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THE  
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY  
FOR 1876.

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PART I.—JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

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Montreal :  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
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1876.

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# INDEX TO PART I. 1876.



MISCELLANEOUS.	PAGE
A Girl Artist, The Story of.....	40, 102, 192
Bearing Witness to the Truth.....	411
Bernadotte.....	428
Crossing the St. Lawrence in Winter.....	81
Coming up the Ladder.....	184
Down the Cone.....	14
Ellie's Desire.....	265
Gertrude Leigh's Story.....	108
Geological History of the Island of Mont- real, A Glance at.....	321
Jesuitism.....	161, 250, 329
Kitty Thorncroft's Lovers.....	339
Longfellow.....	97
My Johnnie.....	17
Memories of the Olden Time.....	33
Memories of the Olden Time, or England Five Hundred Years Ago.....	174
Missionary Jottings amongst the Aborigines of the North-West.....	179
Quebec Since Confederation.....	402
Roman Antiquities.....	27
Stray Thoughts from an Old Book; or, A Leaf from the "Algonquin Bible".....	347
Tecumseth Hall... 1, 85, 167, 273, 351, 421	421
Trip to the Sugaries, A.....	241
Voices of the Night.....	38

## YOUNG FOLKS.

Among Wolves.....	45
Adalmina's Pearl.....	131
A Few Words about Dogs.....	283
Apy Foo.....	286
A Wonderful Deliverance.....	211
Behaving.....	208
Dick Morton.....	119
Falling Among Thieves.....	363
Holiday Pastimes.....	62
How to Acquire Good Manners.....	136
How You Grow.....	377
Little Things and Great.....	434
Lotty Lloyd's Parasol.....	432
Look Twice.....	197
Our Three Boys..... 55, 125, 202, 289, 370	370
The Pachydermata.....	437
Pretty Work for Little Girls.....	379
Queer Place, A.....	444

POETRY.	PAGE
Ballad.....	455
Buddha's Lesson.....	32
Legend of the Pansy, The.....	337
Sleeping Beauty, The.....	11

## THE HOME.

Artificial Mother, The.....	148
Bible Flower Mission in London.....	465
Country Kitchens.....	151
Coming to Tea.....	380
Dress in Education.....	451
Dress of Girls, The.....	151
Dress as It Is.....	296
Diphtheria.....	309
Education and Self Preservation.....	301
Flies.....	463
Food.....	141
Furnishing the New House.....	223
First Suit, The.....	389
Hints on House Furnishing.....	456
Hints and Helps.....	69
Hints for the Sick Room.....	145
Hygiene.....	226
Health Hints.....	231
Hospitality without Grudging.....	215
Hints for Emergencies.....	395
Lottie's Work.....	218
Mrs. Hart's Idol.....	138
Neglected Study, A.....	385
Old House, The.....	64
Progress in Education.....	451
Selected Recipes. 72, 156, 233, 312, 379, 396, 469	469
Sick Nursing.....	447
Transferring on Wood and China.....	460
Why is It So?.....	66
What is the Matter?.....	153
Won Again.....	395

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Daniel Deronda.....	471
Devil's Chain, The.....	234
Every Day Religion.....	79
Fated to be Free.....	73
Round my House.....	397
Science and Art of Teaching, The.....	157
Ten Thousand Miles by Land and Sea....	314

NOTICES.		ILLUSTRATIONS.	
	PAGE		PAGE
Rev. Wm. Bond, LL.D., Dean of Montreal.....	400	Rev. Wm. Bond, LL.D.....	May
Sir Matthew Begbie.....	160	Sir Matthew Begbie.....	February
Hon. Pierre Fortin.....	240	Hon. Pierre Fortin.....	March
Hon. Charles J. E. Mondelet.....	80	Hon. Charles J. E. Mondelet.....	January
Hon. L. A. Wilmot.....	476	Rev. Geo. McDougall.....	April
Rev. Geo. McDougall.....	317	Hon. L. A. Wilmot.....	June



# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JAN.,

1876.

## CONTENTS

PAGE		PAGE	
Tecumseh Hall .....	1	THE HOUSE:—	
The Sleeping Beauty (Poetry).....	11	The Old House.....	64
Down the Con.....	14	Why is it So?.....	66
My Johnnie.....	17	Hints and Helps.....	69
Roman Antiquities.....	21	Select Recipes.....	72
Buddha's Lesson (Poetry).....	32	NOTICES:—	
Memories of the Olden Time.....	33	.....	73
Voices of the Night.....	38	Every Day Religion.....	79
The Story of a Girl Artist.....	40	NOTICE:—	
.....	45	Hon. Charles J. E. Mondelet.....	80
.....	55	ILLUSTRATION:—	
.....	63	Hon. Charles J. E. Mondelet....	Frontispiece

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5. do. do. fifth do. 15
6. do. do. sixth do. 10
7. do. do. seventh do. 10
8. do. do. eighth do. 5
9. do. do. ninth do. 5
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# New Dominion Monthly.

JANUARY, 1876.

TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," &c.

## CHAPTER I.

Once on a time, in this happy Canada of ours, where ready hearts and willing hands find wide scope for earnest enterprise, a worthy German and his wife, by honest labor and ceaseless economy, came boldly up from the ranks, and, intent on their calling as dealers in fur, accumulated in time so great a fortune, that in their old days they deemed it fit to build a suitable residence in which to spend their declining years and live quietly on the produce of their mutual exertions.

Some miles away from a large city, is a romantic village, famed for its lumber trade and the comparative wealth of its inhabitants. Heathfield, as we shall call it, is situated on an inland river, broken at intervals by charming falls, and shaded by grand old trees, which could, were their voices intelligible, recount many a wild story of Indian life, and of the brave hardihood of the early voyageur. To this lovely spot, in days long gone by, the furrier came. Delighted by all he saw, he immediately purchased a fine property on the outskirts of the village. There he built "Tecumseth Hall," as the beautiful home was named by his only child, Eloise, a pretty girl of nineteen

summers. The wish of the German and his wife was thus gratified, and they were the possessors of a country home, which, built as it was, on a rising ground, towered above Heathfield in the valley, and overlooked for miles around sloping meadow-lands and fields rich with fruitage, through which with many a curve, and "clatter over stony ways," wound the sparkling Wa-wee. Behind the Hall, at a little distance, rose great hills crowned with dense forests, which had never felt the keen edge of the woodman's axe. Nestled at the foot of these elevations, murmured a brook which ran from the quarry-pond to join the river on the eastern side of Tecumseth.

Having surrounded his family with every wished-for luxury, the furrier prepared to enjoy his ease and live a life devoid of care. A few happy months were granted to the old man; then Eloise was snatched away in her fresh young girlhood from those who would have gladly sheltered her life from every storm. A little while, and the faithful wife slept by the well-loved daughter. The furrier was left alone in the midst of his grandeur—a disconsolate, weary man, without kith or kin, far away from his early home. In his sorrow his heart

turned longingly to the Fatherland, so Tecumseth Hall was put up for sale, and the owner left Canada for Germany.

A Southern gentleman whom business of an unknown nature brought to the village one day, was so charmed with the deserted Hall and its beautiful grounds, that he purchased it, as well as the property of an extensive lumber merchant who had failed a few months previously. In due time Philip Douglass came to Tecumseth, and with him his aunt, a maiden lady, and a boy of thirteen, who was known as his cousin, though in reality Tom Rayburn was no relation to the Douglasses.

After the advent of this gentleman, Heathfield grew as if by magic; people flocked from all directions to gain employment in the factories and mills built by the wealthy new-comer. But none ever guessed why the stern, quiet master of Tecumseth came to their village, and what had cast the habitual gloom over his open brow, or what was the incentive that drove him to such hard labor,—for in all that large community no one toiled as Philip Douglass did. Still there was ever a restless fire in his dark eyes,—a something was wanted to complete a life that ought to have been beautiful, as only the lives of those deep, grand natures can be beautiful with a goodness that springs from a heart at rest.

## CHAPTER II.

Three years after Philip Douglass's arrival at Heathfield, a lad of sixteen came snow-shoeing one winter day over the great wide fields of the country east of Heathfield. The moonlight streamed brightly across his pathway, and lightly kissed the forest near by, which had so often resounded to his boyish shouts, the baying of his hound and the sharp click of his rifle. He stayed not a moment to glance over old familiar scenes—the village in the val-

ley and the frozen river, over which he had skimmed by bark in summer, and by steel in winter, but weary and hungry he pressed on; now over a hill, now down the quarry-path to the gully, where a sheet of glare ice and the toboggan ground provoked a well-pleased grunt. Thence over the bridge, on a little way, and he entered the grounds surrounding Tecumseth Hall, a large stone house built in accordance with modern tastes—handsome, yet pleasant and home-like withal. A slight rain had fallen during the day and frozen on every twig, bough and shingle; one great, glittering mass of spotless white enshrouded the streets and country side of Heathfield. The moonbeams glancing on the snow threw a diamond flash far and near. The exquisite beauty of his home, the crystallized trees with branches bent under their sparkling load, the fringing icicles edging every projection and verandah roof, were lost on the unromantic youth, and failed to give to him the all-absorbing delight which held the dreamer in the eastern bay-window over-looking the coasting-ground and quarry pond.

As Tom Rayburn flung the hall-door open and rushed in whistling and shouting "Home again, darkies!" there was a deep cry of delight, and then Tom was loudly welcomed in true canine fashion by a great hound and a small rat-terrier. In the midst of the rejoicing a round brown face with a pair of startled eyes popped out from behind a distant door; then a buncy French girl came quickly forward, hastily wiping her chubby hands in a big blue apron.

"Oh, me! Meester Tom; did you tomble from de heben? I hear no bell, no horse,—stop you dog you; go for de kitchen, you durty vilin. I'm vary glad for to see you, Meester Tom, for you to come once again."

"All right, Rosalie," giving her a firm shake of the hand. "Fly round and show your pleasure by bringing on

something to eat, in double quick time. No, leave the dogs alone; take these snowshoes and tell Martineau to fix them all square and tight. Holloa there, Rosalie, are they all dead here?" called Tom as she ran away to obey his orders.

"Hey, Meester Tom, supper plenty; bring him in one jerk."

"You donkey! where is Aunt and Mr. Douglass?"

"Oh he's sick,—he's gone," cried the excited maid.

"Who? not Mr. Douglass?"

"No, no, Mees Douglass."

"Where is Mr. Douglass, then?"

"Oh, him, he go for de log, de shanty I tink."

"All right, then, stir up your lazy bones. Coffee, too, strong and hot."

"Oui, oui, cofee; here you Boxter, here you Nips, come for the kitchen purty quick."

"Leave the dogs alone, Rosalie. Dog welcome is better than none; never mind her, Boxer my boy, she is only a woman. Take it comfortable and walk into the dining-room. Nip, Nip! you scoundrel, come here. Now lie down and be quiet, I'm going up-stairs to see the dear old lady." Obedient to his command the dogs went quietly to the fireside, and Tom ran lightly up-stairs to Miss Douglass's room; but she was sleeping, so he bent down and kissed her tenderly, smoothed gently for a moment one of the white shapely hands, and then crept away down to the dogs, who whined, and snarled, and licked him to their hearts' content.

He whistled in a low tone, sat down at the table and while drumming with his fingers, took a survey of everything. It was a kind of pleasant sensation to be home certainly; everything looked so jolly and nice. His own pictures, which he had hung to suit his own fancy, were characteristic of Tom. Over the fire-place on either side of a fine oil painting, hung sketches of a dog and a horse. Not far off was his early

favorite, a buffalo chasing a man who rode on a wild charger, underneath which was inscribed the words, "Turn about is fair play." Still drumming away, and now and then humming,

"For we are jolly good fellows,"

he continued his survey, and spied through a slight opening in the folding door across the hall a dim light on the piano, the lid of which, wonderful to relate, was open, and over the covering a few sheets of music were carelessly strewn.

"Boxer, hold me up! What is it? Surely Aunt has not taken to jigs in her old days, and Philip has never played since—since—oh, Boxer boy!" Tom's face grew sad, and he stroked his dog's head. "But who is it, old boy, that opened that affair?" The "old boy" snuffed and wagged his tail.

"Oh, you rascal, you approve of Aunt jigging then! Here Nip, my young son," with a paternal pat, "trot and tell Rosalie that I will hang her up with a clothes rope to a gooseberry bush if she don't hurry up that grub. I'm starving, my boy,—trot;" and so Nip trotted.

Rosalie frisked in with a tray containing cold turkey, jelly, brown-bread and steaming coffee. Tom fell to and ate like a savage, pitching the bones, as he stripped them, to the dogs under the table, who fought and growled without disturbing their young master in the least.

"How you come, Meester Tom?" asked Rosalie, as she poured the coffee.

"On, my feet," grunted Tom, seizing a leg of turkey.

"Walk, Meester Tom?"

"Yes, walked. Did you think I could fly? The train stuck in the snow twenty miles out. There, that reminds me—I have not a decent collar for to-morrow. Here, wash this, like a giraffe, will you?" Tom coolly unbuttoned his collar, and threw it across the table.

"It's late now, Meester Tom. I'll have to wash him, den to starch him, after'ards to iron him, I s'pose."

"Yeth, I s'pose," mimicked Tom, with a droll face. "You wash him clean, and fix him up stunning, and I'll give you a shilling, and some pink paper. There, you're getting pink yourself, Rosalie. Well, there are worse fellows than Baptiste Duval,—only it's tough work finding them. You wash the collar, like a good girl, and I'll see that someone writes your letter."

"It's *bon!*" said Rosalie, in glee, for her *garçon* was at the shanty, and when Tom was in good nature he was her scribe, as she could not write.

"What is wrong with Aunt?" enquired Tom, helping himself to jelly.

"Him! Oh, he's purty sick. He's not well in his body. He's sick all over. Not to die, ough no!" with a pucker of her upper lip, and shrug of her shoulder. "He not die. Doctair Burks say he come right, bim-by. He's sneeze a little, and be hot. I don't know what you call that in English."

"Influenza," laughed Tom. "See here, Rosalie, have you been treating Martineau to jigs, while poor Aunt has been so ill?"

"Oh, no, it's not me, Meester Tom. I never touch it, not at all; no, I guess so, not once. It's the new Ma'mselle."

"What new Ma'mselle?"

"Mees Haltin."

"Who under the sun is Miss Haltin?" asked Tom, in a low, hoarse whisper.

"He's come last night," said Rosalie.

"He's cry. He's play the peeany."

"Old or young, Rosy?" in a quick, sharp tone.

"Young, *belle*—like a picter!"

"Not to stay long, eh, Rosalie?" enquired Tom, anxiously.

"Dunno," with another shrug. "Big trunk, lots of dresses—purty, oh, me! Rich, I tink. He's cry plentee, and has black frock, and plentee *crêpe*. He's *belle*, oh, me! Martineau say he's like the Virgin Mary."

Tom did not swear exactly, but he confounded the lady who resembled the "Virgin" roundly, even kicked his beloved dogs, and sent them howling to the kitchen. Afterwards he stole up again, to see if his aunt was awake; but no, she slept soundly, and, the hour being late, Tildy, the housemaid, was arranging a bed for herself on a lounge in the sick room, in order that she might be ready to wait on her mistress during the night. The boy went softly away again, with an affectionate anxiety in his eyes that made his face pleasant with a rare gentleness. Having joked a little with Martineau, and seen to the proper care taking of his moccasins and snowshoes, he came back again to the hall with Boxer and Nip. With his brown hair tossed back from his brow in a very careless style, minus his collar and slippers, for they were in his trunk on the train, he strode up and down, frowning and muttering to himself, unconscious that a pair of laughing eyes were watching him from a crack in the drawing-room doors. Tired at last with waiting for Mr. Douglass's return, he dismissed the dogs with a friendly pat, and a "Shake hands, my dear sirs. But if you knew what I do, perhaps you would hate petticoats too;" then he took a lamp and retired to his own room.

No sooner was Tom safely settled for the night, than a figure in black stole out from its hiding-place, and ran lightly up the wide staircase, then to a pretty chamber furnished with every comfort for this young girl who was described as being the personification of the Virgin Mary. Once before, Myrtle Haltaine had essayed an escape to her own domain, but Tom's return and subsequent promenade in his stocking feet, had prevented her stealing away unseen. So the first smiles that had brightened her face since her coming to Tecumseth Hall, were provoked by the boyish form in his negligent attire.

"Meester Tom," the girl called him," said she to herself, as she dropped down

by the glowing fireplace in her apartment. "What an odious boy! He looked like a young lunatic, striding across the hills on those great kites. Then how the dogs barked, and that 'Meester Tom' confounding me! Impertinence! Oh, how I hate it all, and I'm only fifteen yet! Three years more! I wonder how I will live in this tomb. If it were not for the scenery, and the people passing on the road, I know I could not bear it. I half think Miss Douglass is very nice. She smiles so kindly, and has such beautiful dark eyes. I wonder what her nephew is like. I hope he is a kind old man; but this Tom is a young savage."

The fire crackled, and in the light from the dancing flames, Myrtle wandered dreamily over her previous life. Like a half-forgotten dream was the remembrance of a lovely home, where her slightest wish was law to the many negro servants who were constantly around her.

Now came a picture of a proud old lady bending tenderly over her; following this was her father, driving wildly up a dark avenue, and catching her in his arms. Just as if she had read it years ago, she saw a room beautiful as fairyland, where the air was perfumed by sweetest flowers, and birds sang in exquisite gilded cages; a lady, white and worn, resting on a couch; then the lady kissing her, and raining great hot tears on her baby face. All vanished, and Myrtle was roaming far and wide with her father and two trusty servants. Sometimes they dwelt quietly in a little village, sometimes a great city was their home. By and by they settled in Nice. And there Myrtle grew from a wee, winsome maiden into a bright fresh girl of fourteen, and then her father died. That some mystery hung about his life she was assured, but she could not solve it. In vain she had questioned Sambo and his wife about her early home. However, they could not enlighten her, as they had entered Mr. Haltaine's service only a few days before

his leaving America for Europe, when Myrtle was a pretty prattler of five. It was impossible to glean any information from her father, and though she listened eagerly to the delightful tales with which he whiled many of the hours away when he was free from pain, still there were no allusions to his young days. All the scenes of his former existence were as a sealed book. Only once he touched on old familiar things; then the words seemed wrung from his white lips. How distinctly Myrtle remembered the very air, soft and balmy, of that beautiful evening shortly before his death, when he had called her from watching a gorgeous sunset to listen to his directions for her future life!

"I've been putting off the evil day too long, little one," he said, as she drew a low seat close beside him; "I cannot be with you long now. Don't fret, Myrtle, for it will be an unspeakable relief to me; my only grief is that you will be left alone in this hard, weary world."

Myrtle shuddered at this, and clung closer to him,—an awful sorrow seemed to be creeping over her, and in a dreary, dazed way, she listened, while Mr. Haltaine told her that, had he been stronger, he would have taken her back to their own home; but now it was impossible, and he had written to Gilbert Douglass, his best friend long ago, begging him to accept the charge of Myrtle until her eighteenth year, when she would come into the possession of her father's estate and great wealth. He paused a moment, and then said: "If Theresa Douglass is living, Myrtle, she will be your truest friend. Oh, my child, may God save you from the sorrow which has blighted other lives quite as lovely." Here a frightful cough choked his utterance, and that night Myrtle was an orphan girl, alone in a distant country. For some months Myrtle Haltaine resided with the family of the lawyer to whom her father had entrusted her for the present. Sambo

and Mamie returned to the States. After much searching, the surviving members of the Douglass family were discovered in a Canadian village, and to them Myrtle went, under the care of a clergyman and his wife who were bound for the New World.

The fire burned low—a sobbing wind shrieked around the Hall and wailed like a disembodied spirit outside the eastern window. Nervous and desolate, the watcher by the embers hastily unrobed herself, and crying bitterly, crept in among the fleecy blankets. So ended her second evening in her new home—the home of Theresa Douglass.

### CHAPTER III.

Tom was up with the sun next morning. Hastily dressing himself, he knocked softly at Miss Douglass's room.

"Come in," called a low voice, and he marched in and kissed the lady heartily.

"I'm sorry, upon my honor, Aunt. Can a fellow do anything for you?"

"Thank you, Tom," replied Miss Douglass, "I am much better. Dr. Burke says I only want rest, and must not excite myself. Sit down, and let me look at you."

"Think I'm growing, Aunt?"

"Yes, you will be a young giant soon. Do the freckles still worry you?" she asked with a funny little laugh, for Tom's crop of freckles was a sore trouble to him.

"As bad as ever, Aunt. Rosalie says buttermilk and tansey is splendid to take them off. Did Philip get the black ponies?"

"Yes, but he has them away with him."

"When is he coming, Aunt?"

"I cannot tell you, I am sure. His movements, you know, are uncertain. On Saturday, in all probability. We missed you sadly, Tom."

"That's good," he said with a droll laugh.

The dark-eyed lady smiled lovingly at the great boy, who was her especial pride.

"How did it happen that you reached Heathfield so late last night? I must have been sound asleep."

"Train ran off the track into the snow at Lee Point, so Guy, and Gerard, and the Fletchers started on snow-shoes with me. The Irvings wanted me to stay all night at Greyley, but you see I wanted to get home, so I came. It was tough work, though, and I feel all-overish this morning. I'm off now; I got up early on purpose to come and see you before I started."

"You are not going away this morning, Tom?" she enquired in surprise.

"Yes, I must, Aunt. You see, my boxes and things will be coming on the train. I brought them all home because I did not know whether Philip intended me to return to Trapp. I promised Arthur honestly to meet him at the station. The house is awfully dull, Aunt; you sick, and Philip off for 'de log and de shanty.' That Rosalie beats the Dutch. I suppose I'll have to answer all Baptiste's letters. Oh, Aunt, who in thunder and brass candlesticks is Miss Haltin? Rosalie was telling me some nonsense last evening."

A shade passed over the wan face on the pillow at Tom's heedless words.

"Myrtle Haltaine, Tom. The daughter of my stepmother's son."

"Why, Aunt, I thought they all shipped for glory long ago"

"Oh, Tom, my boy, you speak so lightly. I did think myself that Ernest was dead years ago. He never wrote to us, and I often wondered where the little girl was, until—"

"Aunt, she's never going to live here?" broke in Tom in excitement.

"Certainly. She has no home or friends. I hope you will try and make it pleasant for her."

Tom glowered darkly, and Miss Douglass went on softly.

"She has had great sorrow, Tom.

You know, dear, how hard it is to be alone." One white hand was caressingly laid on the boy's curly head as the lady continued,

"Now, Tom, you will be kind I hope. I trust you—"

"Aunt, how can I?" he cried in his impetuous way. "How can I, Aunt? You know—oh, it might have been so different for us all! Philip changes more every day. Can't you see it, Aunt Theresa?"

"I see it all, but it is the business perhaps; you know he throws all his energy into it—all his heart in fact, Tom. I fancy, perhaps, it will be a good thing for Philip in the end; besides we must not lose faith in everybody. Listen now until I tell you about Myrtle. Her father wrote to my brother, asking him to be her guardian; Ernest had never heard of his death. The letter with later ones from a lawyer only reached Philip in the fall. The poor child was utterly alone, and I begged of him to take the charge entrusted to his father."

"She is an everlasting fixture, then?" after a pause. "Oh, dear!"

"Yes," said Miss Douglass.

"I wish I had stayed at Chamberlee. If there is anything I detest it's girls."

"Tom, Tom! You do not think before you speak; you are forgetting who I am."

"That is altogether different, Aunt. You are an old-fashioned girl. It's these new-fangled affairs I hate, with their giggles and frills and fixings. I love you, honestly, but upon my honor the rest of the women are only fit to iron a fellow's shirt and cook grub. They are a humbug."

"A necessary evil," laughed Miss Douglass, good-naturedly; she was accustomed to Tom's outbursts.

"Just that. Good-bye,—I'll take a bite in the pantry. Seeing that you are so much better, I won't be back for a while."

In his heart Tom hated to leave Miss

Douglass. It would have delighted him to stay and read or talk to her, but for "that girl."

In the afternoon, Tom came home, looking grim. He sauntered round the yard with his hands in his pockets, and his cap pushed on the back of his head, fuming at his lot. Growing desperately cold at last, he ventured in, or rather sneaked in, and after a cautious look out for the "Virgin Mary," he tiptoed up to the sick room. Miss Douglass was too tired to talk. After bathing her head until she dropped off into a quiet sleep, he suddenly bethought himself of the library, and decided to go and read awhile, and then write to his friend Neil. Accordingly, Tom was soon skirmishing among a pile of magazines and pamphlets.

With a yawn and a growl, he stretched himself on an immense lounge that was placed across a deep window. After reading until his eyes ached, he pitched the book on a table, and lay back with folded arms for a snooze. Soon he was blissfully asleep, quite unconscious that "that girl" was reading close beside him. Early in the afternoon, she had found her way to this room, and, becoming absorbed in the "Heir of Redclyffe," she had ensconced herself behind the lounge, flat on the floor, under shade of the deep, crimson curtains. Sometimes she grew intensely interested in her story, and sometimes she gazed away over the shrouded earth at the funny huts of the *habitants*, which dotted the river bank. Aware that she was safely concealed, and thinking that perhaps the "lazy big boy" would soon leave, she remained quiet. However, on coming to a touching part of the beautiful tale, she quite forgot him, until several short, loud snores provoked her ready laughter. Meanwhile—as we are very apt to do—Tom fell to dreaming, and, O horrors! fancied himself at the hymeneal altar. His blushing bride, a tall, ungainly female, fancifully arrayed

in pink cotton, answered to the name of Myrtle Haltaine. When the minister asked gravely : " Thomas Rayburn, will you take this woman for your wedded wife ?" he thought he made a desperate spring, and cried, in tragic tones : " No, never ! you nor any other woman, Myrtle Haltaine." The consequence was the young man awoke, to find himself sprawling on the floor, while a girl with mischievous grey eyes stood near by, convulsed with laughter.

" Did you hurt yourself ? Let me help you up," she gasped, holding out a little white hand which Tom could have crushed to atoms, so gallant was his present mood. For a moment he stared grimly at her, then he strode away, angry with himself, and in a towering rage at " that girl," whose eyes were brimful of fun, and whose voice was as low and sweet as his Aunt Theresa's.

After a rapid walk to the village, the excited lad cooled down, and began to consider how he could invent some plan or excuse for absenting himself from the Hall until Mr. Douglass's return. He dreaded the meal times, for then he should have to sit at the table with that obnoxious girl. He thought of a dozen plans, but none " would work," to use his own expression. Just as he reached the office, he was joined by his chief friend, Gerard Irving, a lad some years older.

" Holloa, Tom !"

" Holloa, yourself !"

" Going to your own funeral ?"

" No, I'm mad."

" Don't bite, then, but come out to Greyley. Arthur is going with me. It must be slow at the Hall when Mr. Douglass is away."

" It is. Yes, upon my honor, that's just the ticket, Gerard. Call round for me, will you ? I'll run up and tell my Aunt."

" All serene, then."

Gerard called round in due time, and, having bidden an affectionate adieu to his Aunt, Tom promised faithfully to

return in two days, and left the Hall *gladly* for the first time in his life.

Saturday, at four o'clock, Myrtle sat in her own pretty room, watching, with eager eyes and a lonely heart, the village lads and lasses on the coasting-ground. She had spent most of the day with Miss Douglass, reading and singing softly to cheer the quiet hours.

The constant shout of ringing laughter drew her at last to her window, where she could easily see the fun. It was a bright and picturesque scene—the girls in their gay dresses and warm furs—the boys in their shaggy overcoats, strapped with scarlet sashes, spinning over the beaten snow in their sledges and toboggans.

Long lines of spruce and pine, glittering with snowdrops caught in the downward flight, half wreathed the frozen water. Near by was swung a rustic bridge, and farther on towered the great rocks and cliffs of the quarry. Such was the view which met the weary girl's eye on that waning wintry day. Soon the long shadows fell silently across the play-ground of the happy boys, and they wended their way homeward, leaving a blankness for the watcher in Tecumseth.

Early in the evening, Myrtle again sought her post, for a great whistling sounded from the pond. This time four boys were skating. The moon fairly bathed the world in light, so she sat gazing out of her window, and crying quietly. Her life seemed so forlorn, and she longed to have some pleasant break in the monotony. She watched the skaters for fully two hours, and was thinking of going to bed and making another little moan, when she saw them preparing to leave. Three figures climbed the farthest hill and tramped across the snow towards Greyley ; the fourth remained, and, after two or three shrill shrieks, was joined by Boxer, the great hound. Myrtle quickly recognized Tom Rayburn as he clambered up the steepest part of the coasting-

ground. At the top he found a child's sledge, which had been left behind a stump. Tom drew it out, and prepared to take a different direction to that commonly chosen. Away he sped. Just as he reached the point where, in a sudden narrow turn, came the slope leading to the pond, and a steep, ragged projection, at the foot of which lay stumps and stubby trees, Boxer, who had been running after a squirrel, spied the sledge whirling down, and, in an unlucky moment, ran across his master's path. Myrtle held her breath. There was a scuffle, a plunge, and then Tom, dog and sledge disappeared over the rough embankment. In an instant the excited girl flew towards Miss Douglass's room; but, pausing, she thought: "It will only excite her, and do no good;" turning, she sped to the kitchen, and found Rosalie with a kitten in her lap, nodding over a red and black stocking which she was knitting.

"Where is the boy, Rosalie?" she cried.

"Gone for to spark his girl, I s'pose," replied the sleepy Rosalie. "What for you white? You not see one ghost?" There was a common superstition among the French that Tecumseth was haunted by the spirit of Eloise, the furrier's daughter.

"No, no! Oh, Rosalie, Master Tom has fallen over the hill near the bridge! Come, come, quick!"

Seizing Tildy's shawl which hung on a peg, the French girl rapidly wrapped it round the shivering Myrtle. Then grasping one for herself, she opened the door and ran across the side path. Myrtle followed the fleet-footed maid. Reaching the gully, they passed over the bridge. Thence around the trees, and farther on over a rough way to the foot of the steep over which Tom had fallen. Here they found him lying insensible on a bank of snow, a few feet from a deeper chasm. One arm was bent under him, and one leg was thrown partly across a low stump.

Boxer lay stiff in death beside the broken sledge.

"He's dead! Poor Meester Tom, he's dead, vary sure now." She moved his leg as she spoke, and a low moan escaped from the white lips.

"Hey! he cry. Him no dead, vary sure, no," cried the French girl in delight, bending over the curly head with a mixture of joy and sorrow; for Tom, in spite of all his faults, was dear to the hearts of the domestics.

"Rosalie, what shall we do?" exclaimed Myrtle.

"Dunno, you no 'fraid, I s'pose, for to stay at this place. Me go for the Doctair Burks and his boys."

"Where is that, Rosalie?"

"Just next the hoose across the road. One small hoose you know, next to where all the little babee live."

"Yes, I know the brown cottage. Go quick, then Rosalie; I'll stay here."

The excited Rosalie needed no second bidding, and Myrtle was left alone in the most lonely part of the weird surroundings of the quarry-pond. A woe-ful dread came across the young girl's heart as she stood in the solitude, with her hands tightly clasping the shawl which was flung over her shoulder. The rising wind blew a wailing blast through the forest, and now the moon drifted through a quickly clouding sky, shedding at intervals only a pale light on the watcher and the sufferer. Moan after moan broke from Tom's lips.

"Oh, will they never come!" sighed Myrtle. "Poor boy!" and she stooped and gently rested the wounded head on her shawl, which she took from around her.

At last, after a seemingly long time, Rosalie, accompanied by Dr. Burke and two strong young Frenchmen, came quickly to her relief.

"Come, Miss Haltin, it's cold for you. Here, take my shawl."

"No, thank you," said Myrtle "Can't we help?"

"I think not," said Dr. Burke. "Joe

and Felix will do all. We will carry him home on the train; it is at the bridge. Run home, quickly; you will catch your death. Besides, we are going to have a storm. Gently, boys, gently,"—this last to the men.

"Come, Ma'mselle Haltin," pleaded Rosalie, twining her shawl around the cold young girl.

"Yes, go at once," commanded Dr. Burke. "Rosalie, don't tell Miss Douglass; I want her kept quiet. Get the room off the library ready."

Rosalie drew Myrtle away, and in a short time she was by the great crackling fire in the kitchen.

"Where is Douglass?" asked the Doctor, poking his great, shaggy head out of the library door a little later, when Tom had been borne in.

"I don't know," replied Myrtle, who had stolen into the hall to hear tidings of Tom. "I think Miss Douglass expects him late to-night."

"Won't be here, then. Dear me! And I cannot speak a word of French to these fellows. I say, young lady, you are plucky, and this is an emergency; these things will happen. You've got the right stuff, or you would not

have stayed in the Haunted Hollow alone."

"Yes, I'll help," exclaimed Myrtle. "Will he live, Dr. Burke?—do you think he will live?"

"Tom? Oh dear, yes,—live to be hanged yet. He is a tough young scoundrel. Come now, you be brave, and we will set him to rights; his left arm is injured his head has a slight cut, and his fingers are crushed."

So Myrtle was installed as the rough old doctor's assistant and held the poor bruised hand while it was being dressed. Tom bore the operation bravely, and thanked Myrtle with many a wistful, speaking glance.

"Now, you go to bed, little girl, and I will look after this scapegrace," said Dr. Burke, graciously, when all was over.

"Good night," said Myrtle to Tom, with a kindly, compassionate look that brought the feeble flicker of a smile over his white face.

"Good night, and I can never thank you enough."

But Myrtle was away, and soon forgot all the trouble of that evening in a heavy, dreamless sleep.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY JOHN J. PROCTER.

ASLEEP.

Her face is like the glory of a moonlit-lake at rest,  
And her voice is like the dreaming of the cushat on her nest ;  
And she ever seems to commune with the angels that keep ward  
When the holy ones come down to earth, and the heavens are unbarred.

So wondrous is the mystic calm that dreams and dreams, and lies,  
Ever resting, in the deepness of her clear and true brave eyes,  
That the spirit that looks out of them seems near and yet afar,  
As the image in the waters that gives back its sister star.

Where'er her gentle presence moves, all passions fly away,  
As foul beasts seek their evil dens before the dawn of day ;  
The love that bows itself to kiss the footprints of her feet,  
Bends down in tender reverence, so pure is she, and sweet.

And the heart within her slumbers, and its clear depths are unstirred ;  
Love whispers ever to it, but Love's whispers are unheard :  
The angels know their prize, and hide the treasure of her life  
From the gladness of an earthly love, its sorrows and its strife.

All sweet things, caress her !  
All pure beings, bless her !  
All good angels, tend her !  
All true hearts, defend her !

Come to her, come to her, Holiest and Best !  
Watch o'er her waking, keep ward o'er her rest ;  
Let no evil harm her,  
No ill spirit charm her,  
No false tongue betray her,  
No unkindness slay her,

Bless all her life, as Thou blessedst her birth,  
But lend her,—oh, lend her !—awhile unto earth.  
Heaven has naught that is mournful and bad,  
Earth has so much that is sinful and sad ;  
Earth rings with wailing and sore lamentation,  
Heaven re-echoes with songs of salvation ;  
Lend her, and, lending her, grant her that she  
Bring with her back again two souls to Thee.

“ Whoe'er would reach the guarded shrine,  
And rouse the maiden from her dreaming

*The Sleeping Beauty.*

Must pause, and read the doom divine  
 Upon the pure heart-chambers gleaming :  
 ' Self cannot win for self entrance in here :  
 Self must destroy in self all self holds dear ;  
 Self must lay self, ne'er to rise, on its bier.  
     For out of this heart's sacred portals  
 One life shall go forth, both blessing and blest,  
 Blossom in beauty, caressing, caressed ;  
 One life shall fly to the place of its rest,  
     And hide itself with the Immortals.

' Wake but the slumb'rer with one loving kiss,  
 Wake her to sorrow, and wake her to bliss,  
     Startle the heart into living ;  
 Breathe in her ear the sweet whisper of ' wife,'  
 The great gift of life must be won by a life,  
     And the giver be lost in the giving.'''

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 THE FAIRY PRINCE.

The mountain wreathes her brow with snows,  
 The mountain's breast is cold and chilly ;  
 Yet ever up my pathway goes,  
     To seek and win the mountain lily.

O blossom ! dweller on the height !  
 Untouched by storm, unmoved by light !  
 I come to thee, though gathering night  
     Grows chillier and chillier.

I come to thee, my love, my wife,  
 Though all the air with death were rife ;  
 The road to thee is road to life,  
     And dearer as 'tis hillier.

O royal lily ! snow-white maid !  
 Thy starry eyes pierce through the shade ;  
 Thy voice rings through the stormy night,  
 And all its clouds and mists grow bright.

Though round my head the thunders roll,  
 As springs the needle to the pole,  
 My soul leaps forth to meet thy soul,  
     And be at one for ever.

In thee to lose identity,  
 In thee to live, in thee to die,—  
 If this be doom, for doom I cry,  
     And bless and praise the Giver !

AWAKE.

Come, tender breezes, and set the bells ringing,  
High in the elm-top the mavis is swinging,  
Far in the azure the skylark is singing—  
Two lives are merged in one.  
Hid in the deep wood, the ring-dove is cooing ;  
Out in the open the swallows, pursuing  
Glancing-winged mates, are proclaiming their wooing,  
Little brooks laugh as they run.

Roses are blushing to hear their own praises,  
Violets hide in the wild grasses' mazes,  
But the king-cups have bent down their crowns to the daisies,  
And the daisies are silver and gold.  
Maiden-white, smit with a blush at the dart  
That planted a crown in their innermost heart,  
Argent and or, never, never to part  
In the life that can never grow old.

“ Over the grave-stones the breezes are sighing,  
Hid in the cypress the night-bird is crying,  
Daisies are withered, and king-cups are dying,  
E'en in the joy of their birth.  
“ Ever so bright though the flame be that burneth,  
Ever so glad though the life be that spurneth  
Earth in its Paradise-dreams, it returneth,  
Ashes and dust, unto earth.”

Courage, sweetheart! let the false and the craven  
Quail at the notes of the ill-boding raven,  
*Our* peace is anchored, secure in its haven,  
Hidden among the Immortals.  
O sweetest fate! that caressing, caressed,  
We should live one—that both blessing and blessed,  
We should go one to the place of our rest—  
One, through the heavenly portals.  
Ah, foolish Grief! thou art shorn of thine hour!  
Ah, fangless Death! thou art robbed of thy power—  
Come weal, come woe, to be one is our dower ;  
And Love knows no death, e'en with mortals.

One soul has fled from ye, one shall be spared  
For the sorrows of life, and its trouble ;  
But two souls shall live where a joy may be shared,  
And the gladness itself shall be double.

## DOWN THE CONE.

To the English reader, the words, "sliding," "coasting" and "tobogganing" are perhaps unknown, or present a vague notion of a half-civilized amusement indulged in by inhabitants of arctic regions; to many, even in Canada, the full significance of the words, as understood in the City of Quebec, is unrecognized. But to those happy people whose home is in the Ancient Capital, where the frosts of November yield but to the sun of May, how much happiness and enjoyment do these words convey? The hard frozen ground beaten by the bleak autumn blast, is no sooner covered by the soft flaky mantle, than myriads of boys, drawing with them their sleighs and Indian *traineaux*, hurry off to the hills so abundant in the old city and spend there hours of idleness in the healthy amusement of sliding. All through the long winter, in spite of wind or snow storm, in spite of temperatures varying from forty above to forty below zero, the white clad hills are crowded with life-enjoying youths. And when night falls down, they are not vacated, for a darkness does not cover the earth; a cloudless sky, made brilliant by a million stars and queened over by a bright silver moon, whose rays are nowhere else so luminous, throws over the scene a fairy-like beauty. Young girls and boys, grown up women and men, hurry out in the clear moonlight and tread lightly over the crisp snow to rendezvous on the hills. Beneath trees whose branches are laden, bending down in wreath-like shapes, with icy crystals, through which the rays of moon and stars display prismatic colors, with laughter and joyous glee, they embark on their sleighs and whirl down the steep incline. At times a snowbank impedes progress and maybe overturns the living freight; but no mishap attends these stoppages, for the soft snow but buries them in sensations of keen enjoyment. No fatigue attends the return to the hilltop, for the rarity of the atmosphere exhilarates nature, and an exuberant vigor defies exhaustion. Down again over the ice and through the snow-drift dashes the wild sleigh with its wilder occupants, and up again to the summit the pleasure-seekers hasten to repeated draughts of enjoyment. Often till midnight the hills are resonant with happy screams of laughter and delirious peals of merriment. Homeward then wend the revellers, and in the morning no headache from noxious gases or forced excitement compels the sufferer to seek his pillow. The wine cup and dizzy dance may have their victims, but they are not to be found among those who enjoy the hillside pastime. Another resort has its enticements for Quebecers. Not many miles from the city, within an hour's drive, dashes down the River Montmorenci; and as it approaches the St. Charles it makes a mighty effort and throws its many tons of water into the depths below. During the summer the visitor to Quebec does not fail to drive down to revel in the beauties of the Montmorenci Falls. Over the Natural Steps, where the overhanging sides covered with ferns and pine trees, frown down on the eddying waters and mad cataracts, the stranger wanders, wondering at the wild beauty of the scene. At the edge of the falls he looks down into the seething waters, whither they have taken their last leap; at the foot of the falls he looks upwards at the overwhelming liquid avalanche; everywhere grandeur meets him and amazement overpowers; in the din of waters no voice

is heard, and a bright rainbow dances on the spray.

When summer is going, all this beauty is enhanced by the brilliancy of autumn hues. No painter can depict the variety of color, no pen describe the bright vermilion, the rich purple, the gaudy orange, mingled in the white foam and spray of the scattered waters. But the winter comes, and the leaves have fallen into the leaping torrent. The river beneath has become a field of ice, and the ascending spray congeals into a pyramid. Day by day, the pyramid reaches higher, till its summit rivals the furrowed rock down which the wild waters cast themselves, and it is then called Montmorenci Cone. Here, about the beginning of March, when the cone is at its highest, come pleasure parties from Quebec; and here sliding is enjoyed to its fullest extent. For more than a month, there is no cessation. In the early part of the day the amusement commences, and ends not with evening. Boys with sleighs attend the visitor, anxious to be engaged, and either give up the sleigh to his own guidance or steer him down the hill. But it is only the venturesome who will ascend the dizzy cone; those who dread its steep incline prefer the smaller or ladies' cone. There no danger threatens, while the pleasure is wonderful.

Not long since, a party of four, of which I was one, left the city for the Falls, and took the land road, which is somewhat longer than that by the ice. It was a clear afternoon, and the road was in good order. The March sun reflected so strongly on the dazzling snow and ice as almost to blind, so that it was necessary to wear green veils.

The village of Beauport, with its white-washed cottages, was soon passed, and we began the descent from the highway to the ice down a precipitous hill, on one side of which was an immense hollow, then filled up with snow.

Into this snow-pit, the carter informed us, a pair of horses and cariole had fallen, a few days previously, and had been with great difficulty extricated, so overwhelmed were they with the soft, deep snow. On reaching the lower road, a new village was discovered, occupying the spot on which Wolfe landed on the 31st July, 1759, to attack the French, thereby suffering a defeat, and the loss of five hundred men.

On approaching the Falls from the ice, the scene is unique. In a few minutes we found ourselves among a crowd of carioles, with their attendant carters, and a number of *gamins* belonging to the neighborhood, offering their sleighs for hire. We secured four of these latter, and proceeded on foot the remainder of the way. Before us was the mighty cataract, partly hidden by the sugar-loaf like cone of ice, down which, like a speck, darted a sleigh, which rapidly made its appearance beside us on the ice. The velocity in the descent and the impetus given to the sleigh are so great that it took but two or three minutes from the moment of leaving the summit to reach us, although we were about a quarter of a mile distant. Our party, two of whom were ladies, proceeded first to the ladies' cone, and took several slides down its comparatively easy decline, after which my friend, Mr. Kirby, and myself, decided on trying the large cone. Steps had been cut from the bottom to the top, without which no one could have gone up. In the cone itself, three chambers had been cut out of the solid ice, and had been fitted up for refreshments; the counter and benches being also of ice. Dragging our sleighs after us, we commenced the ascent; it was far from an easy undertaking; but, when at last we reached the top, the desire for resting was entirely lost in the timorous sensations we experienced. The first sensation was an impulse to throw ourselves from the dizzy height; for, looking from it, we could not ap-

proach sufficiently close to the edge to see our future road down. It seemed as though we were to cast ourself down a precipice, at whose foot certain destruction awaited us. Far away, on the broad sheet of ice, were the people we had shortly before left, who now appeared no larger than flies. But if this view was appalling, that which we saw when we looked behind was terrifying. Down, as though from the clouds, fell a multitude of waters, boiling, leaping, surging, and, as it were, burying us in their fury. With a noise of hurricane and tempest it descended in its wrath, and rushed into the earth beneath us; as an earthquake, the ice seemed to quiver, the spray and foam enveloped us in a cloud, while, now and then, the form of a rainbow darted between the gusts of watery atmosphere. We became drenched, fearful, and almost hopeless, and in despair, tintured with recklessness, grasped our sleighs. Not dreaming of again seeing my friend, I threw myself and sleigh forward. I felt myself falling, as in a dream; my sight gone, a choking sensation, then a slightly moderated motion, objects shooting rapidly by, a confusion of voices, and, finally, I saw that my sleigh was stationary, far away from the cone. I looked for Kirby. At that moment a speck was falling down the side of the cone; in a moment my friend was near at hand. The mental excitement we had experienced was sufficient, and we did not repeat the experiment. It is possible that a person who does not value life too highly could, by continual exercise of sliding down the Montmorenci Cone, so steady his nerves as to deprive it of its real or fancied dangers. Persons have fallen down its side, and have been picked up lifeless,

or with broken limbs. I shall never again risk either catastrophe — in this determination I am joined by AKirby.

We reached our lady friends, and prepared for departure; and, determining to seek all the novelties in our power, took the homeward route by the ice. The carters mildly objected, as they were apprehensive of a storm. The day was fast closing, and a cloudy appearance in the east was an argument against the ice-road. The foreboding of the carters was shortly verified, and the snow began to fall in thick, heavy flakes, accompanied, after a while, by a violent wind. The houses on the land were soon hidden from view; then it became impossible to see the horses' heads; next, the road-track was lost, and the only hope was in the instinct of the poor brutes of horses who had to drag us through the thickening snow. At times they came to a stand, and, looking up and round, nothing could be seen but the blinding drift,—no shore, no road, no cloud. The hours passed by, and we were despairing. The furs were drenched, and unfit to keep out the cold. The only guide we had was to keep the wind in our backs. Thus we continued travelling, benumbed and wretched, till, at about two o'clock in the morning, we discovered a light glimmer before us; at all risks, we forced the horses towards it. It was with heartfelt joy we reached what we knew to be *terra firma*; we were in the vicinity of some sort of a dwelling, and summoned the inmates for admittance. It was a farmer's house on the Island of Orleans, many miles from Quebec, whither we had wandered through the wretched night; but we were glad,—oh, how glad!—for shelter.

## M Y J O H N N I E

BY NORAH

During our sojourn at Starn, we had the pleasure of visiting the Agricultural Show called by the people of Starn the "Show Fair."

It was held on the common, behind the park, on the Le Blanc property, that ancient Gascon having with his usual generosity offered it for the purpose. A temporary building had been erected, for the occasion, of green lumber from Macdonald's Mill, and a large enclosure near was fenced in for the live stock. We walked round this enclosure, looking over it at the cattle with as much admiration as even Starn could expect. Besides the many plebeian cows and calves of no particular name or breed, there was quite a sprinkling of imported stock, forming a bovine aristocracy.

"We have a very fine show of cattle—finer than we ever had before. Don't you think so?" said Andrew Wilson, one of the judges.

We did think so, of course. There were straight-backed Durhams, spotted Ayrshires, mild-looking Devons, and even one lonely little Alderney all by itself in a corner. We stopped a moment to hear a lively dispute over a prize calf, which by reason of having been mothered by two cows (I think it would be better to say nursed), had grown into a great calf indeed. So large was he, that the owners of rival calves were insisting that he should be put among the yearlings. The disputants were hot and red-faced, but the animal disputed about was as mild and innocent-looking as a "heathen Chinese."

Leaving them to settle this question as they chose, we sauntered on, glancing at immense porkers and wonderful sheep; admiring, with an almost desire to possess one, the well-matched and well-groomed spans of young horses, in harness bought new for the occasion, as they were shown off by enthusiastic and appreciative owners. We lingered here a little,—we always had an affectionate admiration for horses, ever since we longed in early days for a bay pony with light mane and tail; we never got it, but the longing remains. Turning slowly away we entered the building, which had "all the fragrance of the enriching pine." Here upon the wall, faithful to its post, like the banner "which has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," hangs the wonderful silk quilt, formed of a miraculous number of small pieces, which has appeared at Starn fair ever since Starn had a fair. There are woven quilts of many patterns, and patchwork quilts in blazing star, log cabin, brick work, red baskets on white ground and many other strange devices. There are webs upon webs of brilliant lindseys, and warm etoffes, fine flannels, comfortable blankets, socks and mittens, white, scarlet, grey and blue, warmly suggestive of winter needs. There are immense pumpkins, corpulent beets, great carrots, cabbages broad as a drum-head, hops like fir cones for size, and apples as large and smooth and round as what Peterkin picked up by the rivulet,—more juicy and eatable it is to be hoped, seeing that they are valued by their owner at twenty-five cents apiece,

which is also the price per bunch of those purple and white grapes in those pretty baskets. The fine arts are by no means neglected. There are specimens of bead-work, tatting, knitting, netting, leather work, worsted work, spatter work, crayon drawing in cone frames, farmers' wreaths, sofa cushions, foot-stools, and afghans of every conceivable shape, design and material, besides some new uncommon things of which we in our ignorance knew neither the name nor the use. We turned away sated and tired with seeing and admiring, leaving John Simmons and Willie Ramsay at hot words as to whether size or flavor was the best reason for bestowing a prize on beets, and whether ripeness or size should be considered most in hops. Why will people fatigue themselves with disputing about trifles, thought we, and being by this time sated with seeing, and tired of admiring from a sense of duty, we wandered off, for the day was hot for September, into the pine bush by the little Raccoon river, and sat down to rest in a cool shady "spot of delight," as Tom Moore sings.

We rattled the stray coins in our pocket and wondered if it would be extravagant to invest in one of the large apples; seeing they were *Corban* and sold for church purposes, one would feel as if they were doing something religious as well as gratifying self,—they are so juicy looking (thought we), would taste so refreshing and are so dear. Our meditations were interrupted and our solitude invaded by two women, who came along seeking rest and shade like ourselves. Each of them had one of the big apples in her hand. One, tall, large-boned, red-haired, we recognized as a farmer's wife from Tegenisaw township, Mrs. Bridget Milloy by name, famed for her butter and for the price at which she valued it. The other, small, dark haired, alert-looking, is—yes, my eyes do not deceive me—it is—here of all places in the world, that we meet

our old acquaintance, Mrs. Judith Ryan, whom we met last in Glenshee at a quilting bee held in Mrs. Rory Ban Macdonald's. We took particular notice of Mrs. Ryan that day because she was "a speckled bird among the birds of the forest;" that is, she was Irish, as you would know at a glance,—Irish all over, from top to toe, and all the rest of the quilters were Highland Scotch ladies. Mrs. Willie Murchieson was there (no relation of Sir Roderick); she was a sister of Angus Roy McErracher and when she married Willie Murchieson she did not know a word of English; her husband spoke what he called "*gweed sterlin buchan*," the most unintelligible of Aberdeen broad Scotch; and, to use an Irishism, she learned her English from him. As the mirth and fun went round among the quilters, they began teasing Mrs. Murchieson about how she and her husband managed the courtship without being able to speak to one another.

"How did Willie make love to you?" asked an impertinent quilter, Norman Mor's Peggy (who had been giving Mrs. Ryan some candid opinions about her native land till that lady's blood was up to fever heat).

"Whollie lukit it," said the lady, good-naturedly. "Whollie's eyen say ass more ass other mann's tong."

Mrs. Murchieson was conscious of no defect in her English. Indeed she was rather proud of it, as one is apt to be of a new acquisition; so she undertook to tell us a story of the wickedness and utter depravity of a dog belonging to her father-in-law, whom she called "Ould Whollie." This dog had long been suspected of sheep-stealing, but his wolfish propensities were stoutly disbelieved and denied by "Ould Whollie" till Mrs. Murchieson had caught him in the act, and bore witness against him.

"I was stantin' at mine tor, for mine big Whollie wass gone for the mill with pickle oats to grind. Ould Whollie he say when mine twins wass born, 'Lift them

twins on oatmeal as mek prain for them,' an' we min' alwise what ould Whollie he say. When I was stantin' at mine tor, I saw the tug of ould Whollie ketchin' a sheep and swungin' it roon and aboot a hemlock log, and shakin' it, and teerin it. I tould ould Whollie stret that his tug was no gut."

This very lucid narrative, combined with Miss Peggy's remarks, caused Mrs. Ryan to think aloud in the following injudicious manner:

"They talk ov Irish brogues, but ov all the brogues that iver was thick enough to cut wid a knife, recommind me to a Highland brogue for bein' haythenish and unknowable."

A sudden thought that she was not polite in her remarks, caused Mrs. Ryan to add, "I don't admire Irish brogues aither, an' I thank the saints above us the niver a bit ov a brogue is on my tongue."

The quilters politely chose to suppose that the remark about brogues was aimed at Mrs. Murchieson alone, and that lady not understanding Mrs. Ryan's speech, no harm was done.

Mrs. Ryan was a widow, who held and managed, with her only son's assistance, a good farm of two hundred acres in Badenoch, where that settlement bordered on Glenshee. We remembered hearing that day at the quilting, that she was a most thrifty, managing, kind-hearted creature, a woman not to be imposed upon, much exercised as to how she would keep her only son from marrying without leave, and also as to the person on whom it would be wise to allow him to bestow his affections.

After mutual recognition and salutation, and the due amount of wonderment about our chancing to meet in Starn at the Show Fair, it became apparent that Mrs. Ryan was pouring into the sympathetic bosom of Mrs. Milloy a history of her domestic trials. She did not object in the least to another listener, as that was just doubling the sympathy; so, after a few words of ex-

planation, she went on with her story, which had one burden, "My Johnnie."

"As you say, Mrs. Milloy, ma'am, an' suré it's no lie for you to say it, I've hed more thrubble in raisin' my Johnnie than you've had wid your whole eleven. May God bless them and mark them to grace! When his father left me and went where God plazes, sure enough the only comfort ov my heart was my son Johnnie, then a weesha crathur wid blue eyes an' a crap ov shinin' yalla curls. He was his father all over, ivery trick an' turn ov him. He was as like him as a fourpenny bit to a shillin, the same, only not so big, an' wasn't he the swater an' the dearer ov that same! He was the core ov my heart, and the light ov myeyes, was my Johnnie! Was I iver tired ov doin' for him; was there iver a boy in the three settlements brought up as I brought him up, doin' more for him than twenty mothers! An' hadn't I the thrubble, an' it was no thrubble to me, for the love ov him and the care of him was strong on me. There's not a disease, ma'am, that you could mintion from the top of the mornin' to the heel ov the evenin' ov a long summer's day, but he tuk. Mumps an' rash, chicken-pox an' masles, scarlet faver an' whoopin' cough, an' iverythin' else, ma'am, an' not a doctor nearer than Montrehall, A doctor at Mount Pleasant did you say, ma'am? Sure at that time there wasn't a house in the whole village, barrin' one, an' that was a tavern. Oh, if I could tell you all I kim through from the first, you would wonder to see me in it alive, but that I cannot do. Whin I married my husband, Cornalius Ryan, the finest boy in the country, an' kim into that haythin wilderness an' settled in Badenoch by the weeny Grace river, wid not a naybor to spake to within miles an' miles ov us—an' thin av ye did walk the shoes off yer feet, walk till you wor ready to drop just to see the face ov a fella crathur,—sure they couldn't spake a sinsible word to you,

bein' ivery wan ov thim Highlanders jabberin' away at Gaelic worse than frogs in the flats. Av I had a had Irish like the Kevans' at the four corners beyant, I might have med out to understand them a little, but I hadn't, an' it was all rumpty iddity to me. I said there was no doctor nigher nor Montrehall, nather was there a praist. This was before Father John, the dear blessed man, kim down here an' they built the big church in the eighteenth. Sure, didn't I carry me Johnnie in me apron ivery step ov the way to Montrehall to get christened, went on the edge of me fut all that road, a hunder' miles av it's a yard. That was but little ov me hardships on a bush farm. I've arned all I own wid me labor, I can tell you. I helped me husband Cornalius Ryan, rest his sowl, to chap an underbrush, rowlin' up the big logs on the hapes wid him and helpin' to burn thim, an' me as black as a chimney swape. I helped him to make potash an' black salts whin we wor strugglin' to pay the place. An' in the spring wadin' to me waist through snow and cowld wather, gatherin' sap and boilin' it, wid me two eyes runnin' out ov me head wid the smoke, makin' shugar an' molasses for kitchen to the Johnny cake. It tuk Cornalius a week to go to the mill wid a grist before the Jessops kim in and built that mill on the Grace river. Think ov that, will ye,—a long week all by meself in the heart ov the bush, an' hearin' the wolves yowlin' in the black night, an' no one next or nigh but meself, an' me fears for him that was aither goin or comin' through the wilfd bush! It brought all me hardships back to me, whin I saw in the paper how Mr. McDonald, the mimber here, was givin' a prize for a writin' about the duties ov a farmer's wife. An' the ommadhon that got it becace nobody wid common sense tried for it, some he fella that niver worked on a farm in his born days, let alone bein' wife to a farmer, wrote a discourse about maidens, wives an'

mothers, as if the biggest ladies in the land wasn't aither one of that same. Movrone! ov I could write I'd say, The duties vary, sur, accordin' as it's a bush farm, or a cleared farm, or a long settled farm where the man's rich enough to hire. Me first duty, as I knew well, was to have a strong back for a lift, an' a head that wouldn't ache for a trifle. To be able to use a handspike like Mrs. Rory Ferguson—she's the wan on a lift, or shoulder the axe for three months at a time beside me man an' chap stroke for stroke wid him like Mrs. Duncan McPherson. Who was to lift the end ov a log when Cornalius was fencin' but meself? I've raped the day long wid me Johnnie lyin' in shilter ov a stook, an' nursed him in the rests whin Cornalius was smokin' his pipe. I milked me cow mornin' an' night, cooked our bite, an' yet kept up me rig in the rapin' wid himself, niver a lie I'm tellin' yez.

"An' the strugglin' an' the strivin' wasn't over whin I laid me husband's head down to rest where he wasn't born, an' commenced to be a dissolute widdy all by meself."

"I wonder you didn't get tempted to marry again, an' you such a fine-lookin' woman," said Mrs. Milloy, a sentiment which we echoed with all our heart.

"Och, you are the pair of flatterers! an' yet it's true for yez, I might have been married time an' agin av I had only said the word. There was Mr. McCarty, the tacher at Jessop's Mills, a fine man for larin' an knowledge, ableness, an' grandeur, an' goodness, an' had no ind ov the Latin an' Greek,—wasn't he at Ould Trinity they say! Well he wint round sighin' an' sighin' agin for many a day, because I wouldn't look at him. I kep' meself to meself, an' lived for me Johnnie, an' let the school-master sigh.

"I raised me Johnnie to hould up his head above the naybors, an' we lived in credit an' dacency, till he thought he was ould enough—musha,

good luck to ye!—to start off after the girls for himself, an' early it was he tuk the notion. He'd a fine taste, had me Johnnie, an' I niver dramed that he'd cast his eye on big Norman's Kate, or Mary Alaster Mor, or Christy MacGregor, when she'd. come in an' say: 'Mustress Ryan, what was your pest news?'—so haythenish! But there was to be a huskin' bee at long MacGregor's over the swamp, an' me Johnnie wint there, an' there he met his fate, an' I niver had a mortal minute's comfort, or aise, or pace, since then.

"He had been workin' there all day, helpin' thim fosh in the corn, an' he kim home to dress up for the spree. He put an a whoite shirt—eighteen hunder linen av it was a thread. His father brought it from the ould sod, an' it was his ould mother's spinnin'; an' a pair ov gran' Russhy duck-trousers, as white as the driven snow, that I med for him meself out ov his father's best pair that he wore the day we wer married. He didn't put on e're a vest, for he says to me: 'Mother,' says he, 'sure I won't be coverin' up a shirt like this, whin there isn't the loikes ov it in the three settlements for whoiteness an' foineness; an' what's the good ov havin' it, at all at all, if I don't let it be seen?' So he tied the illigant red-scarlet belt round his waist that he bought in Quay-back, whin he wint down wid Allan King's raft.

"'Johnnie,' says I, 'sure an' ye won't be goin' out in the evenin', an' it comin' an the fall ov the year, though it is warm for the saison, widout offerin' to put on a coat?'

"'Och, mother,' says he, 'sure ivery coat I own's made of the same coarse home-made grey tough (etoffe) that all these Highlanders wears, an' all the rest ov my clothes is so different. An' besides the house'll be too hot entirely for to keep on a coat anyway, an' sure McGregor's is but a step from here.'

"'Well, Johnnie,' says I, 'you ought

to be proud ov the coat that the wool ov it grew on our own sheep, an' ivery thread ov it your own mother's spinnin'. But, alanna, yer the son ov yer father, that was the natest dressed man iver handled a stick; an' ye may go to the chist an' take out yer father's blue coat wid the brass buttons, an' put that on, an' they may keep off your heels. Troth, there'll not be wan like you in long Rory's this night!'

"Well, me dear, he put on the coat, an' gran' he looked in it, barrin' it was a bit old-fashioned loike; but, sure enough, what does Badenoch know ov fashions! Och, but he's thin-skinned, me Johnnie! for Mary Alaster Mor tould me he put off the illigant coat whiniver he wint in, on account of the hate, he said; but meself knew it was the ould-fashionedness ov the coat that ailed him. I was glad he had on a good warm flannel undershirt to keep him from takin' cowl'd through the thin finery. Well, I wasn't at the bee meself, for I had a bad cowl'd on me, an' I tuk a collic that same evenin'. Mary Ann McCulloch kim in to see me on her way to the bee, whin I was at the worst. Mary Ann's kind-hearted, the craythur, an' she had a snaking regard for me Johnnie, an' ov course she was sorry to see me doubled up wid the pain. I was that bad—the pain comin' on me in sharp stitches—that, if yez'll believe me, I couldn't have stooped to the flure to pick up a dollar bill. Well, Mary Ann she biled some highwines in a shanty tin cup, an' thickened it wid shugar, an' med me drink it, an' I felt quare for a while, an' then I got aise, an' I fell asleep, an' slep on into the nixt day, before iver I wakened. It was ov a Saturday, for the bee was on a Friday night, an' the first sight met me eyes when I looked out ov the blankets that wer rowled over my head, was Mary Ann, for she had kim home wid Johnnie to see how I was, an' stopped, for it was mornin' before the fun broke up, an' she had washed over the fine shirt

an' the Russhy duck-trousers that had niver been on but the wan turn, an' was ironin' them at the table; an a masterhan' she was at doin' up whoite things, for she used to live at minister McWhirter's, up at Glenshee, an' she larnt a power ov things from the mistress. Well, I got up in a hurry an' dressed meself, an' went out, for I remembered about a craythur for a sick cow; an' whin I kim in it was drawin' on to dinner time, an' I wouldn't let Mary Ann go till afterwards. When she did go I put her a piece for fear ov Johnnie goin'. I didn't want the kindly craythur to be settin' her heart to false music. Whin I kem back, what did I see but me Johnnie dressed up in the foine shirt an' the Russhy duck-trousers an' the belt round his waist; an' whin I looked at his red cheeks an' his curls—like the yalla goold—an' the size ov him, an' the showlders ov him, I thought of a huzzar offisher that I saw at Craigbilly fair before I left the ould country. It was the red-scarlet sash that med me think of the young offisher, at all, at all; for he was by no manner ov manes as handsome as me Johnnie.

"Whin I saw him standin' on the flure as fine as Fin MaCool, says I: 'Johnnie,' says I, 'what is the manin' ov this?'

"Says he: 'Mother, I'm ruinated entirely wid the passion ov love, an' I'm goin' down to McLennan's to coort the new tacher that I seen at the bee at long McGregor's last night.'

"'The new schoolmistress, Johnnie! Johnnie,' says I, 'sure an' isn't she the biggest an' the blackest Prasbyterian within the walls ov the world!'

"'What ov that, mother?' says he. 'Sure there's only a paper wall betune thim an' us, an' couldn't love step over it, or burst through it, eh, mother, agra! An' besides, mother, yer heart should warm to her; she's not outlandish, like the naybors round us; she has set her fut on the daisies ov the ould sod, like yerself, so she has.'

"'Have a care, Johnnie,' says I; 'an' don't set your heart on her rashly. Don't let yerself be deludered by the daisies an' the ould sod. She's from the cowl'd North—from the same art as the wind comes from that freezes the pratees.'

"'Och, mother,' says Johnnie, 'hould your whist! Shure it's all over wid me! I'm steepeed in love, over and over, an' through an' through; an' what comfort is it to me, you comin' on me wid yer prophesayings an' fortellins'? I wouldn't have the sowl ov a man if I didn't take the opportunity ov meetin' her an' coortin' her. Faint heart did not win the fair lady. Do you hear that, mother, agra!' I didn't like to throw cowl'd wather on him, or I might have towld him that winnin' the fair lady was sometimes the worst luck that befell a man in this world; but I only said: 'Coort where ye will, Johnnie, my son; but when ye come to the marryin', don't disremember yer duty to the Church.'

"Well, ma'am, he went down to the McLennans' through the short cut by the shugar-bush, an' it was the royal evenin' for beauty an' gloriousness—wan ov thim soft, swate, hazy fall-days, quiet wid happiness. The sun was floodin' iverythin' wid goolden light; the ripe maple leaves flutterin' down softly, like crimson burds; the water in the strame singin' low-like wid content; an' the craythurs ov chipmunks whiskin' about among the rustlin' leaves, settlin' up their harvest work, an' havin' a good time while they wor doin' it. It was an evenin' for tinder thoughts in the young craythurs, an' for thankful ones to us all.

"As luck would have it, McLennan an' the wife wor over to Mount Pleasant wid some wool to the cardin' mill, an' the mistress was sittin' by the windy nettin' a little necktie wid this red crimson Berlin wool, an' her all alone but the crather ov a dog that was at her fate. I wonder if she guessed the arrint me handsome yalla-haired boy

was comin' on whin she saw him in his white trousers crossin' the stick over the strame at the saw mill. Howsime-iver Johnnie went in an' giv her the good day, an' shook hans wid her, an' whin she laid her purty white han' into his, he tould me he felt strames ov delight runnin' to his heart an' up to the roots ov his hair, an' says she: 'How do you do, Mr. Ryan?'

"'I'm kilt entirely wid the passion ov love,' says he, breakin' the ice cautiously like, ye see.

"'How long have ye been that way?' says the mistress, sarious like, but wid a shine in her eyes.

"'Iver since last night,' says Johnnie, 'whin I felt in hiven for some blessed minutes whin I sat near ye in ye're laylock gown, an' ye lookin' like an angel.' There was a weesha smile kem out on her face, Johnnie said, an' thin died out like, an' says she,

"'I did not know afore that angels wore laylock gowns. Is it sittin' beside an angel or sittin' by a laylock gown that was like hiven?'

"An' before Johnnie had time to think what answer to make to that question, she said, serious like,

"'Did you come here just to tell me that?'

"'I come,' says me Johnnie, spakin' up bould like a man, to 'coort ye.'

"An' he takes a chair an' draws it up close to her, an' he lays his han' on the brust ov his white shirt, an' he sighs a sigh or two, an' looks at her in the owld shep's eye fashion as the song says.

"Av course she looked down an' pertended to be bizzy wid a knot on her nettin' thread, though niver a knot was there, an' her face was like a red, red rose wid blushin,' an' she smiled in her eyes, plazed like.

"An' says she, 'Mister Ryan. are you not most too young an' you a widdy's son, an' would it not be better to take care ov ye're mother an' wait till ye're a little older.'

"'Oh,' says he, 'I'm not thinkin' to marry ye right away, miss, honey,' for he saw she had been mistakin' him, the faymales ov the present day bein' ager to get married, the craythers, not modest an' bashful like as the girls wor on the ould sod whin I was young. 'I know,' said Johnnie, 'that it would be the milla murther ov folly to get married now, miss; I only want you to know my sintiments. We're young, as you say miss, both ov us—nothin' but a pair ov green goslins, that's what we are both ov us, an' sure we'll have the more time before us to do the coortin' in. An' I love you, miss, wid a love that's worth tellin' about,' says he, wid another languish in his eye that was killin' intirely.

"'Well,' says the mistress, 'you must remember, Mr. Ryan, that though you are young, I am not young,—that is, not very young, I am much older than you are. I am older than I appear to be; 'an' so,' says she, wid a purty smile that upset her argyments, 'you had better go coortin' some one nearer your own age, a farmer's daughter that could help you on the place.'

"'Oh, miss,' says me Johnnie, 'don't spake to me that a way; it's all as one as if ye wor drippin' cowl'd water down me back. Sure me heart's fixed on ye entirely, it is, an' there's no relafe to me but bein' where ye are. Don't be thinkin' I'm too young, an' not up to coortin' age, miss, darlint. I'm not forward beyant me years. I'm eighteen past, goin' on nineteen, an' shure it'll be no time till I'm twenty-wan an' me own man, wid whiskers an' all; sure the whiskers are comin' anyway,'" says me Johnnie, puttin' up his han' to his smooth red cheek where niver a hair or whisker was, sorra as much as is on the back ov a caterpillar. Well I think me Johnnie's not the wan to be refused by a tacher boordin' roun' from house to house, an' Johnnie himself thinks if he had a had a few minutes longer time that he would have brought out more ov the

rale movin' words that he larned out ov the fine ould songs, an' he would have put the comether on her, an' she would have consinted that he was to be free to come over ov an evenin' an' coort her for himself. But as bad luck would have it, McLennan an' the wife came in from Mount Pleasant, an' me Johnnie kem home.

"After that for many a day he had no relafe but dressin' himself in his best and goin' across lots to the schoolhouse an' sittin' there watchin' the cliver craythur tacin' away at the youngsters and spakin' big long words to no ind.

"When he thought he had done that long enough, he used to stand under a tree that grew forninst the windy ov the schoolhouse and crass his arms on the bust ov his coat, and crass his legs sentimentally like, and look up to the windy wid rale Irish love lookin' out ov his eyes. An' thin he took to makin' poetry,—I didn't know it was in him, but he did make lots ov varses. I disremember thim now, but some ov thim wor rale movin'. I wish I could tell one fine piece that he composed on his sufferin's, but I only mind ov one varse at the ind like; this is it:

"Darlint Miss, be not so cruel,  
Me unhappy state condowl,  
Quench the flame, abate the fuel,  
Spare me life and save me sowl."

"I towld Johnnie that he had picked these varses out ov a book, but he said, 'Don't be wrongin' methat way, mother darlint, for whin the heart's filled up wid love it will boil over in poetry.'

"Well I knew there could be no resisting me Johnnie, an' so I thought it was time for me to interfare an' stick up for the Church; so I put on me bonnet an me blue cloth cloak that cost a guinea a yard in the town ov Mexford an' wint up fair an' aisy to the school. Whin I knocked at the door, she kem herself to open it wid a rod in her han' an' a book wid her fingers in the laves ov it kapin' the place like. She was a weeny craythur, bright an' smart lookin',

wid a quick way,—I saw that at oncet.

"'Good afternoon,' says she.

"'The same to you, Miss,' says I.

"'Will you walk in an' take a sate?' says she.

"'That I will,' says I; 'for it's many a fut's length betune this an' home, an' I'll rest a bit, an' you just go on tacin' till I get me breath. So I sat there an' watched her. Well she was a weeny bit thing wid a bright, quick, dark eye ov her own, an' a brisk way like a wren of settlin' her clothes as if they wor feathers. Yes she was very like a wren, an' I'm thinkin' could ruffle up an' peck wickedly if she was bothered too much. I waited patiently till the lessons wor over, an' I couldn't help noticin' her managing way wid the youngsters; thin she said a prayer an' the children marched out wan by wan an' med bows an' curcheys to the mistress as they wint past her.

"'Now Mrs.,' says she, an' kin' o' stops.

"'Mrs. Judy Ryan, ma'am, at ye'er sarvice,' says I.

"'Well, Mrs. Ryan,' says she, 'ye were wantin' to spake to me?'

"'I was that, miss,' says I, 'or I wouldn't be here at all at all. Ye see, miss, alanna, I hear that me Johnnie does be spakin' to ye.'

"'Oh yes, Mrs. Ryan,' says she, 'I have spoken to Johnnie often. He is quite a friend ov mine, I hope ye have no objection.'

"'Now hear to that,' says I. 'How innocent ye are, ye little rogue ov the world? What I mane is, that me son Johnnie does be coortin' ye.'

"Well, me darlin,' she looked at me wid her quick bright eye, an' she looked as mad an' as full ov fight as a banty chicken; but she just said: 'Indeed!'—niver a word more.

"I wasn't goin' to be put down that away by a wee craythur no bigger than three daisies, so I wint on, an' says I:

"'I kem here to say, miss, that if ye marry me Johnnie, he'll show ye the way to the Shennery.'

“‘Where is that?’ says she, quick like.

“‘Why, down at the big blue church, to be sure,’ says I.

“‘Oh! the Seigniory! I know where that is meself, without help,’ says she, stiff like. ‘I can find the way there, if I want to go.’

“‘An’ ye’ll want to go whin ye’re Johnnie’s wife,’ says I, ‘me darlint; it is best to be above board, so it is. Ye’ll have to go to Mass an’ confision.’

“‘Well, her eyes twinkled a little as if she was goin’ off into fun; thin she looked assolemn as a praste, an’ straightened herself up an’ looked high an’ mighty, an’ says she, quietly,

“‘There’s some mistake here, Mrs. Ryan, but I am quite willin’ to promise that whin I marry Johnnie, I will go the same road as he does.’

“‘Will ye thin?’ says I. ‘Ye have taken a load ov me mind; I’m glad I came. An’ I may as well tell ye that, barrin’ me duty to the Church, I have nothin’ agin ye. Indeed, me heart warms to ye, so it does, an’ I’ll be a mother to ye, as tinder as yer own. May the saints defend ye!’

“‘Don’t go off into raptures yet,’ says she in her brisk way, ‘till the matter’s settled between Johnnie an’ I, an’ there’s time enough for that,’ says she.

“‘So there is,’ says I; ‘ye’re both young enough to wait a year or two, an’ knowin’ what’s before ye, ye can be savin’ up for plenishin’. I suppose ye’re hired at good wages here now?’

“‘Me wages satisfies meself,’ says she as high as if she was six feet. ‘We must lock the door now, Mrs. Ryan,’ says she, takin’ down the kay’ from a nail on the wall, an’ turnin’ to me.

“‘Very well,’ says I. ‘Mebbe ye would come home wid me, an’ take a cup ov tay wid me, an’ we’ll be better acquainted after that.’

“‘Thank ye,’ says she, very politely. ‘I would be happy I am sure, but I

am engaged this evenin’. So she shuk hans’ wid me, an’ we parted at the schoolhouse door, an’ she tripped off down the path through the bush, wid me lookin’ after her. An’ I thought I wouldn’t care if she was me daughter, she was so nice an’ spirrity,—an’ so she will, says I to myself, when she marries me Johnnie.

“‘Well now, would you believe it, Mrs. Milloy, ma’am, that tacher girl niver spoke a word to me Johnnie after that day at all at all. Her name was Benson, Miss Katy Benson.

“‘I niver let on to Johnnie anything about goin’ up to see the schoolmistress, for I was afraid that was the manes ov endin’ the whole affair, but I’m sure I only meant to stand by the Church.

“‘Well Johnnie fritted, an’ looked consumed like for a good while, an’ I was sorry enough for him. An’ thin the misery wore off, an’ he worked as well as iver a boy in Canady till he tuk another love fit. This time he wint over the swamp an’ fell in love wid Katrine Garlint, Jim Garlint’s daughter. I had no patience wid him thin, an’ says I, ‘Johnnie,’ says I, ‘bring me a black squaw, or a hottentot nigger, but don’t bring me Katrine Garlint, for on my flure her unlucky fut will niver stand.’ Well he guv her up, or they quarrelled or something. After that he picked over ivery size an’ figure ov girl, a while after wan, an’ a while after another, for he was gettin’ hard to suit, till at long last he tuk the crooked stick. That was whin, widout lave or license, or word ov warnin’, he walked in to me wid the wife he has; black was the day to me whin me son Johnnie married Tipperary Kate. She was the daughter of black John Doran of the Dorans that kept the shebeen at the corners,—hotel they call it, but it’s the wan thing the world over, sure a shebeen’s a shebeen, call it what you will. They wor a bad set, egg and burd ov them. You could see that the ould boy had his mark on them, plain to be seen betune

their eyes; he didn't take the thrubble of hidin' it in the heel ov their hans' out ov the way. There was black John himself, he had the dark bitter eye lookin' out ov his yalla face. An eye like a wild Indian—murderin' lookin' as if he had a tomahawk in wan, an' a scalpin' knife in the other—for they didn't match. Well sorra an aisy day or a quiet night have I had since. Everythin' in the house an' about it, meself an' all, was a laffin' stock wid her. Thin, for the sake ov pace an' quietness, I devided the farm, an' giv' him a hunder' acres, an' let him hev a beginnin' ov stock an' plenishin'; an' thin I said, I'll have a quiet evenin' to my days, an' that daughter-in-law ov mine may kick an' fling in her own house. Well, my jewel! they hadn't shut themselves down in their own place till she begun taisin' an' taisin' him to sell the place, an' move off—the place that me husband, Cornalius Ryan, tuk out the deed ov before my misfortnet Johnnie was born. She knew that I niver would consint to partin' wid the place; she knew well that it would crack me heart to have me one boy devided off from me entirely. The more she knew this the more she set her brain an' heart to work it out agin me, an' that brain ov hers is the devil's workshop sure enough. An' I set meself strong to privint her havin' her way ov it; so me Johnnie was betune two fires.

“Wan day I saw a strange man stepin' about wid Johnnie on his place, lookin' at ivery thing, an' I wint over as in duty bound to see about it. Kate was rampagin' roun', swapin' the flure, makin' the dust fly in clouds wid the wild venom that was in her.

“‘Kate,’ says I to her, calm and civil,

‘you and Johnnie are not insistin' on sellin' the place after all?’

“Whiniver I spoke she turfed on me like a wild cat, wid her bitter black eyes blazin' wid the temper.

“‘To the devil wid the place!’ says she.

“‘The devil doesn't dale in landed property,’ says I, ‘but in livin sows; an' he has a first mortgage on yours that he'll be callin' in some ov these days av ye don't mend your ways,’ an' I turned an' left her.

“They couldn't sell the land widout me, at all at all, an' I kep stiff long enough. But whin I saw that the Doran's wor drawin' my Johnnie into idlin' at their place, in drinkin' an' foolishness (och the curse that the drink is iver an' always) I giv in; I would not hould him nigh me heart to hould him nigh temptatin'; so Johnnie sould the place an' come up here to Tegenisaw.”

“They're better anyway, to be away from her faction. But many a sore day have I rued it that I didn't let him alone to marry the tacher; for his calf love was the wisest that kem on him, an' clane dacent heresy's better nor low, durty wickedness that ye can nayther howld nor bind.”

“What did you do with your part of the place? we enquired.

“Oh it's let out on shares at present, an' I came up to Tegenisaw to see after Johnnie wid me own eyes an' howld a visit wid Mrs. Milloy, for there's no *cead mille failthe* on Johnnie's flure for me, though there is in his heart.”

But the sun was sinking towards the west, and we reluctantly bade adieu to Mrs. Judith Ryan and her woes, and also to all the wonders of Starn Fair.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY FESTINA LENTE.

THE PIC-NIC TO THE SCOWLES.

*Query.* Under what circumstances is a pic-nic most enjoyable? | *Ans.* When undertaken by two people.  
*Query.* What, a pic-nic of two!

Such a warm June day. I stood at our front gate, looking down the street. A party of ten ladies and the curate, Mr. Bangs, had just paused at the village cross, had rested their bundles upon the steps thereof, and were waving their hands to me to join them. I took my hat and sauntered down the street. The village seemed to be asleep,—reposing amid dust and sunshine; little children lay in shadowy corners of the quaint old cottages, fast asleep. I felt more inclined to follow their example than to walk six miles. When I reached the party at the cross, all were speaking at once, and the topic of discussion was the kettle. Practical Mary insisted on a kettle as necessary to comfort; all the other ladies considered it an intolerable burden. Mary had three arguments on which she rotated.

1st. There could be no pic-nic proper without a gypsy kettle.

2nd. It was not heavy.

3rd. She would carry it.

And carry it she did, all the six miles, in a June sunshine. Mr. and Mrs. Bangs distributed to each person the burden she was to carry—then we started. To Jessie and me they gave the huge farmhouse loaves to carry. I have a vision now of Jessie's face of comic disgust as she toiled up the hill, hugging the loaf. I laughed irrepressibly; she turned and saw me similarly laden; we were friends from that instant, and fell into as many dis-

asters as is possible to two girls of seventeen, who have grown up so slowly in country sleepiness that they do not feel that they have left girlhood behind. We lagged behind, and talked of the dulness of the party, wondered how we should endure the society of Mr. and Mrs. Bangs for hours, abused the loaves to our heart's content, and even ventured to confess distaste for "Roman remains." In time we arrived at the footpath which led through the woods. The ladies struck boldly into the wood, leaving portions of their bright dresses on the boughs; Jessie and I watched them as they wound in and out, seeing here and there bright ribbons fluttering, or hearing the voices of the owners exclaiming at the ruin to the dresses. But I knew the woods so well, and Jessie and I were ripe for fun,—anything to alleviate the dulness of the party. We wandered at will, picking roses and convolvulus, harebells, honeysuckle and white briony. Yet we arrived at the only outlet to the wood, a crossing over a wide brook, much before the rest of the party. We laid our burdens on the bank, Jessie lay down to drink the bubbling water, and I waded up and down, laughing at the noisy babble of the shallow water, and splashing my way to the tree boughs overhanging it, there to seek in the shadows for elvers and gudgeon. From my place amidst the ferns and bushes, I saw the solemn advance of the party.

Face after face smiled rebuke on our levity, and Mary sternly reprimanded Jessie. She, herself, remembered that our last chance of getting water was from this brook, so she soberly filled the kettle. Somebody dropped the butter into the brook; I hurriedly put on shoes and stockings, and with Jessie took the lead, while the ladies bared their arms and made wild dashes at the butter as it lay in the brook. More woods, more ferns and mosses, and trailing boughs of wild roses, high above our reach. Then at last, paths diverging right and left, and at this place Jessie and I sat down. I knew there would be a discussion as to the right path to the Scowles; I had never come here yet without such a discussion arising—it was fun to hear it. Of course Mr. Bangs and Mary took opposite sides,—they differed on principle; at length my assurance that I had known the path from childhood gained me a hearing. I led, and the party followed, and after much crushing and scrambling through thorny bushes, we arrived at the entrance to the Scowles.

Look until your eyes become accustomed to the dim light. All around you are grey rocks, with a narrow gorge running between them. On their summits are giant trees, whose thick foliage cause semi-darkness. The ground is strewn with leaves, of which every autumn makes a deeper layer. The only pathway is very narrow, and the roots of elms lie in loops and knots under the leaves. On every side of you are pits, round in shape, and so covered with dead leaves that you are in danger of mistaking the hollow for solid ground, and an unwary step may send you to your death. These are the pits from whence the Romans drew their ore eighteen centuries ago, and, about which Mr. Bangs intended to lecture to the village poor during the coming winter.

We stood at the entrance in the dimness and quiet. Some of the ladies

had never seen the place before and felt timid. Mr. Bangs found voice and words for a lengthy discourse. Practical Mary interrupted with a suggestion to advance. She knew a spot where we might boil the kettle in safety—where we might sit without fear that the earth would collapse beneath our weight. Even Mr. Bangs accepted this idea as a comfortable one, and gingerly treaded his way under the rocks to the spot. Once reached, Jessie and I cast down our burdens, and entreated the whole party to join us in exploring the beauties of the place. But no, they had walked six miles not to see roses and ferns, and wildwood glories, they had come to pic-nic,—in other words drink tea in the woods. Jessie and I, then, were thrown together for sympathy and companionship—I might add fun and mischief.

We hastily ran away from our party, escaping from Mr. Bangs' learned dissertations on the work of the Romans in the Scowles. Jessie cried to me that she hated "Roman remains," and we ran the faster. Often my warning hand kept Jessie back from a heedless step upon the deceptive leaves, under which yawned the open pits. Once I dragged her back and made her listen, as I cast a stone upon the leaves; it sunk through, and then we heard it fall striking on the rock side, and at length plashing into the water far, far below. After that Jessie took more care where she trod. Then we climbed by help of the trees on to the highest rocks, whence we could see our party. We laughed at Mr. Bangs' efforts to hang the kettle over the fire and at Mary's severe face as she watched his failures; and we despised the feebleness of the ladies who lay on the sod, exhausted with the fatigues of the walk. When we tired of this amusement, I called to Jessie to follow me, for I knew every nook of this beautiful place; she must come and see the tree where we had all cut our names so many times.

Many years ago, now; time has fled since Jessie and I stood laughing at the rough carving on the tree. There our names were all inscribed, sisters and brothers, their ages, and the dates of the visits, and now, where are those joyous-hearted children? Some rest in stillness on the hillside in God's acre, and the great ocean separates the others from their native land; the far West has drawn them away to fresh life and energy. The old tree may hold its record still, record of a glad bright childhood.

But Jessie had more to see. I took her to a spot where in the dim light, rocks and trees took weird shapes, and together made the appearance of a rude chapel with rough-hewn seats and high pulpit.

"It is called the 'Devil's Chapel.'" I explained. "The country people believe that Satan preaches here twice a week; they will not come here alone—they believe that the place is haunted by evil spirits. It is strange, is it not, to think of how long this superstition has been believed in, and of how many generations have died leaving it as an inheritance to the next?"

"I feel eerie," said the absurd Jessie, but I drew her to a seat upon the rocks, and we quietly sat and listened. The tree boughs above us creaked as the wind slightly stirred them, and the rustle of the leaves kept up a musical monotone. Far away, doves cooed in the woods, or the woodpecker gave a shrill, sharp cry. The air was impregnated with the scent of the mouldering leaves, and the resinous odor from the firs above; weird and ghostly enough, the spot, for any weak imaginings. Still it had its beauties, and I pointed these out carefully to Jessie, and gathered moss and lichen for her to carry away in remembrance. But the moss had earwigs in it, and she screamed and dropped it, and the lichen she crammed into her jacket pocket.

"Let us go!" she said. "I do not

thank you for bringing me here; I shall dream of it,—I have a fit of the horrors already."

We went slowly back to our party.

"The kettle will not boil for an hour," said Mary, with an austere glance at Mr. Bangs. "Bring us chips."

"An hour!" cried Jessie; "what shall we do?"

"Come and see the Stalactite cavern," said I; "lend me some matches, Mary."

We set off again, ran down into the hollow, and then, a little tired, sat down to rest. Something rustled at our feet, and we talked about snakes and adders, and how we both feared them, talked until we were fully persuaded that snakes were all around us, and we rose and fled in frantic terror. It was in this mood we arrived in front of the caverns.

There were three; one very large one in the centre was the Stalactite. We gathered wood and carried it down with us, and, then, with great awe at the hush all round us, entered the largest cavern. I had often heard of the beauties of this cavern, but had never seen them; I had an idea the flambeau would reveal a beautiful sight to us.

"Did the Romans mine this, too?" asked Jessie softly.

"Yes, of course, all this wood is undermined by them. Come farther in; I never have been to the end of the cavern yet."

"How was that?" queried Jessie,

"I always came alone, and got frightened; there used to be badgers—Jessie, you idiot!" For Jessie had dropped the wood and tried to rush past me.

"There are no badgers now," I continued. As I spoke I succeeded in lighting a piece of wood; I flourished it. I saw Jessie's pale face, and Jessie saw mine, that was all. Still we walked farther in.

"Oh!" cried Jessie when I lighted the splinter next time, "I see a ladder. Oh! let us climb it."

It was a ladder, fastened closely to the rock, the rungs were made of oak wood, and were strong and firm, though so many centuries had passed since it was placed there. We climbed up it; all our fears passed away, we only felt the keen enjoyment of a voyage of discovery. We came into a large opening like a room, passed through that into a diverging passage, and, without a thought as to any danger, ran round a kind of gallery to more vaults beyond—I flourishing the torch into a blaze as we ran.

"To think," said Jessie, as we sat down to rest, "that we are sitting where no one but a Roman has ever been before."

"The miners may have," said I.

"No! they cannot, for see; here is an old shovel. Oh how delightful! let us take it with us; it is a real 'Roman remain.'"

We examined it as closely as we could by the fitful light; it was about eighteen inches long, made of the heart of oak; it was black in color, and the blade, which was about six inches long, was tipped with iron.

"What a triumph over Mr. Bangs!" I said laughing. "Let us go back now."

"We must make haste or the torch will be out," she said.

We hurried back. We went to the gallery, we walked and walked and waved our torch in vain; no opening could we see, and at last we were obliged to confess to one another the dreadful fact—we were lost, hopelessly lost! To comfort Jessie, I told her a story my mother had told me, of how a man had once been walking in some mines, of how his candle had gone out, and he had lost his way, and had sat down to sleep, and never wakened again; of how years afterwards his body had been found by explorers. After that Jessie gave herself up to bemoanings, and I must say that I found her a very troublesome companion in adversity. It was no help to us to cry and say that she was hungry, and no earthly use to de-

clare she saw hobgoblins every time I lighted a match; but she did so.

"Stop crying," I said crossly, I know. "Think what had best be done."

"Shall we shriek?" said Jessie.

I assented, but I confess I was so horribly frightened at the noisy echoes that I was almost in hysterics in consequence. At last, I had an idea; Jessie would not consent to try it, but I had the stronger will, and made her do so. It was to follow one path to the very end, and see if it would not lead us into the open air again. Before we started I gave Jessie a lecture on the necessity of self-control, which might have been effective if I had not broken down in the middle to listen to some slight sound near us. I told Jessie then that we would make careful choice of the best path; so I rapidly struck matches, but they went out so very soon. But we chose the most important path, and that once decided upon, I took Jessie's hand, and we walked down it. Yes, down at first, then through endless caverns, and then up again, and up. It was quite steep climbing. Again and again we slipped and fell. Then I would light a match, and we would see each other—such white, anxious faces, and such patches of red ore over our dainty picnic dresses!

Jessie suggested that we should tell stories to while away the time. She began one, but it was so full of gnomes and hobgoblins that I stopped her; my nerves were in too critical a state to bear it. She tried some more, but as all her thoughts tended in one direction she came to a standstill, for I utterly refused to listen to any of them. Story-telling, then, was a failure, but we had one resource left us—that was to abuse the Romans. Jessie related to me that she had always held them in the deepest abhorrence ever since she had first had to learn about them at school. That she had spent years at school before she was permitted to begin history beyond the date of the Romans

leaving Britain (which could be accounted for by the fact that she was the veriest dunce in school). I, in return, could relate, how I seemed to be born and brought up amongst Roman remains; how the very site of our house was undermined; how if we stamped, the earth gave back echoes; how we found Roman coins in the garden; went walks on the old Roman road, and had played by two stone gods they had once encamped by, which the village folk had named Adam and Eve, But in time we even got tired of abusing the Romans. We were cold and chilled; the damp was running down the sides of the mine, and sometimes we stepped into little pools. We got dispirited, very tired and very hungry; and I could hear Jessie crying quietly. She thought I did not know it, but I heard an unmistakable little sob sometimes, Presently I lighted another match, and saw what I had feared might be the case—our walking had been for naught; we had come back to the place we had started from.

I did not tell Jessie, but I gave up much hope then. I did not believe we could be found by our party. In the first place, I knew well Mr. Bangs' stupidity. I knew he would never stir himself to wonder if we were lost, until it was time to go home. I did not give one of the party credit for caring if we were lost or not. This was unjust, for Mary had long since left her kettle to boil by itself, and had been searching for and calling us in every direction.

Jessie and I wandered on and on. It seemed we walked for hours. We were too tired to speak, too hopeless even to cry; we were afraid to sit, we were too tired to walk—what was to be done? I asked Jessie, and she did not answer—I do not believe she heard me. Soon afterwards she fell down, and was too tired to get up. I lifted her, and implored her to be of good courage; she did not speak, and we walked on again. I do not remember much after that. I

know that we continued walking; that Jessie often fell down, and that more than once I carried or dragged her along. I fell myself sometimes, and was a long time trying to get up. I did get up, however, and had will enough to keep on and on. Jessie says she does not recollect much after we stopped talking about the Romans; she declares she did not walk after that, but went to sleep. If so, she *walked* in her sleep, for we certainly traversed some miles that night. All at once, we came into a dim light. Something came towards us, carrying a lantern. It was followed by other figures—creatures all in red, with red faces and red clothes. I knew then that we were saved, for I had seen these red-faced men before, and knew them to be miners, who labored for the remnant of ore the Romans had left. Jessie gave a loud scream at their approach, and fainted, with the word "gnomes" on her lips. I had strength left to tell the wondering men who we were, and how we had been wandering about in the mine. It was about two o'clock in the morning, the men said. Further, they told us that they had been engaged to search for us, and that they had entered by an old level, miles distant from the cave by which we entered. These kind men carried us into the light of day, and the kind village folk, who had hastened to the spot to help search for us, took us to our friends, who were hunting the surrounding woods, in case we had strayed thither.

Next day, Jessie and I met, and resolved—1stly. We would behave decorously at the next picnic. 2ndly. That we would never explore old mines again. 3rdly. Well, never mind the 3rdly; we were such rash girls that we made a vow we could not keep!

But Jessie had clung to the shovel through all her troubles. She has it now, is very proud of it, and calls it her "Roman remain." She tells dreadful stories of the horrors of that night;

coloring her descriptions vividly, and inserting the presence of hobgoblins to an absurd extent.

Mary had boiled her kettle, but had had no tea that night. It was owing to her energetic search for us that we were found. She had known of the old mine, and felt sure we had wandered into it, and had sent the miners in search of us.

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## BUDDHA'S LESSON.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

A mourning mother, with her dear dead babe,  
Came unto Buddha, wise and merciful,  
And said, "O Prophet, bring to life my child!"  
"Daughter," he said, "bring me some mustard-seed  
From home in which no parent, slave, or son  
Has ever died, and thy sweet child shall live again."

With eager feet the mother hied  
Away; but ever as she sought, she found  
No single threshold stone uncrossed by Death.  
From all she answer got, "The living are,  
O lady! few; the dead are very many."

The weeping mother buried her dead babe  
Beneath the banyan's gloomy shade; and, sad,  
With weary steps and slow, returning from  
Her bootless quest, reproached great Buddha with  
Deceit and trifling with a mother's grief.

"O daughter," said he, "thoughtest thou that thou  
Alone had'st been bereft? Learn thou this—  
Thy child hath but a little gone before.  
Soon to Nirvana thou and I shall go  
Into blank nothingness—our souls blown out  
Like lamps sent floating down the Ganges stream  
On gusty night. Oblivion wraps us all  
Within his inky cloak, and we—what recks

It?—are as though we had not been. Farewell,  
O daughter! grieve not for thy buried son,—  
Thy lot is but the common lot of all."

## MEMORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY FANNY FRENCH.

It was often, in my girlhood, a source of great amusement and interest to me to listen to accounts by my father and mother of persons and events they had had actual acquaintance with in their younger days.

My parents, very unlike in character in some points, were yet singularly alike in others. They both possessed vivid memories, had a great deal of patriotism, took an intelligent interest in public events, and had a most clear and pleasing way of narrating scenes they had witnessed. I may add (for the benefit of those who discuss probabilities and possibilities) that my father, still living, is considerably more than eighty; and my mother, who died a few years ago, was a trifle the eldest.

Both my parents often spoke of Lord Nelson. My father once saw him, at the funeral of Captain Blackburn, Nelson's flag-captain, who was killed in action, and was brought to Deal, in Kent, to be buried. Lord Nelson was chief mourner, and showed great feeling.

My mother witnessed Nelson's public entrance into London, after the battle of the Nile, from the windows of a friend's house. The enthusiasm was very great. The crowd took the horses from the carriage, and drew it through the streets with ropes tied to the shafts. The hero seemed to enjoy the excitement as much as any one well could. Sometimes the dense packing of the crowd brought the carriage to a standstill, when Lord Nelson did not seem the least impatient at the delay, but leaned back in his seat, smiling, and

often laughing outright, and shaking heartily the numerous (some of them not very clean) hands that, from time to time, were thrust in at the windows of the carriage.

My mother was afterwards present at Nelson's funeral, in 1805. It was a very simple affair, so far as display and expense went; but the number of people present was immense, and great feeling was shown.

Along the streets, soldiers were stationed on either side of the carriage way, to keep the road clear for the funeral *cortege*. After the car containing the body came the sailors of the "Victory," in their neat, naval uniforms and long crape hatbands. It was a touching sight to see these weather-beaten, hardy, fearless men—there was not an indifferent face to be seen among them, and many were weeping like boys. Immediately after the sailors of the "Victory" came the carriages of the Royal family and many of the nobility, and after them almost every carriage and cab that could be hired in London, to judge from their numbers; and these hired vehicles were crowded.

"There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." My mother often laughed at an amusing incident that occurred just under the window at which she was sitting. A man-of-war's-man, in his uniform, very enthusiastic, and far from sober, was loudly proclaiming his wrongs—"All the sailors in the fleet had fought under Nelson as well as the sailors of the 'Victory,' and had just as good a right to follow

him to his grave! It was a shame! he was going he was determined, to the Admiral's funeral." The soldiers on guard made some efforts to keep him out of the line of procession, but finding that he was in just that state of drunkenness as to be utterly unreasonable, and thinking that attempts to remove him by force would make more confusion than to let him have his way, they allowed him to pass on with the sailors of the "Victory," and as soon as his point was gained he went on very quietly and decorously.

Public mourning was worn, and the most fashionable evening-dresses were made of black gauze or crape, with a necklace of large beads of black, polished oak, strung alternately with smaller beads of gold; and suspended to the necklace was a cross of oak, ornamented with gold. These beads were, by a pleasant fiction, supposed to be made from the *stump* of the *mainmast* of the "Victory," which was shattered in the engagement; but probably enough oak was worn on the fair necks of young English ladies in 1805 to build a gun-boat. My mother's beads were in existence for years. I do not know what has become of them now; they passed into the hands of some other female member of the family. I have often wished I possessed them, as they would be most interesting relics of an eventful time.

The "mighty seaman" owed none of his popularity to his personal appearance. He was a slight, small man, very plain, and in spite of his handsome uniform, decidedly mean-looking. His claims to personal beauty, never great, were diminished by the loss of one eye, a great scar on his forehead, and his empty sleeve; but he certainly gained in interest more than he lost in beauty by these marks of fearless and unselfish exposure to danger.

People nowadays will be surprised to hear that little scandal was attached at the time to what is now felt to be a

dark blot on Nelson's private character, his connection with Lady Hamilton. At the time, many excuses were made for him. It was well-known that his childless marriage was a very unhappy one; not exactly from any great fault in his wife, but from her cold, indifferent treatment of him, which must have been felt deeply by a sensitive man like Nelson. His letters give proofs of his wife's neglect of his wardrobe and little necessities. There was another fact which was supposed to show her want of affection for him,—she never went to meet him on his return to England after his different voyages. It was one of the most common of customs at that day for the wives of sailors of all ranks to go to Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, or any other port at which the ship was paid off, to welcome their husbands; and many must have been the joyful reunions between sailors and their wives, at a time when, to the ordinary perils of a sailor's life, always great, were added the loss of life in battle.

I do not know with whom Nelson's daughter lived during her girlhood; she could not have been with her mother, as that unhappy woman died in France in great poverty; but I remember hearing about 1840,—I think that was the date,—that Nelson's daughter had been married to a clergyman, and was a respectable, virtuous woman, but very poor. I also remember that a plan to raise a subscription, to be called a Nelson testimonial, the proceeds to be given to this lady, was talked of, but was never carried out.

My mother continued to reside in or near London until 1820. In 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, she witnessed another gorgeous spectacle: the four allied sovereigns and an immense number of other eminent persons going in stately procession to St. Paul's Cathedral. I do not remember her describing the personal appearance of any of these great people, except the Emperor

Alexander, of Russia, and General Blucher.

The Emperor was a very fine, tall man, soldierly, dignified, noble-looking, and very handsome. The General, a stout, jolly personage, with a round, good-natured German face. General Blucher was very popular in England. People held the opinion that his opportune appearance at the head of the Prussian troops decided the victory at Waterloo in favor of the allies, and he was lauded accordingly.

The carriage of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George the Fourth) was a melancholy sight; the blinds were closed, so that it could not be seen how its Royal occupant *looked*; but the equipage had been so pelted by the crowd with mud, rotten eggs, and garbage from the markets, that the color of the carriage and the liveries of the attendants could not be distinguished. The hearty shouts and hurrahs that greeted the other carriages were changed to hisses and derisive cries of "Go home and fetch your wife." The Prince was most intensely disliked; his profligate, intemperate habits and his cruel persecution of his wife, the unhappy Princess Caroline, who, whatever were her defects (and no doubt she had plenty), was certainly a wronged and grossly insulted woman, had created a feeling of disgust and indignation against him with almost every one. He had his partisans certainly; some few persons took an indulgent view of his excesses, and nothing was more common than disputes and even hot quarrels between the friends of the Prince and those of the Princess.

The Princess Charlotte of Wales was very popular. From her unostentatious habits, going about and visiting many persons, especially the poor and sick, She was well known and greatly beloved. My mother saw her for the first time when she was a school-girl at Richmond. She (the Princess) was on a visit with her father, to the Duke of Queensborough. This nobleman, a very aged

man, had always been on intimate and friendly terms with George the Third's family, and the Prince of Wales had been in the habit of frequently visiting him from boyhood.

The Princess Charlotte at this time was a fair extremely pretty child of five or six years old. The highroad ran along one side of the Duke's garden and was divided from it by a very low broad wall. On the top of this wall the little lady was placed by her attendant, and she walked up and down with an air of baby dignity, as if she knew that people were looking at her and rather liked their notice. She was dressed in a white embroidered frock and a grey beaver hat trimmed with blue feathers, a becoming dress for a fair little girl. My mother saw her again, after she was grown up; she was then very handsome, remarkably like her father.

During her short married life at Claremont, she was very active, and did much good. Great sorrow was felt at her death. People had looked forward hoping she would display great ability as a sovereign; her fine intellect, quick discernment and strong sense were softened by many lovely womanly virtues; we can hardly praise her more highly than by saying she was a *Christian lady*.

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How enduring are the recollections of childhood! I do not remember any thing that occurred last year more exactly than the events of the evening of June, 20th, 1837, although I could not have been more than ten or eleven years old.

It was the most lovely English summer, weather dry and bright, and without the oppressive heat of Canadian June weather. Just before sunset I was out walking with my father and mother. We took a footpath which led across the fields to Ewell, a village on the stage road between Dover and London;

Ewell was about a mile from our home. We had only gone a short way when we met a gentleman friend who lived in Ewell. He told us the King (William the Fourth) was dead. He had seen the Royal Express going through Ewell at a gallop on his way to Dover to send the news to the Continent. The "Royal Express" were messengers kept always on hand to go on horseback to different parts of the kingdom with important news; relays of horses were provided for them along the road, and the men wore a peculiar uniform, so a royal messenger was always known directly. After our friend had talked for a while with my parents, he turned to me.

"Yes, Fanny, Princess Victoria is Queen now, and if the Duke of Cumberland attempts to take the crown from her, the Kent Yeomanry must turn out and shut him up in Dover Castle."

The Duke of Cumberland was much disliked, and was thought to be very ambitious and unprincipled; his son and heir lived so retired a life as to be unknown except by name. The Duke of Cambridge and family were well known and much liked; he often came to Dover with his little daughters, put up at a hotel and visit persons in the town in a very kindly, unaffected way; he was said to be more like his father than any other of the family. He had just George the Third's odd jerking way of speaking and habit of repeating his words twice over. For the first few years of Queen Victoria's reign, when there were only hers and one or two frail baby lives to bar the Duke of Cumberland's accession, I have heard people "whose minds were ta'en up wi' the things of the State," discuss (not in fun like our friend) but very gravely the chances of the Duke of Cumberland's succession and whether it would not be right to make strong efforts to get him set aside and the crown given to the Duke of Cambridge. The matter is quietly enough decided now in

the coffins of the brothers and in the persons of the Queen's goodly sons and daughters, to say nothing of her numerous grandchildren, but it shows the respect and love inspired by the Duke of Cambridge's high moral character and many virtues.

In 1841, I spent some weeks with friends in Tunbridge Wells and often saw Calverley House, the home in which Queen Victoria passed her girlhood. It is my belief that the love of nature and of a quiet domestic life, which have always been traits in the Queen's character, were fostered by the lovely scenery and the absence of bustle and parade in the place in which she passed her early life. I do not believe there can be found in the world, a more beautiful place than Tunbridge Wells, uniting as it does the pleasures and advantages of a life in both town and country. There are plenty of most excellent stores, libraries, and livery-stables, and yet there is none of the appearance of a town; the houses, even the baker and butcher shops, are detached, and are surrounded by trees and gardens. Many of the houses are summer residences of the nobility and gentry, and are very beautifully built. The country around is very lovely. Penshurst Castle (for a time the residence of Queen Elizabeth, and frequently visited by Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth), and other interesting places, are within the limits of a pleasant drive. You do not hear of many entertainments among the *elite* of the place. Carriage driving and walking seem the chief amusements. After the Queen's accession, Calverley House was sold, and converted into a fashionable hotel.

With the one terrible exception of the Indian Mutiny, Queen Victoria's reign has been marked by domestic peace. Riots and disturbances there have been, but they have been local, and soon at an end. Every household under the British flag has dwelt securely, with none to molest them or make

them afraid. But the social change has been, so important as to deserve the name of a revolution.

Previous to 1837, steam locomotion by land and water, and the extensive use of machinery, were only commencing; and the telegraph, photography, and cheap postage were unknown. I was reading, in a somewhat rare work which I possess (Raymond's History of England, published 1785), the account of the marriage of George the Third with Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. I copy one paragraph: "On the twenty-third of August, the princess embarked in a yacht at Cuxhaven (in the Elbe), where the British squadron had assembled for her convoy; and after a tedious voyage of ten days, during which the fleet was exposed to contrary winds and tempestuous weather, she landed at Harwich, on the seventh of September, 1761."

How the royal bridegroom would have stared had any one told him that, in the days of his grand-daughter, people would go every week to New York, and other places on the American coast, in less time!

In 1839, a French gentleman, named Simand, lived in Dover. He was a highly educated man, and fond of scientific experiments. Among other curious things, he possessed a camera and a powerful microscope. He used to take views of the Castle, and that part of the cliff that was visible from his house; and amuse and astonish his visitors by showing, with the microscope, that what looked specks in the pictures were wall-flowers in blossom, or grass, or bushes growing in the crevices of the cliff or time-worn walls. The first portraits taken by photography were very different from the beautiful pictures of to-day, but improvement was rapid.

I well remember the first letter received at our house, for which the postage of one penny was paid. It was from a sister, from home on a visit. I also remember my father, a little time before, getting a letter from an old friend residing at Buffalo, N.Y., of which the ocean postage was *three shillings sterling*. Think of this, ye who put a letter in a friend's valise to save postage in 1875!

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

It is not of the voices of the night heard by Longfellow of which I purpose to say a few words, but those of a totally different character. Probably similar ghosts, such as appeared to him, frequent my chamber; but, as yet, they have not signified their presence to me. I have often been told that an hour's sleep before midnight was worth two or three after that time,—the noon of night, as I believe Shakespeare calls it. Well, I have tried it, retired early, "to sleep, perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub," but I found it a dream to banish sleep. At the early hour of half-past ten I lay down, to test the truth of the aphorism, and closed my eyes and thought of nothing, but the experiment failed; then I commenced to count, having been told that that was as good as a dose of laudanum. I counted up to a hundred and felt as wide-awake then as at the figure one. I abandoned that attempt. There was a ball at the house "over the way," and as it was in summer my windows were open, and from that house and through that window came the sound of polka and of waltz, and galloping of footsteps, and then the echo of human voices swelling in song. Under such circumstances how could I sleep? Anon came the noise of many chariots to convey to their homes departing guests; and, while waiting for these, the jehus kept up a continual clatter and discussion in regard to the merits of their respective chargers. At last there was peace, and I turned over to commence my slumbers. But, hark! a fire bell, and I jumped up to catch the number. A sell—it was only twelve o'clock sounding. The start had awakened me thoroughly, and I had to commence at the begin-

ning. I took up "Butler's Analogy," and read for half-an-hour, and then became convinced that even it could not put me to sleep, as I was perfectly satisfied that I understood it as completely as anybody else ever did. Next to the house over the way lived a sportsman; his servant had shut out one of his cockers, and the little brute sat on his haunches and howled dismally the whole night through. But, as soldiers become accustomed to the war of cannon, and sleep soundly on the battle-field, so I became used to the locked-out cocker, and I was on the point of falling into unconsciousness when a frightful caterwauling commenced on the roof above my head. Why cats should prefer roofs on which to play their pranks and make night hideous I have often tried to fathom; but I was in no humor to study natural history, so again rose, this time armed with a tumbler and a clothes brush. I succeeded, with the loss of both articles, in dislodging the feline combatants, but with little advantage, for they simply adjourned to the next roof, where they were beyond the reach of my missiles. To the howling of the dog and to the caterwauling of the cats, I gradually became accustomed, and somnolency was overpowering me. I was startled from this by a cry of "Police, Police!" I again jumped up and looked out of my window. A battle royal was being fought at the next corner between two gangs of rowdies. For half-an-hour I watched the combat and wondered whether the police would turn up. At last both parties separated and took their own way, each loudly boasting of its deeds of prowess and claiming victory. Shortly afterwards two policemen issued from the basement of the

house in which the ball had taken place. Incensed against such conduct I sought my couch. A poor cow in a neighboring stable which had been robbed of its offspring, now became suddenly and painfully aware of the fact, and commenced bemoaning its loss in loud lowing and bellowing. How and when was I to procure sleep? But "tired nature's sweet restorer" at last took pity on me, and my eyes closed in forgetfulness. One, two, three, four, five went the fire bell, and immediately afterwards the rush of the hose wheels and the shouts of the firemen roused me to my feet. I looked from my window for the reflection, but none appeared: In a short time one was sounded from the church steeple, and anon came the return of the hose wheels and the shouting of firemen. The fire was out, only a chimney. Again I laid my head on my sleepless pillow. A gun fired. Ah, I said to myself, "The English steamer;" but there was no second one,—it was the daylight gun from the Citadel. A fowl-fancier lives next door, and I suppose the gun was a signal for a general crowing match; the competition was great, and the trial seemed unending, and all the cocks in the neighborhood took up the challenge. Bells from church steeples calling devotees to early matins next cut in to have their share of wild confusion, and ceaselessly they rang with their interminable ding-dong.

Then came from a distance, in the hazy morning light, the barking of a single dog, then of two, then of a hundred, and the whole city seemed full of dogs. What a conglomeration of noises! By what manner of means was I to court slumber? Then milk carts came on the scene and rattled down the street at break-neck speed. I firmly believe that all the milkmen passed the street below my window. Milk, milk, they shouted till I wished they had been drowned in a ton of it. They were succeeded by crowds of workmen, tramping past with their heavy brogues on the stone sidewalks. Stablemen and men-servants followed them, and in different rear premises began whisking their horses till it sounded like hives of bees let loose. Then from kitchens and basements came the songs (Milesian for the most part and partaking of a mournful, monotonous character) of cooks and scullery maids. The steamers and trains had by this time arrived, and cabs and hacks rushed to and fro in endless turmoil. At last, when it was time for rising, amid all this pandemonium of tumult, this extravagance of hubbub, I fell asleep, and was awakened an hour afterwards by the breakfast bell. Pale and haggard, weary and disconsolate, I arose and dressed, and found myself at the breakfast table with a splitting headache and without an appetite. What was to be done?

## THE STORY OF A GIRL ARTIST.

IN THREE PARTS.

## PART I.

The windows of a large house that stands upon the beautiful Battery of Charleston were thrown open to admit the soft spring breeze which came from the harbor, and, staying long enough in the park to add a fragrance of new mown hay to its original saltness, swayed the lace curtains of an apartment where a lady lay upon a sofa in a state of *dolce far niente*. Her book and palm-leaf fan had dropped from her listless hands, and she was on the way to dream-land when a sudden entrance from the hot and dusty world outside, brought her back to the realities of life.

"Oh, the joy of getting into a cool place again after the afflictions I have undergone this morning!" exclaimed the disturber of her mother's repose, as she sank into an easy chair and wiped the perspiration from her forehead.

"Belle, dear, you look very hot and tired," calmly remarked Mrs. Hayden. "Has the task of entertaining our visitors been too heavy to-day?"

"There never was anything like the exploring energy of people from Massachusetts," said the young lady. "Of course they wanted to see Magnolia Cemetery, and it was comparatively easy to take them there; not so to bring them away. Miss Gibbs has what she calls a 'Tombstone Album,' which is devoted to queer epitaphs, and kept on her parlor table to amuse her friends, accordingly she stopped to copy for insertion there everything in that line of which 'Magnolia' can boast, while I was roasting in the sun and bitten by sand-flies. Yesterday I took them to the Artesian Well and the Citadel, also

to the belfrey of St. Michael's Church; and you can imagine where they want to go this afternoon, can't you?"

"To the Orphan House, probably, as it is Wednesday, exhibition day. Poor child! I know you are tired of those exhibitions," said Mrs. Hayden. "I will take our friends there and let you rest at home, if you like."

"I don't like!" said Belle, emphatically. "The sun won't do your headache any good; and, after all, the Gibbises are good souls, both mother and daughter, and I must be willing to do the honors of Charleston, but I hope our next Northern visitors will appear during the winter months if they are such sightseers as these two. Lunch in an hour? Well, I'll go and freshen my plumage, which is grimy with the soil of 'Magnolia.'"

Two hours later Belle was ready upon the verandah to escort the elderly Mrs. Gibbs and her daughter (a lady with eye-glasses and an air of inquisitiveness) to the Orphan House, which is justly the pride of Charlestonians.

An imposing structure is this institution, with its lofty cupola and great stone steps. The grounds are extensive, and beautifully kept, thanks to the orphan boys, and the wide halls are so often scrubbed by the girls that no dust can ever rest quietly in them.

Into the great exhibition hall the visitors were ushered, and from their elevated station on the platform they scanned the rows of neatly dressed boys and girls, who answered questions in mental arithmetic with startling rapidity. Before the exercises in geography be-

gan, Belle's attention was fixed upon a girl of about twelve years, who sat near her. In her cheap, plain dress she had the air of a little aristocrat, so haughtily did she carry her head with its thick short hair. She was not really pretty, though her features were clearly cut, for her small mouth had a curve of scornful determination that was not becoming to an orphan who lived on the public charity. The children asked each other questions in geography, and when the one whose name was called had answered he in his turn questioned another.

"Harry Davis, will you name the most southerly cape in Africa?"

"Cape of Good Hope," replied Harry, and then asked Verdie Creighton what mountains form a part of the boundary line between Europe and Asia. The girl whom Belle was looking at arose and gave the answer, then asked Maria Fitzgerald to name the Aleutian Islands. A clumsy Irish girl stood up, and grew crimson with mortification at her inability to answer this question. A flash of triumph was shot at her from the deep gray eyes of her questioner, who, at a signal from her teacher, passed the question to a little lame girl, by whom a correct answer was returned.

Miss Hayden and her guests were taken over the building when the exercises had closed, and after a tour through the bedrooms, laundry, sewing-room, etc., came out into the garden. They were waiting for their escort, one of the teachers, who had left them for a few minutes, when they heard angry tones from behind an azalea bush.

"You are a mean thing, Verdie Creighton, that's just what you are! You asked me that hard question only to get me into disgrace; but I'll be even with you some day, mind you; and with you, too, you little whining—"

"You had better not say any more if you don't want me to tear the hair out of your head," said a voice that quivered with passion, and from a smothered

shriek, it might be judged that Maria Fitzgerald had been suddenly attacked by a wild cat's claws. "You have tormented little lame Rilla long enough, and I want you to understand once for all that I am her friend and protector, and for everything you do or say to tease her, I will pay you back again, you contemptible Irish girl."

"Miss Davis! oh, Miss Davis!" The teacher had just arrived upon the spot, and was in time to rescue Maria from her adversary's clutch at her wiry hair.

"Verda, you wicked, passionate child! Go to your dormitory at once, and don't let me see you out of it again this evening." Verdie did not appear in the least degree quailed as she marched off, casting a loving, sorrowful glance at her lame friend.

"What a strange girl!" said Belle.

"Oh, dear! yes, Miss Hayden; she is one of the worst orphans to manage that I ever saw."

"Is she a South Carolinian?"

"I don't know really, but she seems rather foreign in some of her ways."

The ladies moved on, and soon rolled away from the Orphan House, Belle Hayden chatting gaily with her visitors, and in the diversions of her varied life the child who had so interested her was forgotten.

Years before this story opens the pet daughter of an aristocratic family in South Carolina scandalized her friends by marrying a sailor and going off to sea with him, thereby estranging entirely from all her home connections. For several years she led a roving life, sailing through tropical seas, tossing on stormy waves, visiting foreign ports in her husband's vessel, so content with his society that no regretful memories of her stately Southern home ever troubled her. During a long stay in Hong Kong a little daughter came, and before she had lived quite three months the young mother died of a fever, and her fair head was laid down to rest amid the cool shadows which the great

mountains throw over Happy Valley cemetery. The baby Alverda was left in charge of a friend in Hong Kong, while Captain Creighton pursued his solitary way over the seas for several years, coming back at last for his little daughter when she was seven years old and taking her with him, that she might begin to fill her mother's place as his companion. For three happy years they sailed together, then death parted them, taking the father after a short illness and leaving the child a lonely orphan, with only the rough, though kind-hearted, sailors around her on the wide Pacific Ocean. The mate took the vessel to Hong Kong, and gave the captain's little one in charge of a friend of his who commanded a ship that was bound to the United States. He brought Verda to the Charleston Orphan House, where we found her on exhibition day, a "strong-headed" child whom nobody understood or loved except little lame Rilla, whose helpless sweetness had drawn from Verda a chivalric tenderness that was more manly than childlike.

The months passed slowly, bringing to Verda only an irksome round of study and of work that she hated. A seagull confined in a cage could not feel more imprisoned than did this child in the great Orphan Asylum. Sometimes she would find her way up to the cupola, and, looking over the city to the blue harbor, would stretch out her arms with a wild longing for the sea, where she had passed the only free, happy years of her life.

"Rilla," she said to her friend one day as they were slowly walking up and down the yard together, "you know I am fourteen years old this very day, and I have been in Charleston four whole years, living this aggravating kind of life. Oh, the dish-washing! the stair-scrubbing! the sewing! the solemn walks with a crowd of girls all dressed alike, while people say 'There go the orphans.' I'm tired of it to my very bones. Why

shouldn't I dress up in boy's clothes and run away to sea?"

"Verdie! don't say such dreadful things; what should I do without you?"

"My little girlie, I love you dearly, as you know, but I don't care two cents worth for all the rest of the world put together; and as for Maria Fitzgerald, I fairly hate her. You don't know half I have to bear from her; but one comfort is that I plague her as much as she does me. There isn't any real satisfaction even in that, though, and I'm sure I am fit for a better life than this. Yet when I leave this place it will only be to go into service somewhere."

"I feel sure you will find a far better, happier life than this," replied her friend; "I pray every day that you may; but oh, my dear Verdie, you need one thing more than that sort of change; you need to have your heart changed by the Spirit of God, and filled with His love. Of course you can't be happy anywhere with a restless, discontented heart that hates other people."

"Well, my pet," said Verda, gently, "I know I'm a bad girl, and it's all very true about my heart—it feels like a boiling cauldron of evil sometimes, but how can I help it?"

"Ask our Heavenly Father for Jesus' sake to change it."

Verdie made no reply to this, and for a day or two Rilla thought her remarkably abstracted. At last, meeting her lame friend suddenly in a lonely corridor, she threw an arm around her and whispered:—

"I have asked, Rilla, and I believe He heard me, for I feel so differently now; I really want to please Him, and before I didn't care."

The old life of dull routine went on as before, and Verda was still very weary of it, but she was learning patience and self-control with a Heavenly Teacher, and no longer chafed restlessly against her prison bars. Her haughty, defiant face became softened, and many remarked that that disagree-

ble girl, Verdie Creighton, was not only growing well-behaved, but really good-looking.

"Rilla, dear," she said one day, "I do really wish that something would happen to me!"

Something did happen at last; for Verdie, being now considered a girl who might be trusted, was sent one afternoon alone to King street, to do an errand for her teacher, and in a bookstore she met an unknown friend.

"Mrs. Donaldson," said a young man in a tone too low for her hearing, "please look at that girl who is reading by the counter. There's a wonderful face! Real power of a strange kind, eh!"

The lady glanced at Verda. "Why! her face is very familiar. Where have I seen it? Oh! now I remember her; the little Orphan-House girl who interested me so much, more than two years ago. I must speak to her."

Verda looked up, startled, as a hand touched her arm, and a pleasant voice asked her if she were still at the Orphan House, and she recognized the pretty face of the young lady who came one exhibition day, long before, to hear the orphans recite. Belle Hayden had since become Mrs. Donaldson, and lived in Boston, but was visiting her former home in Charleston. Her old interest in Verda revived and increased as she looked into her clear eyes, and the idea suddenly possessed her to secure this girl as a waiting-maid for her mother. Any change of life would have seemed a blessing to Verda, and with a good recommendation from her teachers she willingly left the Orphan House, comforting poor Rilla with a promise to see her just as often as her mistress would permit her to do so, and entered the service of Mrs. Hayden in the great house on the Battery.

The young man who had attracted the attention of Mrs. Donaldson to Verda in the bookstore, was an artist from Boston, her husband's cousin, who hav-

ing escorted Mrs. Donaldson to her mother's home in Charleston was also visiting Mrs. Hayden with the purpose of regaining the health which had been impaired by too close confinement to his studio. Young King had an intensely sympathetic nature, and it was peculiarly aroused by the girl who had been taken into the service of his hostess. He watched her with keen interest as she went about the house, performing her appointed tasks with a womanly dignity, and the self-possession of one who had been born to live in just such a princely mansion rather than an orphan servant. He felt that there was latent power, perhaps genius, even (though of what kind he was long in finding out), in this strange girl, and he longed with all his enthusiastic, generous heart, to lend her a helping hand toward a higher lot than that of a housemaid.

Coming suddenly into the great hall that was adorned with the paintings of master hands, he found Verda standing before a fine sea-view by De Haas; her feather duster fallen from her hands, her eyes dilating and darkening with a gaze as far-away as if she were really looking over the wild waves of the ocean.

"You like that picture," remarked Mr. King, quietly.

"Oh, it is the real sea! I love it so much, for the only home I ever had was on my father's ship when I sailed around the world with him."

"Your father was a sailor, then, and you went to sea with him? How pleasant that must have been!"

Verda continued to gaze abstractedly at the painting; then, turning to the young gentleman who had spoken so kindly to her, she asked him if he could paint a picture like that.

"My skill is far below that of De Haas," he replied, laughing, "but I can and do paint sea-views,—in fact I am going to commence one this morning, a copy of a rough sketch that I took from the Battery."

"I almost feel sometimes as if I could paint if I had any idea how to begin;" said Verda, "for I love drawing, and have tried to do it ever since I could hold a pencil."

"I don't believe I am mistaken in that artist's brow and eyes," murmured Mr. King to himself. "Verda," he said, aloud, "have you any work to do in the library?"

"Yes, sir, I shall be in there soon, to water the geraniums."

"Well, I am going to paint, as I said, and if you are there you can watch me a little, and perhaps learn something in that way."

The delighted flash of the dark eyes raised to his, was proof enough that Verda would gladly learn anything of the kind, and that morning in the library was to her like the opening of a gateway into a path long loved and longed for. Mr. King, encouraged by her intentness and intelligent questioning, gave her a little bit of Academy-board, a few colors that were left upon one of his own palettes, and a small view—a simple grouping of rocks, sand and calm blue sea, telling her that she might try what she could do by herself when she had any spare time.

In her quiet attic room Verda worked eagerly, but felt discouraged at the result; yet it amazed her teacher when he saw among many faults, the indications of a rare genius, a bold, free touch, good understanding of color, and a nameless *something* which gave character to the picture, making it very unlike the daub of a beginner. More materials and copies were furnished, and young King soon began to feel alarmed at the result of his undertaking.

Verda did not neglect her humble duties, but she was becoming a good copyist without any doubt, and what would Mrs. Hayden think of him for giving painting lessons to one of her domestics? It was an awkward thing to confess, but at last he frankly told his Cousin Belle all about it, and sent her up to Verda's room to prove the truth of his statement that the girl was a budding genius. Mrs. Donaldson went on her tour of inspection, beheld a row of small paintings leaning against the wall of that scantily furnished chamber, and returned to her artist cousin quite convinced that he had not been raving, as at first she had suspected.

"She ought to go to Boston with us, Frank," she said, "and take regular lessons; but who is to furnish the necessary funds? I can't afford it."

"I am going to have a class in painting during the fall and winter," replied Mr. King, "and if you will give Verda a home, I will receive her as a pupil, and teach her all I know."

Thus the way was opened for the orphan girl to improve the great talent God had given her. The consent of her mistress was given, though a little reluctantly, to what she considered a wild project, and after a loving parting with Rilla, whom she tried to comfort with the promise of coming back for her some day, when she should leave the Orphan House forever, and live in a home of her dear Verdie's providing, the girl sailed out of Charleston harbor with a glad, hopeful outlook upon the new life before her.

(To be continued.)

# Young Folks.

—♦♦♦—  
 AMONG WOLVES.

THE GRANDFATHER GRAY SERIES.

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 BY A. M. AMES.  
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“So you cannot understand wherein those skulking, shaggy fellows are thought to be so formidable,” said Grandfather Gray, in response to some remark of Johnnie’s, as he seated himself among his grandchildren one afternoon.

Johnnie and Mary had just returned with their grandfather from an exhibition of wild animals, to which he had kindly taken them, and Johnnie especially could think or talk of nothing but the curious creatures he had seen there, the various antics they performed, and the peculiar noises they made. One cage contained a pair of Canadian wolves, which he had particularly regarded as in nowise answering to a foregone conclusion of his in regard to that ferocious animal.

“Well,” pursued the old gentleman, willing to reconcile the seeming inconsistency, “though the specimen you saw to-day seemed cowed and harmless, as the wolf always appears in captivity, once allow them to regain their native forest and they would become quite as dangerous to encounter as you have been led to suppose. In order to give you a clear idea of what I mean, I will try to impart to you some knowledge of their treacherous nature that I gained when I was a boy by actual observation.”

The children now drew nearer their grandfather, eager to hear a story that promised to tally so well with the pre-

sent state of their minds, and he went on;—

“In these days, when a live fox—not to mention bears and wolves—is a curiosity to many even in the region of which I am speaking, one can hardly realize with what difficulties the first settlers had to contend, not the least among which were the depredations of wild animals. I have been told that when the country was new, some settlers lost almost whole flocks of sheep, and to prevent a like misfortune occurring to himself, for the first two or three years of our sojourn in the wilderness, my father secured his flock every night within a high enclosure, constructed of logs, and covered with poles and boughs, and that this precautionary measure was the only one to pursue, night after night, brought us ample proof in the howling of numerous wolves around the safe retreat.

“We are told that if a bear is taken at an early age, and firmly and gently trained, he grows up a devoted friend to his master; but, so far as I have been able to learn, there is no such good account of wolves; and my own observation leads me to conclude they are untamable.

“Though I have heard of many vain attempts to that end, I was never a witness to but one trial of the kind, and that was during the first year of our residence in the forest. After many schemes to secure young wolves alive,

for the purpose of taming them, had failed, Mr. Green at length succeeded in capturing two, which he brought home and proceeded to domesticate. For some time they were as playful as kittens—would scamper about the floor, roll over and play with the cat and the dog, allow the children to fondle and pet them, and, for a while, seemed attached to their keepers; but by-and-by, as they grew older and cold weather approached, their savage nature began to manifest itself to such a degree that Mr. Green was obliged to curtail their liberty. To do this effectually, he placed rings around their necks, made of large strong wire, and to these he attached small trace-chains, and fastened them to a post in the barn. After this measure had been adopted, the young captives seemed to become more uneasy and vicious every day, and, when passing the place, I used to hear them howling and rattling their chains in continual endeavors to get free. At length they succeeded in breaking away, and after having gorged themselves upon a lamb which they lost no time in killing, they became so fierce and intractable that Mr. Green resolved to make away with them altogether; and, taking down his gun, he went in hot pursuit of the fugitives, but succeeded in killing only one; the other made for the woods and escaped.

“It was about two years after the escape of Mr. Green’s wolf that the incident occurred of which I set out to tell you. I remember the autumn had been a remarkably favorable one in every respect, and that instead of lingering along and disputing the encroachments of winter, until Jack Frost came and sealed its fate with chains of ice, as it sometimes appears to do, it yielded gracefully; and at an early date the unfrozen earth was shrouded in a thick mantle of snow. Unlike the generality of Canadian winters, the one of which I am speaking was proverbially mild, and though the snow attained a great

depth before spring, there were no winds of any account to disturb it, thus making it a comparatively easy matter to break roads and keep them open. Notwithstanding the murmurings of thoughtless and selfish people in regard to the deep snows of our winters, the material thus provided for winter roads is a great boon to the backwoodsman especially, both in affording him ready access to all parts of the forest for lumbering purposes and as a means of communication with districts otherwise difficult to reach. This was essentially true in regard to us in the new settlement, for, as soon as the snow had attained a sufficient depth for the purpose, a road was broken through a ten mile wilderness to a settlement of much earlier date than our own, thus affording us a nearer market for shingle—from the sale of which we realized quite a winter’s harvest—than could be reached by the regular highway. Though father occasionally took a load to the mills to pay for groceries and other necessary store articles, many of his shingles found purchasers on the other side of the woods, all of whom did their own team work. Though horses were generally employed for this purpose, one man always came with a nice yoke of red oxen. With this slow but sure team, the drawing of every load of shingle involved a two days’ journey, consequently Mr. Wallace often stopped with us over night. On these occasions I remember how grand I thought the great gentle fellows looked in our new barn, and how I admired their beautifully curved horns ornamented with shining brass balls at the tips; and how pleased I was when I learned that father had commenced negotiations for their purchase, for you must know that we children were as interested in all transactions pertaining to the general prosperity as our parents themselves. Here let me say that, to my mind, unless children are trained to take an active interest in the affairs of the family, they soon become a burden and a grief where

they should be a help and a comfort. But about the oxen. At first Mr. Wallace did not seem inclined to part with the animals, but finally set a price on them, provided father would wait until January, and although he needed them every day to use, they were in every way so well adapted to his wants that he concluded to submit to the terms. At length the day arrived when the bargain was concluded, and Mr. Wallace drove the cattle away with a load of shingle for the last time, with the understanding that father could have them whenever he chose to go or send for them. One morning, soon after the trade was thus completed, and just as we were rising from the breakfast table, and father was saying he must spare time to go for the oxen in a day or two, we were all drawn to the window by the unusual sound of sleigh-bells, and presently a sleigh, drawn by a spirited horse, dashed up and stopped before the door. The man who stepped from the vehicle proved to be none other than Mr. Wallace, and the object of his early arrival was soon explained. He had been obliged to go to the mills the previous day, and having completed his business much earlier than he anticipated, though not in time to warrant his starting for his own home with the hope of reaching it before midnight, it occurred to him that by taking the route around through our settlement and putting up at Madam Buzzell's over night, he could reach our place the next morning in time for breakfast and do my father a good turn by taking me home with him, in order that I might drive the oxen back. Though my father had never been through to Mr. Wallace's, he knew what an arduous undertaking it was to travel on foot a distance of ten miles through a dense forest, on a newly cut road only designed for use during two or three winter months; so he hesitated at first about allowing me to go, but at length, influenced by Mr. Wallace's favorable account of the

road, and willing to save the time of himself and horse for other purposes, he somewhat reluctantly consented. You may be sure that I was quite elated at the prospect of a sleigh ride, and, boy-like, with a confident air scouted the idea that anything would befall me on my way back—so small do far off dangers appear when some coveted pleasure intervenes. Could you see the old-fashioned, high-backed sleigh as it stood before the door of our humble cabin, on that particular morning—the heavy, wooden-hamed harness that half concealed the horse with its clumsy proportions, and the string of bells around the animal's neck like a huge necklace, I am sure you would laugh at such a turnout, and wonder that I should be the least set up in anticipation of the ride in store for me; but things are stylish or handsome, only by comparison, and when I tell you that a sleigh was a rare sight with us in the backwoods, and that this was the first chance I had had of riding in one since coming into the new settlement, you will be better able to sympathize with my feelings.

“While our guest was partaking of the freshly-prepared breakfast, I hastened to make ready for my journey, and as my preparations were simple enough, and I was eager to be off, they were soon completed; but I might as well have taken more time, and been a little less imperious in my requests for articles of wearing apparel, for Mr. Wallace was in a remarkably talkative mood—a mood, by the way, that I noticed people were apt to indulge in after having stopped at Madam Buzzell's—and seemed utterly oblivious to the fact that ‘Time nor tide wait for no man,’ or that father and mother were becoming uneasy at the delay, and myself quite desperate for fear they would recall their permission for me to go. I began to think he never would get through with the meal that he continually prolonged by turning half round in his chair towards father and talking

away about a late wrestling match, or the pending elections in the States—a theme interesting to most of the inhabitants of our section as natives of that country, and though virtually no longer subject to its laws, were still interested in its politics.

“By and by, after having had his cold cup of tea exchanged for a hot one two or three times at least, and his attention recalled to the matter in hand, by the replenishing of his plate quite as many times, Mr. Wallace pushed back from the table with an air of satisfaction encouraging to one in my state of mind; but I was never more mistaken in my life than when I thought this movement indicated a disposition to depart, for he only drew his chair up to the fire, and deliberately entered upon the detail of a long law-suit in which he had just come off triumphant, and a desire to excite our interest in which had been cropping out in hints all the morning. It was in vain that I put on my cap and mittens, which I must have done at least a dozen times, as silent reminders that we ought to be going; in vain that I walked to the window every few minutes to see if the horse was standing quietly; all my little arts were unavailing to attract the attention I sought, or to stop the steady smooth flow of words with which he recounted the tedious proceedings. As all subluxary things, however, are subject to change or termination, so at last, the witnesses, one by one, were disposed of, the evidence summed up, and the judgment rendered, and, to my intense satisfaction, the victorious defendant buttoned himself into his three-caped overcoat, tied his fur cap securely under his chin and drew on his fringed mittens with a hasty movement that I knew meant business this time. As no one was opposed to our immediate departure, as soon as we were in the sleigh, the good mornings were exchanged, and with admonitions for me to be careful and make no delay at Mr. Wallace's,

sounding after us, we glided swiftly across the opening towards the woods. Just as we turned the corner of the barn, the steady strokes of father's axe suddenly ceased and we heard him call out to those in the house: 'Halloa! Conway is coming! Here's old Nero,' and we turned our heads just in time to see a large dog trot leisurely into the door yard. It must have been nearly nine o'clock when we set out, and the smooth expanse of snow in the opening glistened and flashed in the sun as we gaily sped along, but we were soon in the woods where the brightness only came shimmering down between the interlaced branches of the trees, making fantastic ever changing shadows on the snow beneath. A little while our route lay across a belt of high table-land, but though we seemed to be alternately climbing and descending hills, we were really fast dropping into a low, dark cedar swamp of two or more miles in extent, and now, while I leave to your imagination the manner in which we progressed through it,—sometimes evading a stump on one side, to almost run against a tree on the other, presently making a short quick turn to the right to keep clear of a mire-hole, then to the left to avoid upsetting on the spur of a giant cedar, and anon between two trees so near together as almost to graze the sides of the sleigh as we passed. I will tell you something about the rather remarkable dog that came into father's dooryard just as we were leaving it. He was a dark brindle fellow of uncommon size and strength, with a grand head, short erect ears, quick intelligent eyes and massive jaws, that denoted great tenacity and determination; but it was when he stretched out his lionlike paw that one began to realize the power and endurance of the animal. As it was impossible to trace his pedigree to any distinguished race in Dogdom, his reputation depended solely upon his own undivided merits, and that they were of no common or-

der you may conclude when I tell you that instances of his courage and sagacity were remembered and related to admiring listeners long after the pampered pets and 'pure bloods' of his day and generation were forgotten to have existed. Nero's master was not less peculiar in his way than was his canine friend and companion. He was a representative of a class of hunters now almost extinct, except in the Far West. As much at home in the depths of the forest as the native red man, he could relate adventures among Indians and encounters with the wild animals of the swamps and mountains that would make his young listeners instinctively draw nearer to the fire and to each other. This singular man was often absent from the settlement for weeks, and sometimes even for months, during which time nothing would be heard from him. By and by, when everybody had begun to fear that some casualty had befallen him, Nero would suddenly make his appearance in the neighborhood, and we all knew that Conway was coming, though he might not reach the place for several hours after the arrival of the dog. On these occasions Nero would go to make a tour of the whole neighborhood, and not only call at every house, but, dog fashion, jump, lap up his great red tongue, and with a quickened motion of his ever-swaying, bushy tail, would manifest his delight at meeting every individual member of the family, from the old grandfather and grandmother to the baby in the cradle. His respects thus paid, he would take a dignified position in the middle of the floor for a few minutes and then, in spite of every inducement to the contrary, would make determinedly for the door, and trot away to go through the same performance at the next house.

"After having accomplished our somewhat tedious passage through the swamp, we began to ascend to a higher and pleasanter region, all the pleasanter in contrast with the dark lowland—

gloomy even on that bright day—and though Mr. Wallace was still obliged to regulate the speed of his horse to the irregularities of the ground, and to occasionally guide him cautiously between trees or stumps, the time did not appear very long ere we came suddenly into what seemed a vast open country to me, accustomed, as I was, to the circumscribed clearing at home.

"We had not been long on the road before I discovered that Mr. Wallace was too pre-occupied with his own affairs to heed any remarks of mine, further than to say, 'Yes, sonny,' or, 'No, sonny,' in response to them; and as this appellation was anything but flattering to a young gentleman of my age and experience, I, too, relapsed into silence, and contented myself with storing my memory with whatever of interest came under my observation. Now that we were beyond the woods, I still forbore asking any questions, though I was eager to know how far we were from Mr. Wallace's house, but, determined by increased vigilance to gain the information I would not ask of my taciturn companion, I kept a sharp lookout ahead. The first roof that came to view above the hill we were ascending from the woods was, even at first sight, anything but prepossessing in appearance, and proved, on near inspection, to belong to an old log-house, twisted away with age and the lack of a suitable foundation. The crazy stick-chimney barely showed itself above the leaky, snow-covered roof, and the one window was stuffed with old hats and clothes. In front of this forlorn habitation a man was leisurely—I suppose I would not be astray in saying *lazily*—splitting an armful of wood from the end of a long log, evidently just 'twitched' from the woods, if one might judge from the concave track along the road, and the snow that still adhered to the rough maple bark. Just as we were passing, he dropped his axe into the snow, and, leaning on the

helve with one hand, shaded his eyes with the other, and stared at us a moment, then, squatting down on his heels, he commenced filling his arms with the freshly-cut billets of wood. I could but wonder at this shiftless performance, and the air of neglect and discomfort of the place generally; and I mentally contrasted it with my own home, where the nicely-arranged cords of wood, the small post-and-board shed filled with chips and 'light wood,' the pile of straight, clean-looking spruce and pine mill-logs, and the neatly stocked bunches of shingle ready for market, denoted a thorough-going proprietor, though our house was also small, and of logs. But I had yet to learn what a vast difference there is between a constitutional poverty that weighs one down like an incubus, and a poverty of circumstances that energy and thrift are every day overcoming.

"The next house we came to was a rather unsubstantial framed building, and quite as characteristic in its way as the last, being as much the result of an excessive ambition as the other state of things was of the entire want of any ambition at all. Though evidently planned by a builder of air-castles, the frame once barely covered in, the projector seemed to have been forced to come down to mundane affairs, and devote his remaining resources to the finishing of a room in one corner for the occupation of himself and family ere the cold weather made the effort impracticable; and to use the remainder of the building for a temporary barn. When I afterwards described this place to father, he said the man had begun at the wrong end of his means, and would likely come out at the little end of the horn.

"The houses I have been describing to you were by no means samples of the generality of dwellings in the Wallace neighborhood, though their like can, even now, be found on the outskirts of almost every district, however

thriving the place may be, and, as we proceeded, there soon began to be evidences of a forehanded population. Large farms extended on either hand, and substantial, well-cared-for houses and barns were to be seen in every direction—some close beside the road, some looming up high and cold looking on the hill-tops, and others nestled cosily at their feet. To tell you how many times I thought the next house must surely be Mr. Wallace's, only to be disappointed on reaching it by the steady, quick tramp, tramp of the horse right on by, without an instant's slackening of speed, would be impossible; but by-and-by we came to a low, square school-house, where several roads intersected. Here we turned to the right, down a steep hill, crossed a bridge, then turned to the left, and ascended a large winding hill, and finally ended my cogitations and sleigh-ride together under the shed attached to an old-fashioned red farmhouse, which, with the customary barns and outbuildings, occupied the most elevated site in the vicinity. Mr. Wallace led the way into the house, and his first salutation was an enquiry for the 'boys.'

"Steve Carpenter came over about two hours ago, and nothing would do but they must take the cattle and help him draw wood to-day,' said Mrs. Wallace, as she set a chair for me before the blazing fire.

"Well, this is a pretty fix, I declare,' said her husband, beginning to bustle around. 'Here is Gray's boy after the oxen and they are a mile away in the woods instead of being in the barn, as I expected, and he has got fifteen miles to go to-night,' and almost before I had come to a realizing sense that I was five miles farther from home than I had calculated upon being, Mr. Wallace had changed horses and started in quest of the oxen.

"After having given Mrs. Wallace my outside coat, cap and mittens, the snow blindness that at first affected my sight

cleared away, and I began to see sufficiently well to take note of my surroundings. The kitchen, which, by the way, is always the general living room for the family in those old-fashioned farmhouses, was a large, low room, made irregular and full of angles by the projection of the pantry into one corner and of the cellar and chamber stairway into another. The narrow 'shove up' windows were set high up in the thick wall, the bottoms just even with the chair-railing that terminated the board ceiling, and the whole woodwork, except the floor, was painted Spanish brown, and that was a bright spruce yellow. The first thing I noticed about the house work was that a girl, about my own age, was ironing at a table near a window, and the next, that Mrs. Wallace from a high pine cupboard, was setting another table spread in the middle of the floor. This last circumstance once realized, led me to glance at the long clock in a far corner, there to learn that it was half-past eleven o'clock. *Half past eleven and fifteen miles to travel on foot, two-thirds of the way through a dense wilderness.*

"I think the old grandmother who sat busily knitting away in the corner by the fire, and every now and then taking a look over her glasses at me, must have noticed my uneasy glance from the clock to the window, for, pushing 'those helps to see' up over her full-bordered cap, and dropping her hands into her lap, she commenced talking very sociably with me—asking all about our neighborhood, about my home, how many brothers and sisters I had, and everything she thought would interest me. Good, motherly Mrs. Wallace, too, treated me to some apples—a rare treat to any one on our side of the woods in those early days—and brought me a basket of butternuts, and hammer and lapstone to crack them with; but I felt too anxious to be on my way home to enjoy the hospitality as I otherwise would have done. After a

while my attention became pretty evenly divided between the old-fashioned wooden clock with its ominous tick, tick, and the window overlooking the direction Mr. Wallace had taken; and when he did at last make his appearance, driving the oxen before him, it was half-past twelve, and the dinner steaming upon the table. Of course I had to have dinner, and the cattle some rest and refreshment before setting out; so it was half-past one by the time I found myself slipping out of the doorway—rather proudly, I am afraid—beside the great red animals that I now felt a sort of proprietorship in, and entering upon that never-to-be-forgotten fifteen mile tramp. After having passed the schoolhouse, I turned the oxen on before me, and, with 'Watch' trotting by my side, trudged happily along, for, though the distance had not lessened materially as yet, there was a great satisfaction in the consciousness that I was making exertions to overcome a difficulty, and that every step was bringing me nearer home. You may be sure that those five miles from Mr. Wallace's to the entrance of the woods had a different signification in my mind that afternoon from the same five miles in the morning, when I was swiftly gliding over them with no exertion of my own. But first one house and then another was left behind; the unfinished framed one was reached and passed, then the little log one, looking more forlorn and disheartening than ever, and I knew that ten miles of dense, tangled wilderness lay between me and any habitation beyond. I was too familiar with forest life to be afraid, and too much accustomed to the care and companionship of dumb animals to feel lonely with 'Watch' and the oxen for company; so, having allowed the cattle to drink from a little stream at the foot of the hill, and to take a short breathing spell, I pushed boldly forward. Though we had travelled at a tolerable pace, it was all of three o'clock

when we entered the woods and seemed much later, as the sky had become overcast, and there was every indication of an addition to three feet of snow already on the ground. Indeed, hardly had we proceeded another mile, when the white flakes began to fill the air and fall softly and silently down. In a short time the feathery material began to accumulate on the oxen's backs, despite the fact that the warmth from their bodies was continually melting a large proportion. It completely covered all the twigs and branches of the trees; it clung to my clothes with a tenacity that defied all my efforts to brush it off; and lodged in the dog's shaggy coat to such a degree that he was obliged, every now and again, to give a vigorous shake to rid himself of a portion. It was not long before our progress began to be impeded by the fast increasing depth of snow under foot, and as we toiled laboriously up and down one hill after another I kept hoping the next ascent or the next bend in the road would reveal the bluff that overlooked the swamp. Again and again I was disappointed, and not until the darkness had closed so thickly around us that I could hardly see the oxen's horns, though I was walking close at the animals' heels, did we begin to descend directly into the low-land. Here the cattle again found water, and after having allowed them to quench their thirst and rest for a few minutes, with the cheering thought that only five miles intervened between us and home, I pushed on. To further encourage me, the snow ceased falling, the clouds divided, and the moon shone out; and though very little light could penetrate the thicket through which we were slowly working our way, that little enabled me to proceed less cautiously, and I pressed forward as fast as the heavy state of the ground would admit; sometimes whistling snatches of a cheery tune, and now and then speaking an encouraging word to the cattle or the dog. In this

way we had accomplished about half the distance through the swamp, and were in the darkest and lowest part of it, when suddenly 'Watch' started directly in front of my feet, and, with his tail curled between his legs, appeared to be overcome with sudden fear. Surprised and somewhat startled at the terror of my hitherto courageous dog, I hastily made my way to the cattle's heads, and brought them to a sudden standstill, in order that I might hear any alarming sound which the jingling of the chain looped into the ring of the ox-yoke had hitherto prevented from reaching me. There was a few moments of silence broken only by the sudden snap of a twig, the rebound of an overloaded branch, and other little noises always going on in a forest; then, dismally sounding away through the woods, came the unmistakable howl of a wolf. I listened until the howl was repeated and answered by a more distant one, when, somewhat reassured, I again set forward. Every little while I stopped to listen, each time the howls sounding more distinct and numerous, and it was not long before I could hear them above the rattling of the chain and the tramp of the hurrying oxen. Near and nearer came the dismal howls, first from the rear, then from the right, and then from the left; but I felt no real alarm until they began to sound in advance of me, when I knew the design of the wolves was to surround and attack us as soon as their numbers warranted their doing so. By this time the moon was riding high in the heavens and giving considerable light, though little penetrated the gloom of the low swamp, and that little was often shut off altogether by a passing cloud. At such times there was a perceptible closing in of the howling blood-thirsty wretches, and once, when the moon shone suddenly forth, I plainly distinguished the lank, skulking form of a large wolf as he slunk back into the dense shadows a few rods ahead of us. At this sight, fear suggested an ex-

pedient hitherto unthought of, and I sprang upon the back of the nearest ox and urged the animals to the utmost speed they could make under the unfavorable circumstances. So long as the moon continued to shine, the jingling of the chain, the barking of 'Watch' and my own shouts, served to keep the wolves in a sort of abeyance, but no sooner was it obscured again by a passing cloud than there was an immediate contraction of the circle around me comprised by the howling fiends, and I began to feel a sinking at heart such as the man in the iron cage must have experienced when every morning revealed to his anxious gaze one window less in the constantly sinking dimensions of his prison chamber. Hopeless as the effort to prevent it may be, it is not in human nature to give up one's life without a struggle, and with the rapidity of thought which danger always inspires, I was calculating the chances there would be in my favor, should I abandon the fast-failing oxen to their fate and try to save myself by flight, when the moon was again partially obscured by a cloud. On the very instant a terrific yell, followed by mingled cries of rage and pain, sounded close at our heels, and, with a snort of wild alarm, the oxen suddenly wheeled about as though to brave a fate they could not flee from. Unprepared for this movement, I came near being thrown to the ground, but I quickly scrambled to my position again, and now, face to face as I was with the threatened danger, I strained my eyes in an effort to distinguish the nature of the combat that was evidently going on only a few rods distant; but the gloom was too dense for my vision to penetrate; and as there seemed to be but one solution to the sudden contest, I gave poor 'Watch' up for lost. At the same time I did not overlook the chances this state of affairs afforded me, and quickly slipping to the ground, I bounded forward in the direction of home, with all the speed that mingled fear and hope could

lend to my tired limbs. In a few moments I felt that I was ascending a hill, and my courage rose at every step, for I knew my safety depended as much upon my rising from the dark swamp into stronger light as upon the distance I was able to place between myself and my pursuers ere they rallied again. At length, panting and ready to drop, I gained the summit of the hill, when, oh, joy! almost to great too be true, and too unexpected to realize all at once, the light of a lantern was flashing rapidly along the snow towards me, and I felt that I was safe. As soon as I could gain breath sufficient, I vented my feelings in a shout that made the woods ring and was further rejoiced to hear my father's voice in reply. A little nearer, and I perceived he was not alone; still nearer, and in his companion I recognized the old hunter Conway, the owner of 'Nero,' and also discovered that each man carried a gun. Elated by this fact, I did not wait for the men to reach me, but, calling to them to hurry along, I took the lead back to where I had left the oxen. The distance did not seem half as great as when I was running for my life, and we soon came to them standing exactly as I had left them; and, unexpected sight, 'Watch' stood in a protecting attitude just beyond. In my delight to find my faithful dog alive, I stopped to caress him a moment, but was soon attracted to the scene of the late contest by this exclamation from Mr. Conway: 'Ah ha! Nero, so you have done the job for him, old fellow. That's a brave old dog;' and there, sure enough, stood our old friend, 'Nero,' with blood-stained jaws, and still bristling hair and glowing eyes, over the mangled carcass of a huge wolf. On examination, we discovered a large wire around the dead monster's neck, and so much had he increased in size since it had been placed there, that it was fairly imbedded in the flesh. The wonder was that he had lived so long in that painful condition, for the few links of chain

attached to the ring was ample proof that the slain brute was Mr. Green's escaped wolf of more than two years before; hence the courage with which he had led on the pack. Well, father and Mr. Conway placed the dead wolf on a pole between them, and men, cattle, dogs and myself marched leisurely homeward, for, though howls were still heard in the swamp, they were too distant by this time to create any alarm. Our safe arrival home was a great relief to mother, who had been a prey to the utmost anxiety on my account ever since Mr. Conway had called in as he was passing the house, and casually mentioned that the swamp seemed to be alive with wolves. Though this providential information was immediately acted upon, had not old 'Nero's' sagacity and courage led him to understand the situation and anticipate orders, I am afraid I should not have escaped to tell the tale. It would be impossible for you, who never experienced a similiar danger and escape, to understand what a delicious feeling of warmth and security pervaded my whole mental and physical being as I sat before the bright

blazing hearth enjoying my warm supper and the companionship of parents and sisters, and every moment contrasting my present happy situation with that of an hour before in a literally 'howling wilderness.' And when, before retiring to rest, my earthly parents rendered heartfelt thanks for the preservation of their dear son from the dangers of the forest, and then, likening our sins to 'ravening wolves,' also besought our Heavenly Father to be as mindful of our spiritual as our temporal well-being, there came to me a realizing sense of the ever-present guiding hand of God, such as I never before experienced, and then occurred to my mind several passages of Scripture, wherein the sacred writers aptly allude to wolves in illustration of some point they desire to make particularly impressive; and I have never forgotten them. Now, children, I think you cannot do better than to try how many passages in the Bible you can find referring to wolves, and tell me on my next visit what you have learned from them; and now, good-bye."

## OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER,

(American Tract Society.)

## CHAPTER I.

Joey Sheppard had a toothache, and he lay whimpering on the lounge in the dining-room. It was Sunday, and every one else, except cousin Louisa, had gone to Sunday-school. Cousin Louisa was in the kitchen making preparations for dinner.

Joey had counted the cracks in the ceiling over a great many times, hoping that they would make him forget his tooth. He had found out by patient counting how many rows of flowers there were in the paper on that side of the room where he lay. He had become very tired of wondering what the names of the queer flowers, so unlike any he had ever seen growing, might be. He was perfectly sick of staring at the tables and chairs that had been in that dining-room ever since he was born. And he was more tired than all of lying still and whimpering over the little throbbing, throbbing pain in his mouth.

For a change, Joey rolled off the lounge, climbed into the big arm-chair opposite the open kitchen door, and stared at cousin Louisa.

It amused him very much for a little while to wonder about her. In the first place Joey wondered if she was as much as forty years old, and if there was anybody in the world who knew the secret of her age, and could be coaxed to tell it to him. She had no father and no mother, no brothers and no sisters, no nearer relatives and friends than his papa and mamma, and Joey didn't believe

that cousin Louisa would tell them her secrets.

Then he wondered if she had ever been a little girl, and when he made up his mind that she must have been some time, he wondered if it were possible that she had ever been a fat little girl.

The next thing that Joey wondered, was whether any young gentleman with a mustache and cane had ever come to call on her, whether she had ever been taken out to drive in a beautiful high buggy, and had little notes and big bouquets sent to her, like the grown-up sisters of the little boys he knew.

Then he wondered if cousin Louisa was ever going away to be married, and live in a house of her own. The very thought of such a thing made Joey jump out of his chair with delight.

"Mercy!" cried she.

"Cousin Louisa!" said Joey.

"Don't you know any better than to come down on the floor with such a noise as that?" said she. "How you frightened me!"

"Cousin Louisa!" said Joey with great earnestness.

"Well, what? If you want some more laudanum in that tooth, bring me that piece of cotton and that bottle, and I'll put it in for you."

"I don't," said Joey. "Cousin Louisa!"

"What do you want?"

"I've been a thinking."

"Indeed!"

"Will you be mad if I tell you?"

"Mad!" said cousin Louisa.

"Yes," said Joey.

"I may think you're a saucy boy. Probably I shall."

"You won't clip me?"

"What!" said cousin Louisa.

"Hit my sore cheek, I mean," said Joey; "or go and nip my arm the way you do when you're mad. Say will you do?"

"You deserve punishment now for your impudence," said she; "and if I didn't have my hands in water, I don't know but I should have to lock you up in the closet."

"Cousin Louisa," said Joey, "how long are you going to be a washing them potatoes?"

"Them potatoes!" repeated cousin Louisa. "That's a pretty way for a minister's boy to talk!"

"Is it swearing?" asked Joey.

"What nonsense!" she said.

"If it isn't swearing, then it isn't wicked," said Joey, "and I'm a going to say it all I'm a mind to. Them potatoes! Them potatoes!"

"That will do!" said cousin Louisa; and Joey, seeing the angry look on her face, agreed with her; and meekly asked how long it would take to wash those potatoes.

"A few minutes," she answered.

"Five?" asked Joey.

"About that, perhaps."

"Don't you never take your hands out the water till you get frew?" said Joey.

"Don't ask so many foolish questions," said cousin Louisa; "I intend to keep my hands in this water until I have finished."

But Joey thought it wise to take a seat near the door, so that if she should happen to take her hands out for the purpose of attacking him, he might escape.

"Cousin Louisa," said Joey, moving along to the edge of the chair nearest the door-knob, "I'll make a bargain if you will!"

She rubbed a potato between her wet palms, and took no notice of Joey's remark.

"I'll do something, if you will," said Joey. "I'll tell you how old I am, if you will."

"Will *what*?" asked cousin Louisa sternly, wiping the water from her hands.

Joey glanced at the door-knob to make sure that he could reach it, and then replied,

"Will tell me how old you are if I will."

Cousin Louisa put her hands back in the water among the potatoes, and bade Joey get his Tract Primer and learn a verse.

"I'm too sick," said Joey. "I don't never learn verses when I have the toofache, cousin Louisa!"

"If you say 'cousin Louisaa' in that way again I think I shall tie your mouth up," said she.

"Well, I wont," said Joey. "But I was wondering."

As cousin Louisa made no reply, Joey looked at the door-knob again, and told her that what he was wondering.

"If," said Joey, "if—if—you—ever—had—had—a beau."

She rubbed a potato very hard between her palms, and did not seem to hear Joey.

"And if," said Joey, with his hand on the door-knob, "you'd ever get married to him, like my mamma to my papa."

She took up another potato and rubbed it.

"And if," said Joey, getting bolder because she did not answer him, "you would go away, hundreds 'o miles off; clear out of this town, to live for ever 'n ever.."

"Bring that Tract Primer to me," said cousin Louisa.

"O dear, my toof!" said Joey. "How it aches! I wish my mamm 'd come,"

He slid along by the kitchen wall to the sitting-room door, keeping his eyes on cousin Louisa. When he was safely in the sitting-room, he lay down on the lounge and whimpered and whimper-

ered until he was thoroughly tired of it.

Then a new thought came into his head. It was such a strong thought that it took Joey off the lounge and drove him into the kitchen, over to the table where cousin Louisa stood.

Joey folded his arms on the table and looked up into cousin Louisa's face.

"I'd just like to know," he said, "what's the reason you have to wash potatoes."

"To get them clean," said cousin Louisa.

"I don't mean that," said Joey. "Why don't we have a great big red girl, with freckles on her face, to wash 'em? That's the way other folks do."

"If you want to know why, I'll tell you," said cousin Louisa, suddenly looking and speaking very crossly.

"Tell away, please," said Joey.

"If you want to know why we're poor and have to go without things, and do hard work, and be picked at by everybody, and have people meddling with our affairs, and half starving us, too, I can tell you, Joey Sheppard: it's because your father's a minister."

"I think papa's pretty rich," said Joey. "He's got a whole pocketful of pennies."

"It takes a hundred pennies to make one dollar, Joey Sheppard," said cousin Louisa, "and half a hundred would fill a pocket. And it takes as much as two thousand dollars a year for a family like ours to live decently on, and your father only gets seven hundred. What do you think of that?"

"I don't know," said Joey.

"Well I know what I think," said cousin Louisa. "I think it's an outrageous shame, and I'm not afraid to say it. Seven hundred dollars!"

"Couldn't we buy a girl to wash the potatoes with seven hundred dollars?" said Joey.

"If we didn't have to buy clothes to cover us, and bread to keep us from starving, with it," she answered.

Joey looked troubled.

"Tommy Cady's mother has got three," he said.

"Of course she has," said cousin Louisa. "Other people can have half a dozen servants, but we can't have one. And I don't believe there's a man in this town works as hard as your father."

"Don't you?" said Joey, drawing back a little from the fingers that she was shaking in the air.

"No, I don't!" said she. "If he isn't writing sermons, or making calls on all sorts of disagreeable people, there's sure to be a funeral two or three miles out in the country, in the worst kind of weather."

"They don't die a purpose, do they?" said Joey.

"I don't know but they do," said cousin Louisa. "They're capable of it."

"And he comes home all tired out, and wet with the rain, too, doesn't he?" said Joey.

"And then sits up half the night writing sermons," said cousin Louisa.

"And then the next morning, somebody's baby gets the croup, don't it?" said Joey.

"Yes," said cousin Louisa; "and a baby can't sneeze without their sending after him. It's ridiculous!"

"You 'member when Mr. Fenton died?"

"Yes I do! They kept your poor father running to see him morning, noon, and night, for a week before he died; and then because he didn't get his sermon done for Sunday, and had to preach an old one, he's never heard the last of that old sermon."

"Who told 'em it was an old one? There!" asked Joey, having suspicions of his cousin.

"Oh, trust them for remembering it!" said cousin Louisa. "It was eight years since he'd preached it, and old Mrs. Lyman remembered it word for word."

"When I'm a man," said Joey, "I'll make 'em sorry for it!"

"When you're a man, don't you ever

be a minister," said cousin Louisa. "It doesn't pay."

"I'm going to be a giant," said Joey, "and live in a mountain; or else a prince with a red coat, and have a gold house; I don't know which."

"I don't care what you are as long as you don't slave yourself to death for seven hundred dollars a year."

"Cousin Louisa," said Joey, "we left out the prayer-meetings. There's lots and lots of them for papa to go to."

"I should rather think so," said she; "especially when there's an interest in the church. Then they have them night and morning, too. And, Joey, you know what a fuss they make if your father doesn't go and talk to the Sunday-school every Sunday,"

"Let's set fire to 'em, will you?" said Joey.

"Pooh!" said cousin Louisa.

She washed her hands and went into the dining-room to set the table for dinner; and as she marched through the door Joey saw her toss up her head, and heard her say "Seven hundred dollars!"

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## CHAPTER II.

Joey stood by the kitchen table, drumming on it and thinking some very deep thoughts all the while that cousin Louisa was setting the table. There was business in Joey's brain. He was thinking to a purpose. Cousin Louisa's words had taken such effect that Joey made up his mind to right his father's wrongs.

"Cousin Louisa," he said, "when I wear pantaloons will I be a man?"

"What folly!" she answered.

"Anyway I'll be a boy," he said.

"You're that now," said cousin Louisa.

"That Tommy Cady said I was noffin but a girl-boy," said Joey. "I wish I had some nice little pantaloons to wear."

"You might have if we wern't so poor," said cousin Louisa. "Your mother had all those dresses given her, and that's the reason you have to wear them. She can't afford to buy any pretty little coats and pantaloons as long as those dresses last. That's because she married a poor minister."

"What did she for?" asked Joey.

"Mercy knows!" said cousin Louisa. "I wanted her to marry a man that would have kept her like a queen. He was rich enough to buy up this whole church, and wild after your mother."

"I'll bet my father could lick him!" said Joey, doubling up his fists. "Where is he?"

"There, there, that will do, Joey Sheppard! When you get talking you never know where to stop."

"But, cousin Louisa," said Joey, "I do wish I had some pantaloons. I'd just like to be a truly boy. Can't anybody give my mamma some pantaloons for me?"

"They could if they chose," said cousin Louisa.

"Won't they?"

"No, they won't. But I did hear your mother say the other day that she meant to cut down some of Jack's old pantaloons for you, if she ever got time. But it's not probable that she will get time, there's so much work to do in this house. They might at least pay the wages of one servant."

"Who might?"

"The people in the church."

"Is it everybody's fault, cousin Louisa?"

"I suppose the elders and deacons are the most to blame," she answered. "But every man and woman in the church ought to be ashamed to look your father in the face—the stingy things!"

"If I only had my pantaloons," said Joey, "I'd talk to 'em!"

"Don't be silly!" said cousin Louisa.

"It seems as if I could pull this

house down if I only had my pantaloons," said Joey. "Anyway, I know I could pay off them elders and dekinings."

"Them?" said cousin Louisa.

"T isn't swearing; you said so."

"It is very ungrammatical," said cousin Louisa.

"Un—what?" Joey asked. "O dear me!" he said presently, "I wish my toof didn't ache, so that I could go to church to-night. I want to go for somefin, for somefin!"

Joey winked his eyes, and wagged his head, and looked very wise.

"It won't stop aching till you have it pulled," said cousin Louisa. "If you had let me pull it when I offered to, you'd have been all over it by this time."

"Oh, I'm afraid to!" said Joey.

"Then you are a girl-boy, as Tommy Cady says, and not fit to wear pantaloons. Real boys are brave."

Joey crossed his feet and fastened his eyes on the toes of his shoes, and for several dozen seconds spoke not a word. He kept repeating to himself, "Real boys are brave. Real boys are brave."

Everybody knew that Joey's chief desire was to be what he called "a truly boy." But he had always thought that putting on pantaloons would make him one. It had never occurred to him that he must be brave in order to be a boy.

"If I dast have my toof pulled," said Joey by-and-by, "do you think I'd be boy enough to pay the elders and dekinings off?"

"You'd be more of a boy than you are now," said cousin Louisa; "but as for paying anybody off, don't talk such nonsense!"

"Can't I never be a real boy till I'm brave?" Joey asked.

"No, you can't."

"Can't I be brave if I don't have my toof pulled?"

"No, you can't. Now don't let me hear any more questions."

Joey had no more questions to ask at present. He was buried in deep thought again.

At length he asked: "If I get it pulled, will it be well by night, so that I can go to church?"

"Yes," said cousin Louisa.

"Cousin Louisa," said Joey, "pull it!"

"Not if you are going to cry and run into the corner just as I get ready."

"No, I aint!" said Joey.

"If you are going to behave like a little man about it, I'll pull it for you," said cousin Louisa.

"Yes," said Joey.

"Then go up stairs and get me the pincers out of the tool-drawer."

"Pincers!" said Joey. "Mamma takes a little string."

"And don't ask me any more questions," said cousin Louisa, "or make any remarks. Just do as I tell you, if you want to make me think you are anything but a girl-boy. Perhaps if I find you are a real brave boy, I'll cut down those pantaloons of Jack's myself."

"Make a bargain," said Joey.

"Well—yes," said cousin Louisa, "I will. If you prove to me that you are a brave boy, I'll begin on the pantaloons to-morrow."

"Free cheers!" shouted Joey, and he rushed into the hall and up the stairs into the boys' room, dragged a chair to the bureau, and pulled open the little drawer where the tools were kept. The pincers were soon grasped tightly in his left hand, while his right helped him clamber down to the floor.

Before he went down stairs, Joey paused to take a long look at the pincers. They were very big, clumsy things, and his teeth were little mites of white ivory. Joey looked at the pincers, and he felt that a string would have been much better suited to cousin Louisa's purpose.

He took hold of his teeth, and he took hold of the pincers. He thought

how the ugly things would look in cousin Louisa's bony fingers coming at his tiny teeth; and he shivered all over.

Then Joey took a seat on the edge of the bed, and about concluded that he would rather be a girl-boy all the rest of his life than have cousin Louisa and the pincers come at him together.

But before he had quite resolved to give up his pantaloons and his boyhood, a great feeling of shame came over him, and in a minute he was back in the dining-room, handing the pincers to cousin Louisa.

Cousin Louisa sat down on the lounge.

"Come here," she said.

Joey walked boldly up to her, and leaned against her knees.

"Fold your hands behind you," she said.

Joey obeyed.

"Open your mouth."

Joey did it; and then he shut his eyes. He tried to think of his pantaloons. He tried to picture Tommy Cadys astonishment and admiration when he should see him marching into Sunday-school in pantaloons. He tried to think how he would awe the elders and deacons in his pantaloons, how he could pay them off when he got to be a boy, but none of these things kept Joey from thinking all the time about those awful pincers in cousin Louisa's hand.

It seemed a month to Joey, but it was only a moment or two before he felt the cold steel touch his lips.

"Wider!" said cousin Louisa.

Joey opened his mouth till he thought the corners would split, and then he felt the first plunge of the pincers.

"Oh!" he screamed. "Oh! Oh! Oh! my toof!"

He spun around the room, weeping and wailing, and when he came to a stop by bumping against the door, his mind was quite prepared to wreak vengeance, Cousin Louisa's foot was in the neighborhood, and he ran and stepped on her toes.

"You ungrateful little thing!" she said, taking him by the shoulders and giving him a hard shaking, "That's all the thanks I get."

"You hurt!" cried Joey.

"You're a coward!" said cousin Louisa.

"I aint!" said Joey. "I'll prove it, too! You can pull again, you can! Hurry up, cousin Louisa, while I dare."

"What should I pull again for?" said cousin Louisa. "There's your tooth lying on the table."

Joey jumped up and looked at the tooth, then he put his finger in his mouth and felt of the empty place where it had been, before he could believe.

"Is that my toof?" he said. "I didn't know my toof was out, or I wouldn't have stepped on your toes, cousin Louisa," and then he thought it best to stroll into the front hall, out of sight of cousin Louisa's angry face.

He flattened his nose against the little window at the side of the front door, and looked out into the yard. But there was no peace for Joey; his conscience troubled him. He could not get interested in what he saw through the window; it was impossible for him to enjoy anything as long as he remembered what a very naughty boy he had been.

He looked at the mountain-ash tree in front of the window and thought what a beauty it was in summer and how ugly it was now without any berries and leaves, and at the same time he was listening for cousin Louisa's lightest footfall behind him. He watched a gorgeous woodpecker hopping around on the bare branches and tapping on the trunk of the tree with his bill, as if he were knocking to be let in. He saw him lean his head over on one side and put it close to the tree after tapping and tapping, as if he were listening for some one within to come and answer his knocks.

Joey wondered very much if other woodpeckers lived inside the tree, and

if they had shut this poor fellow out and locked the door on him. And then he thought that there might be squirrels in there, instead of woodpeckers, upon whom the bird had come to call; and he concluded that they must have gone to the roots of the tree, in their kitchen, where they couldn't hear knocking at the door.

But all this time Joey never once stopped listening for cousin Louisa's footsteps.

When he had been out there quite a long time, and becoming convinced that cousin Louisa did not intend to give him another shaking, he was more troubled than ever about his behavior. If cousin Louisa had followed him into the hall and shaken him again, he would not have been so sorry that he had stepped on her toes. But now that she seemed to have forgiven him he felt ashamed.

Joey was often very penitent after he had done wrong; and he was generally willing to confess his sins, if it didn't happen to be cousin Louisa against whom he had sinned. But confessing to cousin Louisa was not at all agreeable to him.

There was no fire in the hall, and he began to feel cold. Between the shame and the cold he was quite miserable.

While he stood shivering with cold, and sighing over his faults, some drops came running out of his mouth, and when he wiped them off with his hand he discovered that they were blood.

Then he was more miserable still, for besides being cold and ashamed he

was frightened. He knew that he had some little lungs and a little heart and stomach, and he thought of all three of them as places where the blood could have come from. That it came from the hollow place where his tooth had been never entered his head. Joey felt sure that something was going to happen to him.

"P'r'aps I've got the chicken pox," he said to himself, "or the measles; or maybe I'm going to bleed dead for stepping on her toes."

With that he rushed into the dining-room. I hope it was not the cold and fright as much as true penitence, nor the fear that cousin Louisa might fail to cut down Jack's pantaloons for him as much as true penitence, which made Joey humbly confess. Certainly real shame for his naughtiness had something to do with it.

"I didn't mean to hurt your toes, cousin Louisa," cried Joey. "I wish I hadn't done it. I know where papa's got some corn-paper that'll cure 'em. O cousin Louisa, just look how my blood bleeds!"

"A few little drops coming out of your tooth," said cousin Louisa. "It's a wonder there haven't been more."

"Aint that noffin but toof-blood?" asked Joey scornfully.

"What else could it be, you little goose?" said cousin Louisa. "There's always more or less blood after a tooth has been pulled. Run out in the kitchen and wash your face in a hurry. I see them coming from Sunday-school."

*To be continued.)*

## HOLIDAY PASTIMES.

## NEIGHBOR, NEIGHBOR.

"Neighbor, Neighbor, I Come to Torment You," is an amusing game, played as follows: The players sit in a circle, and one begins by saying, "Neighbor, neighbor, I come to torment you." "What with?" is the question of the next player. "To do as I do," whereupon one hand is moved. This is passed round the circle, until all the players are moving their one hand. Then the same formula is repeated, save that the answer is "To do with two as I do," when both hands are moved; and the thing continues until both hands, legs, head, and body of each player are in motion, which presents a comical effect.

## JINGLES.

One of the players leaves the room, and the rest determine on a word. When he re-enters he is told a noun that rhymes with the one chosen, which he must find out by their dumb movements. Say "bat" is the word selected, he is told that it rhymes with "rat," and the players either try to imitate flying or hitting a ball with a bat.

## THE EYE TEST.

We have known much fun caused by keeping four or five children in the room while the others are sent out, and placing them behind the drawn window-curtains; then let one just show the eye through the opening, and when the rest are admitted they have to decide to whom it belongs—by no means as easy a task as it seems.

Another way of playing this called "Orientals" is as follows: All the company but five or six go out of the room while each one of these wraps himself, all but one eye, with a sheet. Then let the company guess who they are.

## THE LAWYER.

Those who play this game choose one of a number for a lawyer. The chairs in the room are then arranged in two rows facing each other, when the gentlemen take seats in one row and the ladies in the other, or promiscuously, just as is preferred. The persons sitting opposite each other are partners and the game consists in the lawyer asking questions of different persons, which must be answered in each case by that person's partner. The person addressed must never answer, but his partner must be on the alert to answer for him. If either one make a mistake he must take the lawyer's place. The lawyer will almost surely catch some one very soon, if he asks questions rapidly and changes about indiscriminately.

## TURNED HEAD.

A laughable appearance is produced by investing a lady in as many wrappings as possible, but cloak, shawl, scarf, etc., put on wrong side before, her bonnet only being put on right—thus giving the appearance of a turned head. Then let her carry a muff behind her, as naturally as possible, and enter and pass around the room backwards. It is a droll sight.

## THE HOWLING GYASTICUTIS.

No little amusement can be afforded at an evening gathering, where there are children, by an exhibition of the Howling Gyasticutis. Some gentlemen, who may have travelled, could introduce the animal. Previous to its entrance into the parlor are heard in an adjoining room the clanking of chains, unearthly howls, and the sharp, commanding voice of the keeper. Suddenly, as the door opens, the Gyasticutis enters, uttering his most hideous notes through the long pasteboard nose. Some one on all fours,

covered with a robe, wearing a long pasteboard face and nose, somewhat like a bear, is the Gyasticutis.

The story of the Howling Gyasticutis is this : In early California days a showman advertised to be seen, for only one dollar, the most wonderful specimen of Natural History ever known in the world. His show-room, which was an old barn, was crowded. About the time to begin, a terrific roaring and howling, intermingled with men yelling, was heard behind the scenes. Presently out rushed the showman before the curtain, with torn garments and bloody hands, shouting to the audience to save themselves—"The Gyasticutis had broken loose !" As the terrified audience fled out of the front door, the showman and his partner did the same at the rear, and were far away before the hoax was discovered.

#### SHADOW PANTOMIMES.

Shadow pantomimes can be very effectually arranged in parlors by following these simple directions : Fasten a sheet tightly across the space between the open folding doors. The room in front of the sheet must be quite dark. The back room, where the performers operate, must be lighted by a candle, or large kerosene lamp, which stands upon the floor. To determine the size of the required figures, let the actors stand within a foot of the sheet, and carry the lamp forward or backward, until the right focus is obtained. To make an actor descend from above, he must stand behind the lamp, and slowly step over it. The audience will see first his foot, and then his whole body gradually appears ; and by stepping backward, he can be made to disappear in the same manner. To throw an actor up out of sight, lift him slowly over the lamp, and bring him down again, by reversing the process. Two gentlemen, or large boys, and one smaller one, with one lady, are

enough for most pantomimes ; and the properties needed are easily cut from stiff pasteboard, when they cannot be readily obtained in the house.

The subjects are manifold ; but at first I will describe some of the simpler ones :

1. *The Barber's Shop.*—The barber and his assistant descend from above, and bow to the audience. Boy arranges chairs. Old gentleman enters ; is placed in chair by the boy, who proceeds to cover him with a sheet and apply the soap with a feather duster. Barber approaches, with huge razor. Boy trips up barber, whose razor cuts off customer's head, which is done by quickly turning up his coat collar, and drawing razor through his neck. Consternation ! They consult together, and decide to throw the body up into the air, which they do, and then making their bows, ascend out of sight.

2. *The Dentist.*—Same opening scene. A huge tooth is drawn with the tongs from under the patient's coat.

3. A duel, in which the swords can be run through the actors by passing behind them.

4. Boxing match between a small boy and a tall man. The one who falls is thrown up into the air, as before.

5. Witch going up on a broomstick. By stepping over the lamp.

6. The Grecian bend illustrated by an extravagantly panniered young lady.

7. *Jack the Giant Killer.*—The giant can grow or diminish by moving the lamp backward or forward ; and Jack can slowly ascend the bean stalk, which can first be shown, and made to grow rapidly in same manner.

A little practice will enable the performers to keep the scenes well in focus, and cause much amusement to both spectators and actors.

# The Home.

## THE OLD HOUSE.

BY JANE SMITH.

We are very proud of our new mansion over on the hill yonder—and can you wonder? See how handsome it is! The very trees around it seem proud to have it among them. They put on no patronizing airs, but stand apart and wave their stately boughs back and forth in an admiring way, as if they were a little inclined to do homage to the imposing gables and substantial chimneys.

The birds even seem awe-stricken, and wheel around it without alighting, and then go back to their homes among the leaves, and twitter to each other about the wonders they have been investigating. Ah, how very different is the little old house we are leaving to-day! The birds are not afraid of *it*, for they have built their cozy little nests for the last quarter of a century in snug corners in the old-fashioned verandah, under the eaves—anywhere that a cunning little bundle of hair and twigs could be lodged, even down in the wide chimneys they have ventured to make their homes. The trees bend over it with a protecting fondness, tenderly caressing its weather-beaten roof with their slender branches. Vines cling lovingly to the mossy walls, and peep in at every window with a friendly curiosity; and many a funny story, and some sad ones too, might be learnt from these same vines, if we mortals could only understand the language that they use in their twilight confidences. How many life-dramas have been acted with

them alone for an audience! They have been unnoticed guests at many a christening-party, and at more than one wedding feast. They have watched the merry games of happy children, and have listened gravely to the serious talk of older folk. They have whispered "Patience" to weary sufferers on sick beds, and once they looked in on a pale face that was done with suffering forever; then dewy tears glistened on the leaves, and a tender murmur of sympathy for the aching hearts that were left to suffer longer, was wafted in with the evening air. But they see no such pictures this sunny afternoon; they look in on nothing but empty rooms and bare walls. Yes, the last load of furniture has gone to the new house, and we are all gathered here to pay a farewell-visit to the home that has been ours for so long. We stand at the door as if almost afraid to venture into the now deserted rooms, but matter-of-fact little Sara, who is an oracle on all domestic matters, but knows nothing of "romantic nonsense" as she calls any approach to sentiment, breaks the charm and crosses the threshold with a firm step. "Dear me," she says with a sigh of relief, "what a comfort it will be to live in a house without all kinds of nooks and crannies, in the most unexpected places, of no earthly use that ever I could see, except to collect dust and rubbish; and these old floors—they always were *so* uneven." "Yes, it was

utterly impossible to dance on them," chimes in Letty, our beauty, "and anyway, we never could have anything like a party in these little rooms; the drawing-rooms in the new house are something sensible."

Tom gives a contemptuous sniff, and observes that Letty's chief aim and end in life is to swell it round at parties. Letty's remarks jar upon Tom, for he is sorry to leave the old house. This big brother of ours is just at that age when any little sentiment a boy may happen to have begins to develop itself. The old house has been a sort of little terrestrial paradise to him ever since Cousin Hetty glorified it with her presence in the early summer. He likes to loiter round the verandah in the evenings, calling back the tender little scenes that have been enacted there, and fancying that the ivy leaves and honeysuckles whisper the very same things to each other they did on those happy June nights, and now he is going to leave everything that speaks to him of Hetty, and go off to that stuck-up big house on the hill. But as Tom wanders disconsolately through the dear old rooms, he resolves that he will spend a good many of his evenings under the honeysuckle and ivy on the old verandah.

"Where is Meta?" asks mamma.

"Up-stairs, I think," says Sara, "but I must take a long, last look at these musty old rooms, and run up to the new house to see about tea." So she trips off briskly, and Letty follows, for she doesn't see the use of "mooning" around here any longer. Tom takes a stroll into the kitchen, where he and Hetty used to tease busy little Sara when she was deep in the mysteries of delicious pies and cakes. Mamma and papa go up the crooked little stairs, for they have a foolish notion that the old rooms up there will feel neglected if they leave them

without saying "good-bye." They pause at the head of the stair and look wonderingly at one another, for they hear low sobs coming from one of the rooms. On going softly to the door they find Meta sitting on an old box, crying bitterly. Poor little Meta! There she has been sitting for nearly half-an-hour, trying hard to reconcile herself to leaving her old home. She has been so fond of it, and it has been so mixed up with all her joys and sorrows, that she feels as if she were parting with some dear old friend. Meta doesn't make many friends; she is such an odd little thing,—full of queer dreams and fancies,—perhaps that is why she becomes so fond of the lifeless things about her. This room, above all, is sacred to her, for it was here that dear brother Charlie died,—the brother we all loved so dearly, and that Meta worshipped with the whole strength of her tender little heart. He was her hero, her ideal of all that was manly and good, and since he died we have never heard her speak his name; but often, often we have heard her steal from her room when she thought we were all asleep, and, throwing herself down by his bed, she would sob as if she had lost all that made life precious to her. Now everything is gone that was once Charlie's, but still Meta clings to the old room where she last saw him. Papa's spectacles grow dim, and tears come to mamma's gentle eyes. They move quietly away to wait in another room till they hear Meta go swiftly down the stair, and, from the window, see her fly across the lawn.

After standing a moment at Charlie's door, they pass silently down stairs, and, shutting the front door softly behind them, they leave the dear old house all alone with the sad twilight falling around it, and hiding it from their tear-dimmed eyes.

## WHY IS IT SO?

BY M.

"My daughter is very delicate. I have been obliged to remove her from school and forbid all study." So says Mrs. — to her friend, who is asking about a school for her own children, and as I find that this delicacy with growing girls is on the increase, and that many are debarred from study on account of it—at a time, too, when each month of their school course is worth more than double what it has been at any time before—I anxiously ask, *Why is it so?*

"Too much study," "too long hours," "too little time for recreation;" all these reasons have been given as an answer, but not one of them satisfies me. The cause, I think, is deeper and more wide spread.

Look back to our own day—what time was spent in school then? I went at nine, returned home at mid-day, had an hour in which I could eat a good, wholesome dinner, then back to school till four. I never remember coming home weary, or with the prevailing headache of now-a-days; and yet the time I spent in the school-room was longer than that so spent by children now. Our fathers and mothers did the same, and it did not hurt them. Why then should "study," or "long hours," hurt girls now? The long hours do not hurt them, the study does not hurt them; but it is the home life which is so different to what we elders had, and which interferes, nay, almost incapacitates a girl for real head work.

Take the average daily life of any school-girl now and compare it with that of her mother at her age. The school-girl, or rather *young lady* of fifteen, goes to bed at near midnight, after

having spent an exhausting evening in study, or, far more likely, dancing and flirting. Her mother, at the same period of life, retired to rest before ten, and the evenings she spent were more home-like, more youthful, and far more healthful than those spent by the daughter. Is it any wonder, then, that one was able to rise at an hour sufficiently early to allow of a refreshing morning walk before breakfast, or an hour's thorough study, whilst the other drags her weary limbs to the dining room, tired out before the duties of the day have begun? Then look at the table itself. The mother eat a good, hearty breakfast of plain food, and drank sweet, fresh milk, or pure water; the daughter has no appetite to satisfy, and no time to satisfy it in even if she had the appetite. A clammy hot roll, or indigestible buckwheat pancake soaked in syrup, and a cup of strong tea or coffee, form her morning meal; and who will wonder at the lustreless eyes and pallid cheeks! The mother started off to school in good time, and walked at a brisk pace, and was not ashamed even to run, if she were in the country; the daughter leaves home a second or two before school time, dawdles along the street because it is "not lady-like to be in a hurry," reaches her class just in time to lose her marks, and feels "put out" for the rest of the day. Then come recitations which are as tame as the young lady herself. No youthful fire or enthusiasm lights up her dull eyes. How can it? Is it not "too much trouble" to exert oneself when there are none but fellow pupils to applaud; and, besides, the effect of the

stimulating tea or coffee has worn off, and the poor girl is really languid and weary. No time for dinner at mid-day here, and the health of the daughter suffers as much from its loss as the mother's benefited by it. At about three o'clock the weary girl is dismissed; what little appetite she might have felt has disappeared or been appeased with candy. No occasion then to return home for the dinner which has been standing since one o'clock, so she either goes to her music lessons or takes a stroll with some of her companions. Her mother would have done the same thing, but she would have done it in a different manner. The one would have taken a quick walk towards the country, and her conversation would have been suited to a girl of her age; the other saunters along St. James or Notre Dame streets, discussing the exact tinge of Adolphus' budding moustache or Selina's new dress. Ah! young ladies! Young ladies! You have yourselves in a great measure to blame for your delicacy; not entirely, for you cannot alter the school hours, nor the present mode of cooking; but you can command your thoughts; you can, if you wish, fix them upon such things as will assist you in your studies, and, trust me, you will then find it much easier to prepare your task for next day, whilst Adolphus' incipient moustache will flourish as well without your supervision as with it.

After the walk comes practice or study, dinner or tea, then the evening's amusement till bed time. So it was thirty or forty years ago, but the *young lady* of to-day brings an idle, indifferent, careless feeling to the work; she studies because she *must*, not because she wishes to; "well enough to pass muster" is all she cares for, all she aims at. So with the practice; the "prettiest bits" of the new lesson receive the most attention,—and these are always the easiest—whilst scales and exercises are forgotten. The young

girl of forty years ago had been taught to devote her whole energy to her work, whatever that work might be, so she brought her full powers to bear upon both lesson and practice. The former was studied thoroughly, she wished to do her "very best;" the latter was carefully examined, the difficult passages played over and over again, and a reasonable time allowed for exercises, which were also played faithfully.

Late dinners were rarely allowed to young girls in our mother's times, and it was all the better for them, but now it is quite different; seven o'clock dinners are quite usual, and how can a girl be expected to study after that? I do not blame her for pushing aside her books, even if her action is a little quick, her tone a little peevish; but I do blame her when, instead of joining in some harmless, youthful amusement with her brothers and sisters, she throws herself into an easy chair and fixes her attention on the last new novel. There is no lack of interest now, no half-and-half measures in reading that packet of trash; her mind then goes fully to the work,—the sad work, alas, of lowering itself. Ah, mothers of Canada, there is more mental poison gathered from those novels that flood the length and breadth of our fair land, than all the sermons of our ablest divines can eradicate. Nay, more, I believe that their unnatural and exciting language and incidents are such as to account in a very great measure for one-half at least of the terrible precocity of the present day. You can trace the baneful effects of novels almost everywhere, from the parlor to the kitchen, from the castle to the cottage. Miss Mary Jones, the daughter of a worthy gentleman, refuses any longer to be called "Mary;" she must be "May" now, for Mary is no longer fashionable. She cries over the fancied distresses of an imaginary Amanda, and unknown to herself, poor girl, weakens her principles,

when, owing to the talent of the writer, she is so led captive as to "adore" the villain of the book. Mary Jones, the servant, reads the same book as her young mistress, and straightway becomes dissatisfied with her lot; the maid-of-all-work next door reads it, and honest John, who has been "courting" her, is no longer favorably received; he is dowdy and vulgar beside some of her favorite characters in print.

This is not true of all novels; there are many which are not only harmless, but instructive, but even those should be dealt out very sparingly to the young during that period of their lives which should be almost entirely devoted to the acquiring of useful knowledge. Those that I allude to are of the sensational kind, chiefly such as appear in cheap magazines or daily papers; where all the incidents are of the most improbable and exciting nature, quite sufficient to disturb the rest of any impressionable girl, thus slowly and surely injuring her physical health, even if her morals do not suffer.

"Why is it so?" I ask as a heading to my paper; why is there such a widespread delicacy among our growing girls, and though no doctor, I unhesitatingly reply, it is because of the artificial lives our young people are leading; they are brought up too much on the high-pressure system, and wither under it. To some there may be a charm in the self-possessed young lady of six or eight who enters a room with all the grace of a ball-room belle, and expects to be "introduced" to gentlemen in all due form, but to me it is a pitiable sight. Where is the true child-grace, which, though not quite so artistic, is far more natural, and far more attractive? Gone, gone; she has never been

allowed to show it, poor little soul, since her chubby feet were able to take a secure hold of Mother Earth, but she has been trained, and trained, till there is no child left, but a little old woman put in her place. And what will be the wonder if this precocious present-day child, who never knew the delights of a good romp, lest she should spoil her "pretty dress," never ran a race or trundled a hoop, because her high heeled boots would not permit—what wonder I say if, at an age when her mother was still gentle, quiet, unassuming, carrying around everywhere with her that wondrous and delightful half-shy, half-womanly look of a true, modest, simple-minded girl, she should emerge like a gaudy butterfly from that burlesque of the present day—the nursery—take her place in society with the confidence of a matron of many years' standing, and coolly usurp all the rights and privileges of the mistress of the house. And this, too, when "delicate health" has prevented study (except novels and dress), and when Miss May, precocious as she is in other things, is entirely ignorant of much that would be necessary before joining even a junior class in a moderate school.

Our mothers and grandmothers may not have cut such a stylish appearance as their daughters and grand-daughters do; the education they actually received may have been more circumscribed than what the others pretend to receive, but as in spiritual things "a tree is known by its fruits," so in secular things; and I ask all sensible people if the simpler education, simpler life, simpler habits, simpler food of the past generation has not borne better fruit than what is now ripening under the forcing system of *educational greenhouses*, and ultra fashionable homes.

## H I N T S   A N D   H E L P S .

## TEASING THE BABY.

The baby's life is made up of a mixture of worries and contents, of boisterous health and equally depressed physical conditions, unless the even hand of unusual intelligence rules a robust inheritance. With all our boasted calms and self-poised force, with all the control that we have gathered by years of hard discipline in a vexatious world, we still find our tempers disturbed by unnecessary buffetings; and when we are annoyed by untoward events which were hastened by careless hands, or carried by fun-loving tormentors, we confess to a lack of sufficient philosophy to keep us amiable. We do get angry. And when we are angry we become ill. Anger disturbs those processes of digestion which rarely cease entirely in any ordinarily comfortable frame, and with the suspension of the delicate machinery all other conditions are tangled and disarranged, and then follows the jargon or feverishness, restlessness, headache and other ailments more or less serious.

Suppose we tease the baby. We seize it quickly and frighten it. Then we scold it for its foolish fright. We toss it above its usual level, and its terrors rouse no sympathy. It screams, and we are pitiless. We offer it a tempting toy, and retain it just beyond its reach. We jump towards it, and before the clear idea of distance is comprehended by the poor infant of course it is distressed. Then we smile at its silliness, forgetting its anxious pain, and try it over again until the child wails, and we please ourselves by ending our wicked amusement to regain a selfish quiet and not for humanity's sake. A stranger, whose presence is disagreeable, comes into its presence, and in compassion you insist upon the baby going into her arms if she asks for it. Just because she is disagreeable and you pity her. The child not comprehending anything of your sentiments of humanity, and possessing only the instincts of self-preservation, shudders, shrinks, and probably shrieks, but you have no compassion for the little thing. It is the woman who touches the heart, and you decide to discipline the little child by forcing it to do violence to its

tastes and likings, when it has no words with which to protest against unkindness. Put yourself in the child's place, with all your knowledge of the harmlessness of your visitor, would you willingly submit to such familiarity? Of course not. You would prefer a muscular protest rather than do the very thing that you force upon the child.

Nervous fevers, hysteria and other derangements of the nerves; convulsions, gastric disturbances, and various physical troubles, that are quite as likely to follow mental shocks as to arise from other causes, may not unfrequently be traced directly back to conflicts with the child's mental organization, or to wanton shocks that its strong instincts have endured.

## BABY TAKES NOTICE.

When a nurse says, "Baby takes notice," the time has come for all about it to take notice too. How slowly the power of directing and fixing its attention grows! Let not the mother be impatiently anxious to fix the child's eye upon herself, but wait the slow waking of the soul for if at its earliest attempts to look there be hurry or excitement produced amongst the co-operating nerve-fibres at work, by endeavors to rouse the senses, there will be danger to the brain, and perhaps the babe will never be able to fix attention rationally while it lives. A permanent babyhood of brain has often been the result of exciting the nerves too soon or too violently; and many a mother has lost the joy of ever meeting her child's responsive smile by her eagerness to excite it, or to engage it too long when excited. An eye that watches too much is an evil eye. When a mother has once seen her babe smile in sympathy with her own smiling face, she may be sure that rational intelligence is beginning to express itself, for no idiot can so fix attention upon her loving face as to smile in response. A nursing mother should have nothing but nursing to do. At least, whatever she does should conduce to her comfort and health. She should have no considerable demands upon her heart and energies beyond those that

are natural to her duty as a nurse, for these are quite enough. When her child can stand alone and make some efforts for its own amusement further aid will be needed. Then the "toddling wee thing" will require a young womanly hand and eye to be constantly devoted to it for the assistance and guidance of its powers, that it may exercise and divert itself safely when endeavoring, with all its glad soul, to get in contact with objects, and test their qualities by sight, smell, touch, and taste. Then is the time when the especial care of a wise mother is demanded, lest the child should be unduly indulged, and converted unexpectedly into a little despot, struggling ever to have its own way, because it has been barbarously allowed to have its will from the nurse's fond impulse to help it to obtain what it wanted, or coddled when it ought to have been cared for, or caressed when some small degree of check and restraining correction would have been more to a wholesome purpose. To fortify a child's limbs, and to secure its putting forth its best endeavors, and at the same time to strengthen its mental powers at this period, the matter of most importance is to see that it is not assisted overmuch, nor discouraged by not finding help enough.—*Our Own Fireside.*

#### THE SICK ROOM,

whether used for a cold or other passing and temporary evil, or for long continued disease, is not unusually hot, close, and dark—conditions the reverse of those which are required to maintain health. The doors and windows are carefully shut, the blinds lowered, and the curtains of the bed drawn, as if the whole aim were to suffocate the patient. Generally speaking, the reverse of this should be found. The air should be fresh and sweet, which implies proper provision for the change of it; the fire should be moderate, so that the air be neither hot nor cold; the furniture should not be in excess, and no accumulation of clothes, whether clean or dirty, should be permitted. The carpet and floor should be scrupulously clean, and no accumulations of dust or dirt should be found under the bed or in corners. Every utensil should be perfectly clean, and emptied and scalded as frequently as may be necessary. White or colored blinds and curtains, a few flowers, and other objects of interest, should be present, as well as such interesting books as may be obtainable and fitting.

The degree of quietness and darkness must depend upon the nature of the illness and the requirements of the moment; but, as a rule, the room should be made cheerful by the light, and the stillness should not be oppressive. Excessive sunlight and sun heat should be avoided, and needless tramping in and out of the room prevented; but the light of the sun and the light of the human countenance do much to render a sick room cheerful. Above all, let there be wise heads, willing hands, and loving hearts in the attendants, and thankful submission, with common sense, in the patient.

#### SELECTING MEAT.

Dr. Letebey gives the following advice in the selection of meat:—

Good meat has the following characters:—

1. It is neither of a pale pink color nor of a deep purple tint, for the former is a sign of disease, and the latter indicates that the animal has not been slaughtered, but has died with the blood in it, or has suffered from acute fever.
2. It has a marbled appearance from the ramifications of little veins of fat among the muscles.
3. It should be firm and elastic to the touch, and should scarcely moisten the fingers—bad meat being wet and sodden and flabby, with the fat looking like jelly or wet parchment.
4. It should have little or no odor, and the odor should not be disagreeable, for diseased meat has a sickly, cadaverous smell, and sometimes a smell of physic. This is very discoverable when the meat is chopped up and drenched with warm water.
5. It should not shrink much in cooking.
6. It should not run to water or become very wet on standing for a day or so, but should, on the contrary, dry upon the surface.
7. When dried at a temperature of 212 degrees (boiling point) or thereabout, it should not lose more than 70 to 74 per cent. of its weight, whereas bad meat will often lose as much as 80 per cent.

#### NATURE IN CARPETS.

What we desire in a carpet is something that shall be to our parlor what a well-kept lawn is to our grounds—something so complete in itself, so in harmony with its surroundings, that we

shall scarcely notice it, though always agreeably conscious of its presence. For such a carpet we would choose but one color in two or more shades, and no set figure save an arabesqued border, if the room is large enough to admit of it. The delicate tracery of wood and sea-mosses forms the most pleasing of designs, and may be of any color that will harmonize with the walls and furniture of the rooms. Especially beautiful are the shaded crimsons of the sea-mosses found on rocky, tropical coasts; the many flecked browns and grays of those found on our own Atlantic shores; the softly blending drabs of the so called white mosses which edge the weather-stained rocks in New England sheep pastures; and the rich dark and light greens of the dewy mosses which fringe mountain banks or carpet the cool, damp recesses of oak and maple groves.

If more distinctness of figure is desired, let us go no farther than the pattern furnished us by the carpet of the pine woods, where the creeping, feathery prince's pine mingles with the small, dark, glossy leaves of the wintergreen and the chequer-berry, and the lighter green plumes of low-growing, delicate ferns.

This sort of carpet will give us something to look at, if we choose, without obtruding upon us any of those startling colors which (as the keen French phrase has it) "swear at each other" in so many parlors around us.—*Scribner's*.

#### HANGING BASKETS.

An old fig drum or a salt box can be converted into a lovely hanging basket by drilling holes in three places, to pass wires through, and then nailing upon the outside strips of bark, pine cones or dry mosses; and you will possess a rustic basket which can be suspended from the trees, or porch, or piazza, and will grow in beauty daily. If you are so fortunate as to live in the vicinity of a sawmill or a tanyard, you can easily procure mossy oak or hemlock bark, and these, mingled with the pliable stems of wild grape-vines, will afford you rustic work which will be the admiration of every one.

Take any old shallow box of the dimensions you may desire, or make one that flares out at the sides, and cover it with strips of the bark, joined neatly and tightly nailed on. Finish the top with a strip of bark around the edge, and glue on moss here and there to give it a pretty effect. Then use the grape-vines for handles,

twisting two or three of them together, and you will have a handle of Nature's own handiwork over which you can twine vines, while in the box can be planted all kinds of basket plants—such as ivy geraniums, variegated sweet alyssum, tradescantia, moneywort, tropeolums, etc.

Window-boxes can be made to fit into any window in this manner, and when filled with charcoal at the bottom and a rich sandy loam and planted with bedding out plants or annuals—like asters or balsams—they are a lovely ornament for months to come.

Beautiful hanging baskets can also be made out of the bark and grape-vines, taking a square bit of the bark for the bottom of the basket, and building up the sides, log-cabin fashion, out of the pieces of grape-vine, sawed into equal lengths and fastened strongly at the end with wire or shingle nails. A curved piece of the vine can be made to do duty for a handle.—

*Daisy Eyebright, in N. Y. Independent.*

#### HOW TO MAKE A CATCH-ALL.

Some clever person has contrived a use for broken goblets. Of course you all know how to make a pincushion of the base of the glass; and now I am going to tell you how to utilize the upper part. Take a strip of silver perforated card-board, nine holes deep (cutting it through the first and eleventh row of holes). Measure the top of the goblet, and allow the strip to lap over one or two holes. Fit it snugly. Now work upon the card-board, in any colored worsted you like, any pattern you choose. When worked, join the ends, leaving the card in the form of a hoop, which goes snugly over the top of the tumbler. Then take it off, and button-hole each edge of the hoop with the worsted. Crochet through the lower row of button-hole stitches, narrowing at each side, every round, until tapered down to a point. Then crochet an edging in the upper row of button-holing, which must stand up beyond the edge of the glass. Make a little tassel of worsted and fasten it to the point. Now crochet a strip for a handle, about six and a half fingers long; put a tassel on each end. Fasten one end on to the perforated card-board just over the joined end, allowing the tassel to fall just below the lower edge of the card-board; then fasten the other end of the strip exactly opposite. It is now ready to receive the glass. Hang it up by your bureau or some other convenient place, and you will find it very handy to receive burnt matches, bits of thread, paper, etc. It has one advantage over most reservoirs of the kind, as when emptied you can wash the glass and make it as sweet and clean as ever.—*Agriculturalist*.

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**MUTTON CUTLETS WITH MASHED POTATOES.**—*Ingredients.*—About 3 lbs. of the best end of the neck of mutton, salt and pepper to taste, mashed potatoes.—Procure a well hung neck of mutton, saw off about 3 inches of the top of the bones, and cut the cutlets of a moderate thickness. Shape them by chopping off the thick part of the chine-bone; beat them flat with a cutlet-chopper, and scrape quite clean a portion of the bone. Broil them over a nice clear fire for about seven or eight minutes, and turn them frequently. Have ready some smoothly-mashed white potatoes; place these in the middle of the dish; when the cutlets are done, season with pepper and salt; arrange them round the potatoes, with the thick end of the cutlets downwards, and serve very hot and quickly.

**SCALLOPED OYSTERS.**—*Ingredients.*—Oysters, say 1 pint, 1 oz. butter, flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of white stock, 2 tablespoonfuls of cream; pepper and salt to taste; bread crumbs, oiled butter.—Scald the oysters in their own liquor; take them out, beard them, and strain the liquor free from grit. Put one ounce of butter into a stewpan; when melted, dredge in sufficient flour to dry it up; add the stock, cream, and strained liquor, and give one boil. Put in the oysters and seasoning; let them gradually heat through, but do not allow them to boil. Have ready the scallop-shells buttered; lay in the oysters, and as much of the liquid as they will hold; cover them over with bread crumbs, over which drop a little oiled butter. Brown them in the oven, or before the fire, and serve quickly and very hot.

## II.

Prepare the oysters as in the preceding recipe, put them in a scallop-shell or saucer, and between each layer sprinkle over a few breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg; place small pieces of butter over, and bake before the fire in a Dutch oven. Put sufficient breadcrumbs on the top to make a smooth surface, as the oysters should not be seen.

**STEWED SPANISH ONIONS.**—*Ingredients.*—Five or six Spanish onions, one pint of good broth or gravy.—Peel the onions, taking care not to cut away too much of the tops or tails, or

they would then fall to pieces; put them into a stewpan capable of holding them at the bottom without piling them one on the top of another; add the broth or gravy, and simmer very gently until the onions are perfectly tender. Dish them, pour the gravy round, and serve. Instead of using broth, Spanish onions may be stewed with a large piece of butter; they must be done very gradually over a slow fire or hot plate, and will produce plenty of gravy. *Time*, to stew in gravy, two hours, or longer if very large. *Note*—Stewed Spanish onions are a favorite accompaniment to roast shoulder of mutton.

**BOILED PARSNIPS.**—*Ingredients.*—Parsnips; to each half gallon of water allow one heaped tablespoonful of salt.—Wash the parsnips, scrape them thoroughly, and, with the point of the knife, remove any black specks about them, and should they be very large, cut the thick part into quarters. Put them into a saucepan of boiling water salted in the above proportion, boil them rapidly until tender, which may be ascertained by thrusting a fork in them; take them up, drain them, and serve in a vegetable dish. This vegetable is usually served with salt fish, boiled pork, or boiled beef; when sent to table with the latter, a few should be placed alternately with carrots round the dish, as a garnish. *Time*, large parsnips, one to one and a half hour; small ones, half hour to one hour.

**BREAD SAUCE** (to serve with Roast Turkey, Fowl, Game, &c).—*Ingredients.*—One pint of milk, three-quarters pound of the crumb of a stale loaf, one onion; pounded mace, cayenne, and salt to taste; one ounce of butter.—Peel and quarter the onion, and simmer it in the milk till perfectly tender. Break the bread, which should be stale, into small pieces, carefully picking out any hard outside pieces; put it in a very clean saucepan, strain the milk over it, cover it up, and let it remain for an hour to soak. Now beat it up with a fork very smoothly, add a seasoning of pounded mace, cayenne, and salt, with one ounce of butter; give the whole one boil, and serve. To enrich this sauce, a small quantity of cream may be added just before sending it to table. *Time*, altogether one hour and three-quarters.

## Literary Notices.

FATED TO BE FREE.—A Novel by Jean Ingelow, Author of "Off the Skelligs," &c. Boston : Roberts Bros.

Miss Ingelow's stories are different from those of most novel writers, in this respect—they aim to present to their readers a work of art; she aims at producing a piece of nature. She is eminently successful in her representations of child life, and delights to crowd her pages with little folk, who, however, take their natural and subordinate place in the story. Many of the characters in "Off the Skelligs" figure in the story, but it is written from an entirely different standpoint. The few glimpses which we shall give of the scenes and individuals to whom the story introduces us, will be simply sufficient to make our readers long for more :—

### MISS MELCOMBE.

Miss Laura Melcombe thought most of the young farmers in the neighborhood were in love with her. Accordingly, at church or at the market-town, where she occasionally went on shopping expeditions, she gave herself such airs as she considered suitable for a lady who must gently, though graciously, repel all hopeless aspirations. She was one of those people to whom a compliment is absolute poison. The first man who casually chanced to say something to her in her early youth, which announced to her that he thought her lovely, changed her thoughts about herself for ever after. First, she accepted his compliment as his sincere and fervent conviction. Secondly, she never doubted that he expressed his continuous belief, not his feeling of the moment. Thirdly, she regarded beauty in her case as thenceforward an established fact, and not this one man's opinion. Fourthly, she spent some restless months in persuading herself that to admire must needs be to love, and she longed in vain to see him "come forward." Then some other casual acquaintance paid her a compliment, and she went through the same experience on his account, persuading herself that her first admirer could not afford to marry ;

and this state of things had now gone on for several years.

### WRITING BOOKS.

There was some talk about Valentine's land which had been bought for him in New Zealand, after which Brandon said suddenly,—

"John, when this fellow is gone, or perhaps before, I mean to have something to do—some regular work—and I think of taking to literature in good earnest."

"All right," answered John, "and as you evidently intend me to question you, I will ask first whether you, Giles Brandon, mean to write on some subject that you understand, or on one that you know nothing about?"

Brandon laughed. "There is more to be said in favor of that last than you think," he answered.

"It may be that there is everything to be said; but if you practice it, don't put your name to your work, that's all."

"I shall not do so in any case. How do I know whether the only use people may make of it (and that a metaphorical one) may not be to throw it at me ever after?"

"I don't like that," said Miss Christie. "I could wish that every man should own his own."

"No," remarked John Mortimer; "if a man in youth writes a foolish book and gives his name to it, he has, so far as his name is concerned, used his one chance; and if, in maturer life, he writes something high and good, then if he wants his wise child to live, he must consent to die himself with the foolish one. It is much the same with one who has become notorious through the doing of some base or foolish action. If he repent, rise to better things, and write a noble book, he must not claim it as if it could elevate him. It must go forth on its own merits, or it will not be recognized for what it is, only for what he is or was. No, if a man wants to bring in new thoughts or work elevating changes, he must not clog them with a name that has been despised."

"I think Dorothea and I may as well write a book together," said Valentine. "She did begin one, but somehow it stuck fast."

"You had better write it about yourselves, then," said John, "that being nearly all you study just now, I should think. Many a novel contains the author and little else. He explains himself in trying to describe human nature."

"Human nature!" exclaimed Valentine; "we must have something grander than that to write of, I can tell you. We have read so many books that turn it 'the seamy side out-

ward, and point out the joins as if it was a glove, that we cannot condescend to it."

"No," said John, setting off on the subject again as if he was most seriously considering it, Valentine meanwhile smiling significantly on the others. "It is a mistake to describe too much from within. The external life as we see it should rather be given, and about as much of the motives and springs of action as an intelligent man with good opportunity could discover. We don't want to be told all. We do not know all about those we live with, and always have lived with. If ever I took to writing fiction I should not pretend to know all about my characters. The author's world appears small if he makes it manifest that he reigns there. I don't understand myself thoroughly. How can I understand so many other people? I cannot fathom them. My own children often surprise me. If I believed thoroughly in the children of my pen, they would write themselves down sometimes in a fashion that I had not intended."

"John talks like a book," observed Valentine. "You propose a subject, and he lays forth his views as if he had considered it for a week. Drive on, Samivel."

"But I don't agree with him," said Miss Christie. "When I read a book I aye dislike to be left in any doubt what the man means or what the story means."

"I always think it a great proof of power in a writer," said Brandon, "when he consciously or unconsciously makes his reader feel that he knows a vast deal more about his characters than he has chosen to tell. And what a keen sense some have of the reality of their invented men and women! So much so that you may occasionally see evident tokens that they are jealous of them. They cannot bear to put all the witty and clever speeches into the mouths of these 'fetches' of their own imagination. Some must be saved up to edge in as a sly aside, a sage reflection of the author's own. There never should be any author's asides."

"I don't know about that," John answered, "but I often feel offended with authors who lack imagination to see that a group of their own creations would not look in one another's eyes just what they look in his own. The author's pretty woman is too often pretty to all; his wit is acknowledged as a wit by all. The difference of opinion comes from the readers. They differ certainly."

"Even I," observed Valentine, "if I were an author's wit, might be voted a bore, and how sad that would be, for in real life it is only right to testify that I find little or no difference of opinion."

He spoke in a melancholy tone, and heaved up a sigh.

"Is cousin Val a wit?" asked little Hugh.

"I am afraid I am," said Valentine; "they're always saying so, and it's very unkind of them to talk about it, because I couldn't help it, could I."

Here the little Anastasia, touched with pity by the heartfelt pathos of his tone, put her dimpled hand in his and said tenderly, "Never

mind, dear, it'll be better soon, p'raps, and you didn't do it on purpose."

"Does it hurt?" asked Hugh, also full of ruth.

"Be ashamed of yourself," whispered Miss Christie, "to work on the dear children's feelings so. No, my sweet mannie, it doesn't hurt a bit."

"I'm very much to be pitied," proceeded Valentine. "That isn't all"—he sighed again—"I was born with a bad French accent, and without a single tooth in my head or out of it, while such was my weakness, that it took two strong men, both masters of arts, to drag me through the rudiments of the Latin grammar."

Anastasia's eyes filled with tears. It seemed so sad; and the tender little heart had not gone yet into the question of *sewing*.

"They *taught* you the Latin grammar, did they," said Bertram, who had also been listening, and was relieved to hear of something in this list of miseries that he could understand, "that's what Miss Crampton teaches me. I don't like it, and you didn't either, then. I'm six and three quarters; how old were you?"

#### THE GOVERNESS IN THE PLAY-ROOM.

A great deal can be done in a week, particularly by those who give their minds to it because they know their time is short. That process called turning the house out of windows took place when John was away. Aunt Christie, who did not like boys, kept her distance, but Miss Crampton being very much scandalized by the unusual noise, declared, on the second morning of these holidays, that she should go up into Parliament, and see what they were all about. Miss Crampton was not supposed ever to go up into Parliament; it was a privileged place.

"Will the old girl really come, do you think?" exclaimed Crayshaw.

"She says she shall, as soon as she has done giving Janie her music lesson," replied Barbara, who had rushed up the steep stairs to give this message.

"Mon peruke!" exclaimed Johnnie, looking round; "you'd better look out, then, or vous l'attraperais."

The walls were hung with pictures, maps, and caricatures; these last were what had attracted Johnnie's eyes, and the girls began hastily to cover them.

"It's very unkind of her," exclaimed Barbara. "Father never exactly said that we were to have our own playroom to ourselves, but we know and she knows that he meant it."

Then, after a good deal of whispering, giggling, and consulting among the elder ones, the little boys were dismissed; and in the meantime Mr. Nicholas Swan, who, standing on a ladder outside, was nailing the vines (quite aware that the governess was going to have a reception which might be called a warning never to come there any more), may or may not have intended to make his work last as long as possible. At any rate, he could with diffi-

ly forbear from an occasional grin, while, with his nails neatly arranged between his lips, he leisurely trained and pruned; and when he was asked by the young people to bring them up some shavings and a piece of wood, he went down to help in the mischief, whatever it might be, with an alacrity ill suited to his years and gravity.

"Now, I'll tell you what, young gentlemen," he remarked, when, ascending, he showed his honest face again, thrust in a log of wood, and exhibited an armful of shavings, "I'm agreeable to anything but gunpowder, or that there spark as comes cantering out o' your engine with a crack. No, Miss Gladys, excuse me, I don't give up these here shavings till I know it's all right."

"Well, well, it *ith* all right," exclaimed Johnnie, "we're not going to do any harm! O Cray, he'th brought up a log ath big ath a fiddle. Quelle Allouette!"

"How lucky it is that she has never seen Cray!" exclaimed Barbara. "Johnnie, do be calm; how are we to do it, if you laugh so? Now then, you are to be attending to the electrifying machine."

"Swanny," asked Crayshaw, "have you got a pipe in your pocket? I want one to lie on my desk."

"Well, now, to think o' your asking me such a question, just as if I was ever *known* to take so much as a whiff in working hours—no, not in the tool-house, nor nowhere."

"But just feel. Come, you might."

"Well, now, this here is remarkable," exclaimed Swan, with a start as if of great surprise, when, after feeling in several pockets, a pipe appeared from the last one.

"Don't knock the ashes out."

"She's coming," said Swan, furtively glancing down, and then pretending to nail with great diligence. "And, my word, if here isn't Miss Christie with her!"

A great scuffle now ensued to get things ready. Barbara darted down stairs, and what she may have said to Aunt Christie while Swan received some final instructions above, is of less consequence than what Miss Crampton may have felt when she found herself at the top of the stairs in the long room, with its brown high pitched roof—a room full of the strangest furniture, warm with the sun of August, and sweet with the scent of the creepers.

Gladys and Johnnie were busy at the electrifying machine, and with a rustling and crackling noise the "spunky little flashes," as Swan called them, kept leaping from one leaden knob to another.

Miss Crampton saw a youth sitting on a low chair, with his legs on rather a higher one; the floor under him was strewed with shavings, which looked, Swan thought, "as natural as life," meaning that they looked just as if he had made them by his own proper whittling.

The youth in question was using a large pruning knife on a log that he held rather awkwardly on his knee. He had a soft hat, which had been disposed over one eye. Miss Crampton gave

the sparks as wide a berth as she could, and as she advanced, "Well, sir," Swan was saying in obedience to his instructions, "if you've been brought up a Republican, I spose you can't help it. But whatever *your* notions may be, Old Master is staunch. He's all for Church and Queen, and he hates republican institootionslike poison. Which is likewise my own feelings to a T."

No one had taken any notice of Miss Crampton, and she stopped amazed.

"Wall," answered the youth, diligently whit-  
tling, "I think small potatoes of ye-our lo-cation myself—but ye-our monarchical government, I guess, hez not yet corrupted the he-ear-t of the Grand. He handed onto me and onto his hair a tip which"—here he put his hand in his waist-coat pocket, and fondly regarded two or three coins; then feigning to become aware of Miss Crampton's presence, "Augustus John, my young friend," he continued, "ef yeow feel like it, I guess yeou'd better set a chair for the school marm—for it is the school marm, I calculate?"

Here Miss Christie, radiant with joy and malice, could not conceal her delight, but patted him on the shoulder, and then hastily retreated into the background, lest she should spoil the sport; while as Johnnie, having small command of countenance, did not dare to turn from the window out of which he was pretending to look, Crayshaw rose himself, shook hands with Miss Crampton, and setting a chair for her, began to whittle again.

"Wall," he then said, "and heow do yeou git along with ye-our teaching, marm? Squire thinks a heap of ye-our teaching, as I he-ear, specially ye-our teaching of the eye-talian tongue."

"Did I understand you to be arguing with the gardener when I came in, respecting the principles and opinions of this family?" enquired Miss Crampton, who had now somewhat recovered from her surprise, and was equal to the resenting of indignities.

"Wall, mebbly I was, but it's a matter of science that we're mainly concerned with, I guess, this morning—science, electricity. We're gitting on first rate—those rods on the stairs—"

"Yes?" exclaimed Miss Crampton.

"We air of a scientific turn, we air—Augustus John and I—fixing wires to every one of them. They air steep, those steps," he continued pensively.

Here Miss Crampton's color increased visibly.

"And when the machine is che-arged, we shall electrify them. So that when yeow dew but touch one rod it'll make yeow jump as high as the next step, without any voluntary effort. Yeou'll find that an improvement."

Here Swan ducked down, and laughed below at his ease.

"We air very scientific in my country."

"Indeed!"

"Ever been to Amurica?"

"Certainly not," answered Miss Crampton

with vigor, "nor have I the slightest intention of ever doing so. Pray, are you allowed, in consideration of your nationality, to whittle in Harrow School?"

This was said by way of a reproof for the state of the floor.

"Wall," began Crayshaw, to cover the almost audible titters of the girls; but, distracted by this from the matter in hand, he coughed, went on whittling and held his peace.

"I have often told Johnnie," said Miss Crampton with great dignity, at the same time darting a severe glance at Johnnie's back, that the delight he takes in talking the Devonshire dialect is likely to be very injurious to his English, and he will have it that this country accent is not permanently catching. "It may be hoped," she continued, looking round, "that other accents are not catching either."

Crayshaw, choosing to take this hint as a compliment, smiled sweetly. "I guess I'm speaking better than usual," he observed, "for my brother and his folks air newly come from the Ste-ates, and I've been with them. But," he continued, a sudden gleam of joy lighting up his eyes as something occurred to him that he thought suitable to "top up" with, "all the Mortimers talk with such a powerful English *ac-tion*, that when I come de-own to this *lo-cation*, my own seems to melt off my tongue. Neow, yeou'll skasely believe it," he continued, "but it's tre-u, that ef yeou were tew he-ar me talk at the end of a week, yeou'd he-ardly realize that I was an Amurican at all."

"Cray, how can ye?" exclaimed Aunt Christie, "and so wan as ye look this morning too."

"Seen my brother?" enquired Crayshaw meekly.

"No, I have not," said Miss Crampton bridling.

"He's merried. We settle airly in my country; it's one of our institootions." Another gleam of joy and impudence shot across the pallid face. "I'm thinking of settling shortly myself."

Then, as Aunt Christie was observed to be struggling with a laugh, Barbara led her to the top of the stairs, and loudly entreated her to mind she didn't stumble, and to mind she did not touch the stair-rods, for the machine, she observed, was just ready.

"The jarth are all charged now, Cray," said Johnnie, coming forward at last. "Mith Crampton, would you like to have the firth turn of going down with them?"

"No, thank you," said Miss Crampton almost suavely, and rising with something very like alacrity. Then, remembering that she had not even mentioned what she came for, "I wish to observe," she said, "that I much disapprove of the noise I hear up in Parliament. I desire that it may not occur again. If it does, I shall detain the girls in the school-room. I am very much disturbed by it."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Crayshaw with an air of indolent surprise; and Miss Crampton thereupon retreated down stairs,

taking great care not to touch any metallic substance.

#### A POSSIBLE STEPMOTHER.

The next morning Justina, having had time to consider that Emily must on no account be annoyed, came down all serenity and kindness. She was so attentive to the lame old aunt, and though the poor lady, being rather in pain, was decidedly snappish, she did not betray any feeling of disapproval.

"Ay," said Miss Christie to herself when the two ladies had set off on their short walk, "yon's not so straightforward and simple as I once thought her. Only give her a chance, and as sure as death she'll get hold of John, after all."

Emily and Justina went across the fields and came to John's garden, over the wooden bridge that spanned the brook.

The sunny sloping garden was full of spring flowers. Vines, not yet in leaf, were trained all over the back of the house; clematis and jasmine, climbing up them and over them, were pouring themselves down again in great twisted strands; windows peeped out of ivy, and the old red-tiled roof, warm and mossy, looked homely and comfortable. A certain air of old-fashioned, easy comfort pervaded the whole place; large bay windows, with little roofs of their own, came boldly forth, and commanded a good view of other windows—ivied windows that retired unaccountably. There were no right lines. Casements at one end of the house showed in three tiers, at the other there were but two. The only thing that was perfectly at ease about itself, and quite clear that it ought to be seen, was the roof. You could not possibly make a "stuck-up" house, or a smart villa, or a modern family house of one that had a roof like that. The late Mrs. Mortimer had wished it could be taken away. She would have liked the house to be higher and the roof lower. John, on the other hand, delighted in his roof, and also in his stables, the other remarkable feature of the place. As the visitors advanced, children's voices greeted them; the little ones were running in and out; they presently met and seized Mrs. Walker, dancing round her, and leading her in triumph into the hall. Then Justina observed a good-sized doll, comfortably put to bed on one of the hall chairs, and tightly tucked up in some manifest pinafores; near it stood a child's wheelbarrow, half full of picture-books. "I shall not allow that sort of litter here when I come. As I hope and trust I soon shall do," thought Justina. "Children's toys are all very well in their proper places."

Then Justina, who had never been inside the house before, easily induced the children to take her from room to room, of those four which were thoroughfares to one another. Her attentive eyes left nothing unnoticed, the fine modern water-color landscapes on the walls of one, the delicate inlaid cabinets in another. Then a library, with a capital billiard-table, and lastly John's den. There was something about all these rooms

which seemed to show the absence of a woman. They were not untidy, but in the drawing-room was John's great microscope, with the green-shaded apparatus for lighting it; the books also from the library had been allowed to overflow into it, and encroach upon all the tables. The dining-room alone was as other people's dining-rooms, but John's own den was so very far gone in originality and strangeness of litter, that Justina felt decidedly uneasy when she saw it; it made manifest to her that her hoped-for spouse was not the manner of man whom she could expect to understand; books also here had accumulated, and stood in rows on chairs and tables and shelves; pipes were lying on the stone chimney-piece, sharing it with certain old and new, beautiful and ugly bronzes; long papers of genealogies and calculations in John's handwriting were pinned against the walls; various broken bits of Etruscan pottery stood on brackets here and there. It seemed to be the owner's habit to pin his lucubrations about the place, for here was a vocabulary of strange old Italian words, with their derivations, there a list of peculiarities and supposed discoveries in an old Norse dialect.

Emily in the meantime had noticed the absence of the twins; it was not till lunch was announced, and she went back into the dining-room, that she saw them, and instantly was aware that something was amiss.

Justina advanced to them first, and the two girls, with a shyness very unusual with them, gave her their hands, and managed, but not without difficulty, to escape a kinder salutation.

And then they both came and kissed Emily, and began to do the honors of their father's table. There was something very touching to her in that instinct of good breeding which kept them attentive to Miss Fairbairn, while a sort of wistful sullenness made the rosy lips pout, and their soft grey eyes twinkle now and then with half-formed tears.

Justina exerted herself to please, and Emily sat nearly silent. She saw very plainly that from some cause or other the girls were looking with dread and dislike on Justina as a possible stepmother. The little ones were very joyous, very hospitable and friendly, but nothing could warm the cold shyness of Gladys and Barbara. They could scarcely eat anything; they had nothing to say.

It seemed as if, whatever occurred, Justina was capable of construing it into a good omen. Somebody must have suggested to these girls that their father meant to make her his second wife. What if he had done it himself? Of course, under the circumstances, her intelligence could not fail to interpret aright those downcast eyes, those reluctant answers, and the timid, uncertain manner that showed plainly they were afraid of her. They did not like the notion, of course, of what she hoped was before them. That was nothing; so, as they would not talk, she began to devote herself to the younger children, and with them she got on extremely well.

Emily's heart yearned with a painful pity that

returned upon herself over the two girls. She saw in what light they regarded the thought of a stepmother. Her heart ached to think that she had not the remotest chance of ever standing in such a relation towards them. Yet, in despite of that, she was full of tender distress when she considered that if such a blissful possibility could ever draw near, the love of all these children would melt away. The elder ones would resent her presence, and teach the younger to read all the writing of her story the wrong way. They would feel her presence their division from the father whom they loved. They would brood with just that same sullen love and pouting tenderness—they would pity their father just the same, whoever wore his ring, and reigned over them in his stead.

Emily, as she hearkened to Justina's wise and kindly talk, so well considered and suitable for the part she hoped to play—Emily began to pity John herself. She wanted something so much better for him. She reflected that she would gladly be the governess there, as she could not be the wife, if that would save John from throwing himself into matrimony for his children's sake; and yet had she not thought a year ago that Justina was quite good enough for him? Ah, well! but she had not troubled herself then to learn the meaning of his voice, and look so much as once into the depths of his eyes.

Lunch was no sooner over than the children were eager to show the flowers, and all went out. Barbara and Gladys followed, and spoke when appealed to; but they were not able to control their shoulders so well as they did their tongues. Young girls, when reluctant to do any particular thing, often find their shoulders in the way. These useful, and generally graceful, portions of the human frame, appear on such occasions to feel a wish to put themselves forward, as if to bear the brunt of it, and their manner is to do this edgewise.

Emily heard Justina invited to see the rabbits and all the other pets, and knew she would do so, and also manage to make the children take her over the whole place, house included. She, however, felt a shrinking from this inspection; an unwonted diffidence and shyness made her almost fancy it would be taking a liberty. Not that John would think so. Oh, no; he would never think about it.

They soon went to look at the flowers; and there was old Swan ready to exhibit and set off their good points.

"And so you had another prize, Nicholas. I congratulate you," remarked Emily.

"Well, yes, ma'am, I had another. I almost felt, if I failed, it would serve me right for trying too often. I said it was not my turn. 'Turn, said the umpire; 'it's merit we go by, not turn, Mr. Swan,' said he."

"And poor Raby took a prize again, I hear." said Emily. "That man seems to be getting on, Swan."

"He does, ma'am; he's more weak than wicked, that man is. You can't make him hold up his head; and he's allers contradicting himself. He promised his vote last election to both

sides. 'Why,' said I, 'what's the good of that, William? Folks 'll no more pay you for your words when you've eaten them than they will for your bacon. But that man really couldn't make up his mind which side should bribe him. Still, William Raby is getting on, I'm pleased to say.'

Justina had soon seen the flowers enough, and Emily could not make up her mind to inspect anything else. She therefore returned towards the library, and Barbara walked silently beside her.

As she stepped in at the open window, a sound of sobbing startled her. An oil painting, a portrait of John in his boyhood, hung against the wall. Gladys stood with her face leaning against one of the hands that hung down. Emily heard her words distinctly: "Oh, papa! Oh, papa! Oh, my father beloved!" but the instant she caught the sound of footsteps, she darted off like a frightened bird, and fled away without even looking round.

Then the twin sister turned slowly, and looked at Emily with entreating eyes, saying—

"Is it true, Mrs. Walker? Dear Mrs. Walker, is it really true?"

Emily felt cold at heart. How could she tell? John's words went for nothing; Miss Christie might have mistaken them. She did not pretend to misunderstand, but said she did not know; she had no reason to think it was true.

"But everybody says so," sighed Barbara.

"If your father has said nothing—" Emily began.

"No," she answered; her father had said nothing at all; but the mere mention of his name seemed to overcome her.

Emily sat down, talked to her, and tried to soothe her; but she had no distinct denial to give, and in five minutes Barbara, kneeling before her, was sobbing on her bosom, and bemoaning herself as if she would break her heart.

Truly the case of a stepmother is hard.

Emily leaned her cheek upon the young up-turned forehead. She faltered a little as she spoke. If her father chose to marry again, had he not a right? If she loved him, surely she wanted him to be—happy.

"But she is a nasty, nasty thing," sobbed Barbara, with vehement heavings of the chest and broken words, "and—and—I am sure I hate her, and so does Gladys, and so does Johnnie too." Then her voice softened again—"Oh, father, father! I would take such care of the little ones if you wouldn't do it! and we would never, never quarrel, with the governesses, or make game of them any more."

Emily drew her yet nearer to herself, and said in the stillest, most matter-of-fact tone—

"Of course you know that you are a very naughty girl, my sweet."

"Yes," said Barbara, ruefully.

"And very silly too," she continued; but there was something so tender and caressing in her manner, that the words sounded like anything but a reproof.

"I don't think I am silly," said Barbara.

"Yes, you are, if you are really making your-

self miserable about an idle rumor, and nothing more."

"But everybody says it is true. Why, one of Johnnie's school-fellows, who has some friends near here, told him every one was talking of it?"

"Well, my darling," said Emily with a sigh, "but even if it is true, the better you take it, the better it will be for you; and you don't want to make your father miserable?"

"No," said the poor child naively; "and we've been so good—so very good—since we heard it. But it is so horrid to have a step-mother! I told you papa had never said anything; but he did say once to Gladys that he felt very lonely now Grand was gone. He said that he felt the loss of mamma."

She dried her eyes and looked up as she said these words, and Emily felt a sharp pang of pity for John. He must be hard set indeed for help and love and satisfying companionship if he was choosing to suppose that he had buried such blessings as these with the wife of his youth.

"Oh!" said Barbara, with a weary sigh, "Johnnie does so hate the thought of it! He wrote us such a furious letter. What was my mother like, dear Mrs. Walker? It's so hard that we cannot remember her."

Emily looked down at Barbara's dark hair and lucid blue-grey eyes, at the narrow face and pleasant rosy mouth.

"Your mother was like you—to look at," she answered.

She felt obliged to put in those qualifying words, for Janie Mortimer had given her face to her young daughter; but the girl's passionate feelings and yearning love, and even, as it seemed pity for her father and herself, had all come from the other side of the house.

Barbara rose when she heard this, and stood up, as if to be better seen by her who had spoken what she took for such appreciative words, and Emily felt constrained to take the dead mother's part, and say what it was best for her child to hear.

"Barbara, no one would have been less pleased than your mother at your all setting yourselves against this. Write and tell Johnnie so, will you, my dear?"

Barbara looked surprised.

"She was very judicious, very reasonable; it is not on her account at all that you need resent your father's intention—if, indeed, he has such an intention."

"But Johnnie remembers her very well," said Barbara, not at all pleased, "and she was very sweet and very delightful, and that's why he does resent it so much."

"If I am to speak of her as she was, I must say that is a state of feeling she would not have approved of, or even cared about."

"Not cared that father should love some one else!"

The astonishment expressed in the young, childlike face daunted Emily for the moment.

"She would have cared for your welfare. You had better think of her as wishing that her children should always be very dear to their father, as desirous that they should not set them-

selves against his wishes, and vex and displease him."

"Then I suppose I'd better give you Johnnie's letter," said Barbara, "because he is so angry—quite furious, really." She took out a letter and put it into Emily's hand. "Will you burn it when you go home? but, Mrs. Walker, will you read it first, because then you'll see that Johnnie does love father—and dear mamma too."

Voices were heard now and steps on the gravel. Barbara took up her eyeglass, and moved forward; then, when she saw Justina, she retreated to Emily's side with a gesture of discomfiture and almost of disgust.

"Any stepmother at all," she continued, "Johnnie says, he hates the thought of; but that one—Oh!"

"What a lesson for me!" thought Emily; and she put the letter in her pocket.

"It's very rude," whispered Barbara; "but you musn't mind that;" and with a better grace than could have been expected she allowed Justina to kiss her, and the two ladies walked back through the fields, the younger children accompanying them nearly all the way home.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.—Sermons delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, by T. De Witt Talmage, Author of "Old Wells Dug Out." Revised from Phonographic Reports. New York: Harper Bros.

Talmage's published sermons have achieved a great popularity on account of their lively, popular style, combined with abundance of illustration. We give an extract which will give an idea of the book:—

Spiritualism in this country was born in 1847, in Hydesville, Wayne County, New York, when one night there was a loud rap heard against the door of Michael Weekman; a rap a second time, a rap a third time; and all three times, when the door was opened, there was nothing found there, the knocking having been made seemingly by invisible knuckles. In that same house there was a young woman who had a cold hand passed over her face, and, there being seemingly no arm attached to it, ghostly suspicions were excited. After a while, Mr. Fox and his family moved into that house, and then every night there was a banging at the door; and one night Mr. Fox said, "Are you a Spirit?" Two raps, answering in the affirmative. "Are you an injured spirit?" Two raps, answering in the affirmative. And so they found out, as they say, that it was the ghost or spirit of a pedler who had been murdered in that house, many years before, for his five hundred dollars.

Whether the ghost of the dead pedler had come there to collect his five hundred dollars, or his bones, I can not say, not being a spiritualist; but there was a great racket at the door, so Mr. Weekman declared, and Mrs. Weekman, and Mr. Fox, and Mrs. Fox, and all the little Foxes. The excitement spread. There was a universal rumpus. The Honorable Judge Edmonds declared, in a book, that he had actually seen a bell start from the top shelf of a closet, heard it ring over the people that were standing in the closet; then swung by invisible hands, it rang over the people in the back parlor, and floated through the folding-doors to the front parlor; rang over the people there, and then dropped on the floor. N. P. Talmadge, Senator of the United States, afterward Governor of Wisconsin, had his head completely turned with spiritualistic demonstrations. A man, as he was passing along the road, said that he was standing in the closet and carried toward his home through the air at such great speed he could not count the posts on the fence as he passed; and, as he had a hand-saw and a square in his hand, they beat as he passed through the air most delightful music, and the tables tipped, and the stools tilted, and the bedsteads raised, and the chairs upset, and it seemed as if the spirits everywhere had gone into the furniture business! Well, the people said, "We have got something new in this country; it is a new religion." Oh no, my friends. Thousands of years ago we find in our text a spiritualistic séance. Nothing in the spiritualistic circles of our day has been more strange, mysterious, and wonderful than things which have been seen in the past centuries of the world. In all the ages there have been necromancers, those who consult with the spirits of the departed; charmers, those who put their subjects in a mesmeric state; sorcerers, those who by taking poisonous drugs see everything and hear everything, and tell everything; dreamers, people who in their sleeping moments can see the future world and hold consultations with spirits; astrologers, who could read a new dispensation in the stars; experts in palmistry, who can tell by the lines in the palm of your hand your origin and your history. From a cave on Mount Parnassus, we are told, there was an exhalation that intoxicated the sheep and the goats that came anywhere near it; and a shepherd approaching it was thrown by that exhalation into an excitement in which he could foretell future events, and hold consultation with the spiritual world. Yea, before the time of Christ the Brahmins went through all the table-moving, all the furniture excitement, which the spirits have exploited in our day; precisely the same thing, over and over again, under the manipulations of the Brahmins. Now, do you say that spiritualism is different from these? I answer, all these delusions I have mentioned belong to the same family. They are exhumations from the unseen world. What does God think of all these delusions? He thinks so severely of them that he never speaks of them but with livid thunders of indignation. He says, "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer." He says,

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And lest you might make some important distinction between spiritualism and witchcraft, God says, in so many words, "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer; for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." And he says again, "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people." The Lord Almighty, in a score of passages which I have not now time to quote, utters his indignation against all this great family of delusions. After that be a spiritualist if you dare!

Still further, we learn from this text *how it is that people come to fall into spiritualism*. Saul had enough trouble to kill ten men. He did not know where to go for relief. After a while he resolved to go and see the Witch of Endor. He expected that somehow she would afford him relief. It was his trouble that drove him there.

And I have to tell you now that spiritualism finds its victims in the troubled, the bankrupt, the sick, the bereft. You lose your watch, and you go to the fortune-teller to find where it is. You are sick with a strange disease, and you go to a clairvoyant to find out by a lock of hair what is the matter with you. You lose a friend, you want the spiritual world opened, so that you may have communication with him. In a highly wrought, nervous, and diseased state of mind, you go and put yourself in that communication. That is why I hate spiritualism. It takes advantage of one in a moment of weakness, which may come upon us at any time. We lose a friend. The trial is keen, sharp, suffocating, almost maddening. If we could marshal a host, and storm the eternal world, and recapture our loved one the host would soon be marshalled. The house is so lonely. The world is so dark. The separation is so insufferable. But spiritualism says, "We will open the future world, and your loved one can come back and talk to you."

## Notice.

HON. CHARLES J. E. MONDELET.

Charles Joseph Elzear Mondelet, a Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, is the son of Jean Marie Mondelet, notary, and was born at St. Charles, River Chambly, 27th December, 1801. He was educated at the Roman Catholic Colleges at Nicolet and Montreal, finishing his education at the latter in 1819. He was then immediately employed as an assistant to the Astronomical Commission appointed to define the position of the boundary line between the United States and Canada, under the treaty of Ghent. He studied law first under Mr. O'Sullivan, who afterwards was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and completed his legal education under his brother, Dominique Mondelet, who was appointed Judge of the Superior Court. He was admitted to the bar in 1822, and after practising before the bar for

twenty years was appointed District Judge for Terrebonne, L'Assomption and Berthier. In 1844 he was appointed Judge of the Circuit Court at Montreal; in 1849, Judge of the Superior Court; in 1855, Judge of the Seigniorial Court, and in 1858, Assistant Judge in Appeals in the Court of Queen's Bench.

From his admission to the bar till his appointment to the Bench he took an active part in politics, and was twice arrested for political offences, but never put on trial. He published his *Lettres sur l'Education* in 1840, the suggestions contained in which are said to have been embodied in the school law passed in the first session after the Union in 1841. Mr. Justice Mondelet bears a very high character for his legal learning and judicial fairness. He was the judge whose decision in the Guibord case was endorsed by the Privy Council.