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JOHN STUART MILL.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1873.

## MANUSCRIPT OF FATHER AMBROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.\*

“Thy Word is Truth.”—St. John xvii, 17th verse.

This account was written in the Cloister of Feldpach, the year of our Lord 1175, by me, Brother Ambrose, of the holy Order of Benedictines, Chaplain in Ordinary to the noble Count de Ferette, in Alsace.

In the year of grace 1140, Frederick, 1st Count of Ferette, his wife Stephania, and his son Louis, founded the Cloister of Feldpach, dedicating it to the glory of God. They authorized the worthy Abbot of Cluny to establish in it some monks of the order of St. Benoist, who might there serve God in silence and solitude, and work for the advancement of His glory.

From the bosom of this cloister I was called later on, notwithstanding my unworthiness, to fulfil the functions of chaplain at the castle of Ferette. While holding this important post, I can conscientiously affirm that I have committed no act (knowingly at least) of which I cannot render an account before God and man. And yet, by reason of sin and infirmity within me, I must acknowledge, before that God who tries the heart and the reins, that during my stay in the castle of Ferette I have been too often guilty of idle words, uncharitable judgments, and fits of anger. May the Lord in His mercy pardon my offences for the love of his Son Jesus Christ, and may they be blotted out of the book of His remembrance!

After this sincere and humble confession

of my sins, I wish, in obedience to the desire expressed by our worthy prior, to relate how and why I was dismissed from my office as chaplain at the castle. To this end, calumnious reports having been spread by a rival house against the purity of our holy Order, I intend to deposit this writing in the archives of our monastery, that it may bear witness after my death, so that no one may even suspect me and my brethren of having, in any degree, swerved from the faith which apostles and martyrs have sealed with their blood.

As to the way in which I fulfilled my duties as chaplain during the lifetime of the worthy Count Frederick, I may say I exercised conscientiously to the best of my humble power, my authority as spiritual adviser to this noble family.

The old Count was a valiant nobleman, who ruled his house as he did his regiment in time of war; he had entrusted me with the education of his young son, Louis, the heir apparent. Now the young Count had not in him a spark of the energy and firm will of his father, nor a trace of the harsh, unyielding spirit of his mother. He liked wielding the pen rather than the sword, and instead of delighting in manly sports, would spend days in study, bending over some abstruse works. All this sorely displeased the old Count, and he would often say to me: “Shake that boy for me, Father Ambrose, and do not let him be a girl or a monk, for he is my only son, and he

\* Translated from the French by L. E. K

will one day have to rule over my estates, and defend my people from oppression."

"Doubtless, my honored lord, but God is the potter, and He does what seemeth Him best with His clay. However, we may try, we shall never change wood into iron, or wax into steel, and I shall never succeed in making the young Lord into a warlike noble such as you, Sir Count: God has given him neither strength nor desire for such a position."

Still, all went on pretty well, for the iron hand of the old Count kept each one in the right path. The youthful Louis was truly pious, and willingly allowed himself to be guided by me in the fear of the Lord; but he was a feeble reed shaken by every breath of wind. And as, unfortunately, with the noble pair at Ferette, the wind always blew from two opposite quarters, rising sometimes into a tempest, I had many anxious moments with my pupil, especially when an unhealthy breeze, whistling from the mother's side, filled his young mind with the poison of the world's allurements and the sinful lusts of the flesh.

Years went on, and finally the old Count married his son to the young Countess of Hapsbourg. Count Louis was soon deeply in love, and enchanted with the marvellous beauty of his betrothed bride. As long as the marriage festivities lasted, songs, dances and plays were the order of the day at the castle. Then things resumed their course, and the two noble ladies, Countess Stephania and her daughter-in-law, were obliged, so long as the Count lived, to lead a quiet and simple life, which was not at all to their taste.

Before leaving this world, the good old man had the joy of beholding the fruits of the marriage in the birth of two grandchildren—one was the dear Herzelanda, the hope and comfort of her venerable grandfather, precious to him as the apple of his eye; the other was the young Lord Frederick, presumptive heir of the two fiefs of Ferette and Egisheim. He was spoilt by his mother and grandmother, whose heads he had contrived to turn, and he promised to become, in time, another Absalom.

The poor old Count was, alas! no longer able to offer any obstacle to their plans,

for God had taken him from this world while his grandson was still in swaddling-clothes. After the noble Lord's death, when we had laid his wearied body to rest in our cloister at Feldpach, his son, Count Louis, came into possession of the castle and the vast domain surrounding it. The sincere resolves of the new suzerain of Ferette were to walk in his worthy father's steps, and to rule the seigniory in the fear of God and love of his neighbor. But in a short time the poor Count became so entangled in the nets spread for him by his mother and his beautiful wife—so gently cradled, like Samson, on the knees of his Delilah—that even while wearing the coronet of count, he weakly allowed the government of his household to pass into the hands of these two women. God knows how they ruled and ordered everything to suit their own caprices and whims, and their tyranny became excessive. This was not all. The Count of Egisheim died without children, and his rich inheritance passed to his sister, the Countess Stephania. Then the tempter drew near to her, and carried her to the top "of a high mountain"—I mean to say to the summit of the principal tower of the castle. From thence, he showed her all the vast territory surrounding her, from the Rhine to the Vosges, and dropped into her heart and ear these poisonous words: "Thou seest all this land, all this wealth and power. I have bestowed them upon thee,—for I give to whom I will; but, in return, thou must serve and worship me." And the poor Countess did not cast her eyes on her Saviour's cross, nor reply like Him, "Get thee behind me, Satan." No, she preferred gazing complacently on the glories of the world which lay stretched at her feet. "All these are mine, then," she said to the tempter, her heart swelling with pride, and extending to him her hand, the sad compact was concluded. From that time she pursued her headlong career, followed by her daughter-in-law, and our castle of Ferette became like the Emperor's court.

Minstrels and jugglers, games and king-like pastimes, dances, tournaments, hunting invaded our retreat, and Satan installed himself therein, with his pomps and vanities. And how did I act then—I, poor

Father Ambrose? I allowed myself to be sifted as wheat, and I have deeply sinned. Failing in charity, I forgot the example and precepts of our Saviour, and I struck right and left with hard words, as did St. Peter with his sword. In the pulpit I compared the Countess Stephania with the idolatrous Jezebel, and the Countess Richenza with the adulteress Herodias, and made such transparent allusions that no one could mistake the persons indicated. But chiefly to Count Louis did I complain of the scandalous doings at the castle; I reproached him bitterly for allowing those two women to spoil his son, giving him free scope for all his evil dispositions, and I added, that, by his culpable weakness, he would draw down upon himself and his descendants eternal perdition.

"Hasty words stir up anger," says the wise Solomon. Doubtless the Countess Stephania would not have lost an hour in expelling me from the castle, and dismissing me from my office, had she possessed the power to do so; but I had a champion whose words had more weight with the Count than those of my enemies. God, in His great goodness, had given to the Count, even in his falcon's nest, an innocent, pure white dove. She was there like a rose of Sharon, blooming in a desert, in the midst of thorns. Need I add that she was the cherished darling and guardian angel of her father against the evil spirits who were rampant in the castle. The souls of father and daughter were knit together like those of David and Jonathan, and the affection shown by the child was a guarantee for the friendship of the father towards me.

The Countess Stephania had invited Father Weridon, of the Franciscan Order, to the castle. The worthy father possessed the wisdom of a serpent, but not the harmlessness of a dove. Treading on new ground, he at first walked softly and carefully, offending no one, on good terms with all, and amiable to everyone except myself. He constantly endeavored to draw me into an argument on the subject which had always divided our respective orders—the old quarrel about the Immaculate Conception; but I always refused the challenge, retiring into myself, and keeping aloof

from him with wise reserve. Thus the days passed on; no one in the castle deigned to take notice of me, and even my existence seemed ignored. As the old Countess, with her falcon's eye and beak, looked upon the dear little dove, Herzeland, as an egg which had slipped into her nest, but did not belong to her brood, it naturally resulted that the precious child and I, both alike neglected, were thrown much together. I had to relate story after story to her, and it was pleasant to see her devouring every word which fell from my lips, especially when the Old Testament narratives were the theme of my discourse. We used to sit side by side on a stone bench near a well which the old Count had had dug in the rock to the depth of 1,500 fathoms, in order to furnish the castle perpetually with a supply of fresh water. And I thought sometimes that God had placed me here to water souls as hard as adamant, from the life-giving fountain of His Word. But, alas! like Moses, I mistrusted the grace and compassion of the Most High, and I was not permitted to conduct the souls under my charge to the celestial Canaan.

Above the stone seat a pair of swallows had built their nest, to Herzeland's great joy, and as the hen, sitting on her eggs, hatched them with untiring love, the child's sweet voice so tamed the bird that, without moving from her post, the mother would peck from the little girl's hand crumbs of bread or grains of corn. The dear child would remain for hours near the spot, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed, studying intently the marvellous instinct displayed by the birds—instinct affording a fresh proof of the power and goodness of the Creator. The old seneschal of the castle had told her that "these pretty swallows, with their black and white plumage, wear mourning for our Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore no one dare eat them, and to kill them is a mortal sin." What joy was it when one fine day the nestlings emerged from their prison!—when the parent birds, taking the grains of corn from Herzeland's hand, dropped them again into the open beaks of the little ones, fluttering and clapping their wings for pleasure! As for me, I would willingly have renounced all the world for the sake

of this dear child, and I became almost a boy again, passing hours with her and her precious birds. It seemed then that I first realized all the force of our Saviour's words, "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and understood the value of the blessings promised to those who resemble little children in holy simplicity. But, unhappily, there was another child in the castle, and he almost tempted me to give the lie to the Word of God. This was the young Lord Frederick, who, though scarcely ten years old, was already so cruel, that like the pagan twins, Romulus and Remus, one might have supposed him to have been suckled by a she wolf. The wicked imp took diabolical delight in tormenting his good little sister and spoiling all her pleasure. So, when the two young swallows flew out of the nest for the first time, and Herzelandia was dancing for joy, this firebrand, lurking like a cat for its prey, seized one of the defenceless little birds, then, with a burst of satanic laughter, began stripping off, one by one, its shining feathers.

I was not far off, and hastened to the spot, attracted by the cries of Herzelandia, who trembling and in tears, was endeavoring to snatch the poor martyr from the bloody fingers of her wicked brother. When I reproached him for his cruelty, he made a mocking grimace, saying, "What business it is of yours, Father Ambrose?" at the same time, he threw at my feet God's poor little creature, palpitating and covered with blood. Then, I blush to say, the demon of anger gained the mastery over me, and I administered a sound box on the ears of the young Count. I picked up the poor little bleeding bird and flung it into the well, to end its misery. Soon, my Lord Frederick uttered piercing shrieks, rolled himself on the ground with frantic gestures, repeating twenty times without drawing breath, "Grandmother! grandmother! help; I am being killed! Father Ambrose has been beating me!" Then came the Countess Stephania, her eyes flashing, her whole face inflamed with anger. Darting upon me a furious look, she demanded in a voice of thunder, "How did you dare, Father Ambrose, to lift your hand against

a hair of the Count of Ferette?" I gently told her all that had passed, and I thought it my duty to add. "Therefore, noble lady, in God's name and by virtue of my office, I venture to warn you solemnly, if you have the true interest of the young Count at heart, that you may punish him when he is in fault, for what says the Word of God—'He that loveth him (his son), chasteneth him betimes.'"

While I was speaking, the proud Countess became pale with rage, and in spite of my own emotion, I could not help observing the strange empire wrath displays on the face of man, for almost on the same moment, I saw her alternately become white as snow and red as crimson. At last, the noble lady, without deigning a reply, told her waiting women to lift up the young Count and carry him into the castle. But this was easier said than done; for the boy, beside himself with passion, kicked right and left like an escaped colt; he bit the hands of the young girl who attempted to carry him, and struck her on the face and bosom. When I approached to help her to master the young madman, the Countess repulsed me harshly, saying, "Touch him not! and never appear in my sight again." Taking up her idol herself in her arms, she vanished as quickly as she had come. I found myself alone again with Herzelandia—dear, gentle child; she was seated on the stone bench, looking as pale as death, but hiding in her bosom, under her handkerchief, the other young swallow. The parent birds, after hovering tremblingly around her, had finally perched, one on her head, the other on her shoulder. She continued to sob without ceasing, and when I sat down by her, she took my hand and said in her sweet, caressing voice,

"Oh, Father Ambrose, why did you throw the poor little featherless bird into the water?"

As I did not answer at once, Herzelandia, clasping her hands, continued,

"Cannot our Lord Jesus forgive Frederick his sins, as He did those of the thief upon the cross?"

"The thief repented, my daughter, and prayed to the Saviour. God only

pardons those who hate sin and ask for forgiveness."

"Well, we will ask this good Saviour to teach Frederick to repent and ask pardon. And if we both pray with all our hearts, He will grant what he wish—have you not often told me so, Father Ambrose?"

Here we were interrupted by one of the servants from the castle, who had orders from the Countess Stephania to destroy the nest near the fountain. And when the man had, though unwillingly, executed his commission, for he feared the curse which, according to popular tradition, followed those who injured swallows, birds beloved of God and men—when the remains of the poor mutilated nest strewed the ground around us, the parent birds flew away, distracted with terror. But Herzelandia kept in her bosom the forsaken little bird, and hiding her face in a fold of my robe, she whispered,

"Father, we must pray for grandmother—for she also has grieved the Lord Jesus Christ by hurting His dear swallows."

Yes, it was the Lord who Himself taught me this lesson. I had a zeal for His service, but it was bitter and wanting in charity.

Some days afterwards, my lord Count sent for me, through Father Weridon, who addressed me in honeyed words. "It is God who gives us work," said he, in his most winning tones, "and it is He also who takes it away: for the world is governed by the folly of men and the wisdom of God." I knew at once what he meant to convey, and from what quarter the wind blew! So I was not at all surprised when, on entering the Count's chamber, I saw upon the table a despatch bearing the seal of my lord Bishop. The Count remained standing before me, looking very much embarrassed, and at a loss how to begin his announcement. But the dear little Herzelandia was in her father's room. As soon as she observed me, she pulled my gown gently, and walking herself on tiptoe, drew me to the embrasure of a window—then, with a beaming face, her finger on her lip, she bade me look into the narrow, deep gulf below. The old bailiff had hung there a small basket, lined with moss and cotton in which the little swallow was re-

posing luxuriously after its escape from the cruel boy. The parent birds flew joyously about, from time to time, giving mouthfuls of food to their fledgling.

"Now," said Herzelandia, "they are going to teach him to fly, so that when the horrid winter comes, he may go with them to those beautiful, warm countries of which you have so often told me, Father Ambrose, and where it is almost like Paradise."

Then Count Louis advanced and, giving me his hand cordially, said:

"I am sincerely grieved, Father Ambrose—"

"That the dear little Herzelandia should soon fly away, like the swallows, to the celestial country, vanishing from our gaze as a dream?" I answered. "Yes, she is too pure, too good, for this wicked world!"

At these words, the poor Count, trembling for his beloved daughter, pressed her closely to his heart.

"What do you mean by speaking in this way, Father Ambrose?" he inquired.

"I crave a thousand pardons, noble lord. God knows I would not be a prophet of evil to you, for you and this child are very dear to me; but things cannot end well in this castle. It behoves you to take care, for where one sows the wind, one reaps the whirlwind."

"You wrong my noble mother, Father Ambrose, and you forget her deep piety. Think of all the holy edifices she has erected in this country, besides your Cloister of Feldpach! Even now, at the foot of this castle, does she not contemplate building a monastery, and endowing in it the holy Order of Franciscans!"

"Doubtless, my lord, it is a pious work to build churches and temples, but only those can do so to whom God has given the means—that is to say, power and riches, and therefore to Him must be the glory and praise. In the sight of God, the most acceptable temple is that which each of us should build to Him in our heart, that it may become the abode of His Holy Spirit. Now, Sir Count, you must agree with me that in this place no trace is to be found in man's heart of that temple in which God dwells."

For some time Count Louis remained silent, his eyes fixed on the ground, his hand playing unconsciously with the fair locks of his daughter's hair. Then suddenly nerving himself to the effort,

"Do you know," said he, in a harsh voice, "that you and your order have been accused of heresy before the chapter at Basle?"

"That cannot be, my lord!" cried I, aghast.

"The matter is most serious, Father Ambrose; you are accused of not believing in the holy mother of God, and of not rendering to her due worship and adoration."

"Have you, my lord, ever discovered proofs of this in the lessons I have given you, or has Father Weridon opened your eyes?"

The noble Count began to toy again with his child's curls, even pulling them so hard as to make her scream. Then rising suddenly he advanced to the table, seized the Bishop's letter, and, handing it to me, said,

"Once more, Father Ambrose, I tell you it troubles me more than I can express; but the state in which things are, and for the honor and peace of our house, you must understand."

I had understood but too well; still, not wishing him to see my emotion, I calmly proceeded to ask, "What, then, is this message, and of what does it treat, Count Louis?"

"Well, Father Weridon must have told you that in consequence of this grave accusation, and by the express desire of the countesses, who will not suffer the least taint of heresy to rest upon our noble house, the Bishop of Basle has nominated Father Weridon, of the very reverend Order of Franciscans, chaplain to this castle of Ferette. He also discharges you from that office, though without any reflection on your personal character."

I read the message, and when I became convinced that all was as had been stated, I replaced the despatch on the table, and replied calmly,

"That, by desire of your noble ladies, my lord Count, I am relieved from my office, and Father Weridon appointed in my place, is a subject on which I offer no remark; but concerning the pretended heresy of our venerated Order of Benedic-

tines—an accusation of which, by the eye, I find no mention in the episcopal despatch,—permit me to say is a monstrous falsehood. You know perfectly well that the real cause of my dismissal is a blow I gave your son when I found him torturing a poor little swallow to death. All this has nothing whatever to do with the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin. That doctrine involves theological niceties and subtleties about which neither you, my lord Count, nor your noble ladies are competent to express an opinion."

The poor Count remained standing before me, his head hanging down, just as when in his childhood I had reprov'd him for a flagrant violation of the truth. He looked so humiliated, so boy-like, that the good Herzelandia, climbing upon the table to throw her little arms round his neck, turned to ask me,

"Why have you made my father so sad, Father Ambrose?"

"Would to God, my child," I replied with deep emotion, "that I could succeed in putting into the heart of your noble father that blessed sorrow which awakens a soul into life!"

Clasping my hands I prayed aloud, "Almighty and eternal God, Thou who triest the hearts and reins, and will one day disclose before Thy dread tribunal our most secret thoughts, Thou seest the curse of sin resting heavily on this house, like a cloud bearing the tempest in its bosom. Of Thy great mercy, I humbly beseech Thee, avert this curse. Direct into the right path these wandering souls, make Thy face to shine upon them, and snatch them from the kingdom of Satan, that they may be converted and live!"

During this prayer, poor Count Louis, pale and trembling, had fallen on his knees, weeping like a child. Herzelandia knelt beside him. Extending my hand over my old pupil and his beloved daughter, I blessed them both in the name of the Lord. I invoked upon them peace and strength from on high, and I besought our Heavenly Father to keep these two precious souls from the snares of the wicked one, or to recall them, rather, from this sinful world to their Father's house in the glorious Paradise above!

Then, shaking the dust from my feet, I girded up my loins, took my pilgrim's staff, and, with a light heart, walked quickly down the stairs and through the portal—exchanging without regret the proud castle whence peace had flown, for my quiet cloister. Here I wish to serve my Lord in all humility and prepare myself for an entrance into that blessed country beyond the grave. The calumnies of the Franciscans and Father Weridon had stung our father prior and all the brethren of our Order, to the quick. We often sat up late into the night discussing this serious question, and asking each other if our holy Order were really infected by such a damnable heresy, and whether it had fallen away from the pure and holy faith of the apostles. And we began to search in all the confessions of faith of martyrs, fathers and councils. But everywhere we have found God *three in one*, and nowhere *four in one*, as must be the case were the Virgin one with the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Also the Lord Jesus has commanded us to baptize all men in the name of the Father, Son, and Spirit, but we nowhere read that He spoke thus of the Virgin.

While we were thus occupied in examining all these books and also the writings of the star of our Order, St. Bernard, the thought of another man of God came into my mind. I mean the great Saint Augustine. He likewise groped for truth with an upright heart until a mysterious voice, doubtless that of the Lord Himself, whispered in his ear the words, "Take and read!" And what book did God order him to read? Was it, as we are so often apt to do, the works of human wisdom?

No, it was the Word of God he was told to study—that Word which ought to be the basis of our faith and the rule of our life, since "it will last when heaven and earth shall have passed away." Then I steadfastly resolved, by the aid of His Spirit, to read and study perseveringly the miraculous history of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ; of His passion, death and glorious resurrection; also of the foundation of His Church and its extension throughout all the world. In this spirit I applied myself, as well as my weakness permitted, to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and the more I advanced in the blessed labor, light shone into my heart and I found *Truth!* And I have indeed acknowledged with praises and thanksgiving, that God is Love! Thou, Mary, wast truly, as the angel said, "blessed among women," for God honored thee by choosing thee among all others to be the mother of His only and well beloved Son. And because thou wert not puffed up with pride on account of this superhuman favor; because thou didst believe and obey, even when all was a mystery; because thou didst remain dumb and submissive at the foot of the Cross when a sword pierced through thy soul—thou shalt be throughout all ages of the Church of God, the holy, chaste model of humility, faith and love!

Yes, blessed do we call thee, and blessed shall thou be called throughout all generations and centuries, because for thee, as for us all in heaven and in earth, "there is but one name given among men whereby they can be saved." It is that of Jesus Christ, *thy* Saviour and *thy* God, Mary, and the Redeemer of us all. May His holy name be praised now and for evermore! Amen.

## GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued.)

The members of the literary and social clubs in which Alfred Hamilton soon held an honored place, found that it was impossible for them to transact their business, to become brilliant, witty, sociable, without the aid of this mighty high priest of revelry and dissipation, this King Alcohol; as if God had not made man in his normal state sufficient for the perfect enjoyment of life, for partaking of and adding to the "feast of reason and the flow of soul;" as if any goading of the mental or physical powers beyond their healthy capabilities could have other than a deleterious effect. The members of the several societies would have told you that their circle was very exclusive—very. Of course they admitted none but gentlemen in their midst; they admitted none who could not show a patent of nobility, either from Nature or heraldry. And yet this *crème de la crème* of the realms of literature and society frequently debased itself more than the blue, chalk-mixed milk it looked so contemptuously down upon. They did not get drunk, oh! no, that would be vulgar—they only got "jolly"—just made themselves fools enough to laugh at everybody else's folly and their own shame; to descend from the noble realms of thought into the grovelling regions of gross humor, maudlin sentiment, pitiful badinage on words.

Most of those who composed these very select coteries were men whose regular avocations might be comprised in living, dressing, walking, and eating and drinking,—this last, perhaps, with many of them the most important. They were no meet associates for Nature's workmen, her toiling, sweating quarrymen. It was not meet or fit that they who fought and conquered in nature's noblest battles should bring their spoils, the trophies of their conquests, and share them with the idle and

lazy recreants who had stayed in ignoble ease at home, or going out had fled at the first sound of the battle. But they had wealth, noble lineage, rank and state, and these glittering baubles dazzled the longing eyes of those who ought to have known that the jewels which they themselves had had conferred upon them were worth a thousand fold more than the glittering caskets which were full only of emptiness. They, the heraldic noblemen, had no morrow's work for which the night's debauch might unfit them. Not so with Alfred Hamilton and many others. The excitement of the evening produced a corresponding depression in the morning, and it was but too frequently with aching, throbbing brows, and a general feeling of lassitude and nervelessness that he took his seat in his desk in the morning. To counteract this depression, he was advised to take a glass of liquor in the morning, take poison to kill poison, and his morning glass soon became as necessary to him as his evening one.

Poor Maude was not long in finding out how little cause she had for congratulation. Her father was passionately fond of music, and had bought her an excellent piano. She had never had an opportunity to study before, and now she pursued it with all the more avidity, because it might win her father to spend an hour or two more in the home circle than he would otherwise have done. The simple melodies he loved, the more difficult pieces which won from him words of encouragement and admiration, were practised with the utmost assiduity. When the midnight hour found him still at his club, it found his daughter frequently at her piano, impelled to seek perfection by any path, however toilsome or tedious, by her own fine appreciative talent, but more by her devotion to her father. In his eyes she was growing more and more like her mother

daily. It seemed frequently to him as if her (Annie's) eyes looked reproachfully at him for his broken promise through her gentle daughter's. He was very proud of his daughter. Her *spirituelle* beauty, her remarkable talent for music, any parent might have been proud of. Her gentleness and unselfishness he ought to have valued more highly than he did. They had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, till they had seemed to him but as common natural blessings as Heaven's free golden sunshine.

But still, much as his love and pride were centred in her, not even for her sake would he (could he, he would have said) give up the sparkling bowl. Verily it must be a fearful and mighty power that thus makes love, Heaven's freest most unfetterable servant, its vassal, its slave. It had till now always been a marked characteristic of our hero that his place in church was never vacant; he was seldom missed from the prayermeeting. Brought up to consider religion the most vital thing, everything else had been made subordinate to religious duties. It was a part of his nature in everything to look from Nature up to nature's God. But now he found his club more attractive than the prayermeeting. Sunday mornings found him too frequently wearied and enervated from the week's work and dissipations. He would rather be in bed than assemble with God's people. Perhaps conscience also troubled him when there. Certain it was, he was ready now to find excuses to stay at home; but, still, he allowed no one else to stay. The children were always, unless for some serious indisposition, found in their places at church, though Hughie grumblingly could not see "why he could not stay at home as well as papa. He was sleepy too." One warm Sabbath in June Mr Hamilton announced his intention of staying at home. He had the previous day been invited to join a party of anglers to —Loch. On their return from their sport, they had finished the evening in talking and drinking, only separating in time to prevent breaking the Sabbath. Sabbath morning found him unrefreshed and blue; he took a glass of brandy to clear the mist from his mental faculties. Little

Ellie, having sprained her foot, was permitted to stay at home with her father. Though now about seven years old she was still little Ellie to all the family. A quiet, quaint child she was, with her large wistful black eyes that had a weird, far-off light in them at times. She loved to be by herself, to play by herself, quietly dress her dolls and make her play-houses. When Hughie came to help in his noisy, boisterous way, the play had no more attraction for her. Her eyes would fill, and the large tears roll silently down her nut-brown cheek; but she would never remonstrate. Maude had tried as much as she could to check this unsociable feeling. She was afraid it savored of selfishness and misanthropy, and yet there was none readier in the family to give up her own way, to share her treasures with the rest. Frequently, if she could do it unobserved, she would go without herself that the rest might have her share.

After the departure of the other children to church, Hamilton, finding himself still miserably tired, took another glass of brandy and lay down in the darkened parlor on the sofa and fell asleep. He had never thought of looking after Ellie; she was so long quiet that he thought she must be in some of the rooms turning over the leaves of an illustrated annual he had given her to amuse herself with. Waking in sudden fright, he started up to look for her. A gurgling sound made him rush to his own room. Ellie, with blackened face and starting eyes, stood firmly grasping a tumbler, from which it was evident she had been drinking. A single glance told the facts to the father. He had left the decanter of brandy on his dressing-table. The child coming in for a drink, had poured some out and drank it. On the impulse of the moment, dashing a jug full of water on her, and finding it produce no effect, he carried her into the kitchen and put her sitting in a large arm-chair by the fire, while he ran distractedly for a doctor. He was gone but a few minutes; the doctor, who stayed but a few doors from them, being fortunately at home; but these minutes, few as they were, were too long for the poor little child. Her breath coming back, gasping for it she had fallen forward on the hearth; a cinder, as

was supposed, had fallen on her light muslin dress, and Hamilton returned to find his child enveloped in flames.\* A large rug which lay in front of the hearthstone was immediately wrapped round her, and the flames extinguished, but not till her arms, face, and neck were very severely burned.

The doctor dressed the burns, but gave but little hope of the child's recovery. She raved and tossed in the wildest delirium, maddened no less by the poison she had drunk than by the excruciating pain she suffered. Madness would have been a blessed relief to the agonized father from the racking whirl of contending feelings that filled him as he held his suffering child. It had been an accident, but if he had not been drinking the brandy, if he had not left it where the child could get it, it would not have happened; if he had been quite himself he would have laid the child by an open window instead of in the dangerous position in which he had placed her. A day and night in fearful agony, alike for those who stood by her and for the child herself, passed. She would not lie down. She seemed to have the most ease when any one carried her gently about, and to no one else would her wretched father delegate this office. Tenderly as a woman he paced the floor with her that long summer night. Towards morning nature, seemingly exhausted with her fearful conflict with pain, gave in, and she fell into a light slumber in her father's arms. When she awoke, her senses returned for a few moments. Looking round she saw Maude, her eyes full of tears. Wonderingly she put her hand, all bandaged up, before her, screaming with the pain as she did so. They explained to her that she had fallen in the fire and got severely burnt. She lay for a long time with her eyes shut and they thought she had fallen asleep again. At length opening her eyes,

"Maude," she said, "will I be all burnt-looking in heaven?"

"No, darling," her father answered; "why do you ask?"

"Because I thought mamma would'nt know me and I would not be like an angel at all."

They listened silently, tearfully; the doctor had told them what this relief augured.

"I think I'd like to go there now better than to stay, but I won't get a crown. It's only for those who are faithful to the end; but perhaps Christ 'ill take me in His arms and bless me as He did to the little children when He was on earth."

Her father's hot tears fell on her little cheek. She tried to raise her eyes to him, but could not.

"Let me see you, papa." He bent over her so that she could see his face. "You're not sorry, are you, I am going to heaven? I'll wait there at the gate for you, and Maude, and Robert, and Hughie, and I'll see the crowns they have got up there for you. I'm sure Maude's will be a nice one. And, papa, don't drink any more of that thing out of the bottle. It always makes you sleepy and sick, and Maude always cries when you take any. I think the angels you told me came for mamma will be here soon. I won't be afraid to go with them."

The little eyelids closed softly, a few fearful moments of returning agony, and then peace. The little eyes would no more open, the mangled, scarred form they might lay down now,—it would feel no pain; the little half-opened flower was transplanted into the garden of the Lord.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CLOUD GATHERS.

Nora, hearing of the painful accident that had occurred in Mr. Hamilton's family, and knowing how Maude's heart had been bound up in little Ellie, with her usual thoughtfulness sent for her to stay a few days with her, knowing that change of scene and society would rouse her sooner than anything else. She had seen Maude but seldom since they came to Edinburgh. They lived in opposite quarters of the city, and although she occasionally met Mr. Hamilton in the circles in which she moved, his family would not have been admitted with him. But not, therefore, did she slight or think the less of her old friends. When Maude should leave school, she said she should be proud to chaperone her, and she meant it too.

\* The above is a perfectly true incident, as indeed the whole story.

When Maude, in her deep mourning and weary, sorrowful face, arrived in the Royal Circus, she met with a kind, sympathetic welcome from her beautiful and gifted hostess. Grahame, now grown into a man in bearing and manliness, gave her also a silent but very expressive one. She felt at once that she had come among friends who would fain relieve her of her burden of sorrow, and somehow the knowledge did relieve her. Mr. Russel was not at home, and Nora, sending the children up to the nursery, lest their playful ways and expressions might remind her of her loss, took her into her own boudoir. A lovely little room it was, Maude thought, with its rose-colored hangings, and yet not half so beautiful or attractive as its gentle owner. There were flowers, and music, and books, luxuriously scattered about; most beautiful pieces of needlework and painting, most perfect copies of Nature's flora, Mrs. Russel's own work, on the walls; models of fruit on the tables and stands with their rich, luscious look, tempted the eye and wooed the hand that warm midsummer day. With the most delicate tact Mrs. Russel introduced topics with which Maude was familiar, skilfully drawing her out till she forgot herself and her sorrow in the pleasure of talking on her favorite subjects to an appreciating, interested listener. And Nora herself was no less pleased. The unstudied grace of Maude's movements and expression; the stateliness of figure, contrasting with the gentle, yielding expression of the face; the light that glanced from those heavily veiled violet eyes when her interest was really roused on any subject; the rare sweetness of the smile that but occasionally illumed her face; the unselfishness that could be read in every sentence; the devotion to her father and family; the heroism that evidently lay slumbering in her heart, were all characteristics that won for her Mrs. Russel's warmest interest and admiration. She felt that the quiet, patient little girl she had known of old was fast growing into a womanhood of rare promise and beauty.

When Maude had time to notice in her turn, she felt—and it was a painful feeling somehow—that a change had come over her hostess. She was still beautiful almost as

ever: that was not the change. It was one to be felt, not seen. Something of the pure expression that had made her so lovely was gone. She was much more easily startled than formerly, and wanted the repose of manner for which she had been loved. As one finely toned instrument shows the discord in another not so perfect beside it, Maude felt, and Nora felt too, that while Maude had reached the perfect harmony, the tones of Nora's spirit were unequal, gross, from what they had and might have been. Nora herself knew the reason; Maude could but wonder, and look, and think she must be mistaken. She felt this more painfully when Arthur came home that evening. There was an quiet look on his face that she had never seen there before. They still loved each other dearly,—that was evident to the merest stranger; but somehow Maude felt that there was not the entire confidence, the perfect faith and peace, which had always seemed to her so holy and beautiful. Grahame was changed too. He was no longer the impulsive, warm-hearted, demonstrative boy. He was grave beyond his years, gentle and thoughtful of the comforts of others he was still, but he was so quiet, even shy with it, she felt that it was still there more than she saw it. There was a light in his eye now and an expression of determination about the finely curved lips that told of a purpose, deep and strong, and a will, aye! a determination, to fulfil it.

The next morning Arthur and Grahame and Maude partook of an early breakfast. Nora did not feel very well, and would probably not rise for an hour or two, Arthur said sadly, Maude fancied.

When the gentlemen were gone, Maude betook herself to the nursery; and when Nora made her appearance, about noon, she found Maude perfectly at home, and evidently a great favorite with her children. She looked restless and excited, and Maude noticed also her careless toilet. She asked anxiously if she were well, and Nora said "Yes, only she had a severe headache, with which she was frequently troubled." She fancied, but she thought it must be fancy, that as Nora stooped to kiss her forehead she felt the smell of whiskey mingled with the eau de Cologne

she had so plentifully used. After lunch, Nora asked her guest if she would accompany her to the kitchen, as she intended to make some jelly that afternoon, or would prefer remaining with the children, or in the parlors. Maude immediately offered to accompany her hostess, if she could be of any service, at the same time gently remonstrating with her for thinking of going to the fire with her headache; but she laughed a little louder than was necessary, and declared it would do her good—be the best thing for her. So together they descended, and Nora commenced business with an energy and on a scale that very much surprised Maude. One servant was sent for this fruit; she was scarcely gone ere another was sent for that, till she had collected no inconsiderable quantity of all the fruits in season. Then came the demand for sugar and spices. When there was sufficient of everything about her, a scene of bustle ensued which completely amazed Maude. She could not recognize the fastidious, æsthetic, quiet-loving mistress of Graigse Lea in the bustling, energetic, managing little lady flying round with disordered hair in a soiled silk dress, cutting and picking fruit. Maude knew quite enough of housekeeping to see how very extravagant her plan was, though of course she forbore comment. But what puzzled and annoyed her most was to see the servants give knowing looks at each other at every new caprice of their mistress, and appear not to participate in the slightest degree with her anxiety to get through. In the middle of all the stewing and simmering which ensued, while half-a-dozen stew-pans containing all manner of combinations were on the fire, Nora suddenly lost all interest in their progress, and directing the servants to look after them, went upstairs, leaving the kitchen a scene of confusion. Calling Maude into the dining-room, she poured out a glass of wine for her and one for herself. Maude declined hers on the plea that she never took any.

“Why; do you think it wrong?”

“Yes,” Maude answered, simply and frankly. “It has ruined many a one, I feel and know”—she thought of home—“and though there might be no danger in

my taking a glass, my example might lead others to make freer with it.”

Had Maude's thoughts not been otherwise occupied, she would have noticed the deep flush that crimsoned Mrs. Russel's cheek and brow. She turned away for a moment as if she were not going to take her own either, but the craving was too strong, and she hastily drank it, excusing herself by saying:

“Every one according to her conscience, Maude, dear. I see no harm, no danger in taking it; it does me good when I am wearied.”

Maude thought surely Mrs. Russel would, after her great anxiety in the early part of the afternoon, return and see the result of her operations; but they seemed to have entirely escaped her mind. She did not once again allude to them.

Finding herself quite wearied and complaining anew of her headache, Mrs. Russel begged her guest to excuse her while she lay down till dinner should be served. Not sorry for the opportunity, Maude escaped to the nursery, she being quite as much delighted with Mrs. Russel's children as they were with her.

She entered silently, and motioning the nurse to take no notice of her entrance, she stood for a few moments watching the mimic scenes of life there enacted. Bertram, the oldest boy, now six, was seated astride his rocking-horse, “bound for London to see the king,” as he vociferously announced. In another corner the other two, who were able to walk, Mildred and Fairleigh, were busily employed, and to them Maude's attention was immediately directed. Mildred, a little lady of four, was with an air of great importance and bustle informing little two year old Fairleigh that he was to go immediately and bring strawberries, and currants, and raspberries, and peaches, and sugar, for she was to make jelly and serves that afternoon. Her tone and bustling manner were evidently an imitation of her mamma's, and Maude could not forbear smiling at the little one's mimicry, and “here, Fairleigh,” she concluded with, “get me a bottle of *Champaign*, for my poor head does so ache,” she said, putting her hand to her little head, very piteously.

"Come, miss," the nurse said, "you must not mock your mamma."

"And Champain as you call it, though the sham pain is in your own head, Milly, is not good for little girls," Bertram said authoritatively, stopping his rocking.

"It is, for ma takes it, and I'se going to take it too when I'se big," the little one stoutly replied. "I tasted it yesterday after dinner; there was some in a glass, and it was real good. I mean to ask ma for some."

"Shame, Milly; I'd be ashamed to tell, if I would not be ashamed to drink, that I drank after anybody. Ladies don't do such things," Bertram retorted.

"Well, ma always has some when she makes jelly, and I mean to have, too," the little girl answered, with a pout.

Maude now stepped forward and put an end to the discussion, though she could not but wonder how often the children had seen the jelly scene enacted to have it so perfectly. A light was also gradually dawning on her mind, though as yet she would not admit it as the solution, though it seemed a very probable one.

The baby, whom the nurse held, attracted Maude's love more than any of the rest, dear as they all seemed to her. She had just begun to jump and crow and make attempts at expressing her wishes, as she did now when Maude took her, by the most desperate clutches with one hand at Maude's curls and with the other at her soft violet eyes, which seemed wonderfully to attract the child.

"I never did see her gang to any stranger sae soon before," the nurse exclaimed. "She'll no gang to her ain mither ony faster. It's wonderful noo to see the way she's in about her faither and Grahame. She'll gang to either o' them maist wi' a spring out o' my arms. I never did see sic a lively bairn, an' I've seen a guid mony o' them in my day. She's got her mither's beauty and her faither's strength," the garrulous nurse continued, waxing warm in praise of her charge. She was an elderly woman and had come highly recommended to Mrs. Russel when Nora was born and had remained with her ever since.

"Bless her bonny face," she exclaimed

as a victorious crow announced the clutching of her chubby little hands in Maude's glossy tresses.

"Tell us a story, Maude," plead Bertram, coming from his horse to seat himself at Miss Hamilton's feet.

"Pese, tell a story," little Fairleigh also asked, giving unmistakable signs that he would like to be where the baby was. So the baby was given back to nurse, and Fairleigh and Mildred were both ensconced contentedly on their new friend's lap.

And Maude told them a story with which she had often coaxed her little brother and sister to bed—about Joseph and his captivity. Grahame entered quietly in the middle and begged Miss Hamilton not to allow him to interrupt her, but somehow he did; she could not find her voice or ideas again, and she was very glad when the dinner-bell stopped any further attempts. She promised to return after tea and finish the story, and so escaped for the time.

Mr. Russel had been unavoidably called away, and would not return that night; and Mrs. Russel, hearing of her husband's absence, sent her apologies for not appearing at table by a servant. Her head was so bad. Maude felt really alarmed, and communicated her fears to Grahame that she had over-worked herself in the afternoon. Grahame listened sadly, but made no comment. He merely said, "We must depend on each other for amusement, for Mrs. Russel will not be down stairs again to-night."

It seemed at dinner that if they were to depend on each other for amusement they would have very little. Both felt very awkward, and were trying to think all the time they were at table what would be most suitable to say, and so said nothing, not having arrived at any definite conclusion when the meal was finished. They had scarcely seen each other since they parted at Weston, and neither knew very well how to take up the broken threads of their acquaintance. Then they had been but girl and boy, Grahame and Maude to each other, and their intercourse had been of the most friendly kind, Maude confiding to Grahame her joys and hopes and receiving and sympathizing with him in all

his sorrows. Now they had reached young ladyhood and young gentlemanhood, and felt constrained to call each other Mr. Drummond and Miss Hamilton, and be as formal as possible. The interval with Grahame had been mostly spent at college or in his study. He had been a most indefatigable student, and, save his cousin, saw little of the society of ladies. Indeed he made it a point to escape somewhere whenever there was a party or reunion of any kind in the Royal Circus. The result was that he had come to fancy young ladies were something entirely out of his way, required a different mode of speech and manner from those with which he was accustomed to treat his chums. He had heard that they were very fond of small talk, but had but a very indistinct idea of what that meant. It seemed now impossible to him that but a year or two before he could have approached that beautiful high-bred looking girl (Maude was unquestionably that) with all his little troubles. He blushed to the roots of his hair as he remembered his past impudence, and yet had a feeling that it must have been very pleasant, and he wished he could do so again, and blushed a little deeper at the wish. Maude, with a woman's tact, foreseeing that unless the ice was broken speedily they should pass a most miserable evening, forced herself to ask, while she wondered at her own boldness, if she should play for him.

"He would be delighted if Miss Hamilton would not consider it a trouble."

Miss Hamilton did not, and led the way to the piano, Mr. Drummond seating himself as far away as was consistent with politeness at a side table.

But the spell of "Annie Laurie," trilled out so clearly and feelingly by that young voice, was soon upon him, and forgetting that it was a young lady who sung, that he himself was a young gentleman student in the University, he came forward and stood by her side; and she, pleased and flattered by his evident appreciation of her music, sang her best, and stopped in the intervals to chat about songs and singers. And when she rose from the piano their tongues were loosed and found no lack of employment in comparing their reminiscences of Weston

and its people. Maude, however, did not forget her expectant auditors upstairs, and the arrival of the mail immediately after tea, gave her an opportunity to fulfil her promise. She did not escape from their questionings and comments on the simple story till she had promised to come back next night and tell them another.

Grahame went to his bed firmly convinced that night that Maude was like no other young lady of his acquaintance, for she did not talk affectedly; she could laugh very heartily and very musically too, and she seemed to enjoy talking about college life and old times as much as he did. He could not see after all that she was any different in thought or feeling from the little girl he had played with and patronized at Weston, except that she had grown so beautiful and sung so sweetly, and that their positions were reversed—she patronized and noticed him now.

The next morning still saw Mrs. Russel confined to her room. She sent for Maude to come to her, and she was shocked to see the almost haggard look of Mrs. Russel's face. She was very garrulous too, and entertained Maude to sit by her and talk. Towards noon she felt better and able to get up and dress. There was an excited, flustered look about her which Maude could not but notice. Now she more than half divined the cause of the change which had come over her friend. She saw her go shortly after getting up to her side-table and pour out something stronger than wine, which she drank rapidly. The afternoon she spent among her children, fondling and caressing them, talking the while with a volubility and unconnectedness that was very painful to Maude, it was so unlike Nora. Shortly before dinner time, hearing a ring at the street bell, Mrs. Russel sprang out of the nursery with her baby in her arms to see if it were her husband. It was him, and she leant over to bid him welcome. The staircase was circular, going up through the centre of the house, the nursery was on the fourth landing and the baby, as we have said, was very lively. Whether the babe had seen and recognized its father, or whether merrily jumping as it was wont, we know not,—certain it is that Nora, had she been sober, would not have held it so care

lessly over the stairway—it sprung out of her arms and the next moment lay a corpse at its father's feet.

We shall draw a veil over the scene that followed—the father's agony, the mother's despair, the confusion, the hurrying to and fro, the eager questionings and gloomy, evasive answers. And who shall tell the agony of the husband and ather when, a servant coming to tell him of the insensibility from which they found it impossible to rouse his wife, he went upstairs, and, glancing into an open wardrobe, found an index to its cause in a bottle of best Cognac which had been freely partaken of. His child, his pet baby, a disfigured, mangled mass; his wife, whom he most devotedly loved, worse than dead to him, as he felt in despair; for how could the confidence and perfect trust essential in the marriage relation exist when the husband must become the jailer? Yes, he saw the necessity for that now, and blamed the delicacy which had hitherto restrained him as madness.

If he could hope to reclaim his wife, to save her from the fearful precipice at whose summit she stood, he must once and for ever relinquish the fatal cup himself—must banish it from his house—remove the temptation from her path. He had noticed the evident dislike of Grahame to even seeing the decanters on the table. Now that the demon had stung his own bosom, he could understand it. He took the half-empty bottle of Cognac and emptied it out of an open window. He then went downstairs to his sideboard and emptied the decanters of their contents in the same manner. In painful, agonizing communion with his own thoughts the rest of the night was passed. When the streets began to be alive with their busy, unceasing tide of humanity, wan and haggard Arthur Russel sallied out. He paused in the centre of the business part of the city and entered a wine merchant's shop. The carved mahogany counters, the gilding, the magnificent chandeliers, all indicated that Robertson & Co. had found their business a thriving one.

The shop was but newly opened, the shutters had been taken off, and the porter

of the establishment was busy in copiously watering the floor previous to sweeping as Mr. Hamilton entered and asked for the master.

"He's no in," the porter answered, surveying his questioner with evident curiosity. "He dinna come sae early as this."

"What time does he usually come?"

"No afore ten or eleven; but Mr. Pratt, that's hts clerk, 'ill be here enoo."

Mr. Russel turned away and encountered Mr. Robertson at the door.

His look of surprise gave way to one of condolment as he respectfully bowed to his customer, enquiring for the health of Mrs. Russel.

The flush that stole over Mr. Russel's face did not escape his keen eye as he answered that she was well. He ushered Mr. Russel into a small elegantly furnished apartment, "his office," as he cailed it, out of the dust. A finely formed man of medium height was Alison Robertson, dressed with exquisite taste. Fair hair, just tinged with gold, curled over a forehead that promised intellect enough in its fine high proportions. A sandy colored moustache half hid lips whose expression of crafty cunning belied the frankness of the studied smile that displayed so frequently two rows of shining ivory. His eyes were large, cold, grey, calculating; the smile that was upon his lips so frequently never rose to them. In manner and address he was eminently prepossessing; his exterior on the whole was that of a *gentleman* as the word goes now. An orphan, he had been taken in as errand boy by Jones & Co., the name of the firm which he had changed to Robertson & Co. The principal, a large-bodied, jovial fellow, had taken a fancy to him, and as he grew up and showed remarkable skill and talent for the business, especially for that part of it which required insensibility of heart and conscience (the back door business), the most of it was left to him by his softer-hearted master, who could scarce bring himself to take the marriage-rings off the fingers of poor starving, tattered wretches in exchange for a glass of gin, or counsel them to pawn the family Bible for the same purpose. Years sped. Jones & Co. became bankrupts, the former having be-

come a regular drunkard, and, to the surprise of every one, Robertson, the foppish clerk, made a settlement securing the business and wine-cellars, purchased a villa in Newington, married a pretty but coarse-minded, vulgar woman, and had ever since gone on the highway of prosperity as young-looking and as foppish as people remembered him ten years before when he had been only Jones & Co's. clerk.

But pardon, we are leaving Mr. Russel standing in the little office all this time.

Mr. Russel, who had an instinctive dislike of the heartless, fawning liquor-dealer, refused to take the proffered seat, and stood gloomily for a second or two, looking at the table.

"Very painful bereavement, Mr. Russel, but we must submit. 'The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be His name,'" said Robertson, feeling the need of saying something, and gravely twirling his moustache. "Will you take a glass of Madeira, Mr. Russel? I have some excellent. You must not feel so keenly. I was fairly frightened when I saw you; 'pon my honor I was."

"No, Mr. Robertson, I will not, thank you. I merely came to ask you if you would send your porter to my house as soon as possible and take back that last stock of liquors you sent me. I believe they have not been touched."

They are all first rate, I assure you, Mr. Russel. I selected them myself," answered Robertson, taken aback at this request.

"I do not dispute their quality, but I do not intend to keep spirits any longer in my house. Your sending for them will only save me the trouble of throwing them out. I believe they are paid for already. I do not wish any of the money returned. I wish you a good morning, sir."

Mr. Russel's manner forbade any questions, and simply returning his good morning, Mr. Robertson followed him into the shop. Mr. Russel, as he passed out, got a glimpse of a side door in the back part of the shop opening into an entry, admitting two or three men in working clothes, who immediately disappeared into another

door. Mr. Russel had heard enough to guess their errand.

Sadly he took his way home, followed soon by the porter and his dray. He saw the last basket full of bottles carried up from his cellar, and with a greatly lightened spirit went upstairs. His wife, awakened, was weeping bitterly, and did not lift her head as he entered. A fresh outburst of grief as he entered showed that she had noticed it. Her humiliation softened at once any feeling of anger that might have lingered towards her. There was nothing but the old tender tone of endearment in his voice as he lovingly lifted her covered face to his shoulder.

"Nora, darling, don't!"

"Don't call me darling; I don't deserve it. I have murdered our own child. Oh! Arthur, Arthur." Her slight frame was convulsed with the agony of her remorse.

"You must not say, nor think so; it was only an accident." He tried to soothe her by every tender, loving word and action he could think of, but she refused to be comforted.

"You do not know all—do not know how I was when she fell, nor what I did afterwards to escape from the agony," she sobbed.

"Yes, I do know all, all," her husband answered sadly, "and I have forgiven you. I have been to blame myself." He then told her what he had done, how he had vowed that unless by a doctor's prescription not another drop of spirits of any kind should enter his house.

Nora thankfully listened; now that the temptation was removed, she doubted not but she could overcome the appetite she had too long indulged. Her promises and protestations were ardent as they were sincere, and with more hope than he had cherished for many months Arthur looked forward to the future. Repentance so deep, remorse so keen, could not, he thought, be without fruit. The happiness of their first years of married life would be renewed; the mother (he knew how strong the maternal feeling was in Nora) would never again endanger the life or happiness of any of her children.

## JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

JOHN CROW.

My "Experiences" have had nothing of religion so far, for I could scarcely speak of what was not in them; yet my youth was not destitute of religious opportunities or religious impressions. The resolution of being a good man, and so gaining heaven, and showing to people, on the way, the model of a Christian that was a Christian, was often taken, especially on Sunday; but as the end was impossible, so the beginning seemed to be impossible too, and before Saturday night the effort to make a beginning had worn itself out. I often wished that such a man as Whitfield would come along, or that ministers were not so stiff, so that one of them would come and sit down beside me on a log and tell me all about these things. I thought, of course, that their college theology was not of much use if it did not enable them to understand all the mysteries that troubled me; and my wonder grew increasingly that they let out so little in their sermons. And over and above the practical question of how to be good, I had a number of speculative and theoretical questions I would like to slip in too, especially about predestination and free-will, and the like. Suffice it to say that I have problems still which I expect to carry in a half-solved state to the Regions of Light!

But Whitfield was long dead, and the ministers did not come to sit beside me on a log, and for want of any other confidant or adviser, I unburdened myself—of all the men in the world—to John Crow. And it happened thus—but first, John Crow was a man about forty, who owned nothing, and did nothing (that is in the way of making himself better off), who had a good head, a kind heart, a pair of skilful hands, a patient, uncomplaining wife, a houseful of children, and a weak-

ness for whiskey. John lived in a house on a waste corner of a farm, where he paid neither rent nor taxes, but sat, in a sort of by-your-leave style, in a log house he had made inhabitable by his own skill, which was surrounded by a little patch—cultivated, I grieve to say, by his wife; not that there was anything disreputable in a woman growing corn and potatoes, only it was properly the work of the husband. When John had been more than usually lazy, or more than usually "on the spree," he was always very penitent, and very philosophical, and very communicative. Some remark he made one day about a sermon lately heard, brought up a remark from me, from which Crow gathered that I was something like himself, "a seeker after pure truth," as he phrased it. From that time we had many talks together, yet I never looked upon him, and I am sure he never looked upon me, as a solver of doubts; we merely sympathized with each other in our religious perplexities. There was this notable difference: John had tried the world and found it hollow, I had not tried it and believed in it; he believed Christians were all hypocrites, though there was such a thing as Christianity to be had; I believed there were a few right Christians, only I had not found any of them, and rather thought they did not live near Skendle. Crow had the weakness, in large proportion, which seems to adhere in some proportion or other to all, that of looking at his own failings with an eye ready to find apologies and extenuations, but on others' failings with impartial justice. His own sins were chastised with a straw, but his neighbors' with a whip. Of course his great mistake (and I joined him in it) was in expecting perfection from imperfect men. This colored and distorted all his pictures of what human life was and ought to be.

Among other things, Crow was a great mimic. To tell "what the Dutchman said," and "what the Frenchman said," and "what happened to the Irishman," was always sure to get him another glass when his own money had run down; and as it got him both fame and drink, he cultivated it, and, like everything else we cultivate voluntarily, he began to like it.

A protracted meeting was in progress at Skendle. I attended it pretty regularly, and not for the purpose of mocking—I did not feel like mocking; though one night, sitting with a lot of other boys, I was led into "cutting up" somewhat, especially when the leading spirit of the meeting stepped along from back to back of the pews over our heads as we knelt, urging us to give "a volley" of prayer! I hoped that some of my theological problems and doubts would be answered, now that we had not only one but several ministers before us; but to me they seemed, in some unaccountable manner, to shirk the very questions I wanted them to dilate on. Crow attended too, though I never sat beside him—in fact, I did not care to be thought an intimate of his. He attended more to see just how far certain "hypocrites" would go—so he said. I have a fancy, however, that there was a deeper and better feeling not altogether absent from his heart—that perhaps he might learn how to find peace, for he had confessed to me often that he was ill at rest, inwardly.

In those days there was nothing but candles for our light. The more active brethren would each bring a candle or two every night; and when the meetings continued long (they sometimes lasted two months), candles occasionally got short in quantity. One night there were fewer candles than ordinarily, and among those that were burning was one that had been "doctored"—that is, had a little pop of gunpowder as big as a pea, rolled up in a mite of tissue paper, and inserted in the wick during the process of home manufacture. Of course nobody knew this but those who did it, or might have been let into the secret; still there were two or three, or more, who were on the watch to see the candle "go off." In due time it went off with a flash and a fizz, putting the

candle out, and making somewhat of a disturbance in the meeting. The thing was too ludicrous for some of the boys to resist the temptation it suggested. During the disturbance the other candles all went out too! I saw a boy's cap flying at one candle, and I was sure it was not the cap of the boy that threw it. There were several of the brethren in different parts of the house at the time, urging young people to go forward to the "anxious seat;" and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to hear one of them speak up, in order to allay any possible alarm and confusion in the darkness. Such a mishap could not then be repaired as promptly as now; for friction matches did not come into use with us at Skendle till about 1842; and this was before that. But I knew, the moment I heard the voice, that it was John Crow: though the imitation of one of the ministers was exceedingly good. The sermon had been about Sincerity *versus* Hypocrisy; and Crow told me afterwards that the only thing lacking in it was for himself to be standing beside the preacher, and pointing to one man at the end of one paragraph, say "That's for you!" and at the end of another descriptive paragraph, to point to another and say "You take *that!*" and so on to the end. "The sermon was very good," he said, "but you see it wanted the like o' me to carry out Demosthenes' idea, and put in *the action.*" These thoughts had been working in Crow's mind, and seized with a "now or never" impulse, he slid out into the aisle and began:—"Dear brethren, never mind the candles; they will soon be lit again; in the meantime, we might profitably make a few remarks, perhaps all the better for being in the dark, for then no one will see you blush. And I am afraid some of you will go home without making a right 'application' of the excellent sermon my good brother has preached. I always like close 'applications.' Here you will come to meeting, and you will pray very loud, and shed many tears, and then go home and forget to do justly and live honestly before the world. Now, when Squire Beeker measures in his *fst* in the girthing of a yoke of oxen, when the price depends on the feet

and inches they will measure round, I don't call *that* right Christian buying and selling! And when Brother Absalom comes home on Sunday with a load of oats by a back road, I call that Sabbath-breaking; for it's Sunday on the back concession just as well as on the front road! And when neighbor Fairly buys cattle for the city butchers, and gives several dollars more than he intended to give, on condition of getting six bunches of shingles for himself—I don't call that being a 'faithful steward.' And when brother Sammy Lloyd sells a load of wheat in the twilight, and it has two bags of *tailings* in it—it served him right that he was found out and exposed, for I call that *cheating*. Yes my brethren, beware of a *wulf* in *shape's* clothing! for a *wulf* may look very like a *shape*; he may have a good deal of *wulf* on him, and be a *wulf* still!" Just then a light was seen approaching; and the fact admonished Crow to bring his interpolated remarks to a close, and with a skill worthy to be employed in a better cause, he made a hit at "John Crow" before he sat down, in order to disarm suspicion. "Yes, and there's brother John Crow. He is here to-night. I tried in vain to have him 'go forward.' He thinks he's as good as any 'professor.' Maybe he is, but he made me some shingles that were more than half *culls*—and I don't call that *honesty*!"

The light came in. The other candles were lighted. John was sitting demurely in his seat. Everybody thought "something had possessed" the preacher, for he had never "applied" his sermon in such a way before. The officiating ministers soon found there had been a cheat; but could not tell by whom, and did not suspect Crow. He never acknowledged it; not even to me, when I charged him with it. It was excellent policy not to acknowledge it; for, for a time, there might have been unpleasant consequences, had it been possible to prove it against anyone. He explained to me, however, how it was about the shingles. He said it "was all true enough;" but he had been on a drinking bout, and had given his promissory note for a few dollars to the tavern-keeper, and somehow the minister had

got it; and when he agreed to take shingles for it, John was drinking hard, and *did* put up a lot of "culls" in the middle of the bunches. He said he was very sorry for it, and "would make it up somehow for the preacher, sometime."

John Crow was the first man who ever spoke to me about "looking back" on human life. He told me that many things now occurring in my life and experience would all come up again in memory; though for many years they might apparently be forgotten; that that period of retrospection began about forty; and that a man would never "do his best" till about that age. "But, boy," he added solemnly, "see that you don't have bitter memories—as I have—to come up and spoil your backward glance. And see to it that now for the next twenty years, your efforts are *good*, and *continuous*, and in the *same direction*. There is nothing that is possible you may not attain to, if you resolve *now* to have it! Keep off drink; keep off tobacco; get learning;—but let learning have an object—you can't learn everything—learn some one or two things *well*—excel in them; and begin to aim at it now! Oh," said he, striking his hand violently on his forehead, "I wish I were young again! I'd begin differently."

And then he told me about his boy. He said, "Crow" was a miserable name—but he wasn't responsible for that—and everybody who did not know (or care to remember) his first name, always called him "Jim;"—and so he had given the boy a good "first name"—he had called him Montgomery—"Montgomery Crow;" that did not sound so bad! And then he went off into a story about a man named Wynkoop, who wanted to be made a magistrate, and was discovered by a neighbor making an acoustic experiment in his barn. Sticking his head into an empty cask, he sung out with the most sonorous emphasis, "Squire Wynkoop!" "That *sounds well*!" said he, withdrawing his head. "So," said John Crow, "my boy won't need to put his head into a cask, for *Montgomery Crow* will carry him very well through the world. There's one thing, he'll never *drink*." "Are you sure?" said I; for though I had not courage to speak

to him directly about his own drinking, I thought much about it. "No," said he solemnly, "my boy *won't drink!* I took him, as Hamilcar took Hannibal, and I made him swear eternal hate to alcohol! It takes away half the sting of dying a drunkard to think my *son* shall be free!"

"But you won't die a drunkard," I said; "you'll quit it, and be sober—and be good—and get rich—and—." I don't know what more I would have wished him, if he had not stopped me.

"My boy, you don't know what you are saying. I've tried to be good, and I've tried to be sober. And *I am* good, and *I am* sober at the time I set down my foot and make that firm resolve. But being good means *keep-*

*ing* good, and being sober means *keeping* sober—and that includes times of despondency and darkness as well as times of resolute strength; and it is always at these low-spirited times I fall. My chain always breaks at that *weakest link!* There's something more wanted than *resolutions*; what that is, I don't know—maybe it's *religion.*"

Just then Montgomery came forward; and I could not help loving the lad when I looked at him. There was something so confiding, and yet so resolute in his look. I believe it had done the boy good, already, to have *one* object set before him as an effort of his life. And I said to myself, "If there's anybody, or anything, that can save that man, it's that boy!"

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## CIRCE.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

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In a beautiful island dwelt Circe the fair—  
 Child of the light!  
 Sea-blue in her eyes, and the sun on her hair,  
 Golden and bright,—  
 But the terror of those who adventured them there—  
 Enchantress and sprite!

For she had been told that from far-distant land  
 O'er the sea-foam,  
 A hero should cast his light prow on the strand  
 Of her sweet island-home;  
 And at sight of her beauty, and touch of her hand  
 Should nevermore roam!

And though they might come who were noble to see,  
 All smiling secure—  
 High over all suitors her hero should be,  
 (Thus the oracle sure.)  
 For naught of the brute in his nature had he—  
 Loving and pure.

And so with this augury always at hand,  
 Early and late,  
 She put them to test 'neath her magical wand  
 And her goblet of fate;  
 And swine if they were, they were swine at command,  
 And grunted and ate!

And why should we blame, in her isle 'mid the brine  
 The Enchantress alone?  
 If they had been *men* they had never been swine,  
 Circe or none!  
 Oh, braggart beware, lest the doom should be thine  
 Ere rising of sun!

For a man to the core is a man that will stand  
 To be tested and tried,  
 And the bootless enchantments and magical wand  
 Are all laid aside,—  
 The true-hearted comes, and she gives him her hand—  
 Hero and bride!

THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DIAMOND.

A perfect diamond is an empress among gems, ranking first in hardness, brilliancy, and delicate outline. Rubies, emeralds and sapphires bow before this regal stone. No wonder that in all ages, and among all peoples, diamonds have brought extravagant prices. Man lives in a world of change and decay, and the best of his possessions pass away in time. Naturally he prizes, above all else, the jewel which from one generation to another is always the same, which is a safer depository of his wealth than the Bank of England, and which is, according to the poet,

“A thing of beauty, and a joy forever.”

Diamonds are found in various parts of the globe, but more especially in India, Brazil, and South Africa; but the Indian diggings are exhausted, and the wonderfully rich mine of Golconda is abandoned.

From the time the dazzling Kohinoor came to light, the mines in Hindustan steadily decreased in productiveness, and diamonds were becoming scarce, when they turned up in Brazil. Here at first the inhabitants were ignorant of their value, and stray stones that came into their possession were used as pawns in their game of counters. But a keen-eyed Jew who arrived in Bahia, knew them at a glance, and bought up all he could find for a few dollars. With them, his fortune, he left the homes of the deluded Brazilians and sailed for Lisbon, where he sold out to the merchants. Strange to say, this invoice of the precious merchandise disconcerted them very much; they were in fact running a “corner” on diamonds, and, well aware of the failing supply from the Indies, could afford a splendid price for all that came. Their scheme was well laid, but this news from Brazil bothered them exceedingly;

still they had hope to the last, and went to work with a will to gain their ends. The lucky Jew who had so lately grown rich was taken into their service, and despatched on a business tour, while one of the monopolists went to Brazil to note the state of affairs. He found everything as it should be, and sold a quantity of East Indian gems to people blindly ignorant of their own hidden wealth. But luck turned; the Lisbon speculator unfortunately took a tour in search of the Brazilian treasures, selfishly supposing he might profit much by so doing. On his road he found many slaves with pretty little diamonds, which they, from an instinct of what is beautiful, had gathered up; these the Signor could not leave, and at last his continued purchases aroused the suspicions of the inhabitants. They took alarm, and, from putting their heads together, made up their minds these crystal baubles were diamonds—real diamonds; and although the Signor from Europe swore they were not, his own actions, while among them, assured them they were right. They all became prospectors, and to the horror of the Lisbon gentleman found a rich mine with the help of their slaves. Diamonds big and little turned out, and the same ship which bore the unlucky merchant to Portugal, also took the happy colonists' bags of gems. But the monopolists were not yet beaten, and, taking a bold stand, declared the Brazilian stones were worthless pieces of quartz, proved it out scientifically, would not buy any of them, snubbed their owners, and defied the world. The world is easily taken in, and none would buy the diamonds the merchants refused. Happily, a stroke of Yankee shrewdness crossed the muddled Brazilian brains. People won't buy our diamonds because they don't come from India—very good; we'll just take them to Golconda, do a little private picking and shovelling, and ship them here, fresh

christened and labelled. The thing was done, and the first diamond "corner" ended in ruin. Brazil proved so prolific that the first year her mines were worked prices fell one half; the heavy dealers in Indian stones became bankrupt, and the world again purchased cheap jewellery. There the mines are worked by slaves; they dig out the gravel in the dry season, and during the rainy months wash and search it. This business is conducted in a long shed; each slave takes a quantity of the soil, washes the pebbles clean, and sorts them one by one; if he finds a diamond he claps his hands, upon which the overseer receives it, and places it in a glass vessel of water suspended in the building. At the close of each day's work the slaves are searched, and if valuable diamonds are hidden upon them, are summarily put to death. This apparent cruelty works wonders, and the proprietors lose neither their human chattels nor the diamonds. Although the mines are rich, they yield generally small stones from half a carat to five in weight. An eighteen carat find entitles its discoverer to his freedom.\* The largest stone ever taken out there was the Queen of the South, weighing 250 carats. It was a very brilliant diamond, and at present is second only to the Kohinoor in value and beauty.

The diamond is always found in alluvial deposits of gravel, clay and sand. A great mystery hangs over its formation. Men of science have put forth the most contrary opinions upon the subject. One school holds the germs were crystallized when the rock was fluid, and then by volcanic and other disturbances were torn from their matrices and carried by various forces to their resting places. Another school maintains that they were formed by the action of water, and in time arrived at their present condition. While on the Fields I was much interested in the subject, and carefully examined the cradles of the few stones that came out connected with rock, or the spots from which they were taken, and in every case the diamonds had been within veins of decomposed trap rock, which traverse every section of the mines.

Diamonds are found, people say, in all sorts of stuff, at the surface, and down on the bed rock; but as very few stones can be traced to their original resting-place, we have to guess the particular spot whence they came. In several instances I have found them in an intruding vein of igneous rock, evidently having been forced up from below with the stream of melted matter. So with many others, I think they first are in their natural state of carbonic acid gas, far below in the fiery regions of the earth; an eruption of the melted rock takes place, and contains bubbles of the carbonic acid gas; which in their progress through the superincumbent strata become crystallized. Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontein, and the New Rush appear to be immense volcanic craters filled in with slates and shale. Mr. Dunn, an Australian geologist, paid a visit to the Diamond Fields, and thus describes Du Toit's Pan: "The 'Pan' is formed entirely in shale, and may readily be accounted for by the presence of the horse-shoe shaped dyke surrounding it. The shale where close to the dyke is undisturbed, but on the South side of Bultfontein it is contorted, broken, and mixed with decomposed, intrusive rock. The shales are usually of a fine arenaceous nature, bluish grey, black or yellowish in color. In sinking the wells around the 'Pan,' there were under the grey shale of the surface, from ten to twenty feet of fissile sandy shales, stained yellow and red by iron oxide. Underneath this in most wells there was a stratum of black sandy, carbonaceous shales, generally having a strong bituminous odor, the joint covered with black varnish (bitumen). In No. 1 well a seam a quarter of an inch thick of veritable coal was found." He is evidently much puzzled how to account for the diamonds being present here, as he favors the idea that they have been transported by the rivers from distant mountains; and until these inland discoveries were made I believe but few were found away from the beds of streams and watercourses. Now Du Toit's Pan is twenty-four miles from the River Diggings. In this dilemma Mr. Dunn gives it as his opinion that the diamonds were blown there by strong North-West winds! For-

\* Slavery is virtually abolished in the Empire of Brazil by a late decree of the Government.

tunately for him, these winds do blow strongly, and also come from the Vaal River mines; but it is the height of absurdity to suppose the gems, large and small, would all be transported just so far. It is evident the little ones have a better chance of floating than the big; still they all bring up very kindly in four distinct spots, each of circular shape and circumscribed dimensions. The theory of their being washed from the mountains is no doubt a correct one as regards the river mines; but for inland deposits of such magnitude as those of Du Toit's Pan and the New Rush we can only arrive at the conclusion that they are the original receptacles of the gems, and that before they came there their existence was as gaseous bodies. Carbon is a wonderful substance. Pure it is the diamond. In the form of graphite it makes our lead pencils, and the third, or uncrystallized, form is that of coal, charcoal, and soot. Pure carbon, or the diamond, is the hardest of all known bodies. It also has the greatest refractive power of any substance except chromate of lead. Its brilliancy and fire when cut are wholly attributable to its power of dispersing light. But for this property, any piece of clear glass would equal it in beauty; indeed, of late years, a peculiar kind of glass called "strasse" has been thrown into the "brilliant" shape. It is showy, but resembles the true article about as much as brass does gold. The process of diamond cutting is carried on principally in Amsterdam, Paris, and London. In old times the only method was to rub two stones together, until they had formed faces on each other, but of late it is done by machinery. The diamond is cemented firmly to the end of a stick; the cutter then presses it against a small steel disc which revolves with great rapidity; emery and diamond powder mixed with oil are applied to this—and the work commences. In this manner facets the sixty-fourth part of an inch square are regularly and delicately cut with as much ease as those of giant stones. All depends on the cutter, whose judgment determines the line of cleavage, or where the stone will split or crack, whether it will cut into a "brilliant" or "rose," and the propor-

tionate size of cullet, table, and faces. The most serviceable use of the diamond is in cutting glass. For this purpose a natural corner or edge of the crystal is selected. One glazier's point will last a man his lifetime, and diamond drills have been employed constantly for years, and shown no perceptible diminution in size. But, strange to say, what resists all the effects of time and friction, succumbs to heat. A diamond can be burnt! "It may be heated intensely in an atmosphere of any gas except oxygen, but if it be suspended in a cage of platinum wire, and heated to a bright redness, and then plunged into a jar of that gas, it burns with a steady red light, producing carbonic acid gas. It was reserved for Sir Humphrey Davy to show that this gas was the sole product of the combustion of the diamond, though the fact that it was combustible was known in 1694 to the philosophers at Florence. The combustion, however, is not complete, as there always remains an ash, which is generally in the form of a cellular net-work—the skeleton as it were of the gem, and which consists of silica and the oxide of iron. With this exception the diamond is pure carbon. When submitted to the most intense of heats, that of the voltaic arch, the diamond loses its transparency, begins to swell, and is converted into a black mass resembling coke—the amorphous form of carbon. In this state it is a good conductor of electricity, a property it does not possess in its transparent condition."\* I once had the pleasure of closely examining a 150 carat stone.† It lay in my hand a great lump of crystallized light. Like a huge burning eye it glittered and sparkled, however I held it, and when the sun came from under a cloud, it was impossible to keep my gaze fixed upon it. A creature of mineral life—the ideal of perfection—no wonder the Hindoos use them as eyes for their idols, or that modern men like the Duke of Brunswick have been so fascinated by these gems, as to devote lifetimes and fortunes to their collection. They are indeed the most valuable and most lasting of man's treasures.

\* Cassel's Chemistry.

† Worth \$45,000.

## THE HISTORY IN CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

BY JOHN READE.

The names of a country are, to a certain extent, indicative of the character and career of its inhabitants. The "Giant's Causeway," the "Fairy Bridges," the "Holy Wells" and frequent "Kils" or churches in the names of Irish towns, give us at once some insight into the genius of the people, just as Athens tells us of the worship of Minerva (Athene) in ancient Greece, the "Devil's Bridge" of Alpine modes of thought, France and Freiburg of freedom longed-for or freedom won. Peloponnesus (Island of Pelops) tells us of a dynastic change, as England bears in itself the story of the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Britain, as Dumbarton and Dunkeld point to opposing tribes of ancient settlers, and Wales and Cornwall carry us back to times when even the Britons themselves were but strangers. Albion or Albyn (alb, alp—white) informs us that the chalky cliffs which attracted the attention of Phœnician voyagers have little changed in appearance with the roll of centuries. Autun (Augusto-dunum) is a verbal trophy of Roman conquest in Gaul, and Orleans embalms the memory of "good Aurelian." Naples (Neopolis—the new city) recalls the inauguration of a new era in Magna Græcia. Venice can trace its descent from the barbarous Heneti or Veneti; Carthage reminds us of Punic settlement, and Gibraltar (the rock of Tarifa) of the rise of Moorish power in the Iberian Peninsula. Kirkcudbright tells of the veneration of St. Cuthbert in the South of Scotland, and of the erection of a church in his honor; Gothland in the Baltic preserves the generic name of the ancestors of the Teutonic races; Tyrconnell recalls the ancient glories of the wide-ranging clan O'Connell in Ulster (Ulla's land); Babelmandeb (Gate of Weeping) lets us know that the entrance to the Red Sea was once a scene of frequent shipwreck;

Leicester (anciently Lyrcester—the camp or fortress of Lear) half hides and half reveals the name of one of Shakespeare's most interesting characters; and Brittany recounts a tale of invasion and massacre and refuge found beyond the sea.

Some of these and other such names were, no doubt, deliberately given to mark events or circumstances, or to ensure possession. Among the Hebrews and other ancient nations the giving of names to places was a solemn act, always undertaken with thoughtful reverence, and the name was not only significant, but also in many cases supposed to possess a certain fatal power—to carry its destiny in itself. Jehovah-Jireh, Beersheba, Gilgal and many others will occur to the reader of Holy Scripture. Names, too, were frequently changed when the original designation, even if accurate, was considered of ill omen. The Romans changed *Maleventum* into *Beneventum*. The Greeks, fearing to sail on a sea which bore the name of "Inhospitable" (*axeinos*), called it the Euxine—"hospitable." For a similar reason, in modern times the Capo Tormentoso, or "Cape of Storms," has been rechristened the "Cape of Good Hope."

Sometimes, again, names were given to places, especially on the American continent, from real or supposed resemblances in scenery or circumstances to places in the Old World, as Venezuela (little Venice) was so called from a village built on piles in Lake Maracaybo, recalling in the minds of its discoverers the similar structure of the former mistress of the sea; and Rhode Island, so named from its bearing some likeness in outline to the Ægean island of Rhodes. The latter name was afterwards applied to the whole of the little State.

Colonists have, moreover, in all times been accustomed to call their new homes after the scenes where their early years

were spent. Of this mode of nomenclature we have numerous instances in the settlements made by the Greeks and Romans, as well as in the colonies of England and other modern European nations. The name, in such cases, was a tender bond of union with the mother country, besides possessing a considerable historical value.

In many cases a place took the name of its discoverer, as Hudson's Bay, Vancouver's Island; in others, it was called after some event or personage of which the day and month of its discovery bore record; as the St. Lawrence, first seen on the 9th of August; the St. John's river, New Brunswick, discovered on the 24th of June; or it was named from the weather, or some other transitory circumstance impressing the discoverers on first seeing it, as Cape of Storms, Baie des Chaleurs; or from some sovereign or other great personage directing the party of exploration; or in honor of some person of distinction wholly unconnected with it—as Virginia, Baltimore, Queen Charlotte's Island, Rupert's Land. The natural configuration or the first object which attracted observation, or some commodity evidently abundant, or some obviously marked characteristic, were also frequently productive of names, as Bay Ronde, Cape Cod, Mosquito Bar, Mariposa (California "Butterfly"), Pearl Island, Serpent's Mouth, Tierra del Feugo (land of fire—volcanic), Blue Mountains, Isle of Desolation, Isle of Bacchus (the Isle of Orleans, first so called from its vine productiveness), Puntas Arenas (Sandy Point), Florida, &c. Biblical, classical or fancy names have also been frequently employed, as Salem, Goshen, Utica, Syracuse, Amaranth, Avalon.

In none of these cases is there wanting an interest, if not a benefit, in arriving at a knowledge of the circumstances which caused or the motives which led to the adoption of a name. We need make no apology, therefore, for spending a while in seeking the origin of some of our Canadian geographical or topographical names, especially those which contain the records of our early history.

The names of places in Canada may be generally divided into three classes, marking three stages in the history of the coun-

try—the aboriginal, the French and the British. In treating of the subject, however, it will not be necessary to adhere rigidly to this division, nor, indeed, would such a mode of treatment be historically correct, as French names have been given under British rule, and Indian names under the *régime* of both France and England.

Canada, for instance, was not used in its present signification till the year 1867; neither was Ontario nor Manitoba. If Canada be an aboriginal word and mean, as some would have us believe, "a collection of huts"—perhaps the descriptive name of Stadacona or old Hochelaga,—it leads us back to the very beginning of our history, to the earliest attempts at European colonization in this part of the continent. There surely must have been some good reason for preferring Quebec to such a grandly musical name as Stadacona. It is a pity that neither the latter nor Hochelaga was brought into honorable service when a new designation was required for the old Province of Lower Canada. "Kepec" or "Quebec" is said to mean a "strait" in the Algonquin dialect, and it may be that Cartier chose to retain it as indicating the narrowing of the river opposite Stadacona. It was between the Island of Orleans and the Beauport shore that the great navigator had his first interview with the Chief Donnacona, who came with twelve canoes of eight men each to wish him welcome. The village of Stadacona covered the site of the suburbs of St. Roch's and in part of St. John's, and, perhaps, as the forts which formed the nucleus of Quebec were some distance from it, the latter name came to be adopted by the French settlers; and when the city was formally founded in 1608, although Stadacona had then disappeared, the rival name was so identified with the new-comers that it easily prevailed. However that be, it is certain that the name of Quebec has won its share of renown. In the minds of strangers it is the typical city of Canada.

We still preserve the name of the Iroquois and the nations of which they were composed—the Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Onondagas, Senecas and Cayugas; also, of the Ottawas, Chippewas and Missassaugas, the Eries and the Hurons, the Mingans,

Nipissings and other tribes. In Manitoulin we have enshrined the memory of their primitive faith in the Great Spirit. In Gaspé (Land's End), Mackinaw (Great Turtle), Ontario (Beautiful), Saskatchewan (Swift Current), and many other names of rivers, lakes and localities are condensed their exact or figurative descriptions of external nature. With the exception, however, of the names of Brant (Tyendinaga), Tecumseth and Pontiac which are preserved, the Indian names of places possess little known historical importance. To the philologist they present a large and interesting field for research and comparison.

The Indian name, "Baccalaos" (codfish) would seem to have been given to a part, if not the whole, of the Island of Newfoundland at the date of its discovery by John Cabot. In a corrupted form it is still given to a small island (Bacalieu) off the extremity of the peninsula between Conception and Trinity Bays. The navigator above mentioned called the Island of Newfoundland "Prima Vista," as being the land first seen by him. For the same reason it was called Newfoundland, and it was also named St. John's, from having been discovered on the 24th of June, the festival of John the Baptist. In a manuscript of the time of Henry VII., in the British Museum, it is mentioned as the "New Isle." There are traditions of settlements made by Icelanders or Norwegians in the 10th and following centuries, and by them it is said to have been designated "Helluland."

Conception Bay received its present name from Gaspar Cortereal. Besides the Cabots—John and Sebastian—the Cortereals and Verazzani, Jacques Cartier, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Martin Frobisher and Sir Francis Drake took a greater or less interest in its early colonization. Cartier's presence is still recorded in the name "Bonavista" (fine view), which his delight with the scenery induced him to give to the portion of the island which bears that name. Sir Walter Raleigh also had a share in the scheme of settlement, the management of which was undertaken by his step-brother, Gilbert. He was obliged, through illness, to return, after the little

squadron had set sail, and Gilbert was drowned off the Azores on the homeward voyage. The city of St. John's records the eventful day when the coast of Newfoundland was first seen by John Cabot.

The name of the first French viceroy of Canada survives in a little village or parish in the County of Chicoutimi. The Sieur de Roberval received his commission as early as the year 1540. It was at St. John's, Newfoundland, that he and Cartier met, while the latter was returning to France. In 1549 he and his brother and their whole fleet were lost on their way to Canada.

If there were any danger of Canadians forgetting Champlain, they would still be reminded of him in the county and lake which bears his name. The River Richelieu, which carries the superfluous waters of Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, was known to him as the river of the Iroquois. In the contests between the French and the savages the country watered by this river was long the chosen rendezvous of both combatants. M. de Montmagny, who succeeded Champlain, after a brief interval, called it the Richelieu, after the distinguished ecclesiastic and statesman of that name. It subsequently received the names of Sorel and Chambly, from two officers of the Carignan Regiment, but these names were afterwards given to forts, and that of Richelieu restored. The forts in question were respectively Fort Richelieu and Fort St. Louis, now Sorel and Chambly. The Chevalier Montmagny was (as far as the Indians are concerned) the eponymous governor of Canada, for it was by an Indian translation of his name, "Onontio" or "Great Mountain," that all his successors were designated by the native tribes.

Iberville, a county in the Province of Quebec, recalls the name of a distinguished Montrealer, Pierre Le Moyne D'Iberville, a famous naval officer in the reign of Louis XIV. He laid the foundation of a colony in Louisiana, and his brother founded the city of New Orleans. The county and town of Joliette preserve the name of another distinguished Canadian, a Quebecquois, Louis Joliette, who was chosen by Frontenac to accompany Father Marquette in his exploration of the Mississippi. As a reward for his services, he

received a grant of the Island of Anticosti, a metathesis for the Indian *Naticoti*, and was made hydrographer to the king. The Duc de Montmorency has left his name in a county and in the beautiful and celebrated river and falls near Quebec. He was the friend of Champlain; for opposition to the government of Richelieu he was executed in 1632, at the age of thirty-seven. Frontenac, Vaudreuil and Beauharnois, three of the most able and energetic of the French Governors of Canada, are also honored in the names of Canadian counties, as are also Bishop Laval, Generals Montcalm and De Levis, Cardinal Richelieu, Charlevoix and other celebrities of the old *regime*.

In Carleton County and Carleton Place we celebrate Sir Guy Carleton, as in Dorchester we commemorate the titular reward of his well-used talents. In Cramahe, Northumberland Co., we honor his sometime successor, and General Haldimand, Governor Hamilton, Governor Hope, General Prescott, Sir G. Drummond, Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir James Kempt, Lords Aylmer, Gosford, Durham and Sydenham are all, more or less, localized in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The glories of the heroic Brock are suggested by Brockville. We have the history of Parliamentary representation in Upper Canada in the name of Lake Simcoe, for the first Parliament of that Province was opened at Newark, or Niagara, by Lieut.-Governor John G. Simcoe on the 17th of September, 1792; in the counties of Elgin and Bruce and the village of Kincardine; in the latter we record the important administration of Lord Elgin, forgetting, it is to be hoped, its bitter associations. Sir Charles Bagot has a county named after him, Sir Edmund Head a township, and Sir Francis Bond Head a village.

Halifax was so named in honor of Lord Halifax, who, at the time of its settlement by Lord Cornwallis in 1749, was President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. Annapolis (formerly Port Royal) was so called by General Nicholson, who took it from the French in the reign of Queen Anne. Cape Breton tells us that its early settlers were chiefly from Brittany. Louis-

bourg was called after the French King, Louis XIV., in whose reign it was founded. Prince Edward's Island was named after the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, its former name having been St. John's. A less successful change was that of Sorel into William Henry, after the sailor prince William IV. The origin of Nova Scotia is manifest. New Brunswick was so called in compliment to the new line inaugurated by George I.

The name of the first Governor of New Brunswick is preserved in Carleton, County of Kent, and Saumarez, Blissville and Blissfield, Harvey, Manners, and Sutton, recall other gubernatorial names.

Indian names, of a language different from any found in Ontario or Quebec, perhaps, *Micmac*, abound in the Maritime Provinces. Restigouche, which forms, in part, the boundary between New Brunswick and Quebec, is said to mean "finger and thumb," a name given from the supposed resemblance of the river and its tributaries to an open hand. In the beginning of its course (for 150 miles or so) the St. John's is called the Wallooshtook, or "Long River." The Bay of Fundy is a corruption of the French "Fond de la Baie," which is found on old maps. The old name of Liverpool, N. S., was *Rossignol*; it was so called after a French adventurer of that name, and has no association, as one might suppose, with nightingales.

In Middlesex County, Ontario, we discover an obvious scheme of adopting a consistent English nomenclature. We have London, Westminster, St. Pauls, the Thames; but such a plan can hardly ever succeed. New settlers bring with them new associations, and the old charm is broken.

In the County of Hastings, Ontario, we have a repertory of history, literature, science and tradition, in Tudor, Elzevir, Wollaston, Herschel, Faraday and Madoc, while Limerick, Carlow, Mayo, Dunganon and Cashel have the full flavor of the "Emerald Isle." Ameliasburg, Sophiasburg and Marysburg, all in the County of Prince Edward, seem like a family group. Orangeville, Luther and Melancthon indicate the political or religious bias of the sponsors. Lutterworth recalls Wickliffe.

Blenheim, Trafalgar, St. Vincent, Waterloo and Sebastopol in Ontario, and Tewkesbury, Inkerman and Alma in Quebec, remind us of famous victories. There is a solemn march of heroes and poets, philanthropists and statesmen, discoverers and martyrs in Milton, Keppel, Collingwood, Wellington, Nelson, Albemarle, Hampden, Raleigh, Palmerston, Pitt, Raglan, Russell, Harvey, Franklin, Wilberforce, Stephenson, Macaulay and Burleigh, all Upper Canada names, and in Chatham, Arundel, Newton, Havelock, Canrobert, and others in Quebec.

London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, New Edinburgh, New Glasgow, Dundee, Dumfries, Derry, Enniskillen, Southampton, Scarborough, and innumerable other trans-atlantic names found throughout the Dominion, are convincing proofs either of patriotic affection or want of originality. We sometimes see this latter quality running wild in such extravagances as Flos, Vespra, Artemisia, Euphrasia, Eutopia, Aurora, Asphodel.

Occasionally a name, such as "Indian," as applied to the American aborigines, or Lachine (China), gives a key to the motives of early exploring enterprise. Such names as Isle Verte, Isle-aux-Gones, Isle-aux-Noix, Pointe-aux-Trembles, are valuable as giving an opportunity of comparing the present condition of the places to which they refer to what it was in the past.

In the names of streets, halls, institutes, and associations, there is ample scope for historical enquiry. A good deal might be made of the street names of Montreal alone, quite enough to make a separate paper. The same may be said of Quebec, Toronto, Halifax and the other ancient cities of the Dominion. Into this part of the subject, however, we cannot enter now. It may

suffice if we have indicated the way to what is likely to prove an interesting and valuable field of historical research.

Probably but for the practice, early begun and still, to some extent, continued in Lower Canada, of giving Saints' names to places, we should have preserved in our local names much more of the history of the country. The Province of Quebec is a perfect hagiology. The calendar and *Acta Sanctorum* seem to have been ransacked by our devout predecessors, and not even the most obscure result of canonization has escaped this forced service. The origin of this custom is found in the formation of parishes by the Church first established here, the authorities of which, very naturally, put them under the protection of their saints, martyrs and confessors. But even these names, apart from the opportunity which they afford for the study of early and mediæval ecclesiastical biography, have also an historical value, for they tell us of the character and aims of those who had most to do with the early settlement of this Province.

We must now bring this little sketch to a close. Its chief object has been to show to what extent the teaching or study of history and geography may be combined in a very simple manner. This method of instruction is not unknown in schools where ancient history and ancient geography are taught. It might be made equally interesting with regard to the modern and especially in colonies like our own, where the names can be generally traced to their origin. A single name, such as Judea, Athens, Cornwall, Montreal, Florida, might thus be made the theme for an instructive lecture, which would also be valuable in more ways than that of merely conveying information, by training the mind in analytic and inductive thought.

## HESTER'S ORDEAL.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL.

The darkness of the February evening was gathering and falling fast over the lonely road. A sharp, keen wind, carrying with it small biting particles of frozen snow, drove in my face, forcing me occasionally to close my eyes and let my horse take his own way; the animal was as tired of the journey as myself, for the track was heavy, being only a cross-road and much drifted. It was dreary too, for signs of life were few and far between; there was seldom any habitation to be seen except when I crossed the main road, only to plunge again into the solitude of the next mile. Under these circumstances, it was no wonder that I grew heartily weary; and when, still ten miles from destination, I saw the light sharp snow suddenly change to a blinding fall of soft white flakes, shutting out the landscape and threatening to obliterate the track, I was glad of the excuse for proceeding no farther. Fortunately at the next turn of the road there was a comfortable public house, and, unable to resist the temptation afforded by its smoking chimneys and lighted panes, I put up there for the night.

I said a public house, but let it not be thought I mean a tavern. The house was one of those of which it is sincerely to be wished that there were more, where shelter, warmth and rest can be obtained without the poison that too often accompanies them. The mistress of the house, as I learned afterwards, gloried in the strictly "temperance principles" on which her house had always been conducted, and would as soon have dispensed laudanum or henbane to her guests as whiskey or gin.

Basking in the warmth of the fire in the public room I soon forgot the tribulations of the road. The place was indeed a paradise to the weary traveller; the room was large, brightly lighted by a swing lamp, and by the huge fire blazing on the hearth,

where were piled logs of such a size that the wonder was how they got there. The leaping, crackling flames were reflected in the looking-glass upon the wall, in the glittering glass and earthenware arranged in the space that might have been (but was not) the bar, and in the scarlet blossoms of the geraniums in the windows. Two open doors led, one into the keeping room, at present in obscurity, and the other into the kitchen, whence issued a savory and most appetizing odor. The guests were few, three men besides myself, the two elder of whom were engaged in a discussion of the relative merits of fall and spring grain, and the youngest whispering in the ear of Jessie Bourne, the landlady's daughter, as she sat at work with her needle under the lamp.

Mrs. Bourne was a widow, a comely, brisk and active little woman, with a bright eye, a quick hand, and a sharp tongue. Sharp, not acid; it might inflict a wound sometimes, but it was what people call a "clean cut," not a festering sore. She wanted her own way, and she generally had it, though she occasionally got it by making other people believe they had theirs. In this she differed slightly from some of her sex. With most of them the appearance of power is usually its greatest charm; they must have all the outward show and semblance, and the *thing* without the *name* possesses few attractions. With Mrs. Bourne it was different; only give her the substance, and the shadow might go anywhere. She managed her house, she managed her children, she managed her neighbors, and report said she had managed her husband as well. So skilfully had she managed the matter, however, that the worthy man had never entertained the slightest suspicion that he was managed at all. Whether Mrs. Bourne had ever heard of such a person as Mr.

Alexander Pope may be doubtful; but she was an excellent example of the justice of his character of the discreet wife; she had "never shown she ruled," and her husband had departed in happy ignorance that he was a managed man to his peaceful grave.

All this, however, I learned afterwards. On this, the first night of my acquaintance with Mrs. Bourne, she was flitting backwards and forwards between the kitchen and the public room, divided as it were between the pleasure of exchanging news and repartees with her guests and the necessity of superintending the supper in course of preparation on the stove.

"Joe's late to-night," said one of the men, having apparently exhausted the subject of the weevil and the black fly.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Bourne. "When the roads is so bad, he's seldom up to his time. Seems to me I'd charge considerable for being postman in this kind o' weather." By which I learned that Mrs. Bourne's house of entertainment was also the post-office, and that those assembled there were waiting for the mail.

While Mrs. Bourne spoke the clash of bells outside announced Joe's arrival, and in another moment he entered, the leathern bag hanging from his arm. His appearance gave evidence that the night had not improved; the snow had drifted into every fold and wrinkle of his heavy overcoat, whose peaked cowl, though drawn far over his face, had not been protection sufficient to prevent the congelation of his breath on his beard and whiskers, and even his eyelashes were so frosted that he looked out through a white fringe.

"Tol-ble severe night, gentlemen," said he, stamping on the hearth.

We assented like men who thoroughly appreciated the comforts of their own position; and sunning myself in the smiles of the fire and looking on the wretched man doomed to go forth again into the pitiless night, I breathed an inward thanksgiving that I was not sufficiently honored to have the custody of Her Majesty's mails.

While Joe basked for a few happy moments in the glow of the hickory logs, and Mrs. Bourne unfastened the straps and searched the bag for those of its contents that might concern her, a pale, slen-

der girl came from the kitchen and stood looking quietly and yet eagerly on. She was scarcely pretty, and yet the pensive face, clear sweet eyes, and delicate mouth attracted me and bespoke my sympathy; and when she said, "Anything for me, Mrs. Bourne?" her voice was so soft that it completed the impression which her appearance had begun. She had a shawl round her and held a hood in her hand. "Surely she is never going out such a night as this," I thought; but even at the moment Mrs. Bourne gave her a letter, which she received with a smile that brightened her face almost into beauty, and turning to the door prepared to depart. "Wait, Miss Soames," said Joe, "I'll take you's fur's the corner." She paused, and as the bag was again shut, wrapped, and strapped, Joe shouldered it, and they went out together.

"Who is that interesting-looking girl?" I asked as the door closed on her.

"Are you a stranger here, sir?" asked Mrs. Bourne, answering my question with another.

"Quite so—I never was here before."

"I thought so, or you'd have known Hester Soames."

"Is she so well known, then? Pardon me, you have raised my curiosity, and I hope you will not refuse to gratify it."

"Oh, dear, no, sir; not if you like to hear the story. It made a deal of talk at the time."

I perceived I would not please Mrs. Bourne more than by asking her to tell it, and accordingly pressed the point. She promised to indulge me after supper, which was just ready; and the meal over, and its traces put away, Mrs. Bourne took her knitting and began,

"Can you guess where that letter came from, sir, that I gave her?"

"From a lover, I presume," said I, smiling.

"'Taint hard to guess that," said Mrs. Bourne, somewhat contemptuously; "but where do you suppose it was written from?"

Not caring to expose myself to Mrs. Bourne's sarcasm again, I hazarded no conjecture, and expressed my inability to form any idea on the subject.

"From the Penitentiary!" said Mrs. Bourne, triumphantly. "He's in the Penitentiary, and 'twas Hester Soames that sent him there!"

I professed as much astonishment as she evidently expected; and having now, as she thought, wound up my curiosity to the highest pitch, she in earnest began her tale.

"I must first tell you, sir, that Hester Soames and Tom Levin have been promised to each other for these five years. Hester aint quite so young as she looks—she's twenty-three past, and before she was nineteen she had engaged herself to Tom Levin. It wasn't quite the match her mother would have liked for her; Tom was thought something of a scamp, and so perhaps he was; but it's never well to be too hard on the young, and I always did say there wasn't much real harm in Tom Levin and in spite of all that's come and gone I say so still. But Mrs. Soames didn't like him; she would have broke off the match, only I believe she was afraid she'd break Hester's heart with it, she was that fond of him; besides Tom belonged to a family that's both rich and respectable, though he wasn't much of either himself; so she contented herself with saying they must wait till Tom was better off before they thought of marrying.

I think she was real foolish, and I told her so at the time. If she broke it off at once and told Hester to think no more about it, it might have done; Hester would have obeyed her, whatever she felt, for she's a good girl, and Tom might have taken up with some one else; but if she was afraid of his being unsteady or wild she took just the way to make him so. Tom had his farm of fifty acres, good land and in good condition; 'twas as much as his father could afford to give him at once, for though he's well off he's got other children to think of beside Tom; and it was quite enough for two young people to begin with that was content to live in a moderate way; dear knows there's some folks does with less. But Jennie Soames and me never hung on the same peg; she was as weak as water when there was any need of firmness, and could be as obstinate as you choose in the

wrong place." And here Mrs. Bourne, who evidently considered that when *she* was obstinate it was in the *right* place, gave her head a little self-satisfied toss as she paused to take breath.

"Well, sir, just what might have been expected happened. Tom found it dull living alone, and didn't stick to his work as well as he might a' done, and he didn't get on as he would if he'd had Hester to help him. He was always hanging after her, going where he had a chance to meet her; and, worse still, he got the habit of going out nights for company and talk. No one can deny that its lonesome to sit by yourself after your work is done, but no company is better than bad company, and bad company was what Tom got into. If he would have come here it would have been well enough; no one ever got anything to hurt them in my house, and while I live they never will. It's a house for travellers, not for loafers, and for that reason I suppose the loafers have always kept clear of it and hang round Story's (that the store, sir), where they find entertainment more to liking. Story's a young man, but he bore then, and he bears now, none of the best of characters. It's never been proved against him, but they do say he sells whiskey on the sly in the back shop.

"Among those Tom fell in with at Story's was a man called Nick Murphy. He's one of those that live you can't tell how—sometimes trading horses, sometimes working for a spell, but most of their time doing nothing, and always with money to spend,—and the two things don't look well together. He was a good-natured sort o' fellow, always with a funny story or a lively word, so that most people put up with him, though they knew he'd cheat them out o' their skin if he could. And that's the way in this world," said Mrs. Bourne reflectively: "Keep a smooth outside and you'll get on, no matter if you're as worthless as a rotten pumpkin under the shell; and you may be as full of goodness as a sound hickory-nut, and no one will thank you for it if you've got a rough skin.

"Well, I was very sorry to see Tom taking up with Nick Murphy. I spoke to Hester pretty plain,—Hester and me was

always good friends; we agreed better than her mother and me did; quiet as she looks there's a deal o' purpose in Hester—I didn't know how much till I saw her tried. 'Hester,' says I, 'it's a great pity you let Tom be so much with that Nick Murphy; he'd be a bad companion if it was only for his idleness, but there's worse than idleness behind. He's young now, but if he lives long enough he'll be *old Nick* by name and nature both, and if I was you I wouldn't like my husband that was to be to row much in the same boat with him.' 'I know that,' says she, 'and I've spoke to Tom about it, but Nick has a pleasant way, and Tom don't believe there's any harm in him, and what can I do?' 'Do?' says I, 'Why marry him and be done with it. If he had you, its very little he'd care about Nick Murphy; and if you mean to marry him at all I don't see what you're waiting for.' But she only shook her head and smiled a little sorrowfully. No doubt she'd have been glad to take my advice, but then you see her mother stood in the way.

"I daresay you know as well as I do, sir, about the custom of going round on New Year's Eve. It's always been much kept up among the young men here, and it's harmless enough as long as they don't annoy folks that don't want them from sickness or such like, and only go where there's a welcome for them. They always got that here, for we never thought of going to bed before the old year was out, and I always think it sounds kind o' friendly to hear the guns go off, and the cheerful shouts outside.

"Two years ago last New Year's, they determined to have a great time. Generally they're content to go round in their own clothes, three or four parties of all the young fellows in the neighborhood; but this time they gave out that they were going to disguise themselves and make a real show. Every one expected great fun, those that were to see as well as those that were to act, and of course Tom Levin was at the fore end of it all, as he always was when any amusement was going on. For a wonder Nick Murphy didn't take much part in it; he stayed a good deal to home (he was boarding with a man made on the

same pattern as himself), and he seemed to be in doubt as to whether he'd join the young chaps in their spree at all.

"Hester Soames was staying with me at the time; her mother had a sister sick up west, and was gone to nurse her, and me and Jessie there was glad enough to have Hester for Christmas company. Tom was always in and out on some fun or other, and it made the house quite gay—livelier than it has ever been since.

"Well, on New Year's Eve I was baking some cakes and other things for the supper, when I found I had no nutmegs, I think it was; I know it was spice of some kind. None of the boys was about, and Hester offered to run over to Story's and get some. That's the store you know; it's hardly farther than you can throw a stone, you could see it from that window if the night wasn't so thick. Jessie had a cold, and I didn't care to let her out, so I took Hester's offer, and she put on her hood and ran over. She was only gone but a little while, and she came back in a kind of a flutter. 'I couldn't get your spice, Mrs. Bourne,' says she; 'the store's locked up, and its coming on to snow, so I didn't go on to the house.' Story don't live at the shop, sir, but about a quarter of a mile further on. 'Well,' said I, 'you had no need to run yourself out of breath about it. I guess you got spice of another kind while you was out.' So she laughed, happy-like. 'They'll be here before twelve,' she says; 'I saw Tom down there, and he told me so.' 'What was Tom doing down there if the store's shut?' says I; 'why don't he come up here to supper like a Christian?' 'I don't know, I'm sure,' says Hester; 'he came out of the yard when I knocked at the door, and said he was fixing some part of his disguise, but of course he didn't tell me what it was.'

"I thought no more about the matter, but finished my baking, and got everything ready for some company we expected the next day. A little before twelve we heard the guns go off—the snow had fallen pretty thick, so we heard no steps beforehand—and one of the boys jumped up and opened the door.

"Well, they were a queer sight sure enough; there was eight or nine of them in

every strange dress you could think of—blankets, and clothes turned inside out, and feathers stuck about, and red flannel, and every one had a big false-face on, except one; and his face was painted in streaks of red and white that made him the awfulest looking sight, but the one I minded most was dressed like an old woman, in an old blue flannel'gown and moccasins, and an old ragged sunbonnet over the mask; of course no one could have a notion who they were, and they all spoke in disguised voices—even if the masks hadn't made the sounds as hollow as if they were talking in a barrel, but I somehow fancied the old woman was Tom Levin; and when he got Hester in a corner of the stoop, pretending to tell her fortune, I was sure, for she wouldn't have stayed contented in the snow so long with any one but him.

“We entertained them with cakes and cordial, though I'm afraid some of them were fortified against the cold with something else; and at last they went away, wishing us a happy new year, and a hundred of them. I was glad enough to get the door shut on the snow and drift, and when I took time to observe I saw that Hester looked very bright and held a little parcel in her hand. ‘I got a new year's gift before any of you,’ she says, holding it up. The boys had gone out with the shooters, and only Jessie and me was in the kitchen. ‘Well,’ says I. ‘what is it?’ ‘Tain't hard to guess where it come from, but show.’ ‘I've not looked at it;’ she says, ‘but we'll soon see.’ So she untied the string and opened the little parcel; there was two papers, and in the inside one was a lot of dollar bills.

(To be continued.)

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## LINES.

BY JOHN READE.

If ever, vexed, I feel a scorn  
 For anything in human guise,  
 I know that, ere the coming morn,  
 A tender dew is in my eyes,  
 And I would give my life away,  
 If but the thought had never been—  
 Yet oft my angry feelings play,  
 A part my soul's heart doth not mean.

With bitter shafts of words that fly  
 With poisoned point from wrathful tongue,  
 With hateful glance of scorning eye,  
 How know we what kind hearts we wrong!  
 May He who sinless died for sin,  
 Teach me my thoughts and lips to rule,  
 And be to all my human kin,  
 Patient and mild and merciful.

## AN INCIDENT AT BAZIELLE.

BY W. H. W.

"What is this, Doctor?"

"That, miss, is the head of one of the terrible Uhlan's lances. It was fixed to a long shaft which bore a fluttering banneret, and rested in the stirrup; and the way those fellows used to drive the cattle or a lot of captured Frenchmen before them was a caution."

It was a young surgeon showing to a group of his lady friends his collection of trophies and relics brought home from the terrible war of 1870-71. Among them were trinkets and albums rescued from the pillage of old French chateaux, one with some pretty verses addressed to a fair "Elise;" another was an artist's sketch book, with spirited water-color drawings of scenes in Russia. There was also some exquisite Sèvres china picked out of the *debris* of a chateau at Sedan. There were several spiked helmets, a flute taken from the hand of a little German lad, cold in death, broken armor, and other objects, each with its associations of pathetic interest, and the symbol of inconceivable suffering.

"This," said the surgeon, unsheathing a murderous-looking weapon, "is the French sword-bayonet; they did not often have the chance to use it, however, and this serviceable implement is a Prussian artillery sword; I intend to have it sharpened for a carving knife when I set up my domestic establishment."

"How horrible!" exclaimed a chorus of girls; "you shall never entertain us, then."

"This fine revolver belonged to a Turco officer. He was shot in mid-charge, and flung it over his head and far behind him. A wounded soldier picked it up and gave it me when he was leaving the hospital."

"What a splendid suit of armor!" ex-

claimed one of the ladies; "why it is burnished steel!"

"Yes, I fancy that is unique in this country. Its the cuirass and helmet of one of Bismarck's own regiment of cuirassiers, and not many of them were captured. See this dint on the breast where it turned aside a bullet. It was given me by a wounded cuirassier who died in the hospital at Orleans."

"What is this tiny thing?" enquired a little girl. "Why it seems to be a toy knapsack!"

"So it is, my dear, and see, it is also a *portemonnaie*. These are five and ten centime pieces, about fifteen cents in all. There is a sad story connected therewith."

"Oh tell us, please!" the little group exclaimed.

"It was a few days after the bombardment and burning of Bazielle," he began with a sigh, "that I went with a fellow surgeon to visit the ruins. I never saw anything so utterly desolate. The solid stone houses were knocked to pieces, the *debris* completely filled the street, and everything was blackened with fire. As we picked our way over the heaps of stone, we saw a haggard-looking French *bourgeois* digging amid the rubbish. We watched him a few minutes, when presently a child's hand appeared. We immediately began to help him, but on attempting to raise the body we found it was held by a woman's arm tightly clasped around it. It was the work of half an hour to free both the bodies, and though accustomed to dreadful sights, I never saw anything so terrible as what met our gaze. The mother of the child—for from the resemblance still visible in the features, such she evidently was—had been endeavoring to escape, but was overwhelmed by a falling house. Both the legs of the mother and

part of those of the child were burned off, and their bodies were dreadfully crushed. Maternal solicitude and tenderness were seen in the very attitude of the dead woman. The child, it was a relief to know, had died without pain. On her face was an innocent smile; in her hands she held her little *portemonnaie*; and in her apron, looped up over her little arm, a set of tiny toy dishes. See, here they are; as they fell to the ground I gathered them up and offered them to the man, who stood leaning on his mattock in speechless grief. He looked at them a moment, then, hopelessly waving his hand, bade me to keep them, and relapsed again into his poignant sorrow."

There were few dry eyes in the little group when the tragic tale was ended, and each one possessed a more intense conviction of the nameless horrors of war than she had ever had before.

### JACK IN THE PULPIT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Under the green trees  
Just over the way  
Jack in the pulpit  
Preaches to-day;  
Squirrel and song sparrow,  
High on their perch,  
Hear the sweet lily bells  
Ringing to church.

Come hear what his reverence  
Rises to say  
In his queer little pulpit  
This fine Sabbath day.  
Fair is the canopy  
Over him seen,  
Painted by nature's hand  
Black, brown and green:  
Green is his pulpit,  
Green are his hands;  
In his queer little pulpit  
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,  
So gorgeous to see,  
Comes with his bass voice  
The chorister bee;  
Green fingers playing  
Unseen on wind lyres,  
Bird voices singing,  
These are his choirs.  
The violets are deacons,  
I know by this sign,  
The cups that they carry  
Are purple with wine.  
The columbines bravely  
As sentinels stand  
On the lookout, with  
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek faced anemones.  
Drooping and sad,  
Great yellow violets,  
Smiling out glad,  
Buttercups' faces,  
Beaming and bright,

Clovers with bonnets,  
Some red, some white;  
Daisies, their fingers  
Half clasped in prayer,  
Dandelions, proud of  
The gold of their hair;  
Innocents, children,  
Guileless and frail,  
Their meek little faces  
Upturned and pale;  
Wild wood geraniums  
All in their best,  
Languidly leaning  
In purple gauze dressed;  
All are assembled  
This sweet Sabbath day  
To hear what the priest  
In his pulpit will say.

Lo, white Indian pipes  
On the green mosses lie;  
Who has been smoking  
Profanely, so nigh?  
Rebuked by the preacher,  
The mischief is stopped,  
But the sinners in haste  
Have their little pipes dropped.  
Let the wind with the fragrance  
Of fern and black birch  
Blow the smell of the smoking  
Clear out of the church.

So much for the preacher,  
The sermon comes next;  
Shall we tell how he preached it,  
And where was the text?  
Alas, like too many  
Grown up folks who worship  
In churches man-built, to-day,  
We heard not the preacher  
Expound or discuss;  
We looked at the people  
And they looked at us;  
We saw all their dresses,  
Their colors and shapes,  
The trim of their bonnets,  
The cut of their capes;  
We heard the wind organ,  
The bee and the bird,  
But of Jack in the Pulpit  
We heard not a word.

— Selected.

### A FAREWELL.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

Sweet friends, why do you grieve that I am dying?  
Such farewell should be made with smiles, not  
tears.

I go and bear no fears,  
Into the unknown world before me lying.

For death is but a bridge from earth to heaven,  
Linking two worlds, and heaven is most fair;  
And we shall gather there  
Glad harvest of repose after much sin forgiven.

Upon that bridge stand angels waiting for me,  
With looks of love and smiles of welcome sweet,  
To guide my trembling feet  
Into the presence of my Master's glory.

Oh! very radiantly the bright transition  
Prophetic breaks upon my wondering mind,  
Till all I leave behind  
Is shadowed by the splendor of the vision!

Farewell, O friends beloved! A glad to-morrow  
Treads close upon the footsteps of to-day;  
Soon ye shall pass away,  
Like me, into a world where friendship hath no sor-  
row.

— Sunday Magazine.

## Young Folks.



### HOMELESS YEDDY.

BY JEANNIE BELL.

Yeddy Browne was the only child of a poor workingman in a manufacturing town in England.

At the time my story opens, Yeddy was seven years old, very small for his age, with the pale thin face and delicate look common to children brought up in an unwholesome atmosphere and on poor diet.

Mrs. Browne was a well-doing, industrious woman, striving by keeping a tidy house and in every way she could to induce her foolish husband to give up his drinking habits; and when she saw her efforts fail, she could still pray for him, and still try to keep her boy from feeling the pangs of hunger. Mrs. Browne, when young, did not have such advantages in the way of getting a good education as most Canadian boys and girls can have.—yet she could read and write in a rough way. These accomplishments she taught her boy, and although Yeddy was very young, he could read all the easy verses in the New Testament. One lesson Mrs. Browne had learned, and this was to go to God with all her troubles. Some kind neighbor had induced her to go to church, and there she had heard of Jesus as the friend of sinners—heard of the cross of Christ, and that, through Jesus dying on that cross, she was welcome to come to Him and find rest for her soul.

Happy in the thought of one day exchanging her poor earthly home for the golden streets and shining rivers which beautify the "City of our God"—happy in the thought of rest and joy in the house of many mansions—Mrs. Browne desired above all things that Yeddy should love Jesus and have Him for his friend. All that she knew of the Bible she taught him,

and each evening they knelt together, while Mrs. Browne prayed for Yeddy and his father. It was well Mrs. Browne made good use of her time in teaching Yeddy, for it was not long until her voice was silent in death.

As time wore on, Browne's habits became more confirmed; and of late he had scarcely been sober for a day. Mrs. Browne had not been very able for work, and one by one their articles of furniture had to go, and poverty such as they had not known before stared them in the face. At the close of a warm day Mrs. Browne was returning from her day's work, pleased that she had what would get comforts for her boy; just as her foot was on the second stair leading to their room, she slipped some way, and, losing her balance, fell from top to bottom of the long stair. Yeddy, who was eagerly watching for his mother, heard the noise and was the first to reach the spot where his mother lay.

Their neighbors on the first floor also heard the noise, and, seeing what was the matter, carried the still insensible woman to her own room and laid her on the bed.

Rough enough on ordinary occasions the neighbors went about kindly and gently, doing all they could to bring Mrs. Browne to her senses. At last their efforts were rewarded, and Yeddy rejoiced to hear his mother's voice again. She was not suffering, she said,—only the feeling as if a heavy weight lay on her heart. One neighbor brought Mrs. Browne a cup of tea, while another ran for a doctor. After examination, the doctor said that Mrs. Browne's injuries were such that it was doubtful if she would recover. The poor woman heard and understood, but she did

not think the news unwelcome; but for Yeddy she would have no regrets, and even her darling she knew would be cared for.

Yeddy feared the worst, but like a thoughtful boy strove to hide his grief lest he should make his mother worse.

Before the father returned home, Mrs. Browne told her boy she would not get better, and bade him not to mourn for her, but to pay particular attention to what she would say to him. Bidding him open an old chest which stood in the corner of the room, she told him where to find a black morocco purse, and to bring it to her.

Opening it, she showed him half-a-sovereign in gold, and putting a letter into his hand bade him spell out the address! Yeddy did so correctly; when his mother told him, further, that this letter was for his uncle, who lived in London, and who was rich, having lately returned from Australia. Mrs. Browne had written this letter to her only brother in case she should die suddenly and Yeddy be left, commending her son to his care—for the sake of the mother who bore them both. Yeddy was to secrete the letter and money, and if his father should go on drinking after his wife's death, Yeddy was to start on foot for London, using the money to buy bread by the way. If, however, there was a chance of his father reforming, he was to stay with him and encourage him to do right. One other thing Mrs. Browne said, and it was her last words,—“Don't forget to go to your Heavenly Father, Yeddy, in all your difficulties. Remember not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, and the hairs of your head are all numbered, so you may be sure He will care for a motherless boy. Now, Yeddy, say ‘Our Father,’ for I am very weary. Yeddy repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then laying his cheek against his mother's, both fell fast asleep. Yeddy was awakened by his father lifting him over the bed; a light was burning in the room, and Yeddy saw that his father was sober, but his face was very pale. Yeddy's own face grew white as his father tried in vain to arouse Mrs. Browne,—it was no use, for the spirit was gone to God who gave it. Mr. Browne's grief was more of a stupid wonderment than a deep sorrow, for drink had so benumbed his faculties

that he could not feel anything deeply,—not so with Yeddy, who mourned most sincerely for his one earthly friend. He tried to comfort himself with the thought that his mother was happy in the Heavenly home, and that by and by he should go to her.

Yeddy was nine years old when his mother died, and he stayed two years after with his father. For a few weeks Mr. Browne would keep steady, then for as many more he would pursue the old course of drinking. During these drunken sprees Yeddy would have starved but for the kindness of their neighbors, who many a time shared with him their own poor dinner. Everybody in the neighborhood advised Yeddy to go into the workhouse, but he refused, saying, “I'll try father a little longer; may-be the good God will hear my prayers and make father a good man yet; if not, I will leave him and go to London.” Yeddy always believed in his father's promises of amendment, and what is more, the father himself believed when sober that he would never touch drink again. He was never harsh to his boy at any time, and when without drink, would delight to have Yeddy read to him from the Bible, and many a tear he would shed over his sins. Well, things went on thus for two years, when Mr. Browne was drinking for so long a time that Yeddy resolved to leave him. The boy thought God did not mean to answer his prayers now, and so he would fulfil his mother's request. The very day before the one he intended to start on his journey, word came to Yeddy that his father had fallen off a scaffolding and was seriously hurt. Yeddy could not think of leaving his father ill, even though it was but a chance if he saw him. One, two, and three days went by before Yeddy heard anything of his father. Then he was requested to go with the messenger who came from the hospital. Poor boy, he was so weak with fear and dread that his limbs would scarce carry him. Seeing this, his kind-hearted companion took a conveyance, and they were soon at the hospital gates. Not a word had Yeddy spoken the whole way, but he thought much. Would his father be alive? Would he have time to become a good man? Was this the way

his prayers for his father were to be answered? These and other thoughts coursed through the child's mind, but nothing gave him so much comfort as his mother's words, "God careth for the sparrows, much more for you." Silently Yeddy followed his guide through the great hall door, then up-stairs through one ward and another until they stopped at the bed on which the father lay. One glance at the pale face and bandaged head, and in a moment he was kneeling on the bed, kissing the rough white face, and weeping in his sad, quiet way. The father also wept as he looked on the face of his only child. Recovering himself at last, Mr. Browne told Yeddy he would not get better, and begged his forgiveness. "Yes, oh yes;" Yeddy had nothing to forgive, but had his father asked forgiveness of God?

"I have, my boy," replied Mr. Browne, "and I hope, for Jesus' sake, that He will pardon even such a wretch as I am."

Mr. Browne lingered on in great pain for a fortnight. Yeddy was allowed to remain in the hospital, his pale, thin face appealing more forcibly to doctor and nurses than any words would have done.

Yeddy made a good many acquaintances in the children's ward. It made his heart sad to look at these suffering little ones, some with broken limbs, some with diseased spines. Yeddy had nothing to give but kind words; these were given freely, and sometimes when his father was asleep, he would read to them some sweet Bible story. Practice was making Yeddy a good reader, and he so loved the good Book, that it was a delight for him to read it. We don't know how much good seed was sown in this way, but the children learned to love the stories he read to them, and we hope some would become lambs of the fold of the Gentle Shepherd."

After Mr. Browne's death, Yeddy was free to set out on his journey. He was grieved that his father had died just when he was turned so good, but he knew it was a great mercy that he was not killed when the worse of drink, but was given time to repent of his sins. Still, Yeddy was but a little fellow, and he wept sore as he looked for the last time at the graves of his father and mother. As a guide to their

graves, he got a man who could paint to put his father's and mother's names in large letters on a piece of board, and this he fastened securely into the soft earth.

His old neighbors thought him crazy to think of starting on foot for London—150 miles appearing to those who had never been out of their native town as if it were at the other side of the globe. However, one kind neighbor mended his clothes, giving him a few extra things in a bundle; another gave him sufficient money to pay his way by train for ten miles, also the address of a friend who lived near the place where Yeddy would leave the train. Yeddy was rather bewildered with this setting out; but his confidence in God's guidance was unshaken. A respectable-looking man to whom Yeddy confided his destination reminded him when it was time to get out. Out Yeddy got, and found himself at a pretty little country station. Enquiring of the station master for his neighbor's cousin, Yeddy was directed half a mile out of the village. Holding his little bundle firmly in his hand he walked quickly through the main street of the village. No one looked at him except two or three old women who peered at him through their spectacles. Yeddy was delighted—never had he seen anything so pretty as the neat whitewashed cottages, in many cases overgrown with ivy, and with flower gardens in front. It was Autumn, yet the apples were still on the trees, and the foliage was just beginning to show its bright colors.

Yeddy had often looked longingly at the pictures of country scenes in the print-seller's window; but even the pictures were not half so beautiful as the reality before him. After a good half mile's walk, Yeddy observed a small cottage a slight distance off the road. This he supposed would be the house he was seeking; so going up to the door he knocked timidly and asked of a girl if Mr. Watson lived here. Giving the girl the note his neighbor had written, Yeddy waited at the door. Soon the mother came, and kindly taking the boy by the hand, bade him welcome. A man and two big boys were at dinner, and the mother giving Yeddy a stool to seat upon, soon had him supping a bowl of delicious soup. After Yeddy had finished his dinner,

his new friends questioned him about his prospects, past, present and future. Their cousin told them Yeddy's word could be relied upon. When he told them of his intention to walk to London, the husband and wife exchanged glances of pity, for Yeddy's thin body did not look like walking far. The rest of the day Yeddy spent in the fields among sheep, cows and oxen. He amused and interested the country children with his exclamations of delight with everything he saw. When Yeddy was asleep, these poor but kind-hearted people consulted what they could do for him. The boys were for keeping him altogether, but the father and mother thought it best that he should proceed to London, for if he found his uncle he would likely be put to school. Next morning, busy as the man was with farm work, he took his only horse and drove Yeddy ten miles on his way, leaving him with a friend for the night. When parting with Mr. Watson, Yeddy brought tears to his eyes as he prayed God to bless him for his kindness to an orphan.

The friends Mr. Watson had brought Yeddy to were much poorer than himself, but they gave him the best they had and next day put him on the right road for London. Hitherto everything had gone smoothly with Yeddy, and he was beginning to think he was to have no troubles by the way; but now, when fairly alone and trudging on roads which a heavy rain had made soft and muddy, the brave heart began to fail a little; but Yeddy's faith was strong, and when he sat down to rest and eat his piece, he gave God thanks for His guidance so far on his journey. Feeling refreshed with his rest and prayer, Yeddy started at a quicker pace. How glad he was that he could read as he came to a mile-stone: 125 to London, on the last one, and now it is one less. Eight miles Yeddy had walked since morning,—not a great distance for a strong boy of eleven years, but for a thin, delicate little fellow like our traveller it was a good deal.

The sun was not quite down, but Yeddy was tired, so seeing a large mansion a little off the road-side, he went round to the back door and knocked. A tall, stout woman came to the door and in a loud, cross way

asked what was wanted. "If you please," answered, Yeddy, "I am tired, would you let me come in and rest?" "A pretty piece of impudence!" replied the woman. "Very likely some little thief; no, no, we've plenty of tramps like you," and saying this, she shut the door in his face. Poor-boy, this was different treatment from what he had experienced before, and feeling utterly weary and sad, Yeddy sat down on a large stone in front of the house and putting his face in his hand, cried bitterly. He had not sat long, when a little girl about his own age came out of the house and before Yeddy had time to look up, she put her hand on his head and tenderly asked what ailed him. Yeddy told his story, and the child without replying bade him wait where he was for a little. She soon returned and bidding him follow, she opened the front door and led him into her mother's sitting-room. After the lady had heard his history, she rang the bell for the cook and, telling her to take the boy and give him a good meal, as he was one of "God's little ones," she seated herself at her seam. Yeddy was rather afraid of the cook, but her mistress' words seemed to have pacified her, and she, very kindly, gave Yeddy water to wash his hands and face, and then gave him a good tea. Yeddy got quite into the cook's good graces when she saw him close his eyes as he thanked God for the food given to him, and he hadn't a better friend after she had seen his mother's letter and heard of her sad death.

Before Yeddy left in the morning the kind lady of the house gave him a warm flannel shirt which had belonged to a son of her own who had died. She also gave him a little money, and with the cook's blessing and paper of provisions, Yeddy hoped all would turn out as kind.

Again a weary march of nine miles by the stones, and Yeddy reached a village just as the sun was sinking in the West. Knowing not very well what to do, Yeddy asked a group of boys if they could tell him where he could get a night's lodging. The boy he asked was a very mischievous fellow, and he called out, "You're a big man to want lodgings. Boys," he cried, "here's a prince in disguise seeking lodging; may-be the lock-up will suit him,

Come, let us escort him to the policeman's house!" Accordingly Yeddy, weary as he was, had to run, the boys driving him along one or two streets till they were opposite the policeman's house. This worthy, thinking Yeddy a thief or something equally bad, sent the boys away, promising to see to the lad's case at once. After an examination before a justice of the peace, Yeddy was found guiltless of any wrong, and the policeman was ordered to see that the boy got a proper bed at the village inn. A poor place Yeddy found it, and so many noisy men sat drinking till morning that he got little sleep. Having paid his bed beforehand, Yeddy rose early and was glad when he left the village behind him. His old friend the mile-stone directed him which way to go, and he walked on till dinner-time, having had nothing to eat but a crust left from the cook's parcel and a drink of water from a brook by the roadside.

Shortly after noon he reached another village. Fearing the boys, Yeddy went into a corner shop where he saw some rolls of bread, and asked for one. Seeing a jug of milk on the counter, Yeddy asked if he could have a penny's worth. He was going to drink it up, but the mistress of the shop bade him sit on a bench near the door and sup his milk with his bread. Finishing his roll and milk, Yeddy paid for it, and thanking the woman, was soon in the country road. He pushed on as fast as he could; for the days were growing short now, and the roads were muddy. Darkness was fast settling down, and still no sign of a house or village saw Teddy. Faint with weariness, he knew not what to do, when he suddenly remembered God's care for the sparrows. Immediately folding his hands, he knelt down and asked God what course to pursue. When he rose he saw over in a field something that looked like a small house. Going to it, he found it a sheil for the protection of sheep. The floor was nice and dry, and it had a good roof; so Yeddy thought he might do worse than stay here all night. He felt rather timid being all alone, but he said "Our Father" and "Now I lay me down to sleep," and before he had finished was fast asleep.

Thoroughly exhausted, Teddy slept till it was quite light next morning, when, wondering where he was, and why he was so warm, he opened his eyes. Very much surprised, he saw the sheil full of sheep, two great fat ones lying one on each side of him. No doubt God had guided the sheep here, for the night was so cold and stormy that Teddy would have perished but for the warmth of the sheep lying so close to him. Yeddy tried to rise, but in a moment everything swam round him and he fell back into his place again. In a little while two men entered, and with an exclamation of surprise asked Yeddy how he came to be there. He tried to tell them, but speech and memory failed. He was just conscious enough to understand that the men were discussing what they should do with him. The younger man was for leaving the boy to his fate; the older one said no, they would nurse him up and he would be useful in herding the sheep. Yeddy was carried to their hut, laid upon a bundle of straw with a blanket over it, and then given some warm goat's milk to drink. Yeddy was so weary that he at once dropped off to sleep, and for days—how many he did not know—he lay tossing in a fever, only now and again awaking to consciousness.

One morning he awoke with a clear head and began to think of his present home. He lay quite still, feigning sleep, for the men were sitting over the fire discussing himself. The young man was again for turning him adrift,—“he was such a sickly child;” but the old man, who had taken a liking for Yeddy, said “a few weeks would make him strong, and then they should find a use for him.” The young man spoke again:

“See, I have his pocket-book with the half-sovereign in it,—little enough too for the trouble we have had with him. What this letter is about I don't know?”—and he eyed the rough black lines which he could not read. “I'll burn it,” he added, and suiting the action to the word he first dropped the envelope with the address of Yeddy's uncle into the glowing coal.

With a cry of fear Yeddy sprang from his bed and snatched the precious letter out of the young man's hand. Before he could ex-

plain the cause of this, Yeddy fell fainting on the floor. After he recovered he told the men about his uncle and his desire to go to him; but although the old man gave him the letter, he would not promise to let him go.

After this, Yeddy's recovery was rapid. The weather was too stormy for his setting out, but his heart was beginning to beat high with hope as he felt himself getting more able to walk. At last, one bright day at the close of November Yeddy was sent out to watch the sheep. While he watched, the brave little fellow made up his plans of escape. He noted the most direct way from the field to the road and concluded to wait a good opportunity. For nearly a week after this he tended the sheep carefully; but the next day, as his masters were to go to a town some distance off with sheep, he resolved to get away. Accordingly at nine o'clock in the morning, more than two hours after the men had started, Yeddy put on the flannel shirt given him by the lady, and without food or money, only committing himself to God's care, he set out once more for London. He was not in high spirits, for he knew it would be difficult to find his uncle without the proper address, but with confidence in his mother's God he was sure all would come right at last.

He had not walked a mile when the sound of wheels made his heart beat fast; he saw it was a carrier's cart nicely covered, and he mentally prayed that the man might ask him to ride. He did so—and when Yeddy said he wanted to go to the next town he wrapped him up in a warm horse-blanket, so that he scarce felt the piercing wind. Yeddy was won by the man's kindness to tell him his story, and the man believed it on account of the honest little face, and sweet voice which spoke so confidently of God's protecting care. Yeddy's new friend delivered him into the care of a benevolent lady, who was good to the boy, filling his pockets with cakes and cheese when he left the next morning.

It would take me too long to tell all Yeddy's adventures during the rest of his journey—of the times that he was almost frozen to death, and of his rescues, and the sometimes almost miraculous way in which

he was fed; still he journeyed on, trusting in God through all his difficulties. But mind and body were alike too weary for him to feel any joy when at last his feet stood on London Bridge. Yeddy remembered that his uncle's address was Trafalgar Square, but more he could not tell. He was used to a large town, but to nothing so large as this, with its miles and miles of streets, crowded with people, all too busy to notice the shivering little form that wandered about so aimlessly. Twice or thrice he had stopped a pleasant-faced woman and asked for Trafalgar Square, but none seemed to know it. The last woman he spoke to took a bun out of her basket and gave it to him. Towards evening, having come on an elderly woman who had a little stove on which she roasted potatoes, Yeddy drew near thinking to warm his numbed hands. Seeing how ill he looked, the woman gave him two large hot roasted potatoes. Never had any bite tasted half so sweet as these hot potatoes to the half-frozen boy, and he ate them greedily.

Still intent on finding his uncle, he asked the woman if she had ever heard of one the same name. She had not, but believing the boy's story for the same reason that the carrier did, she advised him to go into the next street and ask a policeman about the square he was in search of, and if the policeman could not help him, he would perhaps get him a bed for the night. The woman directed him into a square where the houses were all large and handsome, and, bidding him watch for "Bobby," ran back to her stove and potatoes. Yeddy could see no policeman, and faint with exhaustion sat down at the foot of a flight of steps leading to a large house. For some minutes it had been snowing fast, and now it began to come on thick and heavily. How many minutes went by Yeddy knew not; for in a half-dozing, benumbed state, he was conscious of saying his evening prayers, and then thinking that God still cared for the sparrows, and would care for him, he fell fast asleep. Ah, me! Yeddy's faith is put to a sore test, yet he trusts his Heavenly Father still. How many of those who read this story would have had the same faith? Faster and faster came down the thick, soft flakes

of snow, covering Yeddy with a mantle of the purest white. In a very little while he would have been with the angels, only the policeman at last coming along and seeing what looked like a small bundle on the steps touched it with his hand, and to his surprise felt the cold face of a child. Finding he could not arouse the boy, he was about to order his removal to the work-house or to an hospital near at hand, when a window was raised and a gentleman enquired what was the matter.

The policeman explained, when the gentleman ordered him to bring the child into the house. A footman opened the door, and Yeddy was carried into the warm hall, rubbed with flannel, and drops of some warm drink put into his mouth. At last Yeddy opened his eyes, but soon sank into slumber again. Feeling an interest in the boy brought so strangely to his door, the gentleman told the policeman he would keep the child all night, and when better find out his history. Yeddy was carried to the nursery, his thin, worn shoes tenderly taken off his feet, and after sponging his body with warm water, a clean night-dress was put on him and he was laid into a comfortable bed, where he slept the sleep of utter exhaustion until the sun was pretty high in the heavens. Many times that night did our kind gentleman go to the nursery to look at Yeddy. He could not account for the interest he felt in the child, nor for the thoughts of his only sister, whom he had not thought much of for some time previous.

When Yeddy awoke he found himself very weak, and he wondered if he was not in some grand dream, the room where he slept was so much finer than anything he had seen before. A young woman who had watched by Yeddy all night seeing him awake asked how he felt. "Better," he replied. Just then the master of the house entered. Approaching Yeddy, he took his hand and asked the boy's name. "Edward Mason Browne," said Yeddy. Trying to hide the start Yeddy's name gave him, he yet asked if he was able to give

him his history. Yeddy went over his mother's early days as far as she had given it to him; then of her poverty, and of her sudden death. He passed as lightly as he could over his father's failings, but he described in joyful words his happy death, and the sure hope he had of meeting his dear mother and father in heaven. The rest of his history the gentleman said he would hear again.

Yeddy now produced from the pocket of his old jacket the letter his mother wrote to his uncle. It was a good deal worn, but was sufficiently legible for Mr. Mason to recognize the handwriting of his sister. No further proof was needed of Yeddy's relationship to the owner of this grand mansion and it was with tears of joy that Yeddy's uncle stooped and kissed the pale, worn face of his only sister's child. God had, indeed, cared more for Yeddy, than for the sparrows, for he had guided him safely to his uncle's very door.

Yeddy was a welcome addition to the family for Mr. Mason had no son, and he thanked God for Yeddy. There were two girls in the family, one just Yeddy's age. It was she who noticed the *strange snowflake* on their step and begged of her father to take the boy in.

Nearly twenty years had passed since Mr. Mason had parted from his sister and gone to Australia. Upon his return he sought for her in every likely place, but without avail. How she had procured his address he knew not, but he supposed she concealed herself from him because of her love for her unworthy husband.

Yeddy suffered want and hunger no more; in a comfortable home, he was enabled to get a good education, suitable for his position. Never forgetting his Heavenly Father's care over him when he was homeless, he endeavored to do all the good he could. Many a poor little city arab, cold and hungry, had reason to thank God for such a kind friend as Edward Mason Browne, better known to us as "Homeless Yeddy."

## MAUD.

Why is the King of England sad?  
 Why does he grieve and mourn?  
 Why is his heart with trouble filled?  
 His soul with anguish torn?

No joy dwells in that noble mind,  
 No smiles pass o'er his brow,—  
 Why cannot he be roused from grief?  
 Why can none cheer him now?

Oh! tell ye fathers who have lost  
 A first-born son so dear;  
 Oh! say when fled that soul away  
 Could you restrain a tear?

For Dover's waters dark and blue  
 His only son entomb;  
 This stroke has crushed the parent's soul,  
 Cast o'er his face a gloom.

The gallant "White Ship" by moonlight  
 Ploughs through the glassy wave,  
 Propelled by fifty brawny arms  
 So skilful, true and brave.

Upon the deck they feast and drink!  
 The Prince joins in the dance;  
 There too are many English lads  
 And merry maids from France.

A crash is heard,—the ship has struck!  
 She founders and goes down;  
 And leaves that precious living freight  
 To struggle and to drown.

The King is now without a son  
 The Norman throne to claim;  
 Prince William's name will never rest  
 Upon the page of fame.

And Maud is now his only hope,  
 A daughter fair and true;  
 She must come to the throne of France  
 And conquered England too.

The nobles vowed a solemn vow,  
 The holy prelates swore,  
 They would bring Maud unto the throne  
 When Henry was no more.

So years pass on, and Henry dies  
 And Stephen mounts the throne,  
 And Maud has scarcely now a friend  
 That she can call her own.

Yet one true heart sighs for her yet,  
 One will her help afford;  
 To aid this Princess fatherless,  
 King David draws the sword.

True chivalry for ever lives  
 Within a Scotchman's breast;  
 He will not let the strong prevail,  
 Nor see the weak oppressed.

The hoary Thurstan calls to arms  
 The barons of the North;  
 To fight King David's Lowland clans  
 They boldly sally forth.

The English chiefs join hand in hand,  
 And now they kneel in prayer;  
 They rise but meet no timorous foes,  
 For gallant Scotch are there.

With shouts that rend the air they rush  
 Upon the English ranks;  
 Now quickly borne back is that van,  
 Now yield the British flanks.

But Saxon bowmen stoutly hold  
 Around that standard high,  
 For they have vowed and they have sworn  
 To conquer or to die.

For hours the Scottish swordsmen strive,  
 But fight and strive in vain;  
 Yet rather than leave vict'ry,—leave  
 Twelve thousand comrades slain.

Like to their torn and blood-stained flag  
 How shall their woes be told;  
 Where is the host that marched this morn  
 Beneath that brilliant fold?

But look from North to South and see  
 Heroic Maud appear;  
 With sevenscore good knights she comes  
 To claim a throne so dear.

The yeomen rally to her side,  
 But Stephen will not yield,  
 Until he is a captive made  
 On Lincoln's bloody field.

This vict'ry brings joy to a heart  
 That long hath broken been;  
 Her fondest hope is realized,  
 And Maud is now a queen.

In Bristol Castle pines the King  
 With heavy fetters bound;—  
 To aid his cause and set him free  
 Can no one now be found?

Maud by her scornful arrogance  
 And by her haughty pride,  
 Estranges all her truest friends,  
 And drives them from her side.

She views with fear the gathering host  
The bells are heard to ring;  
For Kentish men have come to fight  
For their imprisoned King.

And Stephen from his cell is brought  
To wear the crown again;  
But who can tell the thoughts of her  
Whose right it is to reign?

From Oxford Castle forced by want  
O'er wintry snows she flies,  
With three brave knights all clad in white  
To shun the watchmen's eyes.

Once "might was right" and strength was law,  
But such times cannot last;—  
The world moves on,—such things as these  
Are numbered with the past.

## PHILIPPA.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### ELAINE.

"No has visto un nino, que viene  
A dar un doblon que tiene,  
Porque le den una flor?"

—*Lope de Vega.*

Philippa determined to return home by way of Sempringham. She could not have given any very cogent reason, except that she wished to see the place where the only peaceful days of her mother's life had been passed. Perhaps peace might there come to her also, and she was far enough from it now. It would have been strange indeed if peace had dwelt in a heart where was neither "glory to God" nor "good-will to men." And while her veneration for her mother's memory was heightened by her aunt's narrative, her feeling towards her father, originally a shrinking timidity, had changed now into active hatred. Had she at that moment been summoned to his deathbed, she would either have refused to go near him at all, or have gone with positive pleasure.

But beside all this, Philippa could not avoid the conclusion that her salvation was as far from being accomplished as it had been when she reached Shaftesbury. She felt further off it than ever; it appeared to recede from her at every approach. Very uneasily she remembered Guy's farewell words,—“God strip you of your own goodness!” The Living Water seemed as distant as before; but the thirst grew more intense. And yet, like Hagar in the wilderness, the Well was beside her all the time; but until the Angel of the Lord should open her eyes, she could not see it.

She reached Sempringham, and took up her abode for the night in the convent, uncertain how long she would remain

there. An apparently trivial incident decided that question for her.

As Philippa stood at the convent gate, on a mild winter morning, she heard a soft, sweet voice singing, and set herself to discover whence the sound proceeded. The vocalist was readily found,—a little girl of ten years old, who was sitting on a bank a few yards from the gate, with a quantity of snowdrops in her lap, which she was trying with partial success to weave into a wreath. Philippa—wary of idleness, Books of Hours, and embroidery—drew near to talk with her.

“What is thy name?” she asked, by way of opening negotiations.

“Elaine,” said the child, lifting a pair of timid blue eyes to her questioner's face.

“And where dwellest thou?”

“Down yonder glade, lady; my father is Wilfred, the convent woodcutter.”

“And who taught thee to speak French?”

“The holy sisters, lady.”

“What wert thou singing a minute since?”

The child drooped her head shyly.

“Do not be afraid,” said Philippa gently. “I like to hear singing. Wilt thou sing it again to me?”

Elaine hesitated a moment; but another glance at Philippa's smiling face seemed to reassure her, and she sang in a low voice, to a sweet, weird tune:—

“*Quy de cette eaw boyra  
Ancor soyf aura;  
Mays quy de l'eaw boyra  
Que moy luy donneray,  
Jamays soyf n'aura  
A l'etermité.*”

“This must be very widely known,” thought Philippa.—“Who taught thee that—the holy sisters?” she asked of the child.

“No,” answered Elaine, shaking her head. “The Grey Lady.”

“And who is the Grey Lady?”

The look with which Elaine replied, showed Philippa that not to know the Grey Lady was to augur herself unknown, at least in the Vale of Sempringham.

“Know you not the Grey Lady? All in the Vale know her.”

“Where dwelleth she?”

“Up yonder;” but to Philippa's eyes, Elaine merely pointed to a cluster of leafless trees on the hill-side.

“And is she one of the holy sisters?”

On this point Elaine was evidently doubtful. The Grey Lady did not dwell in the convent, nor in any convent; she lived all alone, therefore it was plain that she was not a sister. But she was always habited in grey, wherefore men called her the Grey Lady. No—she had no other name.

“A recluse, manifestly,” said Philippa to herself; “the child does not understand.

But is she an anchoritess or an eremitess? Does she ever leave her cell?" \*

"Lady, she tendeth all the sick hereabout. She is a friend of every woman in the Vale. My mother saith, an' it like you, that where there is any wound to heal, or heart to comfort, there is the Grey Lady. And she saith she hath a wonderful power of healing, as well for mind as body. When Edeline, our neighbor, lost all her four children by fever between the two Saint Agneses, † nobody could comfort her till the Grey Lady came. And when Ida, my playmate, lay dying, and tvery fearful of death, she said even he holy priest did her not so much good as the Grey Lady. I think," ended Elaine softly, "she must be an angel in disguise."

The child evidently spoke her thought literally.

"I will wait and see this Grey Lady," thought Philippa. "Let me see if she can teach and comfort me. Ever since Guy of Ashridge visited Kilquyt, I seem to have been going further from comfort every day. Canst thou lead me to the Grey Lady's cell?"

"I could, but she is not now there, lady."

"When will she be there?"

"To-morrow, when the shadow beginneth to lengthen," replied Elaine, who was evidently well acquainted with the Grey Lady's proceedings.

"Then to-morrow, when the shadow beginneth to lengthen, thou shalt come to the convent gate, and I will meet with thee. Will thy mother give thee leave?"

"Aye. She alway giveth me leave to visit the Grey Lady."

The appointment was made, and Philippa turned back to the convent.

"I was searching you, Lady de Sergeaux," said the portress, when Philippa re-entered the gate. "During your absence, there came to the priory close by a messenger from Arundel on his road toward Hereford, and hearing that the Lady de Sergeaux was with us, he sent word through a lay-brother that he would gladly have speech of you."

"A messenger from Arundel! What can he want with me?"

Philippa felt that all messengers from Arundel would be very unwelcome to her. She added, rather ungraciously, that "perhaps she had better see him." She passed into the guest-chamber, whither in a few minutes the messenger came to her. He was a page, habited in deep mourning, and Philippa recognized him at once as

the personal "varlet" attendant on the Countess. The thought rose to her mind that the Earl might have fallen in Gascony.

"God keep thee, good Hubert!" she said. "Be thy tidings evil?"

"As evil as they might be, lady," answered the page sadly. "Two days before the feast of St. Hilary, our Lady the Countess Alianora was commanded to God."

A tumult of conflicting feelings went surging through Philippa's heart and brain.

"Was thy Lord at home?"

She inwardly hoped that he was not. It was only fitting, said the vindictive hatred which had usurped the place of her conscience, that Alianora of Lancaster should feel something of that to which she had helped to doom Isabel La Despenser.

"Lady, no. Our Lord abideth in Gascony with the Duke of Lancaster."

Philippa was not sorry to hear it; for her heart was full of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness."

When the shadow began to lengthen on the following day, Philippa wrapped her mantle around her, and called to her damsel to follow. Her varlet followed also, at a little distance behind. She found Elaine and a younger child waiting for her outside the gate. Elaine introduced her companion as her sister Annora. Annora proved much less shy than Elaine, and far more ready with her communications. But she was not asked many questions; for as they turned away from the convent gate, they were met by a monk in the Dominican habit, and Philippa knew directly the face of Guy of Ashridge.

"Christ save you, Father," said she.

"And you, daughter," he answered.

"Are you yet seeking comfort, or have you found it?"

"I am further from it than ever," she replied, rather petulantly.

"No wonder," said Guy; "for comfort hath another name, which is—Christ. Who is a stranger to the One shall needs be a stranger to the other."

"I have tried hard to make my salvation," responded Philippa more sadly; "but as yet I cannot do it."

"Nor will you, though you could try a thousand years," answered Guy. "That is a manufacture beyond saints and angels, and how then shall you do it?"

"Who then can do it?"

"God," said Guy, solemnly.

"God hates me," replied Philippa, under her breath. "He hateth all mine house. For nigh fifty years He hath sent us sorrow upon sorrow, and hath crushed us down into the dust of death."

"Poor blinding! is that a proof that He hateth you?" answered Guy more gently. "Well, it is true at times, when the father sendeth a varlet in haste to save the child from falling over a precipice, the child—

\* Anchorites never left their cells, though they received visitors within them, and sometimes taught children; hermits wandered about freely.

† St. Agnes' Day is January 21; but the 23th, instead of the octave of St. Agnes, was commonly called St. Agnes the second.

those heart is set on some fair flower on he rock below—doth think it cruel. You are that child; and your trouble is the varlet God hath sent after you.”

“He hath sent his whole meiny, then,” said Philippa bitterly.

“Then the child would not come to the Father?” said Guy, softly.

Philippa was silent.

“Is the flower so fair that you will risk life for it?” pursued the monk. “Nay, not risk—that is a word implying doubt, and here is none. So fair, then, that you will throw life away for it? And is the Father not fair and precious in your eyes, that you are in so little haste to come to Him? Daughter, what shall it profit you, if you gain the whole world—and lose your own soul?”

“Father, you are too hard upon me!” cried Philippa in a pained tone, and resisting with some difficulty a strong inclination to shed tears. “I would come to God, but I know not how, nor do you tell me. God is afar off, and hath no leisure nor will to think on me; nor can I presume to approach Him without the holy saints to intercede for me. I have sought their intercession hundreds of times. It is not I that am unwilling to be saved; and you speak to me as if you thought it so. It is God that will not save me. I have done all I can.”

“Oh fool, and slow of heart to believe!” earnestly answered Guy. “Can it be God, when He cared so much for you that He sent His blessed Son down from Heaven to die for your salvation? Beware how you accuse the Lord. I tell you again, it is not His will that opposeth itself to your happiness, but your own. You have built up a wall of your own excellencies that you cannot see God; and then you cry, ‘He hath hidden Himself from me.’ Pull down your miserable mud walls, and let the light of Heaven shine in upon you. Christ will save you with no half nor quarter salvation. He will not let you lay the foundation whereon He shall build. He will not tear His fair shining robe of righteousness to patch your worthless rags. With Him, either not at all, or all in all.”

“But what would you have me do?” said Philippa, in a vexed tone.

“Believe,” replied Guy.

“Believe what?” said she.

“Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

“The easiest thing in the world,” answered Philippa, a little contemptuously.

“Is it so?” responded the monk, with a pitying smile. “It seems to me that you have found it since last June the hardest thing in the world. Whither go you now?” he asked, suddenly changing his tone.

“I go,” she rejoined, “with this child, to the cell of an eremite of whom she hath told me, ‘that hath,’ quoth she,

‘great power of comforting the sorrowful. All about here seem to know her. They call her the Grey Lady.’”

Guy looked on her long and earnestly, an expression creeping over his face which Philippa could not understand.

“Be it so,” he said at last. “I will lead the blind by a way that they know not. Let my voice be silent when He speaketh. Verily”—and his voice fell to a softer tone—“I never passed through the deep waters wherein she has waded; nor, perchance, where you have. Let God speak to you through her. Go your way.”

“But who is she—this Grey Lady?”

Philippa asked in vain. Guy either did not hear her, or would not answer. He walked rapidly down the hill, with only “Farewell!” as he passed her; and she went her way, to meet her fate—rather, to meet God’s providence—it the cell of the Grey Lady.

(To be continued.)

## WHO CURES?

“I’ve comed again, mamma,” said Lillie White softly, peeping into the chamber where Mrs. White sat writing letters. “Lillie couldn’t help it, mamma.”

“And what is the matter with my little girl this time?” Laying by her pen when she had written the sentence out, she extended a hand to the little girl, adding—“You haven’t got another thistle in your finger, have you?”

“No, mamma, my finger is almost well, but something keeps stinging in my bosom. You needn’t take off my dress, mamma; you couldn’t see it—it’s deep. I know what it is—’tis naughty, wicked hate. I hate Genia Marsh; she’s never good to any of us. But her aunt in New York sends her the boofulest things. Now she has sent a blue dress and a doll all dressed in white and pink. She des brought ’em out and showed ’em to me, and she said—‘You can’t have such booful things, Little White.’ Then the hate stinged me harder than the thistle a little while ago. Won’t you take this out too, mamma?”

“Only Jesus can take out a sting like that,” said Lillie’s mother very gently, her arm about her darling. “Go directly to your own little chamber, dear, and kneel down and tell the dear Jesus all your trouble, and ask him for just the help you need.”

The little girl slipped from her embrace and left the room. A little while after she was seen walking in the garden, talking to her poor soiled dolly and kissing its face as lovingly as Genia Marsh could have kissed her bran new one. By and by she raised her bright smiling face to the window and seeing her mother looking down, called out—

“It’s all gone, mamma—all gone.”

## The Home.

### WOMAN'S DRESS—IS IT HEALTHFUL?

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The enormities of a woman's dress, having done their best to deform her body, will very naturally do their bravest to destroy it.

"Six new diseases," we are told, "have come into existence with the styles of dress which require the wearing of multitudinous and heavy skirts."

Indeed, I wonder that there are not sixty. I wonder that women sustain, in even the wretched and disheartening fashion that they do, the strain and burden of their clothing. I wonder that any of us are left with unimpaired vitality for the prosecution of our business, for the rearing, care, and support of our families, for the whirling of the wheels within wheels of social duties which devolves dizzily upon us, till "the whip of the sky" has ceased to lash us into the struggle for existence. No doctrine but the doctrine of the "Survival of the Fittest" will touch the problem. We are of tougher stuff than our brothers, or we should have sunk in our shackles long ago. It was well said by one of your own members: "Whenever I discuss this subject with the 'unawakened' I resort to the simple inquiry: Could your father or your husband live in your clothes? Could he walk downtown on a rainy day in your skirts? Could he conduct his business and support his family in your corsets? Could he prosecute 'a course of study' in your chignon?"

The prompt and ringing *No!* of the only possible answer is startling and suggestive. The muscular masculine physique could not endure the conventional burdens which the nervous feminine organization supports. The man would have yielded and sunk where the woman has struggled and climbed.

I lay special stress upon the close waist and long skirt as blunders in the methods of attire incumbent upon women, because when I consider the smoothness of surface which a fitted waist involves, thereby requiring that straight-jacket, fit only for a lunatic asylum, the corset, for its proper effect; when a woman whom I know puts on a basque waist such as she wore five years ago (like all women, she "never

wore tight dresses!") and feels her lungs contract and ache, and her breath come in uneasy gasps, and her arms, confined by solid seams, refuse to rise to the height of a horse-car strap or a lifted curtain-tassel, and the whole system shrink and cramp itself to fit the unnatural restriction; when I see women stay indoors the entire forenoon because their morning-dresses trail the ground a half a yard, and indoors all the afternoon because there comes up a shower, and the walking-dress will soak and drabble all or nearly all of that; or when I see the "working-woman" standing at the counter or the teacher's desk, from day to dark, in the drenched boots and damp stockings which her muddy skirts, flapping from side to side, have compelled her to endure; when I see her, a few weeks thereafter, going to Dr. Clarke for treatment, as a consequence; when I find, after the most patient experiment, that, in spite of stout rubbers, water-proof gaiters, and dress-skirt three or four inches from the ground, an "out-of-door girl" is compelled to a general change of clothing each individual time that she returns from her daily walks in the summer rain; when I see a woman climbing upstairs with her baby in one arm and its bowl of bread-and-milk in the other, and see her tripping on her dress at every stair (if, indeed, baby, bowl, bread, milk, and mother do not go down in universal chaos, it is only from the effects of long skill and experience on the part of the mother in performing that acrobatic feat); when physicians tell me what fearful jars and strains these sudden jerks of the body from stumbling on the dress-hem impose upon a woman's intricate organism, and how much less injurious to her a direct fall would be than this start and rebound of nerve and muscle, and how the strongest man would suffer from such accidents; and when they further assure me that the amount of calculable injury wrought upon our sex by the weight of skirting brought upon the hips, and by thus making the seat of all the vital energies the pivot of motion and centre of endurance; when I see women's skirts, the shortest of them, lying inches deep along the foul floors, which man, in delicate appreciation of our concessions to his fancy in such respects, has inundated with tobacco-juice, and from which she sweeps up and carries to her home the

germs of stealthy pestilences; when I see a ruddy, romping schoolgirl in her first long dress, beginning to avoid coasting on her double runner or leaping the stone walls in the blueberry field, or standing aloof from the game of base-ball, or turning sadly away from the ladder which her brother is climbing to the cherry-tree, or lingering for him to assist her over the gunwale of a boat; when I read of the sinking of steamers at sea, with "nearly all the women and children on board," and the accompanying comments: "Every effort was made to assist the women up the masts and out of danger till help arrived; but *they could not climb*, and we were forced to leave them to their fate;" or when I hear the wail with which a million lips take up the light words of the loafer on the Portland wharf, when the survivors of the "Atlantic" filed past him: "*Not a woman among them all! My God!*"—when I consider these things, I feel that I have ceased to deal with *blunders* in dress and have entered the category of *crimes*.

We should not overlook the minor sins in our confession—such as the heating of the head with false hair, the distortion of the hands and feet with tight leather, the scantiness of warm underwear, the exclusion of Heaven's air and light (as well as freckles) from the face by musty veils, exposure to the ague in winter and sunstroke in summer, and to the feverish heat of public assemblies at all times induced by those truly awful pieces of architecture which we term hats. Nor can we overestimate the mischief brought upon our sex by habitual attention to the making and mending, to the fashioning and refashioning of our clothes. Much sewing is a weariness to the flesh, and of making many garments there is no end.

A long train of doleful diseases follows upon the confinement of women to the needle or the treadle, as any thoughtful physician of the sewing sex can testify. For the one stitch necessary to keep soul and body together probably twenty go in these days to frill and flounce them, to ruffle and tuck them, to embroider and braid them, till so much of soul is stitched into the body and so much of body into soul that the task of indicating which is which becomes a prize problem to the most studious mind.

"I spent one hundred hours," said an educated and cultivated lady, recently—and said it without a blush of shame or a tremor of self-depreciation—"I spent just one hundred hours in embroidering my winter suit, I could not afford to have it done. I took it up from time to time. It took me a hundred hours."

One hundred hours! One could almost learn a language, or make the acquaintance of a science, or apprentice one's self

to a business, or nurse a Consumptive to the end of her sufferings, or save a soul in one hundred well-selected hours. One hundred—hours!—*Independent*.

#### THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

There are many young women who think themselves exceedingly ill treated by fate because they have disagreeable homes, and their one desire is to get away from them. They visit their friends—school acquaintances, possibly, of better circumstances; they meet comfort and cheer, bright faces, soft words and smiles; and whether they suspect it probable that their friends may have put the best foot forward for company, or whether they recognize the fact that such is only what should be met in a home with or without company, they bemoan themselves that in their own home there is so deplorable an example of family life.

Perhaps their father is absorbed in business or other things; perhaps he is poor; perhaps their mother is worn out by sickness, disappointment, and cares; perhaps there is a cluster of younger children littering the rooms with toys, clamoring with all their wants, and quarrelling with all their hearts: perhaps there is trial and deprivation in making both ends meet, or in keeping up appearances; there may be no books, no pictures in the house, nothing to please the eye, little to please any other sense, little but the ceaseless grind of daily labor; and if, in addition to all this, there may be wrangling and bickering and backbiting, the home is indeed a melancholy place and we do not wonder that the daughter is glad to escape from it by any avenue, either of work or marriage.

There are, however, too many homes where, if not the whole of this is true, a varied portion of it is, and where one day dawns like another, and without saying so much consciously, nobody has any hope of doing any thing better than getting through with it, where work is a hated routine, where strife is casting out love, and where pleasure as mere pleasure is a thing unknown. One may well pity the daughters of such homes, not because they are more pitiable than the sons—nothing can be more pitiable than the boys early driven out by the natural instincts of youth for pleasure, its natural antipathies to pain, to seek enjoyment where it can be had, and that may be in haunts where horror treads close upon the pleasure—but because we are dealing more especially with the daughters. One may well pity all the children of such a home, and, if they develop any good, wonder to what stature the goodness might have reached if it had not been stunted by the unfortunate conditions of its growth.

But while according the unhappy young creatures every measure of sympathy, we may at the same time question if they have done all they could to bring about a different state of things, for bad as that state of things may be, there is still much in their power to do toward its amelioration—not, of course, while very young and unable to generalize on the daily events, but as soon as they have reached those years of only tolerable discretion when we are all apt to think ourselves wisest.

It is not to be dreamed of, we admit, that a daughter is able to effect much in the way of composing differences between parents, nor is it desirable that she should ever interfere in dissensions that are not her own: neither duty nor policy would allow it, and in such case she does best when she remembers that a third party always widens a rent. But she can throw oil upon the troubled waters by doing the little things which show anxiety for the comfort of both parties, and so soften the disposition of the moment, and incline to content and thence to peace, and she can quietly fill many shortcomings on either side. But unless she is sure that she meets all her own obligations faithfully as a daughter and sister—that she saves her mother steps, that she spares her father trouble, that she receives the demands of the little children without fretfulness, and sets them no bad example to follow—she has not the right to so much as observe that others fail in any of their own duties.

However, to pass that phase of unhappiness in a home without further discussion, there are other doors open for the person who really desires to bring improvement into the family circle. There is a door which is a sort of "Claude Lorraine" glass, gilding every landscape so that one always looks through it at the bright side of things: the cheerful face, the sweet smile, the pleasant word, that come in this door, the habit of never borrowing trouble—these are like good angels in a house. Other doors there doubtless are, through which other angels come; doors of all the fine moralities, and with which we must suppose every one who has had the common teaching of a Christian community to be well acquainted. But besides all these there are others still, little postern-gates we might call them, through which a great deal of happiness can creep into a house almost unawares.

It is, for example, within the power of every young girl who obtains her parents' consent thereto—a thing usually given before asked—to make her home a beautiful place to the eye, and therefore (other things being equal, such as the kind hearts, the happy atmosphere) attractive to the lingerer. There may be an ingrained carpet on the floor there, or even none at

all; there may be wooden chairs and an ugly stove; but on this rude frame her simple efforts can build a world of beauty. Let her begin at the windows of the room, with their plain shades: she suspends a hanging-basket in one of these windows, let us say; not a basket bought at the florist's for five or ten dollars, and stocked with splendid tropical things, but a wooden box filled with earth, and set in one of those little wickers that are usually to be found knocking about every house, and are, at any rate, to be had in the shops for twenty cents; and she laces it by a stout cord twisted from the twines that have come home round the kitchen parcels. Here she plants nasturtiums and the delicate Madeira vine, and any green leaf that will grow, trailing these stems over the cords, and suffering those to droop across the edge, and her window is presently finer than if curtained with point lace. Another window she fills by degrees with a double tier of plants, raised from such slips as neighbors give each other—a rose, a geranium, a daphne, a gloxinia rooted from a single leaf, a fuchsia, a jasmine; she gives them such sunshine as she can, charcoal, warm water and care, and she soon has a tapestry of blossoms there that rival in brilliancy any tapestry of foreign looms, and an atmosphere of fragrance outdoing Lubin's distillery. If there is a third window, she stands a pot of ivy near it, and winds the branches in and out across it as they grow till it is a lattice-work of greenery, and then the long stems slowly spread their arms about the room and make it a little bower, while the coal-stove in use in every house prevents all injury to the pretty nurslings in the coldest weather. Is not that simple decoration in itself preferable to those of Mrs. Potiphar's drawing-room, where there were curtains of every conceivable dye, and carpets that looked as if the curtains had dripped on them?

There is then, perhaps, a hideous paper on the walls; she puts up with it, if she must; but when it is to be replaced, she remembers that the backs of the commonest kitchen wall-papers, that sell at six cents a roll, are always of a soft and uniform gray; and since satin-faced, pearl-tinted, and gilded papers are out of the question, she uses her influence to have the kitchen paper put upon the parlor wall, with the plain wrong side out. To the ornamenting of this plain surface she then turns her labors. Perhaps she can induce the purchase of a print; perhaps a lithograph comes with the weekly paper; perhaps she is forced to resort to the double supplement of some chance sheet: whatever she has, she frames it in a *passee partout* of her own, and finds nothing easier to do; and she pins up about it, as it hangs, a sort of halo of delicate pressed ferns radiating

from it. In another spot she hangs a wreath of the vivid and varied maple leaves of autumn; and perhaps she incloses the little photographs of some friends in frames made of four sticks, and covered by the help of a little putty with the shells that have been in the garret ever since she was born, or with gray winter mosses and scarlet berries. Then she has dealings with the wizard ol' clo' man, and certain useless garments of the house turn into vases for the mantel-shelf, which she has already hidden and fringed with the knotted ravellings of an old shawl; and in the vases are dried twigs, branches of scarlet elder berries, lovely seed-vessels, and tufts of the milk-weed, whose frost-split pods look like little white-sailed birds sailing away on the wind—daintier things than wax-flowers, or china shepherdesses, or any of the other frequent mantel-shelf atrocities. She has, meanwhile, impertuned till her father has bought a square of green baize, or else has found some way of turning a penny and has bought it herself, and she has hemmed and tasselled it for a table-cloth; and after so much she makes haste to bend all her energies to the covering and cushioning of the wooden chairs with a pretty copper-plate, to the making of a box-lounge, to a barrel-chair stuffed with hay; and at last she and her brothers sit about the table to draw designs for little brackets to adorn the corners and waste places of the room, and to whittle them out of such old cigar boxes as they have been able to lay their hands on.

There, then, is one delightful room. And others easily follow; for of course the parents, on seeing such a spirit, can not be very backward in giving what assistance may be possible to them.

Now out of all this better things even than pretty windows and pleasant walls have arisen. There has been created a growing regard for the affairs of home, an engagement and absorption in them; the mother has been gratified, and has allowed the work; the father has been pleased, and has given as he could; he has felt it his duty to encourage; he has brought home a pretty lamp, perhaps, or a chromo, or a rug, if he had to pinch himself in many a pipe or other pleasure to do it; the boys have been interested, and have been kept out of the streets—hammering and whittling and helping; they have been proud to bring their companions in, and round the green baize table cheerful games have started into life, and the evenings that used to be tedious horrors have found wings that fly all too quickly. Moreover, in the new surroundings new manners have come about. People frequently find that rude and boorish ways are ill at ease in the midst of refined and graceful things, and so gradually accommodate themselves

to circumstances. We all, unconsciously albeit, behave ourselves better than common when in our "Sunday clothes." And the daughter who has taken this interest and these pains will find gentle answers and pleasant attentions springing up about her, just as the soft and new forest growth of maple and oak spring up when the rugged forest of pine has been cut away. She will find, too, that the mother grows ambitious to have the little sitting-room match the parlor; a more civilized conduct will be demanded there by her—napkins will develop on the table, perhaps plated forks; collars will be put on before breakfast, and the best chamber will begin to blossom like a rose. There is, in fact, no limit to what one ambitious and determined young girl who is dissatisfied with her home can accomplish there in perfectly proper ways.—*Harper's Bazar.*

#### FAMILY BREAD.

The most important article of food is good family bread, and the most healthful kind of bread is that made of coarse flour and raised with yeast. All that is written against the healthfulness of yeast is owing to sheer ignorance, as the most learned physicians and chemists will affirm.

Certain recent writers on hygiene are ultra and indiscriminating in regard to the use of unbolted flour. The simple facts about it are these:—Every kernel of wheat contains nutriment for different parts of the body, and in about the right proportions. Thus, the outside part contains that which nourishes the bones, teeth, hair, nails, and the muscles. The germ, or eye, contains what nourishes the brain and nerves; and the central part (of which fine flour is chiefly made) consists of that which forms fat, and furnishes fuel to produce animal heat, while in gentle combustion it unites with oxygen in the capillaries. When first ground, the flour contains all the ingredients as in the kernel. The first bolting alters the proportions but very little, forming what is called *middlings*. The second bolting increases the carbonaceous proportion, making *fine* flour. The third bolting makes the superfine flour, and removes nearly all except the carbonaceous portion, which is fitted only to form fat and generate animal heat. No animal could live on superfine flour alone but for a short time, as has been proved by experiments on dogs.

But meats, vegetables, fruit, eggs, milk, and several other articles in family diet contain the same elements as wheat, though in different proportions; so that it is only an *exclusive* use of fine flour that is positively dangerous. Still there is no

doubt that a large portion of young children using white bread for common food, especially if butter, sugar, and molasses are added, have their teeth, bones, and muscles not properly nourished. And it is a most unwise, uneconomical, and unhealthful practice to use flour deprived of its most important elements because it is white and is fashionable. It would be much cheaper, as well as more healthful, to use the *middlings*, instead of fine or superfine flour. It would be still better to use unbolted flour, except where delicate stomachs can not bear it, and in that case the middlings would serve nearly as well for nutrition and give no trouble.

Some suppose that bread wet with milk is better than if wet with water, in the making. Many experienced housekeepers say that a little butter or lard in warm water makes bread that looks and tastes exactly like that wet with milk, and that it does not spoil so soon.

Experienced housekeepers say also that bread, if *thoroughly kneaded*, may be put in the pans, and then baked as soon as light enough, without the second or third kneading, which is often practiced. This saves care and trouble, especially in training new cooks, who thus have only one chance to make mistakes, instead of two or three.

It is not well to use yeast powders instead of yeast, because it is a daily taking of medicinal articles not needed, and often injurious. Cream tartar is super-tartrate of potash, and soda is a supercarbonate of soda. These two, when united in dough, form tartrate of potash, tartrate of soda, and carbonate of soda; while some one of the three tends to act chemically and injuriously on the digestive fluids. Professor Hosford's method is objectionable for the same reason, especially when his medical articles are mixed with flour; for thus poor flour is sold more readily than in ordinary cases. These statements the best-informed medical men and chemists will verify.

Flour loses its sweetness by keeping, and this is the reason why sugar is put in the recipes for bread. The best kind of flour, when new and fresh ground, has eight per cent. of sugar; and when such flour is used, the sugar may be omitted.

Some people make bread by mixing it so that it can be stirred with a spoon. But the nicest kind of bread can be made only with a good deal of kneading.

#### RECIPES FOR YEAST AND BREAD.

The following is the best kind of home-made yeast, and will keep good two or three weeks:—

**HOP AND POTATO YEAST.**—Pare and slice five large potatoes, and boil them in

one quart of water with a large handful of common hops (or a square inch of pressed hops), tied in a muslin rag. When soft, take out the hops and press the potatoes through a colander, and add a small cup of white sugar, a tea-spoonful of ginger, two tea-spoonfuls of salt, and two tea-cups of common yeast, or half as much distillery. Add the yeast when the rest is only blood-warm. White sugar keeps better than brown, and the salt and ginger help to preserve the yeast.

Do not boil in iron or use an iron spoon, as it colors the yeast. Keep yeast in a stone or earthenware jar, with a plate fitting well to the rim. This is better than a jug, as easier to fill and to cleanse. Scald the jar before making new yeast.

The rule for *quantity* is one table-spoonful of brewers' or distillery yeast to every quart of flour; or twice as much home-made yeast.

**POTATO YEAST** is made by the above rule, omitting the hops. It can be used in large quantities without giving a bitter taste, and so raises bread sooner. But it has to be renewed much oftener than hop yeast, and the bread loses the flavor of hop yeast.

**HARD YEAST** is made with home-brewed yeast, thickened with Indian meal and fine flour in equal parts, and then made into cakes an inch thick and three inches by two in size, dried in the wind but not in the sun. Keep them tied in a bag in a dry, cool place, where they will not freeze. One cake soaked in a pint of warm water (not hot) is enough for four quarts of flour. It is a good plan to work in mashed potatoes into this yeast, and let it rise well before using it. This makes the nicest bread. Some housekeepers say pour boiling water on one-third of the flour, and then mix the rest in immediately, and it has the same effect as using potatoes.

When there is no yeast to start with, it can be made with one pint of new milk, one tea-spoonful of fine salt, and a table-spoonful of flour. When it is worked, use twice as much as common yeast. This is called Milk Yeast or Salt Risings, and bread made of it is poor, and soon spoils.

When yeast ceases to look foamy, and becomes watery, with sediment at the bottom, it must be renewed. When good, the smell is pungent, but not sour. If sour, nothing can restore it.

**BREAD OF FINE FLOUR.**—Take four quarts of sifted flour, one quart of luke-warm water, in which are dissolved two tea-spoonfuls of salt, two tea-spoonfuls of sugar, a table-spoonful of melted butter, and one cup of yeast. Mix and knead *very thoroughly*, and have it as soft as can be moulded, using as little flour as possible. Make it into small loaves, put it in buttered

pans, prick it with a fork, and when light enough to crack on the top, bake it. Nothing but experience will show when bread is just at the right point of lightness.

If bread rises too long, it becomes sour. This is discovered by making a sudden opening and applying the nose, and the sourness will be noticed as different from the odor of proper lightness. Practice is needed in this. If bread is light too soon for the oven, knead it awhile, and set it in a cool place. Sour bread can be remedied somewhat by working in soda dissolved in water—about half a teaspoonful for each quart of flour. Many spoil bread by too much flour, others by not kneading enough, and others by allowing it to rise too much.

The goodness of bread depends on the quality of the flour. Some flour will not make good bread in any way. New and good flour has a yellowish tinge, and when pressed in the hand is adhesive. Poor flour is dry, and will not retain form when pressed. Poor flour is bad economy, for it does not make as nutritious bread as does good flour.

Bread made with milk sometimes causes indigestion to invalids and to children with weak digestion.

Take loaves out of the pans, and set them sidewise, and not flat, on a table. Wrapping in a cloth makes the bread clammy.

Bread is better in small loaves. Let your pans be of tin (or better, of iron) eight inches long, three inches high, three inches wide at the bottom, and flaring so as to be four inches wide at the top. This size makes more tender crust, and cuts more neatly than larger loaves.

Oil the pans with a swab and sweet butter or lard. They should be well washed and dried, or black and rancid oil will gather.

All these kinds of bread can be baked in biscuit-form; and, by adding water and eggs, made into griddle-cakes. Bread having potatoes in it keeps moist longest, but turns sour soonest.

**BREAD OF MIDDINGS OR UNBOLTED FLOUR.**—Take four quarts of coarse flour, one quart of warm water, one cup of yeast, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one spoonful of melted lard or butter, two cups of sugar or molasses, and a half a tea-spoonful of soda. Mix thoroughly, and bake in pans the same as the bread of fine flour. It is better to be kneaded rather than made soft with a spoon.

**BREAD RAISED WITH WATER ONLY.**—Many persons like bread made either of fine or coarse flour, and raised with water only. Success in making this kind depends on the proper quantity of water, quick beating, the heating of very small pans, and very quick baking. There are cast-

iron patties made for this purpose, and also small, coarse earthen cups. The following is the rule, but it must be modified by trying:—

**Recipe.**—To one quart of unbolted flour put about one quart, or a little less, of hot water. Beat it very quickly, put it in hot pans, and bake in a hot oven. White flour may be used in place of coarse, and the quantity ascertained by trial. When right, there is after baking little except a crust, which is sweet and crisp.

**RYE AND INDIAN BREAD.**—The Boston or Eastern Brown Bread is made thus: One quart of rye, one quart of corn-meal, one cup of molasses, half a cup of distillery yeast, or twice as much home-brewed; one tea-spoonful of soda, and one tea-spoonful of salt. Wet with hot water till it is stiff as can be stirred with a spoon. This is put in a large brown pan and baked four or five hours. It is good toasted, and improved by adding boiled squash.

**PUMPKIN BREAD AND APPLE BREAD.**—These are very good for a variety. Stew and strain pumpkin or apples, and then work in either corn-meal or unbolted flour, or both. To each quart of the fruit add two table-spoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a cup of home-brewed yeast. If the apples are quite sour, add more sugar. Make it as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon, and bake in patties or small loaves. Children like it for a change.

**CORN-MEAL BREAD.**—Always scald corn-meal. Melt two table-spoonfuls of butter or sweet lard in one quart of hot water; add a tea-spoonful of salt and a tea-cup of sugar. Thicken with corn-meal, and one-third as much fine flour, or unbolted flour, or middings. Two well-beaten eggs improve it. Make it as stiff as can be easily stirred with a spoon, or, as some would advise, knead it like bread of white flour.

If raised with yeast, put in a tea-cup of home-brewed yeast; if raised with powders, mix two tea-spoonfuls of cream tartar thoroughly with the meal, and one tea-spoonful of soda in the water.

**SWEET ROLLS OF CORN-MEAL.**—Mix half corn-meal and half fine or unbolted flour; add a little salt, and then wet it up with sweetened water, raise it with yeast, and bake in small patties or cups in a very quick oven.

**SODA BISCUIT.**—In one quart of flour mix very thoroughly two tea-spoonfuls of cream tartar, and a tea-spoonful of salt. Dissolve in a pint of warm water one tea-spoonful of soda and one table-spoonful of melted butter or lard. Mix quickly; add flour till you can roll, but let it be as soft as possible. Bake in a quick oven, and as soon as possible after mixing.

**YEAST BISCUIT.**—Take a pint of raised dough of fine flour: pick it in small pieces; add one well-beaten egg, two great-spoonfuls of butter or lard, and two great-spoonfuls of sugar. Work thoroughly for ten minutes; add flour to roll, and then cut in round cakes and bake on tins, or mould into biscuits. Let them stand till light, and then bake in a quick oven.

If you have no dough raised, make biscuit as you would bread, except adding more shortening.

**POTATO BISCUIT.**—Boil and press through a colander twelve *mealy* potatoes; any others are not good. While warm, add one cup of butter, one tea-spoonful of salt, four great-spoonfuls of sugar, and half a cup of yeast. Mix in white or coarse flour till it can be well kneaded. Mould into small cakes; let them stand till light, and bake in a quick oven. These are the best kind, especially if made of coarse flour.

**BUNS.**—These are best made by the rule for potato biscuit, adding twice as much sugar. When done, rub over a mixture of half milk and half molasses, and it improves looks and taste.—*From Miss Beecher's "Housekeeper and Health-keeper."*

**LET LITTLE FOLKS ENJOY THEMSELVES.**

BY JENNIE MORRISON.

If one has not a genius for amusing little children, the power to do it seems to come only after long experience. The difficulty is, with most people, that they attempt too much and labor too hard. A very little thing serves to entertain a child a long time, and it requires more care to learn to let a contented child alone than to contrive new pleasures for him.

Years ago I was in the room of a maiden aunt with a baby in my arms. As I walked to and fro about the room, the little fellow's eyes were stretched wide open looking at the things which were bright enough to attract his attention. "You move too rapidly," said my aunt; "my mother always said, 'let babies look till they are tired.'" The hint has been of great service to me since, and not only I, but the babies I have cared for since then, owe a good deal to this piece of advice. And, let me add, this is not the only helpful suggestion which I have received from maiden aunts.

Children are made increasingly restless by a confusion of amusements. Didn't our great-grandmothers' babies crow just as cheerily from the quilt on the floor while the grown people pursued their ordinary avocations, as do ours, with an able-bodied woman to hold them all the time? It is not

a part of my creed to neglect the bairns, but there may be such a thing as a little wholesome neglect. Leaving out all the continual irritating fussing, which is supposed necessary to make children behave well, there is an immense amount of energy wasted in the simple effort to please them.

On the opposite side of the desk at which I am writing sits a venerable friend of children, with a little grandchild on his knee. Nothing could better show how to deal with a little fellow than a report of the conversation. But no one would believe that such trifling could so delight the child. The operation of sharpening a pencil has occupied a long time. "See! I take my knife out of my pocket. Shall I open this blade? Oh, no! I will not open this blade. Shall I open the next blade? Oh, no! I will not open that. Turn over, knife let me look at you. Is there another blade? Shall I open that?" And the examination of the knife interests the boy, of course. Then each cut of the wood is made slowly, the shavings are carefully put on a piece of paper, and the paper is folded up that no chips shall be dropped on the carpet. All these preliminary arrangements occupied the child's attention. Then the simple picture of some object before him is shown, and every line compared slowly with the original. No matter how rude the copy, the child is pleased.

A fractious little fellow was left in my care one hot afternoon last summer. Everybody in the house had given the child up "cross." The heat was intense, and I felt as unable to exert myself. My very disinclination to do anything was a blessing to the child. He sat on a chair by my side, with a pair of scissors in his hands, which he wanted to learn to use. I held a piece of brown paper for him to snip, which he did for a long three-quarters of an hour, as joyous at every successful closing of the scissors, and as merry over his failures as ever a child could be. It was shockingly tiresome to me; but I dared not suggest a change, lest it should be for the worse; and after the time was past, and the busy little fellow clapped his hands and said "nice time," "nice time," and went pleasantly to his blocks on the floor, I did not regret the tedious moments. It is a temptation to stop as soon as we ourselves weary of the shaking of the rattle, and the clapping of the hands, whether baby has finished his contemplation or not. Older brothers and sisters give themselves and baby a world of trouble by their unfortunate jumping from one play to another. Little Goldilocks has just comprehended the play that sister Lulu has devised for her amusement, and is just becoming greatly interested in it, when the things are all pushed aside, and Lulu, being herself tired, proposes something else. The

same results follows, and little Goldilocks gets cross, and the sisters are not as loving as they should be. But Lulu has not been told that if she is amusing little sister she must be patient to have a stupid time, while little brains are laboriously striving to understand the details which seem so plain to older ones. The fun does not come to the infantile mind till it has studied into the matter and comprehended it.

It is often said that "dirt" is healthy, and that those children thrive who are sent out to make mud-pies. That may be true; but I incline to think that the "letting alone" should have a good share of the credit of health-giving.

Put comfortable clothing on to your little one. Give him room enough to experiment in the use of his arms and legs where there are no pitfalls to entrap him. Give him harmless things to play with, the simpler the better, and then judiciously let him alone, and he will be more likely to be amiable than if you bedeck him with fine garments and put him into an elegantly-furnished room with delicately constructed toys to play with, and two or three grown people to take care of him.—*Christian Union*.

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### "WE MUST SAVE IN SOMETHING ELSE."

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There are some people who are not obliged to think of saving. They have enough and to spare. I will not say these are happy people, because I know happiness does not depend on the state of the purse or on the balance at the bank; and yet it must, no doubt, be very pleasant to feel that one can get whatever is really wanted; that the question of buying this or that is one of reason and expediency, not of ability.

But in these days of high prices, when \$150 hardly goes as far as \$100 used to go twenty years since, many have to think, and that seriously, of saving somewhere.

"Saving Somewhere;" the propriety of that general conclusion is readily admitted. But where are we to begin? Here, as some of us know, is the difficulty.

Meat is very dear. What about our butcher's bill? Can there be any saving there? No; the children require good nourishing food; they are not over-strong, and it would be bad economy to give them anything worse than the best; and then, for the rest of the household, they work hard, and those who work hard must live well. No. "We must save in something else."

Fuel? that is high enough. But what are we to do? Let us at any rate have

good fires. Better have half a dinner than no fire!

Well, we must save in clothes. We must forego now and then a new coat, or the new dress; get the old boots patched, and have the old things altered and "done up" for the children. But, upon second thought, it is not wise to carry about the evidences of our poverty. A man's credit is damaged if he is poorly clad. The thread-bare coat makes his business friends a little shy, and stands in the way of his selection for some better post than his present one. It is essential to keep up a respectable appearance. We had better quietly give up some home comforts than publish to all the world the fact of our poverty.

Now I am not making light of the difficulty, which, in this very year 1873, is a serious and pressing difficulty in many an English home; but I am wishing to show how that vague and convenient "something else" often cheats people. They are always going to save, and never really do save; and so, notwithstanding their good intentions, they find themselves in difficulties and distress, from which a little forethought and firmness might easily have saved them.

I am afraid of that word "something." It is a Will-o'-the-wisp in many a life, only leading astray.

But as many are called upon, in God's providence, to save in something, and to retrench somewhere, it may be well to put into the form of practical hints one or two simple considerations upon this duty. After this, which is not in itself a very pleasant subject, we may call to mind certain assurances which God has graciously given to His children; and which, as the tree cast by Moses into the waters of Marah, are able to turn the bitter into sweetness.

1. First, all men should recognize it as a duty to keep things square; not to spend more than they have to spend.

This is often a difficult duty. When the money has been spent, not in unnecessary comforts or luxuries, but in providing things apparently needful, when it has been hard work, even with lower prices, to make the two ends meet, how can the thing be done now, when the income is the same and everything so much dearer.

Well! difficult it may be, but hardly impossible. A hearty good will, with God's help, can generally accomplish it. And if we believe that "our times are in God's hand," and that His never-failing providence ordereth all things, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that God intends us to spend only what He gives us to spend.

2. If we have to retrench, we must go about this difficult work *systematically*.

Let us first put down that so much has to be saved in the year's expenditure. Then, let us see how much has been spent in the past under certain heads: Are there any indications of extravagance or waste about necessary things? It is quite possible that the bread and meat and the groceries have not been made to go as far as might have been the case. Remember the Lord's own words, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Or there may have been a reckless, wasteful use of coal and gas. At any rate, it is well to look into all this, and to let our household know that it is the duty of all to be careful, that it is not stinginess, but a conscientious desire to obey the voice of God's providence, that makes us determined to save.

But it will generally be found that there are a good many things not absolutely necessary which run off with a good deal of money; little superfluities in food, or in clothing, or in home comfort. Some might, without loss, save in wine and cigars; some in books and paintings; some in gloves and niceties of dress; some in entertainments and pleasure excursions. The question now is, not whether it is foolish or wasteful to spend money in these things, but whether, when retrenchment HAS TO BE MADE somewhere, it may not be very well made here. Only let us come to some definite arrangement with ourselves, that we are going to spend so much less in this, and so much less in that, and that we are not going to be cheated with the old song, "We must save in something else."

3. Once more; there is one little item of expenditure where men must commonly begin retrenchment, and, so doing, they undoubtedly begin at the wrong end. I mean in their charities.

Perhaps they have been giving in former years only a few dollars; but when they feel that they must think of saving, they knock off this and that subscription, and yet give their dinner parties and buy their little fad-fads as before. Now here, for once, we would recommend the hitherto rejected saying, "We must save in something else."

Now, as I have said already, this is not a very pleasant or cheerful subject. To retrench at all is a disagreeable necessity. To think about the spending or saving of a few dollars, is to some minds a humiliating bondage, and to write or to read about it is anything but refreshing.

And yet there are considerations which ought to make the bitter waters sweet. Every believer in Jesus Christ has the right to call God Father. In that name we have the assurance that we shall never be allowed really to want. The Lord will provide. Therefore it is not so much with anxious

solicitude about the future, as with an earnest desire to please God well in everything, that the believer, when called to do so, begins to retrench. He wishes at once, and without a murmur, to follow the leadings of his loving Saviour. It is in this way that the humiliating duty is changed into a privilege and a delight; for in this, as in everything else, "the love of Christ constraineth us."

Connected with this, there is the further assurance that the discipline which God selects for His children must be, not only the very best for them, but even absolutely needful, in order that He may fulfill in them "all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power." These little cares, and retrenchments, and contrivances, which, looked at apart from the promise, appear mean and humiliating, are seen to be among the "all things" that "work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose."—*Our Own Fireside.*

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#### PAY PROMPTLY

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Much of the suffering of sewing-women lies at the doors of those who employ them. There is no use in appealing to the conscience or mercy of the directors of business establishments for an increase of pay. Because, so long as women signify their willingness to labor for next to nothing, they will assuredly not receive more. But private individuals—women whom circumstances have raised above such cruel necessities, and who are the patrons of seamstresses—have two imperative and Christian duties to perform. And those are, always to pay an adequate price for the labor received, whether it be asked or not; and to *pay promptly*. The poor cannot afford to wait for the little they have earned. It is not a sum which comes to them to supply the fancied wants of an already luxurious lot; but on it they depend for their daily food, and for the scanty clothes which cover them. And if they are made to wait, it is too often not only at the cost of inconvenience, but of actual suffering to them.

Yet many a woman who would start with indignation at the suggestion that she was a thief, will rob, without compunction, the woman who sews for her, if the latter has not a personality strong enough to maintain her own rights. She will haggle about wages, and consider what she gains in their abatement as money honorably and commendably earned. Or, if she makes no hesitation about the price, she requires her seamstress to await her convenience before payment is made.

There is a wide gulf which seems to divide the working from the non-working

woman. And it seems one of the hardest things in the world to teach the latter that the former is a woman like herself, with the same needs, the same affections, the same weakness, often with the same tastes. —*Home Magazine.*

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### SELECTED RECIPES.

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**VEAL-BROTH.**—Break a knuckle of veal into two or three parts, lay it, as directed, in the soup-pot, with a lump of butter and one pint of cold water; lay in with the knuckle a bunch of thyme, and two or three celery heads; let this heat well and simmer for half an hour, then pour on two gallons of water, cover it tightly, and let it simmer slowly for four hours, then strain it through the colander, pour the broth again into the pot, and skim it thoroughly free from fat; then wash a teacupful of rice well, put it into the broth, slice two carrots rather thin, and add to the broth, with a teaspoonful of salt and a very little Cayenne; let this simmer slowly for half an hour; chop up parsley and put it into the tureen, and pour the broth on it in dishing. The knuckle is very nice sent to table with slices of lemon for a garnish, and nice drawn butter, with chopped parsley.

**LEMON PIE.**—Grate the yellow part of the lemon, and add it, with the juice, to a cup of sugar; mix smoothly two table-spoonfuls of flour in a teacupful of water; stir all together, and add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs; bake, with only an under-crust, to a nice golden brown color; when done, pour over the top the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, with two table-spoonfuls of powdered white sugar; set in the oven for a few minutes to harden.

**LEMON CUSTARD.**—Take the yolks of ten eggs beaten, strain them, and whip them with a pint of cream; boil the juice of two lemons, sweetened, with the rind of one; when cold, strain it to the cream and eggs; when almost boiling, put into a dish, grate over the rind of a lemon, and brown.

**ASPARAGUS.**—Cut it in pieces, and boil until nearly done in salt and water, then drain; put into a stew-pan flour and butter, stir them together, and moisten with a spoonful or two of milk or veal gravy; into this work the yolk of an egg and a little cream; put in the asparagus, and boil all together two or three minutes; serve on buttered toast.

**GREEN PEAS.**—Steam them until done; then place them in a saucepan with salt, butter, and a little milk; boil all together five minutes, and serve. A sprig of mint thrown into the saucepan is thought, by some, to improve their flavor.

**LETTUCE** should be freshly gathered and placed for an hour in cold water, then carefully picked and trimmed. The water should all be drained off or absorbed by a clean napkin. Then cut it fine, pouring over it two or three table-spoonfuls of strong vinegar, and mixing with it a teaspoonful of sugar. In another plate, rub together, with a wooden spoon, a table-spoonful of sweet-oil, the same of made mustard, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a little salt and pepper. Then mix this with the prepared lettuce, tasting it, and adding more of whatever ingredient is lacking. Peppergrass is quite an addition to this dish. The whites of the egg should be cut in thin rings and used to garnish the dish.

**POTTED SHAD.**—Cut a fine shad into three or four pieces, omitting the tail and head; place a piece in a small stone jar, sprinkle well with salt, and whole allspice, and whole pepper-corns; fill up the jar in this manner, and cover the shad with sharp cider vinegar. Cover the jar with a stiff paste, and bake in a slow oven for three or four hours. If the vinegar is strong it will dissolve all the small bones of the shad, and the large one should be removed before baking. This will keep, in a cool place, if tightly covered, for five or six weeks; so it is well to pot three or four shad at once. It is a delicious relish for either breakfast or tea.

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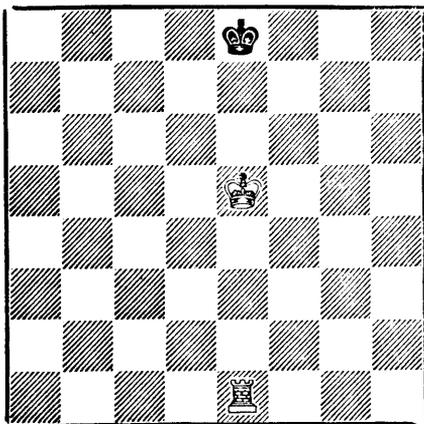
### CHESS.

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In the first diagram of last month's number, the White King was printed black, and two rooks were also misprinted, but the diagram will be, on the whole, readily understood.

In the second diagram (Problem No. I) the White King was curiously omitted altogether. We give this problem again, also adding the correct position underneath the diagram: and will continue to adopt this plan in future, so that, by comparing both, the reader cannot mistake any of the pieces, or the squares they are intended to occupy.

Problem No. 1.  
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.  
White.—K. at K. 5th. R. at K. sq.  
Black.—K. at K. sq.

Solutions to our Problems, and other correspondence for this department may be addressed to the Chess Department, *New Dominion Monthly*.

We gave in our last number a diagram of the position of the chess-men and board at the commencement of a game (with a description of the movements of the pieces); and continue, this month, by describing the principal rules necessary to be observed in playing:—

RULE I.

A player who touches one of his men, when it is his turn to play, must move it, if it can be legally moved; unless, before touching it, he say: "J'adoube" (I adjust), or words to that effect. And a player who touches one of his adversary's men (under the same conditions), must take it. If, in either case, the move cannot legally be made, the offender must move his King; and, should his King have no legal move, he must then play any other piece his adversary pleases.

RULE II.

A move is completed and cannot be recalled (provided it be a legal one), the moment the piece or pawn has quitted the player's hand; but, so long as the hand remains on the man touched, it may be

played to any square it commands which the player has not touched with it.

RULE III.

A player must audibly say "check" when he makes a move which puts the hostile King in check. The King must then either be played out of check on the move made in reply to that which gives it, or the check must be stopped by the interposition of a man, or the capture of the checking piece or pawn.

RULE IV.

The King cannot be moved into check, neither can a player remove a man which prevents his King from being in check.

RULE V.

If, at any period of the game, a player should persist in repeating the same line of play, his adversary can demand that the game should be limited to fifty more moves on each side; and if, within that limit, neither party win, the game must terminate as a draw.

The first "Opening" we examine is the "King's Knight's opening," and its several branches, as they are the most frequently played.

White.

Black.

1. P. to K. 4th.

1. P. to K. 4th.

Generally the first move, as it frees the Q. and K. B.

2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.

The first player now attacks Black's K. P., which can be defended in several ways, the most frequently played of which is

2. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.

protecting the pawn, and bringing out a piece at the same time.

3. K. B. to Q. B. 4th.

bringing out another piece into good position.

Black may answer with the same:

3. K. B. to Q. B. 4th.

4. Castles.

4. P. to Q. 3rd.

Black's last move gives additional protection to the K. P. and liberates the Q. B.

5. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 5. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.

6. P. to K. R. 3rd.

to prevent Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th. and allowing a retreat for the King towards the end of the game.

6. Castles.  
7. P. to Q. 3rd.  
and the game is well opened on both sides.

## VARIATIONS.

(Beginning at White's 4th move.)

White.

Black.

- |                         |                      |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 4. P. to Q. B. 3rd.     | 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 5. P. to Q. 3rd.        | 5. Castles.          |
| 6. Castles.             | 6. P. to Q. 3rd.     |
| 7. Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th. | 7. Q. B. to K. 3rd.  |
| 8. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd.    |                      |

OR

- |                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 4. P. to Q. 3rd.     | 4. P. to Q. 3rd.     |
| 5. Q. B. to K. 3rd.  | 5. B. takes B.       |
| 6. P. takes B.       | 6. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 7. Castles.          | 7. Castles.          |
| 8. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. | 8. Q. B. to K. 3rd.  |

And the game is about even.

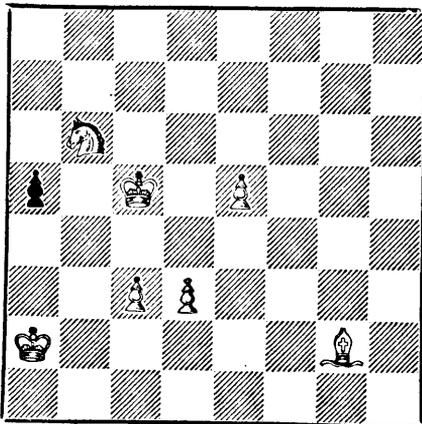
The moves given above are frequently played in somewhat different order at times; our design is to render familiar the principal methods of getting out the pieces, preparatory to forming a plan of attack on the adverse King, the object of both players being to checkmate or take him prisoner, winning the game.

We purpose continuing next month the examination of some other variations of

the K. Kt.'s opening, leaving the above subject to the study of our readers in the meantime.

## Problem No. 2.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

(Solutions requested.)

White.—K. at Q. R. 2nd. B. at K. Kt. 2nd.  
Kt. at Q. Kt. 6th. Ps. at K. 5th. Q.  
3rd. and Q. B. 3rd.  
Black.—K. at Q. B. 4th. P. at Q. R. 4th.

## Literary Notices.

OLD KENSINGTON:—A Novel, by Miss Thackeray. New York: Harper Bros. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The charm of Miss Thackeray's stories lies in the careful studies which she makes of the various characters rather than in the mere intricacies of plot. The heroine of "Old Kensington" is Dolly, and in the loving description of her character the author evidently weaves in some of her theories of life.

\* \* \* \* \* Dolly's life was a melody played to an accompaniment of loving tones and tender words among the tranquil traditions of the old house and the old ivy-ground suburb in which it stood. Rhoda used to wonder why people cared so much for Dolly, who was so happy, who never sacrificed herself, but did as she liked, and won all hearts to her, even Robert Henley's, thought Rhoda with a sigh. As

for Dolly, she never thought about her happiness, though Rhoda did. The girl's life sped on peacefully among the people who loved her. She knew she meant so well that it had not yet occurred to her that she might make mistakes in life and fail, and be sorry some day, like other folks. Rhoda, comparing her own little back-garret life in the noisy Morgan household with her friend's, used to think that every body and every thing united to spoil her. Dolly was undoubtedly Dorothea Regina—ruler of the house—a benevolent tyrant. The province of the tea-pot was hers, the fortress of the store-room. She had her latch-key; her aunt, Lady Sarah, spoiled her in every thing. Old Marker and George were the only people who ever ventured to oppose her. When they did so Dolly gave in instantly, with a smile and a sweet grace that were specially her own. She was a weakminded, somewhat impetuous, and self-diffident person in reality; though as yet she did not know what she was. In looks she could see a tall and stately maiden, with a sweet, round, sleepy face reflect-

ed in the glass, and she took herself for granted at the loving valuation of those about her, as people both old and young are apt to do.

Dolly was one of those persons who travel on eagerly by starts, and then sit down to rest. Notwithstanding her impetuous, youthful manner, she was full of humility and diffidence, and often from very shyness and sincerity she would seem rude and indignant when she was half frightened at her own vehemence; then came passionate self-reproach—how passionate none can tell but those who, like Dolly Vanborough, seem to have many selves and many impulses, all warring with one another. There are two great classes of women—those who minister, and those who are taken care of by others; and the born caretakers and workers are apt to chafe in early life before people will recognize their right to do. Something is wrong, tempers go wrong, hearts beat passionately, boil over, ache for nothing at all; they want to comfort people, to live, to love, to come and go, to feel they are at work. It may be wholesome discipline for such natures to live for years in a kingdom of education, of shadows and rules. They may practice their self-denial on the keys of the piano, they may translate their heart's interest into Gerran exercises and back into English again; but that is poor work, and so far the upper classes pay a cruel penalty unknown to girls of a humbler birth. And so time goes on. For some a natural explanation comes to all their nameless difficulties. Others find one sooner or later, or, as years go on, the bright edge of impatient youth wears off. Raban once called Dolly a beautiful sour apple. Beautiful apples want time and sunshine to ripen and become sweet. If Dolly blamed others she did not spare herself; but she was much beloved, and, as I have said, she meant so well that she could not help trusting in herself.

So Dolly could not help believing in herself for the present through the loving faith of those in whom she trusted. She took it for granted she was all they wished, and that she ought to be. When the bitter awakening came, she thought she must have been dreaming, and that she had had two lives in her one life. Something of Dolly's life was written in her face, in her clear, happy eyes, in her dark and troubled brow. Even as a girl, people used to say that she had always different faces, and so she had for the multitude; but for those who loved her it was always the same true, trusting look, more or less worn as time went on, but still the same. She had a peculiar, sudden sweet smile, that went to the very heart of the lonely old aunt, who saw it often. Dolly never had the training of repression, and perhaps that is why,

when it fell upon her in later life, the lesson seemed so hard. She was not brilliant. She could not say things like George. She was not witty. Though she loved to be busy, and to accomplish, Dolly could not do things like Rhoda—clearly, quickly, completely. But how many stupid people there are who have a touch of genius about them! It would be hard to say in what it consists. They may be dull, slow, cross at times, ill informed, but you feel there is something that outweighs dullness, crossness, want of information.

Dorothea Vanborough had a little genius in her, though she was apt to look stupid and sulky and indifferent when she did not feel at her ease. Sometimes when reproved for this, she would stand gaping with her gray eyes, and looking so oddly like her aunt Sarah that Mrs. Palmer, when she came home, would lose all patience with her. There was no knowing exactly what she was, her mother used to say. One day straight as an arrow—bright, determined; another day gray and stiff, and almost ugly and high-shouldered. "If Dolly had been more taking," said Mrs. Palmer, judging by the light of her own two marriages, "she might have allowed herself these quirks and fancies; but as it was, it was a pity." Her mother declared that she did it on purpose.

Did she do it on purpose? In early life she didn't care a bit what people thought of her. In this she was a little unwomanly perhaps, but unwomanly in the best and noblest sense. When, with time, those mysterious other selves came upon her that we meet as we travel along the road, bewildering her and pointing with all their different experiences, she ceased to judge either herself or others as severely; she loved faith and truth, and hated meanness and dissimulation as much as ever. Only, being a woman too honest to deceive herself, she found she could no longer apply the precepts that she had used once to her satisfaction. To hate the devil and all his works is one thing, but to say who is the devil and which are his works is another.

Miss Thackeray has a great command of language, and a great boldness in the use of it. She does not hesitate to use any expression, however unusual, which will accurately define her thoughts. For instance, she describes one character as "a big, black-and-white, melancholy young man, with a blue shaved chin." She compares the hair of her heroine to a seal-skin, and says of her that "she used to get almost tipsy upon sunshine." Dolly parts from her lover at the water side, and we

read, "Instead of a white muslin maiden, the cygnets may have seen a black silk young man, who looked at his watch and then walked away too." These little eccentricities of style are not, however, sufficiently numerous to be annoying, and simply add vigor and variety to the narrative. Many of the descriptive passages are highly poetical, and all are marked by an accurate observation of nature which we seldom find in writers of fiction. In one place she says:

"What is it in some attitudes that is so still and yet that thrills with a coming movement of life and action? It is like the harmony of a bar progressing to its keynote; it is life not inanimately resting, but suspended from motion as we see it in old Greek art. That flying change from the now to the future is a wonder sometimes

written in stone. It belongs to the greatest creations of genius as well as to the living statues and pictures among which we live."

The following is a poetic fancy:

"Who says angels must be all young and splendid? Will there not be some comforting ones, shabby and tender, whose radiance does not dazzle nor bewilder, whose faces are worn, perhaps, while their stars shine with a gentle tremulous light, more soothing to our aching earth-bound hearts than the glorious radiance of brighter spirits."

Although we regret the introduction of some of the characters, the book, as a whole, is a worthy one—a work of art high above the coarse fictions to which some of the highest ranked novelists of the present day do not hesitate to affix their names.

## Notice.

### JOHN STUART MILL,

one of the great thinkers of the age, died recently at Avignon, France, at the age of sixty-seven. For twenty-five years he has been a recognized leader of opinion in the departments of political science and philosophy. His best known works are his "Logic," published in 1843, his "Political Economy," his treatise on "Liberty" and his essay on the "Subjection of Woman." Buckle said of him that he was the only man in Europe worthy of being the modern successor of Aristotle. A writer in an American paper, thus records the impression conveyed by a personal interview. "Before meeting him, I had expected to find a clear, acute, logical, but somewhat dry, philosopher—one who would measure everything, even in social intercourse, by the

standard of the intellect and by the strictest logical rule. To my surprise, I found a gentleman, in manner like an old French count, full of courtesy, kindness, and small attentions, graceful and almost affectionate in his ways, his face beaming with sentiment, and his eyes lighting up where any heroic or chivalric feeling was called forth. From conversing with him, one would say his prominent characteristic was feeling, and sympathy with all the nobler side of human nature. I saw him first just after the close of the War of the Rebellion. He asked, with a peculiar interest, about John Brown, and I remember his eyes filled with tears as he spoke of the wonderful heroism of his effort, and said, "If he is looking down now from the other world, how it must gladden him to see such a result of his death!"