Well, what?"

Nat faced squarely about; Jess was looking on.

"You've made Tim feel bad."

"How very sensitive we are all of a sudden!" said Nathalie; and Jess.

"Oh Al always was too good for common folks. I say, Al, what do you shut your eyes in prayer-time for?"

"I thought every one did," was the meek reply.

"Thought every one did! Just hear that. Oh, that's the last joke;" and Jess shouted, "Why, I have half my fun while Miss Mack is on her knees. Who cares for her prayers? They don't rise higher than the ceiling, I know."

Now Nathalie knew this was wrong, but she laughed. Alice did not laugh or speak. Just then a gray kitten came down the path. Jess spied her, and cried out,

"Hurrah, boys, there's a cat! I hate cats! Jolly! S-s-stboy! Come on, Nat!"

"Oh, don't, Jessy. It's my kitty, and she's lame. She got caught in a trap."

"Lame is she? Appropriate for you to have a lame cat, being inclined that way yourself."

O Jess, did you know how that hurt? Alice had had a white swelling. She had suffered months of agony from it; but even that was easier to bear than this wicked speech.

"Here she is; I've got her, Nat;" and Jess seized the kitten, while Nat ran up, and little Alice plunged through the drifts after them.

"Ple-e-ase!" pleaded she.

"Pl-e-e-ase!" drawled Jess in derision, mimicking the plaintive tone.

"Let's put her in the water-trough. Hydro-path's 'mazin good for cats;" and Jess shouted at her own wit. Then—she was as quick as

lightning, was Jess—in a twinkling the crippled kitten was plunged into the ice-cold water, taken out, and hoisted, dripping and forlorn, on the top of Natty's open umbrella.

"Now for it," spoke Nathalie; "let's give her a pack. Where's your handkerchief, Jess? Oh, there's the tea-bell. I must go in this minute or Aunt Meg will scold."

Jess ran off, and so did pussy. Natty went into the house, and Alice ploughed her way out of the drift, and followed the cat's vanishing tail up the woodhouse stairs.

"You poor, poor kitty," she sobbed, creeping out under the eaves, where her pet, in a soaked and sad estate, was trying to dry herself with her tongue. "Oh, kitty!" and Alice set about stroking her with her handkerchief, wetting her coat with tears as fast as she dried it. "Oh, kitty, nobody loves you but me, and nobody loves me but you."

"They are real hateful, Miss Alice," said Norah, the cook, as the child came tugging her maltreated pet down to the kitchen stove. "I wouldn't mind; bad luck to 'em—arrah!"

"I wouldn't mind Jess, but Natty's my sister;" and Alice sobbed a great deep sob, "fit to break yer heart," as Norah said. "Natty's my sister, and she's all I've got."

Poor little Alice. Her mother was dead, her father was away nearly always, and Aunt Meg was a hard woman, and above all things detested what she called "de-e-licate people."

"May I go to bed, aunt?"

Alice was shivering over the stove. She couldn't eat her supper, and her throat felt so full. Her aunt was knitting; she did not look up, but answered:

"One—two—yes, yes. Go right along—four—five—latch the door after you."

The little girl dragged herself up stairs. The moon shone bright and cold through the frosty window-panes, so cold—so bright. Alice prayed, "Dear God, please bless my sister Nathalie, and make her love me—a little." Then, with a shuddering chill, she crept into bed and wondered if she ever would be warm again.

It was an hour later. Nathalie was ciphering, but a pair of sad eyes kept swimming between her own and the slate. She was just thinking how she would hug Alice, and kiss her and make it all up when she went to bed, and let Alice "lie on her arm," as the dear little thing so loved to do. For Nathalie was kind and affectionate when Jess was out of the way.

Aunt Meg started, saying, "What is that noise? Is anything wrong at the stables?"

Nathalie listened at the door. "It's in the house," she said, and ran up stairs. An instant and she was down again showing a white face of terror at the hall-door. "Oh, Aunt Meg, something ails Alice; she's strangling."

Grandmother Warner came running in with her camphor-bottle. She looked once at Alice, reaching out her poor helpless hands, and making that dreadful rattling in her throat, and she said one word:

"Croup!"

The sun came up over the hills next morning and filled all the valley with light. He shone on a hundred fields white with snow, and he looked into the little room where Nathalie and Alice had slept so many happy nights, looked in through the sparkle of the frosty panes, and saw, on the spotless bed, something as white and cold as the snow itself. All that was left of sweet little Alice lay there with folded hands that winter morning.

Poor little Alice? No—no. Happy Alice! Poor, wretched Natty! She crouched, a shuddering form on the floor by the bedside.

"Oh, Ally, my darling, my own little lamb," she moaned. Then, "Oh, wicked, wicked!" It was all she could say remembering that last terrible night, when she had laughed at her little sister, and been so unkind.

The very last words that Alice had ever heard her speak had been words that cut the loving heart to the quick. Oh, Natty, Natty!

Timmy brought a white rose from his mother's one bush, and laid it in the waxen fingers, and he begged the kitten for Alice's sake. Then they made a grave for the little girl by her mother's side, and the soft snow came and covered it. There was no longer any little Alice in time or on earth.

Nathalie is a woman now, with children of her own. But no golden head, no bright eyes of them all are dearer to her than the memory of the little sister who went home to God so long ago. This is why Nathalie is known as a woman kind to all weakness and suffering, and why her voice is never so earnest as when she pleads with her children to speak tenderly, always, to the little ones. For God knows—He only—through what days of sorrow, through what nights of bitter weeping, Nathalie mourned her sister, and her thoughtless cruelty that winter afternoon.—*Christian Weekly.*

The Home.

MARRIAGE AND MONEY.

BY GEO. CARY EGGLESTON.

Can a young man, with his way to make, afford to marry! This is a question asked every day, and answered in various dogmatic ways, but it is rarely ever fairly examined, and as a consequence the answers given are rarely ever of value. Sentiment decides the point in most cases, and there is as much of sentiment on one side as on the other. But there are well-ascertained facts upon which to base a decision, and to these we ask attention. It is unquestionably true that no man should marry who is not able to support a family in tolerable comfort. But every man who knows a business thoroughly, and has reasonably good health, is able, in our country at least, to support a family, if he be right minded and master of himself. Without skill in some recognized calling, however, marriage is in the last degree dangerous, even to men with wealth already in possession. There is no certainty that one's wealth will remain with him. Skill is the only certain possession, the only thing which one cannot lose, and skill only is an adequate safeguard against ultimate poverty. The man who has skill to offer the world is sure of a market for his wares, and such a man need have no hesitation about marrying under proper conditions. And to such a man a family has a positive pecuniary value, much greater than the cost of its maintenance. The man of family has incentives, which no unmarried man can have, to constant exertion, to sobriety of life, to economy, to steadiness of purpose, to all those virtues, in short, which render business success certain and make business failure next to impossible. Married men, as a rule, are better workmen than single ones, in every branch of human exertion. They retain their situations longer. Their attention is less likely to be diverted from business to other things. Their earnings in every kind of business, are usually greater than those of unmarried men; and their hold upon business

is far surer than that of men who have only themselves to provide for. Against all these considerations must be set the cost of maintaining a family. But is there really any cost in the matter? Is there not rather a positive economy in marriage? As a rule, certainly, married men save more money than single men. They are not married men because they are better off than their fellows, but are better off because they are married men. The unmarried man has a hundred necessary expenses, which the married man escapes entirely. And the temptations which beset single men to spend money in unnecessary ways,—temptations of which the married man knows nothing,—are too well known to need mention. And the money thus unnecessarily spent is commonly sufficient to pay the entire expense of a family. The fact is that very few single men who must live from their work save anything at all out of their incomes, while nearly all married ones do. In other words, the majority of men find it more expensive to live single than to marry. As a rule, therefore, putting the matter on its lowest plane, we think it a wise economy to marry, provided the wife be a sensible person, accustomed to live in a style similar to that which her husband can afford.

Aside from the moral enormity involved, the very worst speculation in which any man can engage is that of marrying for money. Judged by purely economic laws, it is almost always dangerous, to say the least. Young women who inherit property are usually the daughters of wealthy men, and at any rate are accustomed to live in a style which the money or property they bring into the partnership will not suffice to maintain. In other words, the expense of maintaining such a wife is usually greater than the income her property can be made to yield, and, as a consequence, mercenary marriages of this kind are apt to result in an ultimate poverty

which the wife does not know how to share with her husband, or how to remedy in the smallest degree. And the principle holds good in cases in which the marriage has not been a mercenary one at all, if the wife alone has brought money or property into the family. With the very best of purposes she does not know how to adapt herself to a mode of life less expensive than that which obtained in her father's house, and her inheritance alone is rarely ever sufficient for that.

This seems a homely treatment of such a subject, but the sad mistakes now and then resulting from ignorance or neglect of these facts, render it necessary in an unpretentious, practical manual like this.

We hear a good deal of the extravagance of women, and of the ruin it works in men's affairs. Somebody once said that modern women are so extravagant in dress, and so helpless in other respects, that none but rich men can afford to marry them, and foolish people have been saying the same thing, or something like it, ever since. Every time a man fails in business people take a mental inventory of his wife's wardrobe, and cry out, "Poor fellow, he was ruined by her extravagance!" No account is taken of his club expenses, or his unnecessary restaurant bills, or his fast horses, or the vanity that prompted him to buy a bigger and finer house than he needed, and to furnish it in a style which he could not afford. Nothing is said of his dress coats made by some Monsieur Snip who charges extra prices because he writes himself "Artist Tailor" on his gilded sign. The man may have gambled his money away, or he may have lost it in reckless stock speculation for all any body knows to the contrary, while his wife, whom he has deluded into the belief that he is rich, has dressed and lived only as his seeming circumstances justified her in doing, doing it too for his sake, chiefly, that he might not be ashamed to introduce her as his wife,—that his home might be pleasant,—that he might feel free to have his friends as guests, and sometimes for the sake of the business advantages resulting from a graceful hospitality. Or if she has been as extravagant as he, the fault is usually his, so long as the fact remains that a proper husband may practically control a proper wife in matters of this kind, without sacrificing any part of her affection or in any way marring her happiness. It is true enough that women are not commonly taught the value of money or the

principles of economy as they should be; but for the most part they are not fools. They have commonly no more stomach for beggary than men have. The ruin of their husbands is their ruin also. Poverty and changed circumstances fall far more heavily on them than upon their partners in life. The man goes to his business and spends half of his life outside his home. He has respite every day from the discomfords of a cold hearthstone. The woman lives at home, and suffers. To her poverty is ever present. Its pains are her constant companions, and on her shoulders fall all the hardest duties incident to it. It is she who must pinch and save in ungraceful ways. Of the burden of the ruin she must bear the larger share. And knowing all this, women do not willingly work ruin in their husband's affairs. That they bring it about sometimes, is true enough, but they do so unwittingly in nearly all cases, and it is clearly the fault of the man that they know not what they do. In short, it is not true that the sin of extravagance lies always at the woman's door; and when it does, it is nearly always the fault of the man, he being the cause, she only the agent of the ill. Men's personal expenses are not commonly so evident to others as women's are. A man spends money in a hundred ways of which his neighbors know nothing, while the extravagance of a woman is almost certain to be ostentatious. Indulgence is his object, display hers, and so his sins are covered while hers advertise themselves. And even that which seems to be her extravagance, is often his. The new carpet may have been bought at his behest, that he might seem prosperous in the eyes of his friends and guests, but the wife is blamed if a catastrophe happens to reveal the fact that the purchase was an unwise one.

In any case the man has an ultimate power to control matters, which, if he be a wise man, he will exercise, and if necessary, he may do so too, in nearly every case, without doing or seeming to do any arbitrary act whatever. As we have already seen, the wife is even more deeply interested than the husband in the financial prosperity of the family. Upon her, too, depends in a larger degree, the execution of whatever plans of economy the case may make necessary. She is commonly better able than he to manage such things, and she has better opportunities. It only remains to impress upon her the necessity of economy to secure its practice. She will not willingly work her own and her household's ruin;

and if she be permitted to understand just what degree of economy prudence requires her to practice, she will practice it. Every married woman knows that she may be left a widow with children to maintain, and nearly every married woman is anxious to prepare for such a contingency by the accumulation of means while the means are to be had. But every woman also wants to live as comfortably as she can. If she be right-minded she desires to make her home a specially attractive place—not for her own sake only, or even chiefly, but for the sake of her family. To reconcile these two desires with each other,—to accomplish the one end with the least possible sacrifice of the other, is the problem which every married woman has to solve, and most of them honestly and earnestly endeavor to solve it satisfactorily. But how are they to do so if they are left, as they commonly are, in ignorance of the factors with which they have to work? That they are left in ignorance, nay that they are positively misled in very many cases, is undeniably true, and the fault in every such case is with the man who misleads or neglects to enlighten them as to the facts. Women are neither idiots nor children. They may not know much of the laws of finance, but they do know that if they spend more money than their husbands make, the end will be financial ruin. But what is a woman to do, who, naturally and properly anxious to live genteelly and comfortably, is vaguely told that she must economize, but is at the same time left in ignorance of the amount of money she may legitimately spend? Economy means one thing or another, according to circumstances. That which would be almost a niggardly economy on the part of one man, would be outrageous extravagance in another. The term is a relative one always, and means just nothing at all to one who knows nothing of the income to which it relates. To tell the wife to economize, without telling her also what the husband's income is, is to talk to her in a language of which she does not know the alphabet. And when to such folly is added the injustice of misleading her as to the extent of your resources, by your own self-indulgence, or even by indulgence shown to her, she is certainly not to blame if her conception of the economy necessary shall prove wholly inadequate. She has a right, and it is her positive duty, to dress and live as well as you can fairly afford. This duty is quite as imperative as the duty of practising economy, and the two are entirely

consistent with each other. That she may do both, she must know what you can and what you cannot afford. If you leave her to guess the factors of the problem, you have only yourself to blame, when she involves you in her failure to solve it. No sane man would think of entrusting the management of an important branch of his business to a partner, and keeping that partner in ignorance of the facts underlying the business itself, even if he could find a partner willing to be kept in such ignorance. But in an important sense every wife is her husband's business partner. She not only keeps the expense account, but governs it also, and she can govern it wisely only when she knows upon what it rests. Having a duty to do in the matter, she has a right to the information necessary to its proper performance.

And while it is the right of the wife to share in her husband's business, sufficiently at least to be able to manage her part of it wisely and well, it is clearly the interest of the husband to make her his advisory partner even to a much greater extent if possible. The duties and responsibilities implied in such a position give healthful occupation to her mind for one thing.

The wife who is fully informed of her husband's business affairs; who knows what his means and his necessities are; who is able to decide for herself from facts known to her, what measure of economy is prudent, will naturally plan and execute a system of saving which will accomplish its purpose with the least possible friction, and with the smallest sacrifice of comfort to her family. Such a woman has many incentives to economy which her less fully enlightened sister can never have. She is constantly able to adjust the family expenses to the family purse, and as she guesses at nothing, she is not likely to make serious mistakes. Above all, she becomes as much interested as he in the success of a business upon which both depend for prosperity, and of the progress of which she is fully informed; and there are a thousand ways in which she may and will contribute materially to its successful prosecution. She is an excellent adviser in very many cases, and a conservative force always, and every business man knows how sorely conservatism is needed in most men's affairs. When for any reason the business becomes less profitable than usual, the well-informed wife sees the necessity for domestic retrenchment, long before most men would think it necessary to point the mat-

ter out. The wife who from the very first is informed of her husband's circumstances, has her attention directed constantly to the common object of securing present prosperity and future competence, and this is a great gain in every case. The steady pursuit of such a purpose, by man and wife acting together, is pretty sure to end in its accomplishment. In short, the young man with his way to make in the world cannot do a better thing than take his wife into confidential partnership from the beginning.

There is one principal difficulty and several minor ones in the way of doing this. The principal difficulty is that people do not begin aright. The young married man, acting under a variety of motives, usually conceals from his wife the exact extent of his means, and in his anxiety to gratify her wishes as well as to spare her from pecuniary care, he directly deceives her, however unintentionally, as to his ability to afford expenditure. In this way it happens frequently that serious embarrassment results from the unwise expenditure, in a few months, of the money which should have supported the family for a year or two. Besides, having begun wrong, there is necessarily some degree of mortification to be incurred when a change in their mode of life becomes necessary, and, anxious to avoid this, the husband commonly postpones the change as long as possible, even running into debt sometimes and laying a burden upon his own and his wife's shoulders which must be borne for years. And so a misstep in the start makes the journey a halting one throughout.

There are so many mistakes of this kind made, and their consequences are so very serious, that we cannot lay too much stress upon the necessity of beginning aright. When two people marry, it is presumable that they wish and intend to be as prosperous and happy as they can. Their interests are precisely identical. Upon the wise administration of their affairs, both at home and in business, depends, in a large measure, the success of their efforts to live happily. Knowing all this, common sense ought to teach them the necessity of a clear understanding at the very outset. They must work together with common means for the accomplishment of a common end, and there can be nothing more absurd than an attempt to do this while one of the joint managers,—and that the one upon whom chiefly falls the duty of maintaining a just ratio between expenses and income,—is kept ignorant of the state of the family exchequer. The only sensible course,—the only course, indeed, in which there is even tolerable safety, is for the man who provides the means, to enlighten the woman who controls expenditures, as to the exact resources at their joint command. The folly and cowardice which prompt a course of concealment and deception, are unworthy a man, even if they were not shamefully unjust also. It seems strange that any man should be ashamed of his own lack of wealth,—and that one should blush to own it to his wife would be inconceivable if it were not every day manifest.—From *"How to Make a Living."*

OUR CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BESSY WELLS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," &C.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

The various lots of man in this world seem to be dealt out very unequally. That of some people appears to be cast in a sunny plain of uninterrupted prosperity and enjoyment, where there is nothing to do but go forward jauntily, taking little care for the morrow. That of others is undoubtedly thrown amid difficulties, and

troubles, and sorrows; hardly a step of it can be taken but rocks jut out ahead, impeding the course, and thorns press into the foot. It is just possible that there may be less real difference in the two lots than is presented on their surface. If we could look into the heart of the most favored as God looks into it, we might find there

some hidden corroding anxiety or care; that ugly monster known familiarly amidst us as the "skeleton in the closet." And it may be that within the most care-worn and apparently unfortunate—in that hidden life, hidden from the world—there reigns some compensating element of soothing peace. One thing is certain, that natures are not all formed to *feel* in a like degree. While the shock of some great trouble, whether anticipated or falling unexpectedly, as the case may happen, is passed over lightly by one man—hardly seen when it comes; to another it is as a terrible agony, shattering the spirit for the time, leaving its marks until death.

But—whatever the lot, sunny or stormy, light or heavy, fair or dark, the race of life must be run, and we must fulfil our common duties in it. It has been getting rather a fast race of late years. What with business and pleasure, with out-of-door occupations and in-door cares, with the calls of society and the obligations of home and family, life seems to be one swift, bustling, heated course, in which there is never a moment to spare, night or day. It is said in that great Book—some few of us have become too busy to read it—that in the latter days we shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. Most certainly it would seem as if that prophecy had been written for the present time. We not only run to and fro in the literal interpretation of the words, and in a marvellous degree, from land to land, from country to country, but we are running to and fro at home hourly and daily, giving ourselves no repose. The world was never so full of bustle as it is now; the career of men and women never so fast. "If I could, I would do so-and-so, but there's no time even to think of it," is a common assertion, often heard.

Just so. Life has become to the most of us one swift, headlong race—a continuous fight in which there is so much to do that the half of it has to be left undone. From Monday morning until Saturday night we are all bustling away in the fierce struggle to get along, rushing from one excitement to another. Some at work, some at play, all in a degree at both; no space is left for breathing-time. Even the Sunday does not now bring to a man tis appointed rest, for we must go abroad to this place and that after the morning service; and visiting on that day has become fashionable. Elderly people wonder why the summer or autumn holiday has become so universal; they and their fathers did not take it. The reason is, that the

artificial speed at which we now live, with the unnatural excitement this speed creates, renders the interval of rest necessary to recruit the spent brain and jaded frame. In a word, the present system of existence is such, that all our powers of mind and body are taxed to keep it up, all our thoughts and energies must be exclusively and continuously devoted to it. And so the life runs on heedlessly, with its bustle and strife, its work and pleasure, its incessant whirl and its petty cares, affording no spare time in which to think of making much preparation for the other life that must come after. For the most part we forget how surely and fleetly we are hastening on to it.

We should, and do forget it; should forget it perhaps to the end. But there is One in heaven who cares more for us than we care for ourselves, and in mercy calls our attention to it now and then. However prosperously sunny the career may be, however full of painful adversity, there comes in most lives a time, or times, when we are pulled-up in our headlong course, and are brought, as it were, face to face with God. By some terrible accident, by an attack of dangerous illness, by the death of one very near and dear, by an epidemic that is slaying its hundreds around us, and that we are in mortal dread of catching, by a sudden awakening to the fact that old age is creeping on: in some one or other of these ways, it may be that the check comes, and arouses us out of our supine apathy. I do not mean that mere temporary check arising from an ordinary cause—the hearing of an impressive sermon, the reading of a serious book—inducing uneasiness and passing reflection, here to-day and gone again to-morrow; but one of these solemn calls when we hear Death knocking at the door, and see that he must inevitably enter. A little sooner or a little latter, what matters it?—there stands Death: and we know not whether we may be able to keep him out, even for a short period, or whether he is not, even then, gliding in.

Oh, what an hour of tribulation that is! Nothing of anguish in the past can have been like unto it. Death there; eternity at hand and we unprepared!

Our days had been so full of business, you see, and we were so over-burdened with the work and pleasures of the world that we had no time to make preparation for it. It might not have been unprofitable work or sinful pleasures, but laudable industry and whole-

some recreation ; only—it was all done for the good of this life, none of it for the next. Those who refused the call to the Great Supper that Christ tells us of, on the plea that they were too busy to attend it, did not urge excuses that are sinful in themselves. The buying of ground and of oxen and the marrying of a wife are all right and necessary transactions of this life, and so were ours. We had been earning money—necessary to live ; we had been making full use of our time—given us to use ; we had been regulating our homes well, and planning for the social advancement of our children ; we had been dining with our friends, and had been dined with in return. What was there wrong in all this ? Nothing, surely nothing. No. Only there we lie with that awful terror of remorse upon us, feeling and knowing that the mistake consisted in our having lived only for this world, not at all for God.

My friends, such an hour, such a check, may not yet have been experienced by you ; but it most assuredly will be, unlikely though you may at present deem it. Unless heaven is prepared for beforehand, the stings of conscience must be awakened on the death-bed.

All the mistakes and sins of the past life rise up in array then. We had thought we were doing so well in it ! We have not been (in the wide sense of the term) open sinners or secret sinners, but simply busy people elbowing others in the world's race, and using our best exertions to keep a fair and reputable place in it. Ah, but what have we left undone ? If the very holiest among us pour forth that question in something very like despair when about to render up their account, what must we do who have not been holy at all ?

There have been sins of omission and commission. If not of that glaring nature that the world itself, for propriety's sake, condemns, have there not been lighter ones ? Lighter as we estimate them ; not much lighter, perhaps, in the sight of heaven. The unkind word spoken ; the unneighborly act done ; the utter lack of St. Paul's charity ; the cheating, the lying, the pride, the scorn ; the deliberate abandonment of those who had a claim on us ; the hardness of heart ; frivolity ; deceit ; self-indulgence ; covetousness ; the habitual neglect of God—who is free from these ? Opportunities wasted ; time misspent ; precepts flung away.

In rude health, when the grave seems so far off that it need not concern us at all, these sins

seem to us as very venial ones ; not, in fact, to be called sins ; in that solemn hour I am trying to bring before you, when the grave has drawn near and is making ready, they start out in crimson colors, and we behold them in their true nature. With the hands raised in despair, the heart crying aloud in its anguish, we then ask of God that a little more span of life may be given to us as it was to Hezekiah of old, so that we may redeem the past, "A year, Lord !—a month !—a week !—Only a day, that we may repent of our sins !"

Too late. We have had the time, and not used it—not used it for that which can alone serve us in this our last solemn need. It was good to work for riches ; we needed them : but riches have taken to themselves wings in this our closing hour, and flown away. It was well to strive for place and power ; some must fill it : to rise to a height amidst men ; to attain to fame ; but these desirable things cannot go away with us ; we have to leave them behind. If we might but live our life over again ! we cry out amid the cold dews of agony, so that we might atone for the carelessness of the past ! that we might strive a little, while working for this world, to work also for God ! Too late !

Believe me, this is no ideal picture—no creation of a vivid imagination. How many of those gone from us for ever, going from us daily, could testify to its truth ! But they could never properly testify to the dreadful anguish of the despairing soul at that awful "Too late," for it would be impossible to describe it. Tongue cannot utter it, or pen form words for it. If represented in all its truth and remorse and reality—which it never can be—heart and courage would alike start back with the prayer, "Lord, help me to avoid this !"

It is not so much what we have done amiss, as what we have left undone, that will trouble us, looking back. For the heaviest sin that can lie on the conscience, Jesus Christ holds out his free pardon. He can wash us white. He will wash all those who supplicate him. But, that heavy array of things left undone—oh ! it is *that* that torments the spirit and affrights the soul ! We see now at the end, when time is over, how much lay in our duty to do—and we did it not. In our thoughtlessness we saw it not. We had not meant to be unkind, or careless, or neglectful, or to have given indifference where we should have given love, or to have run the race of life looking only at our own comforts

and conveniences and interests, and not at all to the end. We seemed to be sailing smoothly and safely (or hardly and painfully, according to our lot) down the current of life, just as others were sailing; and we thought ourselves sufficiently religious, and never dreamt of such a day of retribution as this. Too late: the race is run. Regrets avail not. Life is over, with all its good and evil.

But, amid our past omissions—to call them by a light name—there is one that presses upon the spirit at this solemn time above every other, and it is this that I wish exclusively to enlarge upon: neglected duty in regard to our children. Our own sins, those that touch ourselves solely, lie with us; what we have committed we shall have to answer for. There is a verse, perhaps the most solemn in all the Book of Revelation, that shows us this.

“And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.”

Yes, our works, whether they have been good or evil, go forth with us to judgment; and by them we shall be justified, or by them condemned. They cannot affect another. Each soul must to itself stand or fall. But it is a different thing in regard to those children we leave behind us: and it may be that they, at the last Dread Day, shall be lost or saved according as we have trained them.

In the very happiest death-bed there must always lie something of remorse and regret: for who has lived as well as he might have lived? A truly happy death-bed is a thing to be written of; to be talked about; to cause hearts to glow with thankfulness: and how rare it is, as compared with its opposite, you well know. It is a scene of peace, of holy calm; almost as if heaven had come down to earth for a little space and sanctified the chamber. For he, whose soul is on the wing, found his Saviour long before, and has striven to live in his precepts; and he knows that the God, whom he has done his poor best to serve, has blotted out all his sins for that Saviour's sake. But, even the dying thoughts of such a one as this are overshadowed by anxious doubts and fears for the children he is leaving; and he says to himself, “I might have done more for them: have taught them to know their God better; have

trained them more effectually for heaven and walked with them more untiringly on the road to it.” And if these reproachful regrets visit the good man, who has in truth had his children's best interest at heart throughout life, and labored for their vital happiness—if he sees his own shortcomings in this last closing hour when time is fading and opportunities are gone—what must be, think you, the regret of those who have not so labored?

“Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”

It is a recognition of this most imperative duty that I want to impress upon you: the vital necessity, the obligation laid upon you, of training your children in their early years; of bringing them up “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” I am at a loss how to accomplish it for words adequate are wanting: thoughts crowd the brain, but language to express them fails. What I have said above about our obligations to ourselves, our own self-negligences and shortcomings, was but meant as an introduction: *this* is the one vital point on which I wish to speak.

It is a matter that concerns us all. Especially those who are young mothers: from that royal lady who will sometime share the throne of these realms, to the poor wife who hides herself amid the unwholesome back lanes of this great metropolis, or within the walls of a mud hut on a country plain, and begs for the bread that keeps life in her little ones. It alike concerns them, and all the vast numbers who lie in the social gulf between two extremes.

It is the most solemn duty assigned us in this world: no other responsibility can rest upon us with equal weight. It is the most fatal neglect, if we do neglect it, that can be conceived, for that neglect may result in the loss of our child's soul. And then how will our own sin be redeemed? If I can say a little, by divine help, to induce you to take thought for this solemn consideration, I shall be happier in it than in anything I ever wrote.

For a long while the thought has pressed upon me that something ought to be done, and might be done, to awaken mothers to their duty in this respect. As a rule (taking the world in its mass), children are not trained at all for God. I fearlessly assert it. Or, at least, the training they get is not worth the name. I am sure that the instances where a child is earnestly and untiringly trained thus all through his earlier years—his infancy, his childhood, his boyhood,

his youth—are so rare as to be but as one in ten thousand to those who are not. Mothers love their little ones. They are instinctively anxious to do the best for their welfare in time and in eternity, and no doubt think (many of them at least) they are doing it. Some are: perhaps in a better way than any hint of mine could teach and for them these papers are not written. It is meant for the others; the great majority who are not; and who perhaps have never once reflected that they ought to do more than they are doing. As the poet says,—

“And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part.
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.”

Bear with me while I say somewhat of that which I would say. It is in your interest, my readers, not in my own.

This is a Christian land, and we profess to bring up our children accordingly. How are they trained? That is, how taught to live in this world, so as to attain to life in the next? Very differently. The category may be divided into three general heads: those mothers who truly and really teach their children; those who apparently teach them; and those who do not teach them at all. Of course the middle class largely predominates. Of the first there is but a small minority—God alone can tell how small; of the last there is a much larger proportion. For though, what with ragged schools, and Bible-women, and city missionaries, and open-air preaching, a kind of slight ordinary knowledge of what is good and what is evil may be picked up by the parents of those miserable little arabs, as we have learnt to call them, whose best home is the streets, a vast many still lie in the depth of utter, heathen ignorance. The first few are not addressed; the last it is here useless to address; therefore we take alone the middle and larger class. And this class, you understand, is called “middle” only in reference to the present question, not as to social standing; for it comprises within it both high and low, rich and poor.

How, as a rule—I would ask you individually—are you training your children?—you, their mother and natural teacher? In a very proper and Christian manner, you will probably answer; if you are not too indignant, at being asked the question, to answer at all. “They are taught to say their prayers, and to learn their cate-

chism, and (perhaps) some pretty hymns; and they go to church (or chapel) when they are old enough.” That is all very good and right and essential so far as it goes, not to be neglected on any account. But it is (or ought to be) only just the first commencement. The chances are that you let it end there.

A child is too often taught to lisp his prayers like a parrot, understanding them not; attaching no special reverence to them, never having been *prepared* to pray: the chief aim being to get him to know them by heart. This effected, mamma and nurse say what an apt little child it is; and the little child goes on gabbling the said prayers night and morning, according no meaning to them in his mind. As to the Church catechism, or other catechism, it is generally taught him when he is by far too young, and is as so many hard phrases to him and harder sense. When he is taken to church, perhaps as early as at three or four years old—for mamma is so proud of her darling that he cannot be seen enough—what is it that is chiefly thought of by the mother? Why, the child’s handsome dress and his pretty hair, and the difficulty of keeping him still to the end of the service. And she, in teaching him his prayers and in carrying him to church, mostly thinks she has done her full duty by him.

Do not *you*, O anxious mother, so teach, so carry your child? Before even he says his first little word of prayer, prepare him for it. Take him upon your knee in your closet and explain to him in easy words adapted to his young mind, and with whispered, reverent manner, *why* and to *whom* he must pray. Talk to him of the good God who made him, his Father above, the great Creator of all things, Who fills the heavens and the earth: Who in his Omniscient Presence is ever at hand, watching over him, seeing what he does, whether he is good or naughty, hearing all he says: Who sends His angels to be about his path and about his bed to take loving care of him lest he should fall into harm. When the child has by gradual lessons realised this, as far as he is capable, and his little wondering eyes are lifted in awe to the sky above, as if he would rain see into the beautiful place beyond it, then cause him to kneel down; and do you kneel by his side, and put his little hands together, and do you put yours together, all in silent reverence, and so let him lisp his first words of prayers: “Pray God bless me, and make me good!” Tell him of Jesus Christ the Saviour, who came

down to die for the world, because it had sinned so deeply that God could not pardon it, and no one, without that Sacrifice, could have gone to live in heaven : he who so loves little children that he said, "Suffer them to come unto me," and who took them in his arms and blessed them. As the child lies down in his bed at night, teach him to say these lines :—

"To-night I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And in the morning, when he awakes, this other verse :

"I wake to this, another day ;
I pray the Lord to guide my way ;
If I should die before I sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Let him get into the habit of this, so that the repeating of the verses goes, as it were, with his lying down and with his awaking. There have been good and great men, with names known to the world, who have said the lines always, from their infancy up to their old age. Let your child learn to do so.

From the first elementary instruction that you daily give your child, go on further by gradual degrees as his capacity expands. Never neglect it. Count that day lost in which you have not been able to give it.

And when the proper time arrives to take him to church—of which time you will be the best judge, for children differ widely from one another, but it must not be too early—prepare him for that, in like manner, as you prepared him for his first prayers. Impress upon him fully why he goes there. Not to stare about, and fidget, and whisper, but to realise that God is there, and to try to praise and worship Him. Do not attempt to take him until he well comprehends this, and is ready and able to be at least reverent in manner. Never let a slighting word pass your lips before him in reference to sacred things. A child cannot understand as we do, but he may learn in his little mind to hold all connected with true religion in the deepest reverence. Once let him see religion slighted, religious subjects mocked, or religious exercises carped at, and it may make an impression on his pliable young mind that may never be wholly effaced in after life.

This, I say, is only the beginning. And a mother, so beginning, will not be likely to make

it the ending. The great mistake made by those others I have spoken of is, that the superficial early instruction which they give is both the beginning and the ending. Armed with that superficial armor—the saying the prayers (more or less reverently, as the case may be), the learning the catechism, the attending church on the Sunday morning—a child, boy or girl, is supposed to be fully set up in religion for life, and may go out safely to his battle with the world. A mother would not willingly do harm to her child, and send him on his way unprotected, naked almost as when he was born ; but she does it in thoughtlessness. Her own attention has not been called to see the necessity for more precaution, and so she does not give it.

There must arise moments in the life of the most careless and busy man when he feels the need of some refuge to fly to that he cannot find here, some protecting arm to shelter him. Disappointment, despair, trouble or sin, may so overwhelm his mind that he suddenly feels it might be well if he could find God. But he does not know the way to Him. Unless he has been shown somewhat of its landmarks previously, it is an utterly unknown road that he must enter upon ; and his courage may perhaps fail, and so he turns back from it. But, if he have been taken along that road in his childhood, the path is readily found now, and he will not miss it.

The training must begin with the child's very earliest years, and continue always. Always unto manhood. Ay, and even after that. As long as he is in his parents' home, whether he be there continuously or only at intervals, during holiday periods, or what not, the boy (or girl) is under you, his mother, and you must not neglect him. How many mothers there are, most assiduous for their children's comfort, as comprised in warm clothing, in good food, in recreation and in health—in all things essential to their welfare in this world—but who give no anxious thought to their welfare in the next ! For this life they are nourished, educated ; no cost, no trouble is deemed too great to fit their bodies and minds for it, to enhance their success in it ; but what care or trouble is bestowed upon their education for the world that has to come after this ? In too many cases—I had nearly said in most cases—absolutely none. None beyond what I have mentioned.

Take a very common case. You may look around you and see many such cases for your-

selfes ; true, sad pictures. Mrs. X. has a flock of little children ; she has abundant means, at least her husband has, and she keeps two or three nurses. But she is so anxious about these children that she makes herself a slave to them. Three parts of her time she spends in the nursery ; three parts of the house's regularity and comfort are destroyed by the exactions of these children. Their dinners are studied ; their dresses are costly ; they are exhibited as show-children to visitors, indulged, pampered, petted. No cost is spared to make them little ladies and gentlemen ; no cost will be spared to train them for the world. But that other and higher training—where is it ? Well, you shall judge. They say their prayers like little parrots to mamma or servant, as may be convenient, gabbling the words over in a morning in eagerness to escape to breakfast and the pleasures of the new day, droning through them at night in sleepiness. The elder ones are taken to church on Sunday morning, the girls dressed out like puppets at a dolls' show, the boys in the most fashionable of little boys' costumes. If they possess any particular idea connected with church, it is as being a place for exhibiting flounces and feathers, and silk-velvet knickerbockers, and silver shoe-buckles. There is never a holy word read to them at home, or a pious exhortation given ; the religion inculcated, such as it is, begins and ends with the prayers and the church. How will these children, think you, be armed to fight against the temptations of life ? Will they find the way to heaven in later years, when they are not put into its way in these their earlier ones ? It is a solemn question.

The point of this is that Mrs. X. believes herself to be a most exemplary mother,

quite a pattern to some of her neighbors. For she does not gad abroad in the world and leave her children nearly entirely to servants, as they do ; she is about them always. But, with all her bustle and activity, Mrs. X. misses the one thing needful. If she would but devote only a little tith of her daily time, but a few minutes, to putting her children in the right road, it would be well—*well*—for her and for them. She wears herself out with cares and frivolities for their welfare in another way ; she forgets this.

From some cause or other, it mostly *is* forgotten. Some mothers are lost in the whirl of society : they have no space, save for dressing, gaiety, visitors, and visiting ; others have too much to do for their children, in regard to their temporal wants, either of choice (as above) or of necessity ; others are idle and indifferent ; others are absorbed in the one fierce struggle to earn the daily bread. No matter what the preventing cause may be, a very large proportion of our children, the little bees now, as I write this, living and buzzing in the busy hive around us, receive none of that particular, special training that will stand them in good need in after life. I firmly believe that if the training were the rule, instead of the exception, society would present a widely different aspect from what it presents now. The spread of artificiality, of social sins, of frivolity, of pretentious show—the lust of the eye and the pride of life—and above all the spread of infidelity, is, each one, on the increase amid us, and will continue to be. We can expect nothing better when our children are not trained against it.

—ELLEN WOOD, in *Sunday Magazine*.

ENGLISH BRAIN-BUILDING.

Dr. Clarke, who by his essays on Female Education, has directed public attention in the United States to the evil of over-working the brains of young girls, gives in his last book a chapter on the English system of training which will be interesting to our readers, and will furnish useful hints to those engaged in the education of youth :—

From a careful observer who has been in England, and who found time in the midst of pressing avocations to visit some of the English schools, and to make a few notes of his observations upon them, I have obtained the following glimpse of English school-methods for girls, or of English female brain-building, which may be new to some on this side of the Atlantic.

While he was in England, he made various

inquiries and observations touching the methods of English schools for girls who belong to families in good circumstances; and, in general, he tried to see wherein English ideas of bringing up girls are different from our ideas. The interest of this inquiry lies in the indisputable fact that the educated English girl of twenty is, on the average, a finer creature physically than her American contemporary: she is larger-boned, more muscular, fuller-blooded, and, in general, more robust, and better able to bear the burdens of womanhood. I can best give the results of his observations under several distinct heads:—

DIET.—The children's food in a good English home or school is, on the whole, simpler, more digestible, and more nourishing, than in most good American homes and schools; but the main difference is not in the food, but in the general sentiment with regard to eating. To eat regularly at least three hearty meals every day is a serious duty as well as pleasure in an English family or school; and there is generally some fourth eating of a lighter description. That a daughter should go to school, or begin her daily work, without having eaten a stout breakfast, would be a monstrous horror in an English family; with us it is an occurrence too common to excite a remark either at home or at school. In a large day-school for girls in London, in which the session was only four hours and a half long, it was found that every girl was required to eat luncheon in the middle of the morning. Girls who did not bring luncheon from home were required to buy it at the school. The same thing was observed at a school for twelve hundred girls in Edinburgh. Is there a day-school in the United States in which a similar regulation is enforced? An extreme care to supply at regular times an abundance of simple and wholesome food characterizes English bringing-up of children in the upper classes, whether at home or at school. It is too often grievously neglected with us.

FRESH AIR.—English girls are more in the open air than American girls; and when they are indoors they live in rooms warmed almost exclusively by open fires. The climate of England befriends them here. Winter and summer, there is a part of almost every day in England when it is pleasant, or at least not unpleasant, to be in the open air; and, during their winter weather, there are but few days when open fires fail to keep the rooms of a well-

built house moderately warm. The English do not wish to be as warm in their houses as we do. The general English belief in the virtue of fresh air and out-of-door exercise affects very much the management of schools, whether for girls or boys. At the English public schools for boys, more attention seems sometimes to be given to physical than to mental training. What would American teachers think of having a recess of ten minutes out of every hour, during which every child should be obliged to go into the open air, and the windows of every room in the school-building should be thrown wide open! Such was found to be the rule at an excellent Scotch academy which receives both boys and girls. The girls at that academy were so constantly going into the open air, that they wore their hats even when in the school-rooms. The development of a taste for exercise in the open air, and of a love of out-of-door occupations and sports, is slow in this country. The extremes of our climate are against us. We build our houses to keep out heat and cold, not to enable us to enjoy such temperate weather as we really have. The newness of the country is also against us. The mere absence of well-made roads is a serious difficulty. For sitting in the open air, and for walking, riding, driving, boating, yachting, carriage-journeys, and indeed every sort of open-air exercise and amusement suitable for the sex, the English girl of the upper classes has a much better chance than the American girl, and she has by inheritance and training a stronger taste and greater capacity for such healthful occupations than the American. No reform in our methods of bringing up girls will be effectual, which does not include much greater attention than we now give to securing for them fresh air indoors, at school and at home, and moderate exercise out of doors and open-air amusements.

SLEEP.—The usual bedtime at English boarding-schools for girls is nine o'clock, even for girls seventeen and eighteen years old. Moreover, at many of the best of these schools, the girls are not allowed to study after eight o'clock in the evening, in order that the mind may be at rest during the hour before bedtime. Even the masters and mistresses of day-schools are expected to take vigilant care that their pupils do not over-work themselves at home. A schedule showing the precise time [*e. g.*, from three to half-past four, or from seven to eight] to be spent each day in the preparation of home lessons is, at many schools, given to each pupil;

and her parents are informed that, if the pupil cannot complete her lessons within the time mentioned, she should leave them undone. In preparing these schedules, the master or mistress has to enquire systematically into the habits and hours of the families from which their pupils come, and to adapt the schedule of each pupil to her home-circumstances. So far as I know such care of the pupil's home-work as this is very rare in American schools, whether for boys or girls.

TRANQUILITY OF LIFE.—An English girl of good family grows up, until she is eighteen years old, in an atmosphere of profound quiet, like a plant which the gardener has sheltered from the wind, that it may develop on all sides to perfection. She does not associate much with her parents and their friends; sees very little of young men beyond those of her own family; does not go to parties, or public entertainments of any sort; and knows little, and cares less, about what is going on in the world. In all these respects, her life is physically much more wholesome than that of her American sister. Moreover, she is never subjected to the influence of strenuous competition at school,—that most

disastrous influence for girls and young women. She is never a performer at school "exhibitions," or public examinations of any kind. Her tasks at school, or with her governess, are decidedly lighter than those of boys or young men of the same age; and she never has occasion to compare her attainments with those of the other sex.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE DESIRE OF MARRIAGE.—A fortunate marriage is what an English girl desires for herself, and what her parents desire for her. To this end it is all-important, in England, that a young woman, of whatever class in society, should be healthy and vigorous. When American young men feel about this matter as English young men feel, and have felt for many generations, there will be a great improvement in the physique of American women, because parents will have strong motives, perhaps unconscious ones, for using all means to that good end; and it is an end which can be accomplished by the persevering use of the right means. Thoughtless marriages are more natural in a new society than in an old. As American society gets more highly organized, such marriages will be less and less common.—*From "The Building of a Brain."*

HOW TO MAKE LOBSTER SALAD.

There are few nicer and at the same time prettier-looking dishes than a *salade mayonnaise*. Yet too often when directions are given, in books or otherwise, how to make mayonnaise sauce, the latter point—that is, appearance—is altogether left out of the question. Making mayonnaise sauce, and simply mixing it with some lettuce and lobster and hard-boiled egg, is certainly making a very nice lobster salad. Just in the same way the most beautiful clear jelly might be handed round in white pudding-basins, or even in the saucepan in which it was boiled; but how different to a handsome mould, with a few preserved fruits inside it, placed in the centre of a bright cut-glass dish, and a little cut lemon by way of garnish!

But we have been long enough on the subject, "How not to do it," and must begin at once with the practical recipe.

First the ingredients: A lobster; and if there is any coral in it, take it out, and make some lobster butter with it, as it will do no good to the salad. This lobster butter will keep, and enable you at a future period to make lobster sauce in a hurry out of a preserved tin of lobster; and this can not be done without lobster butter. Next some fresh lettuces (French are by far the best for mayonnaise salads), a small piece of butter, two fresh eggs—as we are only going to describe how to make enough for about four persons—some oil, and a little parsley. We will also suppose the house to contain some vinegar, a bottle of capers, a bottle of anchovies, and a bottle of olives, at the same time reminding timid housekeepers that these latter will do over and over again, and that probably a fifty-cent bottle of each will last a twelvemonth.

We will now describe how a cook ought to

proceed in order to make a good lobster salad.

The first thing she would do would be to place an egg in a saucepan, and boil it for twenty minutes or so, and then place it in cold water to get cold. Next take a couple of anchovies out of the bottle, and place them on a plate (putting the bottle back in the cupboard; for if you get in the habit of putting each thing by in its place as you use it, you will never get into a muddle). Next take a small penknife, and cut the anchovy open longways, and carefully remove the bone; if this is done properly, each anchovy will make four fillets or thin strips varying from two to three inches; wash them thoroughly in cold water to remove all the salt and soft part. Dry them, and roll them up, as they look at times too much like worms if not rolled. Next take a tea-spoonful of capers, and drain them carefully on a cloth, in order to thoroughly remove the vinegar in which they have been preserved. Next, take six olives, and stone them. This is done by cutting a strip off them as thick as you can, keeping the edge of the knife scraping the stone the whole time. As a rule, the olive will look round after the stone is taken out, but of course they have no ends to them. A little practice will enable the cook to cut out the stones quite bare, leaving the flesh, so to speak, of the olive in one piece, which curls up again, and looks like an olive that had never been touched.

These directions may to some seem unnecessarily minute; but then we are writing for others who perhaps have never seen an olive except in a bottle in the grocer's window, and then they thought them preserved plums.

Next, chop up not too fine a little piece of bright green parsley.

Put all these things by on a clean dry plate for use, viz.: the hard-boiled egg, cold, with the shell on; the anchovies, rolled up; the capers, dry; the olives, stoned; the parsley, chopped. And, as we have said, clearaway what you have used before beginning any thing fresh. Next, wipe, or quickly wash in cold water and wipe, the lettuces, and pile them up *lightly* in a silver or any oval-shaped dish. Next, remove all the meat from the lobster, not forgetting the soft part inside and the claws; cut it all up into small pieces not much bigger than dice, and spread the meat over the top of the lettuce in the dish, taking care to make the shape high in the centre. A sort of oval pyramid may convey the idea, though it is not a very mathematical expression.

Sprinkle a little pepper and salt over the lobster, and put the dish by in a cool place.

Next, the sauce itself. I believe the directions generally given to be wrong in this respect. It is a mistake to put in any pepper, salt, or vinegar at starting. I will therefore describe exactly how I make mayonnaise sauce, at the same time stating that I remember only one failure, and that was on an exceptionally hot day, and I had no ice.

Take a clean cool basin, one sufficient to hold about a quart. Next, take an egg, break it into a tea-cup, and carefully separate all the white from the yolk. This requires care, and the yolk must be passed from one half shell to the other half very gently, in order to avoid breaking it. It is no use trying to do it at all with a stale egg. Place the yolk in a basin, and break it with a fork—a wooden salad-fork is best. Then drop some oil on drop by drop at starting, and at the same time beat it up lightly but quickly with the fork. Do not, pray, get impatient, and put too much oil in at once. Continue slowly till the yolk of egg and oil begin to look like yellowish cream. When it once begins to get thick, you may slightly increase the dose of oil, or let the drops fall more quickly. Continue the process till the sauce assumes the appearance of railway grease. This is rather a nasty simile; but then it is so exactly like it, that it conveys a correct idea. You may now add a little white vinegar. As the vinegar has the effect of making the sauce thinner—and the thicker the sauce is the nicer it looks—this must be added with caution. A small bottle of dilute acetic acid, purchased from some good chemist, will be found best for the purpose, and is what I have always used myself, it being simply strong vinegar, about eight times stronger than ordinary; and, consequently, one-eighth of the quantity will answer the same purpose. Half a salt-spoonful will be found sufficient, and will not have the effect of thinning the sauce. Next, with a silver knife, or ivory paper-knife, spread the sauce over the lobster, till the whole dish, with the exception of where the green salad shows round the edge, has the appearance of a mould of solid custard.

Now to ornament it. First, select about a dozen of the brightest-looking capers, and stick them lightly over the sauce. They will stick easily without being in the least pushed in. Next, pick out a dozen and a half pieces of the chopped parsley, each piece about the size of a pin's head, and drop these over it to

give it a slightly speckled appearance. Next, take the beet root, which of course is supposed to have been boiled and got cold, and cut it into small strips about an inch long, as thick as a wooden lucifer-match split into four, and with these strips form a trellis-work of beet root round the edge of the salad where the sauce joins the lettuce, so that the bottom of each strip just touches the lettuce, the strip itself resting on the sauce. The contrast between the red trellis and the white sauce has a very pretty effect. Next, cut the egg into quarters lengthways, and place the pieces round the edge at equal distances, and put the olives and anchovies at equal distances between them; also arrange the small claws of the lobster, bent at the joint, around the border. By this means nearly all of the green salad is hidden, and the effect of the dish is exceedingly pretty. The remainder of the chopped parsley and capers may be placed round the edge, as when the whole is mixed up it will help to improve the flavor.

There is one thing more, however, that may make the dish look still prettier, and that is a little lobster spawn. If the lobster contained any spawn, take a small piece and cut it up into little pieces the size of a pin's head or a little bigger—a dozen and a half would be sufficient—and sprinkle these over the sauce alternately with the little green pieces of parsley.

It has been described how to make a nice-looking little lobster salad mayonnaise for about four persons. When, however, a considerably larger dish, and several of them, are required, such as for a wedding breakfast or ball supper, you should get by way of garnish a few little cray-fish or prawns. A small cray-fish placed in the corner of each dish, with its claws outstretched, resting on the mayonnaise sauce, looks very pretty. If, too, the dish is of a considerable size, a small one may be lightly placed on the top as an ornament.

Now we have described one way of ornamenting a lobster salad, but of course this is only one out of an infinite number of methods. Nor do we maintain that this is by any means the prettiest method; but we have given it as one of the simplest. For instance, mayonnaise sauce can be colored red by mixing up some lobster butter with it, or green by means of parsley juice. Plovers' eggs, too, when they can be obtained form a very pretty garnish. Leaves or flowers can be cut out of beet root with a stamp, and be used by way of ornament. The long thin ten-

dons of the lobster can be arranged, too, to stick upright out of the centre, but they should be put in before the mayonnaise sauce is placed on the lobster.

Perhaps a few explanations of why the salad was prepared in the order named may not be out of place. It will be observed that the anchovies, capers, &c., were got ready early, but the beet root was not cut up till long afterward; the reason of this is, fresh-cut beet root looks a bright red, but after some hours, if it gets stale, it has a sort of withered look, and turns a dirty reddish-brown color; so too with the egg. Never cut open a hard-boiled egg until it is nearly time to use it, as the egg dries up, and the yellow yolk looks dark and separates from the white. The capers, too, were dried, as if dropped on to the spread-out sauce wet, they would spoil its appearance.

Lastly, do not be disappointed if you do not succeed in getting the sauce thick the first time; and do not be afraid of the oil. One yolk of an egg will use up nearly a tea-cupful of oil. It requires a peculiar quick movement of the wrist, and, like whipping cream into a froth, it is not always learned in a day. We fear that among the Mary Ann class there are some heavy-fisted women who would never learn it at all. The dish, however, is well worth the trial; and if you can get one person to do the sauce and another to ornament the dish, all the better, as the exertion of making the sauce has often the effect of making the hand shake so much that it is incapable of arranging the beet root, etc., with any degree of nicety.

SPATTERWORK.

Almost every one has seen "spatterwork," but not every one knows how to make it. I make it on Bristol board, Swiss muslin or linen—white of course. Get fifteen cents worth of India ink, an old tooth-brush and a fine comb. Arrange tiny leaves, ferns, and delicate foliage on your ground work, being careful not to let one overlap another. Fasten the leaves down by pins stuck through into a lapboard or table, pressing the leaf close to the ground work. Dissolve the ink by rubbing the piece with water on a plate. Rub your brush on, and then holding it in the left hand, draw the comb carefully over the bristles, and the ink will fly off in almost imperceptible *spatters*. Go over and over the work till it is of a uniform dark grey; then on taking the ferns off there is a clear print. With a little practice one can make beautiful mottoes for the wall. Swiss muslin makes lovely tidies, with a running border round the finger-wide hem, and an initial in the middle; and linen makes bureau mats.

SELECTED RECIPES.

TO BAKE A HAM.—As a ham for baking should be well soaked, let it remain in water for at least 12 hours. Wipe it dry, trim away any rusty places underneath, and cover it with a common crust, taking care that this is of sufficient thickness all over to keep the gravy in. Place it in a moderately-heated oven, and bake for nearly 4 hours. Take off the crust and skin, and cover with raspings, the same as for boiled ham, and garnish the knuckle with a paper frill. This method of cooking a ham is, by many persons, considered far superior to boiling it, as it cuts fuller of gravy and has a finer flavor, besides keeping a much longer time good.

TO BOIL A HAM.—In choosing a ham, ascertain that it is perfectly sweet, by running a sharp knife into it, close to the bone; and if, when the knife is withdrawn, it has an agreeable smell, the ham is good; if, on the contrary, the blade has a greasy appearance and offensive smell, the ham is bad. If it has been long hung, and is very dry and salt, let it remain in soak for 24 hours, changing the water frequently. This length of time is only necessary in the case of its being very hard. Wash it thoroughly clean, and trim away from the underside all the rusty and smoked parts, which would spoil the appearance. Put it into a boiling-pot, with sufficient cold water to cover it; bring it gradually to boil, and as the scum rises, carefully remove it. Keep it simmering very gently until tender, and be careful that it does not stop boiling, nor boil too quickly. When done, take it out of the pot, strip off the skin, and sprinkle over it a few fine bread raspings, put a frill of cut paper round the knuckle, and serve. If to be eaten cold, let the ham remain in the water until nearly cold: by this method the juices are kept in, and it will be found infinitely superior to one taken out the water hot; it should, however, be borne in mind that the ham must *not* remain in the saucepan *all* night. When the skin is removed, sprinkle over bread-raspings, or, if wanted particularly nice, glaze

it. Place a paper frill round the knuckle, and garnish with parsley or cut vegetable flowers. *Time*—a ham weighing 10 lbs., 4 hours to *simmer gently*; 15 lbs., 5 hours; a very large one, about 6 hours.

A GOOD FAMILY SOUP.—Remains of a cold tongue, 2 lbs. of shin of beef, any cold pieces of meat or beef-bones, 2 turnips, 2 carrots, 2 onions, 1 parsnip, 1 head of celery, 4 quarts of water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teacupful of rice; salt and pepper to taste. Put all the ingredients in a stewpan, and simmer gently for 4 hours, or until all the goodness is drawn from the meat. Strain off the soup, and let it stand to get cold. The kernels and soft parts of the tongue must be saved. When the soup is wanted for use, skim off all the fat, put in the kernels and soft parts of the tongue, slice in a small quantity of fresh carrot, turnip, and onion; stew till the vegetables are tender, and serve with toasted bread.

GRAVY SOUP.—4 lbs. of shin of beef, a piece of the knuckle of veal weighing 3 lbs., a few pieces or trimmings of meat or poultry, 3 slices of nicely-flavored lean ham, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter, 2 onions, 4 carrots, 1 turnip, near a head of celery, 1 blade of mace, 6 cloves, a bunch of savory herbs, seasoning of salt and pepper to taste, 3 lumps of sugar, 5 quarts of boiling soft water. It can be flavored with ketchup, Leamington sauce, or Harvey's sauce, and a little soy. Slightly brown the meat and ham in the butter, but do not let them burn. When this is done, pour to it the water, put in the salt, and as the scum rises take it off. When no more appears, add all the other ingredients, and let the soup simmer slowly by the fire for 6 hours without stirring it any more from the bottom; take it off, and pass it through a sieve. When perfectly cold and settled, all the fat should be removed, leaving the sediment untouched, which serves very nicely for thick gravies, hashes, &c. The flavorings should be added when the soup is heated for the table.

BAKED SPANISH ONIONS.—Put the onions, with their skins on, into a saucepan of boiling water slightly salted, and let them boil quickly for an hour. Then take them out, wipe them thoroughly, wrap each one in a piece of paper separately, and bake them in a moderate oven for 2 hours, or longer, should the onions be very large. They may be served in their skins, and eaten with a piece of cold butter and a seasoning of pepper and salt; or they may be peeled, and a good brown gravy poured over them.

BOILED TURNIPS.—Pare the turnips, and should they be very large, divide them into quarters; but, unless this is the case, let them be cooked whole. Put them into a saucepan of boiling water, salted, and let them boil gently until tender. Try them with a fork, and, when done, take them up in a colander; let them thoroughly drain, and serve. Boiled turnips are usually sent to table with boiled mutton, but are infinitely nicer when mashed than served whole: unless very young, they are scarcely worth the trouble of dressing plainly as above. *Time*—old turnips, $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ hour; young ones, about 18 to 20 minutes. May be had all the year; but in spring only useful for flavoring gravies, &c.

BOILED BATTER PUDDING.—3 eggs, 1 oz. of butter, 1 pint of milk, 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt. Put the flour into a basin, and add sufficient milk to moisten it; carefully rub down all the lumps with a spoon, then pour in the remainder of the milk, and stir in the butter, which should be previously melted; keep beating the mixture, add the eggs and a pinch of salt, and when the batter is quite smooth, put it into a well-buttered basin, tie it down very tightly, and put it into boiling water; move the basin about for a few minutes after it is put into

the water, to prevent the flour settling in any part, and boil for $1\frac{1}{4}$ hour. This pudding may also be boiled in a floured cloth that has been wetted in hot water; it will then take a few minutes less than when boiled in a basin. Send these puddings very quickly to table, and serve with sweet sauce, stewed fruit, or jam of any kind; when the latter is used, a little of it may be placed round the dish in small quantities, as a garnish.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—5 moderate-sized apples, 2 table-spoonfuls of finely-chopped suet, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, 1 pint of milk, a little grated nutmeg. Mix the flour to a smooth batter with the milk; add the eggs, which should be well whisked, and put this batter into a well-buttered pie-dish. Wipe the apples clean, but do not pare them; cut them in halves, and take out the cores; lay them in the batter, rind uppermost; shake the suet on the top, over which also grate a little nutmeg; bake in a moderate oven for an hour, and cover when served, with sifted loaf sugar. This pudding is also very good with the apples pared, sliced, and mixed with the batter.

RICE PUDDING.—With Dried or Fresh Fruit; a nice dish for the Nursery.) $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of rice, 1 pint of any kind of fresh fruit that may be preferred, or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of raisins or currants.

Wash the rice, tie it in a cloth, allowing room for it to swell, and put it into a saucepan of cold water; let it boil for an hour, then take it up, untie the cloth, stir in the fruit, and tie it up again tolerably tight, and put it into the water for the remainder of the time. Boil for another hour, or rather longer, and serve with sweet sauce, if made with dried fruit, and with plain sifted sugar and a little cream or milk, if made with fresh fruit.

Literary Notices.

BACON *versus* SHAKSPERE: A Plea for the Defendant. By Thomas D. King. Lovell Printing and Publishing Company.

Some months ago we gave in an article copied from *Scribner's Monthly*, a well-written statement of the arguments for and against the theory that Shakspeare's dramas were really written by Bacon. The theory is upon its face so absurd that it is difficult to believe that there are any who really credit it. It has, however, been argued very ably by several contestants, and for the satisfaction of the poet's admirers it is necessary that these arguments should be disposed of. The volume before us, while it does not pretend to be an exhaustive defence of Shakspeare, takes up the question in a very able manner, and gives us many reasons for continuing to believe in the Bard of Avon.

After bringing up various passages to prove that Shakspeare's contemporaries and the great writers of his own and the immediately succeeding age believed in him, and that much that Shakspeare wrote was inconsistent with Bacon's character, Mr. King makes a strong point of the following :

Bacon's desire for posthumous fame is best expressed in his own words :

"I account the use that a man should seek of the publishing of his own writings before his death to be but an untimely anticipation of that which is proper to follow a man, and not to go along with him."

In a letter to Mr. Toby Matthew in 1623, (the year of Heminge & Condell's Folio edition of Shakspeare), he writes :

"It is true my labours are now most set to have those works which I have formerly pub-

lished, as that of 'Advancement of Learning, that of Henry VII., that of the Essays, being retractate and made more perfect, well translated into Latin by the help of some good pens which forsake me not. For these modern languages will, at one time or other, play the bankrupt with books; and since I have lost much time with this age, I would be glad to recover it with posterity."

In his dedication of the 1625 edition he says : "I do now publish my Essays, which of all my other works have been most current. For that, as it seems, they come to men's business and bosoms. I have enlarged them both in number and weight; so that indeed they are a new work. I thought it, therefore, agreeable to my affection and obligation to your Grace, to prefix your name before them, both in English and Latin. For I do conceive that the Latin volume of them (*being in the universal language*) may last as long as books last."

Would that the author of the plays called Shakspeare's, and which, despite the "Theorists," will, unless they can get better evidence to the contrary, ever be considered his, had during his lifetime made a collection of his works, and rescued those that were published in 1623 from the depravations that obscure them; thereby securing for them a better destiny by giving them to the world in their genuine state. Would he had been as jealous of his literary reputation as the author of the "Essays," there would have been an end, or rather no beginning, of the jargon that has been written about them; for as Samuel Taylor Coleridge felicitously remarks : "If all that has been written upon Shakspeare by Englishmen were burned in the want of candles, merely to enable us to read one-half of what our Dramatist produced we should be gainers. Providence has given England the greatest man that ever put on and off Mortality, and has thrown a sop to the envy of other nations by inflicting upon his native country the most incompetent critics."

True, Coleridge—true—but alas! Shakspeare had no desire for fame—"that glorious immortality of true greatness

"That lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all judging Jove."

I cannot see why Bacon, if he was a poet, could have objected to be found in company with Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, who have been reputed "the two chief lanterns of light to all others that have since employed their pens upon English poesie;" or with Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford; or Fulke

Greville, Lord Brook ; or Sir Walter Raleigh ; or Sir Philip Sidney ; or Sir Henry Wotton ; or Sir John Harrington ; and other noble and titled poets of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though he may have objected to be found in the company of the *rank and file*, composed of Chapman, Shakspeare, Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger and Marlowe.

The reason for concealment most obvious to my mind is that Bacon was not a poet. If he were, how is it that he, being *notoriously given to write sonnets* to his "mistress Elizabeth's eye-brow," should have left no record of them? If he had written sonnets to the Virgin Queen, where are they?

Passages from Bacon's metrical version of several Psalms are quoted to show his poverty in the line of verse, and the singular absence of allusions to his poetry or scraps of his blank verse is pointed out as very significant. The ideas of the philosopher, too, were widely at variance with those of the poet.

Franklin Fisk Heard, in his preface to Bacon's Essays, says: "He lives among great ideas, as with great nobles, with whom he dare not be too familiar. In the tone of his mind there is ever something imperial. When he writes on building he speaks of a palace, with spacious entrances and courts and banquetting halls ; when he writes on gardens, he speaks of alleys and mounts, waste places and fountains, of a garden which is indeed prince-like ;"

* * * his Essays is a book plainly to lie in the closets of statesmen and princes, and designed to nurture the noblest natures."

Hence, in my opinion, not so much a book for the guidance of youth, or one that they would take much delight in reading.

Shakspeare may be said to moralize amidst his mirthment, and preach amidst his playfulness ; but while instruction *tinctures* his gaiety, it *per-vades* his seriousness.

Bacon, in his Essay "Of Gardens," and in his "Cogitationes de Natura Rerum," does not speak of a

Bank where the wild thyme blows,
There oxslips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite o'er-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., 1.

Nor of

Pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength.

Winter's Tale, Act IV., 4.

Nor of daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

Winter's Tale, Act IV., 3.

Nor of marigolds

That go to bed with the sun,
And with him rise weeping.

Winter's Tale, Act IV., 3.

Nor of violets, dim

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath.

Winter's Tale, Act IV., 3.

Nor of

Daisies-pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks, all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Which paint the meadows with delight."

Love's Labor Lost, Act V., 2.

Nor of

Crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them.

Hamlet, Act IV., 7.

Nor of

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,
nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins ; no nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

Cymbeline, Act IV., 2.

All these savours more of the meadows on the banks of the Avon, where all these flowers are so luxuriant, than the garden of "Graies Inne ;" and more of the youth who strolled over the fields to Shottery, and went a wooing there one Anne Hathaway, and in the summer's eve sat with her under "the willow that grows ascant the brook," and swore "he lov'd her well," than the philosophic lawyer who married "his wench at Maribone" when he was at the age of sentimental, not romantic, forty-five ; and when "the hey-day in the blood was tame and humble, and waited upon the judgment."

The argument drawn from Shakspeare's want of education is thus met by Mr. King :

But to return to Ben Johnson's saying of "*small Latine and less Greeke*" ; it implies that Shakspeare had a knowledge of both, and it is more than likely that he received a sound education at the Grammar School at Stratford, at least education enough to read ordinary Latin books and translations. His father, having reached the highest distinction which it was in the power of his fellow townsmen to bestow—that of High Bailiff or Chief Magistrate—would have the privilege of sending his son William to the Grammar School connected with the corporation of Stratford ; and for the sake of argument I have a right to assume, from the internal evidence of Shakspeare's writings, that he received a solid education, though he may not have received an academical and classical education, such as was obtainable in the sixteenth century at "those twins of learning, Ipswich and

Oxford," nor have been so ripe and good a scholar as their princely founder, Cardinal Wolsey.

At all events he was stored with good vigorous and idiomatic English. From his writings there was unquestionably one book with which he was familiar, the great Bible of Tyndale's, revised by Coverdale, which doubtless his mother, the gentle Mary Arden, often read to him. He would thus, as a boy, get impressed with the story of Joseph sold into slavery and advanced to honor; and how the Lord was with the child Samuel; and that God sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths that they should not hurt his servant Daniel; and also sent his angel to preserve the three children in the fiery furnace. He would learn how Elijah was fed at the brook Cherith by ravens; and of that Herod who murdered the innocents; and of Christ blessing little children, and teaching the people that the poor in spirit, the meek, the just, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peace-makers, were the happy and beloved of God.

One thing may be fairly assumed, that Shakspeare had wise and good masters at Stratford's Grammar School of the Holy Guild. "These Grammar Schools," as Charles Knight observes, "were wise institutions. They opened the road to usefulness and honor to the humblest in the land; they bestowed upon the son of the peasant the same advantages as the son of the noble could receive from the most accomplished teacher in his father's halls." In other words, Shakspeare, the son of the yeoman, had as good a chance to be educated as Henry Wriothesley the accomplished Earl of Southampton. Who shall say he did not profitably use his advantage? Whatever his education was, he evidently had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Hugh Miller has upon this subject a few sensible and pertinent remarks:—

"There has been much written on the learning of Shakspeare, but not much to the purpose; one of our old Scotch proverbs is worth all the dissertations on the subject I have yet seen, '*God's bairns are eath to lear,*' i. e., easily instructed. Shakspeare must, I suppose, have read many more books than Homer (we may be sure every good book that came in his way, and some bad ones), and yet Homer is held to have known a thing or two. The more ancient poet was unquestionably as ignorant of English as the more modern one of Greek; and as one produced the Iliad without any acquaintance with Hamlet, I do not see why the other may not have produced Hamlet without any acquaintance with the Iliad. Johnson was quite in the right in holding that, though the writings of Shakspeare exhibit much knowledge, it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He might have added further, that the knowledge they display, which books *did* supply, is of a kind which might be all found in English books at the time,—fully one half of it, indeed, in the romances of the period. Every great writer, in the department in which he achieves his great-

ness, whether he be a learned Milton or an unlearned Burns, is self-taught."

From Milton's classical education, it is not at all to be wondered that there should be found in his writings so many imitations of Homer, Virgil, Horace and Ovid, and you can see from whence they are derived. Had not Shakspeare enough Latin to abstract all he required from Virgil, Horace and Ovid? Had he not also for ready use translations of Terence, Seneca, Livy, and Tacitus; and of Homer, Herodotus, Plutarch, Epictetus, Hippocrates and Galen? Shakspeare presents numerous instances of undesigned resemblance to the ancients; passages purely original in him may be paralleled with corresponding passages of writers with whom he may have had but a slight acquaintance. Nathaniel Holmes, not having proved by external evidence that Bacon is the author of Shakspeare's plays—at least not to my mind—I maintain my perfect right to prove by internal evidence that Shakspeare was a tolerably good classical scholar; that he had practical wisdom together with a wonderfully varied knowledge of the different arts and pursuits of life; of military science, witness his King John, Richard II. and III., Henry IV., V., and VI., with their war pictures—this military knowledge he could not have obtained from Bacon; of horticultural and rural life—these he might have got from his native county, Warwick; of the sea, and whatever belongs to nautical matters; of woodcraft, field sports, falconry and hunting; these were not the forte of the reader of Gray's Inn, and the Attorney-General to King James; though it is true that in the eighth decade of the nineteenth century we find a reverend and grey-bearded octogenarian in the diocese of Lincoln a breeder of race horses.

Concerning the difficulties in which the subject is involved, our author says:

Before dismissing the subject I have to say a few words more in acknowledgment of the difficulty in refuting the arguments of such men as Nathaniel Holmes, because their conjectures and improbabilities have to be met with an almost utter absence of external information relative to Shakspeare's dramatic history. Were it my cue to descant upon the writings of our great poet, "whose works were to charm unborn ages, to sweeten our sympathies, to beguile our solitude, to enlarge our hearts, and to laugh away our spleen"—"the field would be almost as boundless as the sea, yet as full of beauty and variety as the land." I should be oppressed, as it were, by abundance, and filled with matter and material for a volume—*inopem me copia fecit*. But as it is, the "Genius of Biography" has neglected Shakspeare, withheld his personal history, told us nothing of the development of his wondrous mind. The channels of his onward career are dried up; the sources from which he obtained his noble and unrivalled characteristics are undiscovered—all mere tradition—nothing absolute and definite—amazement fills up the

void. These materials being denied, there is nothing to fall back upon but his incomparable genius, marvellous conception, mimetic power and wonderful invention, which are foolishness and a stumbling-block to the "Baconian Theorists," who consider it simply preposterous and absurd that the matchless works known by his name, plays the most philosophical in the English language, should have been written by a man whose life is so obscure, and who was so utterly negligent of his writings that he neither collected nor edited them! Granted—the fact is melancholic—never mind. What knowledge have we of Homer's life? None! Some placing him either in David or Solomon's reign—others affirming that he was begot of a Genius in the isle of Io, and born of a virgin, who died upon giving birth to the child, who was brought up by Mæon, King of the Lydians. His obscured life has not obscured his writings. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* have outlived the walls of Troy. Not one word of his everlasting writings has been lost since the days of Pisistratus, though they were not collected and published during the author's life, but were merely sung and retained by memory. The writings of both Homer and Shakspeare, "like a mighty ship, have passed over the sea of time, not leaving a mere ideal track, which soon altogether disappears, but leaving a train of glory in its wake, present and enduring, daily acting upon our minds, and ennobling us by grand thoughts and images."

I conjure my readers not to let "Shakspeare be hurled from his throne, and made to abdicate or give up the sceptre of that glorious kingdom of English letters over which he has for nearly three hundred years ruled supreme," by a free-thinking scoffer like Nathaniel Holmes, without carefully examining into the qualifications of the "usurper Bacon."

Many other points are touched on in the course of the book which will be found of real interest by all lovers of Shakspeare. We will, however, give but one more quotation, showing a few of the Warwickshire provincialisms which are to be found in the play.

"My blood," says Othello, "begins my safer guide to rule, and passion *obscures* my best judgment;" and I feel similarly oppressed in having to write so very much to prove what scarcely demands proof for those who have impartially and carefully read and reflected on the writings of these two great men. I feel a sort of ill humour rising up within me at the "monstrous labor" I have given myself, and the waste of time it will be to my readers in pursuing the subject any further—yet there may be some who may want to make "assurance doubly sure," and to whom other arguments might not be amiss.

The first translation of the Bible into the vernacular was that by William Tyndale, a Gloucestershire man, who considered his native vocabulary

more significant and equally as elegant as those polysyllabic expressions derived from the language of ancient Rome. The Tyndale and Coverdale Bible of 1535, which our forefathers welcomed so warmly, and suffered so much for, is the basis of the 1611 edition now in common use. The vernacular dialect of the Cotswold district of Gloucestershire and that of the Stratford district of Warwickshire is very similar. Any one familiar with it, and with his Bible and his Shakspeare, must have noticed how many words and expressions used by Tyndale in his translation, and by our poet in his plays, are to this day commonly used by the peasantry of Gloucester and Warwick shires, some of whom have never read a line of Shakspeare, and are only familiar with the Bible through the services of that Church where the daily lessons and the psalms are read in pure English. This I can testify from having been partially educated in the village upon whose "knowl" stands a monument, erected since my school days, to the memory of the martyr who, on the 6th day of October, 1536, perished at the stake for translating that edition of the New Testament which he had promised to give to the ploughboys of Gloucestershire.

From a most delightful book, which ought to be in the library of every lover of Shakspeare, written by James Walter, and entitled "*Shakspeare's Home and Rural Life*," with illustrations of localities and scenes around Stratford-on-Avon by the heliotype process, I have taken the following excerpts because they are so apt and conclusive for my argument, and better express what I know and feel on the subject than any words of mine could:

"John R. Wise, who has discoursed sweetly, and with profound knowledge and appreciation of the great poet, has carefully noted his use of Warwickshire provincialisms and allusions to his native county; as also the more striking phrases found in his plays, and which are still to be heard in the mouths of the Warwickshire peasantry, who now, more than anybody else

"Speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake."

"If Shakspeare's own style and manner, which is undoubtedly the case, has had a marked influence on subsequent writers, and even on the English language itself, still his native county left some traces of its dialect even upon him.

"Johnson, himself born in a neighbouring county, first pointed out that the expression 'a mankind witch,' in the 'Winter's Tale,' (Act II., scene 3) was a phrase in the midland counties for a violent woman. And Malone, too, showed that the singular expression in the 'Tempest' (Act I. scene 2), 'we cannot miss him,' was a provincialism of the same district. It is not asserted that certain phrases and expressions are to be found nowhere else but in Shakspeare and Warwickshire. But it is interesting to know that the Warwickshire girls still speak of their 'long purples' and 'love in idleness'; and that the Warwickshire boys have not forgotten their 'deadmen's fingers'; and that the 'nine mens morris' is still played on the cor_n.

bins of the Warwickshire farm stables, and still scored upon the greensward; and that Queen Titania would not have now to complain, as she did in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, that it was choked up with mud; and that 'Master Slender' would find his shovel board still marked on many a public house table and window sill; and that he and 'Master Fenton,' and 'good Master Brook,' would, if now alive, hear themselves still so called.

"Take now, for instance, the word 'deck,' which is so common throughout the Midland Counties, but in Warwickshire is so often restricted to the sense of a hand of cards, and which gives a far better interpretation to Gloucester's speech in the Third Part of 'King Henry VI.' (Act V. Scene 1):—

Alas, that Warwick had no more *forecast*,
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the *deck* :

as, of course there might be more Kings than one in the pack, but not necessarily so in the hand. The word 'forecast,' too, both as verb and noun, is very common throughout both Warwickshire and the neighboring counties. This word 'forecast' is also used by Spenser and others of Shakspeare's contemporaries; and, though obsolete, except among the peasantry of the midland districts, is still employed by the best American authors."

Again, in Autolycus's song, in the "Winter's Tale," (Act IV., scene 2) :

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge—
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging-tooth on edge,
For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.

All the commentators here explain pugging-tooth as a thievish tooth, an explanation which certainly itself requires to be explained; but most Warwickshire country people could tell them that pugging-tooth was the same as pegging or peg-tooth—that is, the canine or dog-tooth. "The child has not its pegging-teeth yet," old women still say. And thus all the difficulty as to the meaning is at once cleared.

MEXICO: OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

By Gilbert Haven, author of "Pilgrim's Wallet," &c. New York: Harper Bros.

Bishop Haven, of the American M. E. Church, gives us in this volume his impressions of a winter in Mexico, written in the sketchy discursive style customary with newspaper correspondence, but giving a vivid idea of the condition of the countries he visited. It is illustrated with

many fine pictures of Mexican scenery and public buildings.

YUCATAN.

Every thing is affected by first impressions. Sometimes they can never be overcome. That like or dislike often abides incurable. The first sight of a foreign shore is a love or a hate forever. How perfect Ireland is in my memory, because it looked so beautiful, rising, a green wave of stillness and strength, out of that sick and quaking sea, over which I had been rolling so long! Egypt is not a river of verdure so much as a strip of blazing sand, for Alexandria, and not Cairo, is its first-born in my experience.

Mexico has its first picture in my gallery. Whatever grandeurs of mountain or glories of forest it may unfold, its first impression will always be that first day in Yucatan. I never dreamed a month before of seeing Yucatan. Even if Mexico itself had crossed the mind as a possibility or experience, Yucatan had never been included in that concept. That prettily sounding name was as far off as Cathay or Bokhara.

Yucatan was, to me, Central America; a museum of ancient monuments; an out-of-the-world corner. In fact, it did not belong to Mexico till Maximilian's time. He annexed it, and they hold together still. We often strike an unknown rock in our sail through life, and Yucatan was the unexpected shoal on which we first stranded. It happened in this wise :

The "City of Merida" makes a landing as near as possible to the city after which it is named. This city is twenty miles from the shore, in the peninsula of Yucatan. It has sixty thousand inhabitants, and is the centre of a vast hemp-producing country. This hemp finds a ready market in New York. Hence the pause at this spot; hence the name of our vessel. It is to land stores for the big city, and to take hemp for the bigger country.

The steamer lies four miles from shore. Weared with its close confinement, three passengers, two of whom are General Palmer, president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, who, with General Rosecrans, is seeking the extension of that system in Mexico, and Mr. Parish, their European financial representative, propose to spend on shore the day in which we are to remain here. We are met with protestations from various quarters. We are told that we will be sun-struck; will get the *calentura*, or fever; that the fleas will take possession of us; that a Norther will arise, and we can not get back to the steamer; and thus hobgoblins dire are piled on our path. The American minister, returning home, grand and genial, adds his preventive persuasions. But none of these things move us. We go. The captain of the boat which is rowing us ashore enlivens our depressed spirits with encouraging stories about the abundance of monkeys and parrots, of lions and tigers, and deer and wild boars, and every such terror and delight—none of which we see.

We land at a wharf covered with bales of

hemp, and brown-skinned natives in their white suits. On it stands a small, pale-faced gentleman, whom we find to be Mr. Tappan, of Boston, the consular agent, and grandson of the minister who wrote the plaintive and pretty verses beginning,

“There is an hour of peaceful rest.”

He takes us across the blazing sands of this holiday season to the cool arches of the collector's house. That gentlemanly official welcomes us to Progresso, the name of this new town.

Our gentlemanly collector leads us through his official rooms into the domestic apartments, and introduces us to his family. He is a Spaniard, his wife a Cuban, and his three adopted daughters are representatives of the three races, so called, that hold harmonious possession of this soil. They consist of a white young lady of Anglo-Saxon lightness of complexion, seemingly of a Northern European origin, her adopted parents being dark to her; another, slightly her junior, whose tint is of that Afric sort that Mrs. Kemble Butler deemed richer than any European, and whose opinion our former aristocracy confirmed by their conduct; and the third was a pure Indian belle, none the less beautiful in contour and complexion, a half-way house between these two extremes of human colors. We did not see the Pocahontas of the family, but the Cleopatra and Boadicea were among our agreeable entertainers. They were dressed just alike, in neat, light, brown-checked muslins, with girlish modesty of array and manner that was cultivated and charming. Our ignorance of Spanish put a barrier between us, but their bearing was sisterly and filial; and we accepted this index of the new America as a token of the superiority of Yucatan over the United States, and a proof of the fitness of the name of the town.

The host offered us the milk of the cocoa-nut in large goblets, and grapes preserved in their natural shape. One cocoa-nut makes a tumbler of limpid water sweet and agreeable. His open apartments let the cooling breezes blow through, and we rejoiced an hour in the shelter from the July heat of December, and the stimulus of a Long Branch July breeze.

Then comes a walk through Progresso. This city, like our new Western enterprises, is better laid out than settled. It has its straight, broad streets running through chaparral, its grand plaza, with scarcely a corner of it yet occupied, its corner-lots at fabulous prices. That corner opposite the custom-house they hold at two thousand dollars. Others a little outside of the centre you can buy as low as fifty dollars. That is better than you can do on the North Pacific, where on a boundless prairie they will stake out a lot twenty-five feet by a hundred, and charge you hundreds of dollars for the bit.

The market-place is a projecting thatched roof over the side of a one-story edifice. On mats sit brown old ladies with almost equally old-looking vegetables. Here are oranges, bananas, black beans, squash seeds boiled in molasses, a sort of

candy, and other esculents, to me unknown. Among them is one called *euchre*. Never having known what that too-familiar word means in the nomenclature of the States, I thought I would find out its meaning in Yucatan, so I invested a six-and-a-quarter cent bit in this game of chance. I received a piece of the root—for so I judged it to be—looking like a cross between a turnip and a carrot. It was white, of various shapes, round, square, long. My piece was about as large round as a child's wrist, and as long as its hand. I tasted it, and was satisfied with *euchre* as an article of diet.

The houses of Progresso are of one story, of mortar or thatch, covered with a high roof of thatch. This high roof is open inside, and makes them shady and cool. The sides are also often of thatch, and they look like a brown dwarf with a huge brown straw sombrero pulled over his eyes. Some of those built of mortar have ornamental squares in the sides, where shells are carefully set in various shapes in the mortar, and which make a pleasing effect, the diamonds and other shapes giving the walls a variety that is really artistic. Why could it not be imitated in larger buildings at home? One house had the word “*Sepulcro*” in large letters chalked along its front. “What does that mean?” asks one of the party. The occupant was sick a long time, and the boys thought it was about time he had died, so they chalked that word along the door to express their conviction of his duty. He ought to be dead—dead he shall be called. A grave joke, that.

Here I first tasted the sort of chocolate of which Montezuma was so fond, and which he took so much as almost to make it an edible. A brown, brawny woman made us a cup of the same in a bamboo-sided rush-roofed café. It was worthy Montezuma's praise: Parisian chocolate takes the second place hereafter, and a good way below the first. It is prepared in milk, and is a thick, soft liquid that melts on your tongue, and “goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.” That dame would make her fortune by such a café in New York. But, then, she probably wishes for no fortune, and her secret, the secret of all the dames of the country, may never be revealed outside the land itself. You must come to Mexico to know how “chocolate” can taste.

The fields about Progresso have chiefly shrubs of the cactus order. Beautiful flowers of purple, yellow, and crimson abound. Here grows wild the heliotrope, the fragrant purple flower that is scattered so generally at funerals. The sweet-pea and other cultivated delights of the Northern hot-house and garden are blossoming abundantly.

The cocoa-palm throws out its long spines, deep green, thrust straight out from a gray trunk, that looks as if wrapped in old clothes against the cold. This gray bark is a striking off-set to the dark, rich leaves, which are the branches themselves. Where these leaves push forth from the trunk, from ten to fifty feet from the ground, a cluster of green balls, of various sizes and ages, are hanging. This green rind is

an inch thick. Then the black shell known to us is reached, and inside of that, not the thick white substance we find on opening it, but a thin soft layer, or third rind, the most of the hollow being filled with milk. Later in the season the milk coagulates to meat, and the cocoa-nut of commerce is completed. It is cultivated extensively here, both for home use and the Northern market.

The people are chiefly Indians, not of the Aztec, but Toltec variety. This is a nation hundreds of years older than the Aztecs, and who are supposed to be the builders of the famous monuments of Central America, and to have been driven from Mexico southward about a thousand years ago. They are of the usual Indian tint, but, unlike our aborigines, live in comfortable houses, are engaged in industrious callings, and dress in a comely manner.

Both sexes wear white, the men and boys having often one leg of their trousers rolled up, for what purpose we could not guess, unless it be for the more cleanly fording of the brooklets and mudlets that occur. It was a token of neatness; if that was the reason, that was very commendable.

The women wear a skirt of white, and a loose white waist separate from the skirt, and hanging sometimes near to the bottom of the undergarment. This over-skirt, or robe, is ornamented with fringe and borders worked in blue. The head-dress is a shawl or mantle of light cotton gauze, of blue or purple, thrown gracefully over the head and shoulders. One lady, evidently thinking well of herself and her apparel, had a ring on every finger of each hand, and gold ornaments hanging profusely from her neck. I have seen many ladies who, if they distributed the rings singly on each finger, would not find both hands sufficient for their display. This light-brown laughing madam had her limits seemingly, beyond which she would not go—eight rings and no more.

As a proof of the industry and intelligence of these natives, let us go to a hacienda, or farm, a mile out of town. Though it is a short walk, yet having ordered a fly for a longer ride, we employ it on this excursion. We did not take the carriage of the country, which is a basket on two wheels, about the size of a cot-bed, which cot-bed itself lies on the bottom of the basket, and on which sit the passengers. A wicker covering bends over about two-thirds of this bed; the rest is open to sun and rain. Three mules abreast make this fly fly.

Our three little mules drag a sort of covered coach on high springs, narrow and jolty. They run under the whip and scream of the muleteer. The gate of the hacienda is soon reached. A lazy Indian boy opens it. We rush between a green wall of cocoa-trees a score of rods to a thatched-built house, large, well-floored, high-roofed, clean. The brown lady of the mansion welcomes us, and I try to buy a hammock. She asks three dollars. I have no gold, and she despises greenbacks, whether of Washington or Havana. So the bargain fails. The same thing I have since seen offered in Boston for less

money. It is cheaper sometimes to buy your foreign curiosities after you get home.

Her boys take us to a cocoa-nut orchard, pluck off the nuts, split them with a sharp cleaver, and pour their milk into a glass. We drink in honor of the host. An old man runs up to us, with nothing on him but a pair of white pants, a cleaver stuck in his girdle behind, and a straw hat. He offs his hat with both hands, and bows low to the ground. Had Darwin seen him he would have protested that he was the man primeval, built ages before the English Adam, who is (to Darwin) the height of attained, if not attainable civilization. His face looked very much like a monkey's, and his posture also. Yet this ape of modern false science was a gentleman of fortune, and industry, and sagacity, who had subdued five hundred acres of this wild land, and made himself a property worth six thousand dollars even here, many times that in the States. He raises hemp and cocoa-nuts, and is rich. His manners were gracious, and when he found he could not talk with us, he bid us good-bye politely, and hastened away as fast as if he had a note to pay, and only five minutes more left to pay it in, and no money to pay it with. His boys remained, and waited on us. One of our party offered him a couple of cigars, which he passed over to a little girl of his tenant's, being too much in a hurry, if not too much of a gentleman, to smoke. So our primitive gorilla disappears in a farmer of to-day. So will all scientific humbugs disappear.

The chief business of this place is the raising of jenever, or hemp, pronounced heneken. It has the thick, green, sharp leaf of the cactus. A large traffic has sprung up in it at this port; not less than five thousand bales are exported annually to New York, or two million pounds. It is used in making ropes, and has a growing and extensive value. It is worth six cents a pound here, and pays about ninety-five per cent. on its cost of culture, so that it is a very valuable article of commerce. Its finer varieties are as soft as silk. It is destined to be more and more a source of union between Yucatan and the United States.

We roll in the warm surf of the sea—a Christmas luxury not enjoyed at Newport and Long Branch, but which was delightful at Progress—and dine at our friend, the collector's.

THE BUZZARD IN VERA CRUZ.

Another and a more important source of its cleanliness is the buzzard. I had been taught to detest the buzzard, perhaps because it was black. I had heard how unclean a thing it was, and was exceedingly prejudiced against it. But I find, to my surprise; that here this despised and detested creature is the sacred bird, almost. It darkens the air with its flocks, roosts on the roofs, towers, steeple-tops, everywhere. A fine of five dollars is levied against one who shoots one of them. It is the most privileged individual of the town. The reason why? It is the street-cleaner. It picks the offal from gutter or sidewalk, and nothing escapes its hungry maw. Its

business may not be cleanly, but its person is. It never looks soiled, but its black wings shine, and its beak is as white as "store teeth." It looks like a nice housemaid whose service does not make her soiled. It is a large bird, looking like the turkey, though of a different species, and of a broad, swift wing, that sustains it in long flights. It appears very solemn, the priest of the air, especially when it sits on the cross of the churches, one on each arm frequently, and one on the top. Once I saw two thus sitting on the top, one on the other, as quiet and churchly as though each were carved in stone. Hood says,

"The daw's not reckon'd a religious bird,
Because it keeps a-cawing from the steeple."

But the buzzard comes nearer that desert, and by its solemn air, clerical garb, and sanitary service, may claim a place in, as well as on, the sanctuary. Perhaps some foes of the cloth might say its greediness and determination to have the last mite, if alive, was also a proof of this relationship. At any rate, unlike the daw, it is the protected if not the petted bird of the city, and helps keep off the pestilence, which has a blacker hue and more horrible nature than the worst of its enemies ever attributed to it. Honor to this faithful black servant of man, as to those featherless bipeds of like hue, that are more worthy of our praise for their more excellent service.

TOLERATION IN MEXICO.

The first official recognition by the head of the Mexican nation of any other Church than the Roman Catholic, which was till within a few years the only possible religion, was so frank, cordial and free as to show how complete is the executive and, therefore, political and constitutional changes in this important republic.

At 4 o'clock, Tuesday, Jan 14th, the American Minister, Hon. Thomas Nelson, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Bliss, son of Rev. Asher Bliss, long missionary among the Seneca Indians, a gentleman of remarkable scholarship and hardly less remarkable wit, took three Americans into the presence of the President of Mexico. One was General Palmer, the Philadelphia representative of the Mexican railroad movement; another was Mr. Parish, of Europe, co-operator abroad in these American enterprises; and the third was a Methodist minister, come hither to arrange for the planting of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country.

The palace occupies a side of the Grand Plaza on which the cathedral fronts. Through long and handsome apartments we are led to one richly furnished in its hangings, marbles, and paintings, chief of which is the portrait of Emperor Iturbide, who more than any other man was the Washington of Mexico, and secured her independence.

The president soon enters. A small man, with small well-shaped head and features, hair thin, well-nigh to baldness, with pleasant, bland smile,

tone and manner. We are introduced by Mr. Nelson in a graceful and dignified form, and the President addresses each by turn. On the introduction of the clergyman, he said he had often heard of the antecedents of the Church he represented, and welcomed him to the supervision of her work in this country. No one Church was recognized by the State as of superior claims to another. Toleration of all faiths was the law of the land. This movement might not be looked upon with favor with bishops here; but the civil power would protect it, if it became necessary, in defence of its rights and liberties. I thanked him for his offers, but said I hoped no such case would arise as would call for the protection of the State. We had no hostile relations to other religious bodies. Our mission was to build up our work in our own way, by education of the people, and by organization of churches of our own faith and order.

He responded yet more at length, re-affirming his readiness to support our churches in any exigencies that might arise in the prosecution of our work, so far as they were imperiled by any unlawful opposition. He repeated his welcome to the land, and his good wishes for our prosperity.

This interview means more than the recognition of one Christian Church. It is the formal and, to a degree, official announcement of the policy of the nation. The President is a scholar and jurist of large repute. He had charge in his earlier years of a school in this city, and in later years was president of the courts, where the question of Church property has been often in consultation. In all his public life he has thus met with Church matters. He has been affirmed to be in more sympathy with the Church party than Juarez, and some of its leaders have dreamed that their former prerogatives were to be restored under his administration.

This strong and unequivocal affirmation of the law of the realm, and of its cordial support of its principles, even to the aid of the civil power, if need be, shows how impossible it is for any single Church government to again possess exclusive jurisdiction here and the support of the national arm.

The Roman Catholic chiefs are recognizing this fact, and are said to be favorable to annexation, because they can get yet larger liberties under our government than are allowed them here. No one is permitted to appear in his official costume in the streets of this city. Religious processions are proscribed. The holy wafer is carried to dying people no longer in a gilded coach, but in a private carriage, the bared head of the driver being the only sign by which the faithful can know it, and can fall on their knees on its passing by. So great has this irreverence grown, that a native gentleman, pointing to the *sagrario* where this coach is still kept, said to me, "They keep in there what they call 'the Holy Ghost coach,' but I call it the hell-cart." Could disrespect go further?

The confiscation of Church property was an enormous loss of Church power. It held two-

thirds of this city in its possession. It held mortgages in as large a portion of the country. Letting its money at a low figure and on liberal and long terms, it gradually became an enormous savings-bank, and controlled the whole landed interest of the country. Its convents covered hundreds of acres in the heart of the city, and were adorned in the highest degree that art and wealth could devise. Gardens, lakes, parks, pillars elegantly wrought in polished marble, churches of splendor in construction and ornamentation, were the unseen luxurious abodes of the world-denying friars and nuns. Corruption of the most startling sort abounded; and money, the sinews of the state, was in the hands exclusively of the corrupted and corrupters.

Good men may have been involved in this arrangement, may have presided over it. Good men have been connected with every controlling evil that the world has ever seen. An Orthodox Congregational minister called his burning satire against New England's demoralization under rum "Deacon Giles's Distillery," and the slaveholding system of the English West Indies was supported by rectors of the Established Church, and of our own land by ministers of all churches in the South. So we are all in condemnation,

and none can throw stones at the former growth to financial power of the Roman Church in Mexico.

Indeed, it has its eloquent advocates to-day. A lady of high social position and an ardent Papist, as she proudly calls herself, but yesterday was declaring that the former system was far better than the present; that the Church leased its buildings cheaper than landlords do now, and was far more merciful to its debtors; that great suffering had followed the overthrow of its moneyed power. All of this was undoubtedly true. So we have heard of the suffering to the emancipated class in our own land arising from their liberation, and not without foundation is that complaint.

A sudden change in the weather, whether from heat to cold or cold to heat, is attended with loss of life to those whose enfeebled condition can not bear extremes of any thing. If the "Norther" kills every person sick of the yellow fever in the hospitals of Vera Cruz, it drives the fever out of the city, and saves the lives of all that are well. So the old never changes into the new without some sense of loss. But it changes, nevertheless; and it changes for the better. Mexico is far better off under ecclesiastical liberty than under ecclesiastical bondage.

Notice.

REV. WM. ORMISTON, D.D.

The subject of this sketch was born in the parish of Symington, Scotland, on St. George's Day, 1821. His father was a tenant farmer, yet managed to give his son some opportunities for receiving a rudimentary education, as when a lad he attended school for a short time at Linton and afterwards at Nine Mile Burn. In 1834 the elder Ormiston and his family removed to the old town of Lanark, from which place they emigrated to Canada a few months afterwards, settling on a bush farm in the township of Darlington, a few miles north-west of the town of Bowmanville. William assisted his father in clearing and cultivating the farm for several years, until, as he himself relates, he began to feel that he was "cut out" for something else. He accordingly left the farm and was

granted the position of school teacher in a small school in the neighborhood of his father's home, being at that time about nineteen years of age. He resigned this position a year or two afterwards for the mastership of a school in Whitby township, County of Ontario, which he left on being offered a school in Whitby town, where there were better opportunities afforded him for pursuing his studies. In these he received great assistance from the late Dr. Thornton, in whose residence there was at that time a circulating library of about 200 volumes, containing among others the works of Dr. Dick, which, it is stated, young Ormiston read with unusual carefulness. His first attempts at public speaking were made at temperance meetings conducted under the aus-

pices of a local temperance society, and at that time he gave promise of that marked ability as a public speaker for which he subsequently became distinguished. It was at about this period of his life that he first had serious impressions about engaging in the work of the ministry and finally after careful consideration, he decided to direct his studies to that end. In order to secure the advantages of a higher education he went to Victoria College, Cobourg, where he so distinguished himself as a student that he secured the interest of Dr. Ryerson, at that time principal of the College, in his behalf, and through his instrumentality was first appointed English tutor and afterwards classical tutor in the College. He still pursued his studies under the professors of the institution until he graduated, when he was raised to the position of Professor of Moral Science, which he held for about two years. At the expiration of that period he resigned the professorship with the intention of devoting himself solely to the ministry, and with that object in view he took charge of a Presbyterian congregation at Newcastle, in the township of Hope. A circumstance not generally known occurred at about this period in his career. On the return of Dr. Ryerson from his educational tour in Europe in 1846 he offered young Ormiston the principalship of the Norman School of Upper Canada, which offer was declined by the latter from a desire to engage wholly in the ministry. Some years afterwards, however, Dr. Ryerson prevailed upon him to accept the mathematical mastership and the position of lecturer in chemistry in this institution; yet, notwithstanding the arduous duties consequent upon the acceptance of these positions, the Rev. Mr. Ormiston preached weekly in Toronto to large congregations for a number of years. He was thus

brought prominently before the public, and his marked ability both as a preacher and a hearer becoming generally known he was "called" in 1857 to take charge of a United Presbyterian congregation in Hamilton. Here he labored with much success. In 1862 he visited Britain, and during one summer preached in the "London Wall Presbyterian Church," Finsbury, London, and declined a warm "call" from that congregation. Some five or six years ago, however, he was induced to accept a call to take charge of a Dutch Reformed congregation worshipping in New York city, where he is now laboring. His Church is situated on Fifth Avenue, in a very aristocratic portion of the metropolis, and is a new and magnificent edifice, recently erected, the large congregations assembled showing the esteem in which their pastor is held. In 1873 he visited California and the Yosemite Valley, during which tour he was the able correspondent of the New York *Witness*. The Doctor is a remarkable man in appearance, having a large frame and a massive head, on which his hair stands erect. His intellect is very active, and by its great power and originality has secured for the Doctor a great range of admirers. He is slightly eccentric in his manners, and has been troubled with an affection which some time ago caused him to lose the use of one of his legs; he recovered from the attack, only to again be troubled, quite lately, with a similar affection in the other limb. Earnest hard work is characteristic of the Doctor, and with his powerful nervous organization he often exceeds his strength in striving to accomplish a given end. He was present in Montreal at the grand gathering of Canadian Presbyterians, on the occasion of their uniting into one Church, and took a leading part in the solemn services.